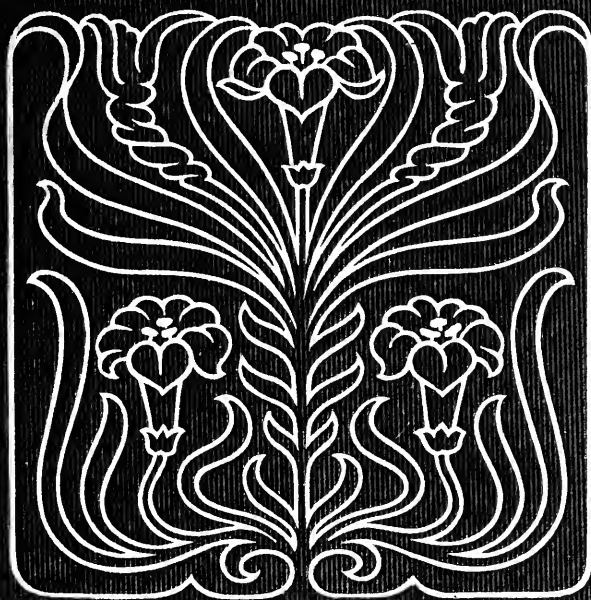


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OR
UNITED BRETHREN
HOME · MISSIONARIES



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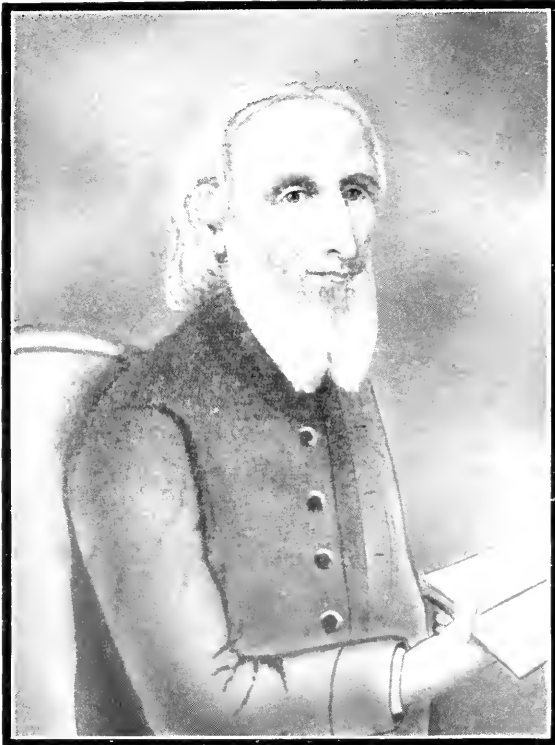
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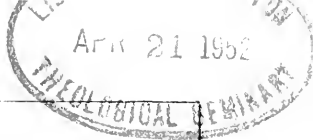
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MARTIN BOEHM

*Who preached the sermon at our denominational
Pentecost meeting, held on Whitsuntide in
Isaac Long's barn, Lancaster County,
Pennsylvania, in the year 1767.*



OUR HEROES

or

UNITED BRETHREN HOME MISSIONARIES

By
W. M. WEEKLEY, D.D.
Bishop of West District

H. H. FOUT, D.D.
Editor Sunday-School Literature

Introduction by
G. M. MATHEWS, D.D.
Senior Bishop of the United Brethren Church

VOLUME II

THE OTTERBEIN PRESS
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FOREWORD

In fulfillment of a promise contained in the foreword of the former volume of "Our Heroes," and encouraged by the cordial reception which was given it, this second volume is issued. The task has been one of increasing pleasure.

It is said that the writer of fiction falls in love with his hero. This can also be said of the writer of facts. Such deeds as are recorded in the pages that follow, such aspirations and holy achievements at a critical period in the history of a militant church as we see in the life story of early United Brethren itinerants, win and hold the admiration of men who have entered into their labors. Those who are engaged in missionary education, find that of all literature on the subject, biography is the most effective.

It has not been an easy task to gather the material for these biographies. The standard histories of the church have but little to say about these remarkable men, and in the whole range of periodical literature, we find a strange dearth of reference to them. So that the larger part of the material composing these chapters is new, having been gathered from other and various sources.

Moreover, it has not been an easy task to compress the main features of the biography of a great man "of whom the world is not worthy," into a single chapter, when one longs for two or three hundred pages to tell the thrilling story of toil and sacrifice and triumph. We hope, however, that the chapters may be found to give the leading facts in the career of each of these missionary heroes, and that not a few of those who read the book may be inspired "to follow in their train."

These chapters record no deeds of men whom the world calls great; they record the great deeds of men whom God counts as heroes. The reader will search in vain in the early records of United Brethrenism for any names that are well-known in the annals of the Church at large. The denomination was founded by humble pioneer preachers, men who were willing to serve in obscurity, if through their efforts the souls of men might be saved, and the kingdom of God advanced even in the wilderness. And to these brave men, who cut their way through the forests, who forded dangerous streams, who endured much hardship and privation, not only our denomination, but the Nation as well, owes a great debt.

The conviction grows upon us as the field enlarges, and it is deepened by requests coming from all parts of the Church, that the work should be continued. We have, therefore, consented to give ourselves to the preparation of other volumes. The debt we owe our heroes and the promotion of our denominational life and loyalty demand that the work should be continued indefinitely. Much of the material for a third volume is already in our hands.

We wish to acknowledge our gratitude to the publisher, who has extended many courtesies, and who in the mechanical part of the work has left nothing to be desired.

We also 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.

We indulge the hope that the heroes of faith to whom the following pages are devoted, may find as warm a place in the regard of those who read them as they hold in the hearts of those who have written them.

AUTHORS.

CONTENTS

<i>Chapter</i>	<i>Page</i>
Foreword by the Authors.....	iii
Introduction by Bishop G. M. Mathews, D.D....	vii
I. Joseph Hoffman—Otterbein's Successor in the Pastorate	11
	<i>Fout</i>
II. Henry George Spayth—Our Pioneer Historian..	26
	<i>Fout</i>
III. Daniel Funkhouser—An Early Foundation Builder in the East.....	44
	<i>Weckley</i>
IV. Aaron Farmer—Our Pioneer Journalist.....	57
	<i>Fout</i>
V. Samuel Huber—Noted for His Campmeeting Campaigns	73
	<i>Weckley</i>
VI. Jacob Erb—Pioneer Organizer in East Penn- sylvania	90
	<i>Fout</i>
VII. Jacob Bachtel—A Prominent Leader in the Virginias	109
	<i>Weckley</i>
VIII. Christopher Flinchbaugh—"Peter Cartwright of the Miami Valley".....	122
	<i>Fout</i>
IX. Jonathan Weaver—Noted Pastor, Presiding Elder, and Bishop	140
	<i>Weckley</i>
X. George W. Statton—An Itinerant of Fifty- Two Years	155
	<i>Weckley</i>
XI. Michael Long—Pioneer Evangelist of San- dusky Conference	167
	<i>Fout</i>

<i>Chapter</i>	<i>Page</i>
XII. William Cadman—Erie Conference's Pioneer Herald	185 <i>Weekley</i>
XIII. John Williams Howe—A Hero of Virginia Conference	197 <i>Fout</i>
XIV. Ezra D. Palmer—Prominent as Churchman and Leader	212 <i>Weekley</i>
XV. M. L. Tibbetts—One of Minnesota's Early Pioneers	223 <i>Weekley</i>
XVI. James L. Hensley—An Extended Mountaineer Experience	234 <i>Weekley</i>
XVII. Conservation of Our Resources.....	250 <i>Fout</i>

INTRODUCTION

“Our Heroes”! What an appropriate title for a book on home evangelism and home extension. Such a significant and suggestive title is fitting for two or more volumes giving proper recognition to those who wrought faithfully in the distant past, and laid foundations abiding; but services may be forgotten and names unsung by succeeding generations who have built and are building upon those foundations.

And yet, nothing that is true, and good, and loyal to Christ and his cause, is lost or entirely forgotten. The good and great are immortal. This is God’s will and law. Their graves may be unmarked, their tombs neglected, and their deeds covered over with the growth and achievements of later years, but God has ordained that the memory of the righteous shall not perish. For the world needs the inspiration that comes from their heroic lives. Some pen will recount the story of their fidelity, and some poet will sing them out of the silence of human forgetfulness.

The authors of this book have been inspired to perform this blessed service. They have laid hold of hidden treasures and handed down to us and to succeeding generations such as shall richly contribute to the wealth of our church literature and honor our denomination.

How may we expect to emphasize and perpetuate the distinctive principles and spirit with which our denominational life began, if we do not cherish the memory of our pioneer fathers, and pay just tribute to their toils, heroism, and achievements?

The forces of aggressive evangelism and the fires of piety and missionary zeal that marked the origin of our Church will be best kindled upon the altar of the Church by holding sacred the hardships and sacrifices of the fathers in those days when they counted mightily for godliness and the spiritual Christianity.

A perusal of this biography, not only fires one’s own heart, but also reminds one of the Old Testament heroes described by the writer of Hebrews. They were giants “of whom the world was not worthy.”

So our pioneer fathers were spiritual giants. They were plain men, stalwart in character, mighty in faith,

inflexible in purpose, and rich in achievement; for their ministry was marvelously fruitful in souls, who were won to God as the leaves of the forest or the dews of the morning. Without appointment, or salary, or parsonage, or library, they rode on horseback, far away from home and loved ones, hundreds of miles, through the solitary forest, over the rugged mountain and treacherous swamp, flaming home missionaries going beyond the Ohio, the Wabash, the Mississippi, into the western domain then unsubdued but now teeming with the throbbing life of a new civilization. They preached with strange power the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ. "There were giants in those days," as well as in the earlier centuries. They left an imperishable impress upon the consciousness of the denomination for which we owe them a debt of unspeakable gratitude.

Those servants of God had such a rich, joyous, Christian experience and were borne on by such a mighty call and conviction from God that they created an atmosphere in which the Home Missionary Society was born. It is well that that society retains the same spiritual intensity and aggressive life which were wrought into its being over a half century ago.

For the fathers held and illustrated the elements that are to redeem America from her perils and vices, and to make her a real Christian country. They gave the Church a distinct denominational spirit, the spirit of democracy, brotherhood, and broad coöperation. They created an evangelical church in which holiness and spirituality are conspicuous. They expressed faith in the fatherhood of God, the divine sovereignty and atonement of Jesus Christ, and the personality and ministry of the Holy Spirit, in the growth and administration of the Church. They preached the necessity of miraculous conversion and the wonderful saving power of the love of God, through our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

The authors of this volume have done a fine service for the Church and American Christianity by presenting striking, concrete examples of the elements and spirit that must be incarnated in the religious leaders of to-day in order to Christianize this land of ours.

This second volume even adds to the interest of the first, in making more full the history and record of noble heroes in our Church.

It shows the vital importance of home missions as a home base. The life and resources of the home church must be developed and strengthened. Christianity must be domiciled in every nook and corner of America so that in the regeneration of her cities, the transformation of her communities, the purification of her social life, and the

cleansing of her national conscience, she shall become really a Christian nation.

Whoever reads this book will feel like doing his share to forward the work of home missions in this country. For America, with her marvelous growth and opportunities, her vices, perils, heterogeneous elements, and untoward environments, must command the attention of every Christian citizen. America, with her throbbing, complex life, the laboratory out of which should come the product of a better Christian citizenship, must be evangelized and transformed by the gospel in the interest of a strong, patriotic, dominant, Protestant Christianity. If we do not face this task and strike as never before for the conquest of America, the heroism of our fathers will shame us, their sacrifices mock us, and their spirit depart from us.

The purpose and mission of this second volume being so worthy, it deserves the widest distribution throughout the Church.

G. M. MATHEWS.

Chicago, Illinois.

OUR HEROES

or

United Brethren Home Missionaries

CHAPTER I.

JOSEPH HOFFMAN.

Otterbein's Successor in the Pastorate.

Literature assumes its most interesting form when it deals with the spirit and message of the men who have had something to do in shaping the centuries that followed them. To this class belong that noble company of heroes known as the early apostles of American Christianity. They had a voice not only for their own age but for subsequent ages.

The pioneer missionaries of the cross were true nation-builders. Without the moral foundations laid by them, the Republic would have started upon its career fatally defective in the elements which contribute to enduring national life. In a notable speech before the United States Senate, Stephen A. Douglas, when referring to the place of the Bible in civilization, and religion as a fundamental part of true government, said: "The pioneer missionaries carried civilization in their saddle-bags through

Our Heroes, or

the western wilderness." Theodore Roosevelt, in his book entitled, "Winning the West," pays a similar tribute to the work of the missionary on the frontier in our day. In the foremost ranks of these knights errant, from the birth of our nation until the present time, have been found representatives of the United Brethren Church.

Soon after the historic conference of 1800, when the official name of the Church was adopted, the cry was heard from beyond the Alleghenies, "Come over and help us." In these times of superb railway expresses and of palatial hotels, it is next to impossible to imagine the hardships and perils involved in such an undertaking. It required the courage and zeal of the apostles to answer the call. But the response was immediate. The missionaries started westward, bravely enduring the hardships incident to the journey; they crossed the mountains and forded the rivers on horseback, waded the marshes, penetrated the forests, and when opportunity afforded, whether in barns, log cabins, rude school houses, or in nature's temples, proclaimed the message of salvation. Within ten years a conference was organized west of the mountains. Within thirty-five years eight such organizations had been effected, and in fifty years the Church had planted the banner of the cross on the shores of the Pacific.

Conspicuous in the list of those who distinguished themselves in the pioneer missionary

United Brethren Home Missionaries

work of the Church is the name of Joseph Hoffman, the successor to Mr. Otterbein in his pastorate at Baltimore. He was born on the nineteenth day of March, 1780, in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania. He was converted at the age of twenty-one, and entered the ministry at the age of twenty-three. From the first, he attracted attention as a preacher, and quickly rose to prominence in his conference.

Mr. Hoffman was reared in a religious atmosphere. The influence of godly parents was a positive force in shaping his distinguished career. In his humble German home he was also trained to a life of toil—a discipline necessary as a preparation for the rough tasks which, in God's plan, he was to meet later in life. When about fourteen years of age, young Hoffman became deeply interested in the matter of his personal salvation, but not until seven years later did he fully yield his life to God. The circumstances of his conversion were vivid and memorable. He had a marked religious experience, which lay at the foundation of his evangelistic usefulness, and gave tone and character to his outlook upon life. In 1803 he was licensed to preach, and the following year entered upon his itinerant ministry. In singleness of purpose, untiring diligence, missionary zeal, and achieved results, he probably as nearly approached Newcomer as did any of his contemporaries. He was earnest, persevering, and **daring**. He went where duty called. His in-

Our Heroes, or

tensity of effort, the long distances traveled, and his exposure to cold and storm, almost sent him to his death before he closed the tenth year of his ministry. United Brethren history presents few, if any, more conspicuous examples of an imperious will, coupled with an all-compelling sense of duty, made triumphant over physical ills, than is furnished in the career of this distinguished hero of the cross, especially during the first decade of his missionary work.

Speaking of this period of his ministry, Mr. Spayth, who knew him well, says: "Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania were alternately his field of labor. In Brother Hoffman the itinerant preacher was freely exemplified. In labors abundant, even to excess. An originality and inspired power characterized his preaching in a peculiar manner. Sinners wept and believers rejoiced. His joy in the gospel harvest was, nevertheless, balanced by the burden, the heat, the sweat and fatigue, which like so many ministering angels waited on the itinerant preacher wherever he went, and Joseph Hoffman enjoyed the benefit of their constant attendance from 1804 to 1812. Six or seven months before the sitting of the annual conference (in 1812), in a calm atmosphere, the sound of Hoffman's voice had been distinctly heard a mile from the house at which he preached, and yet that voice was not strained, but flowed in unison with the gospel theme. But at that time he arose slowly, as one borne down by some unseen weight, and

United Brethren Home Missionaries

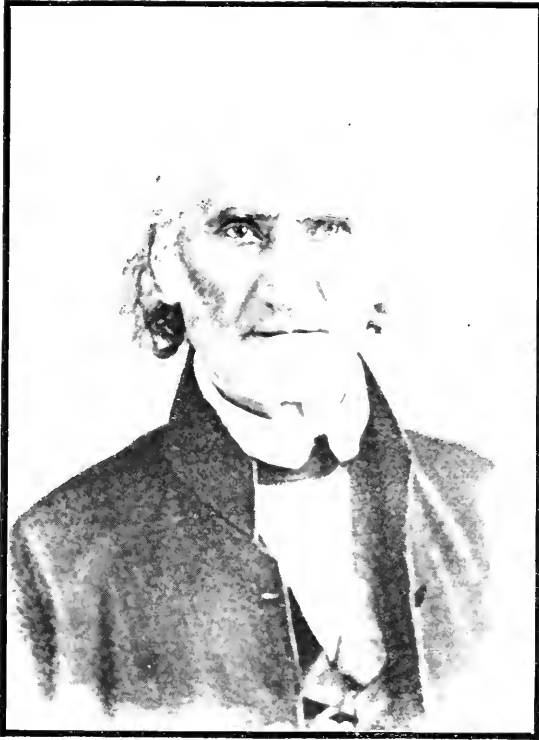
in his effort to speak, that strong voice was reduced to a faintness; the book trembled in his hands. This sight, and the few words which he attempted to say, moved the audience to the strongest sympathy; they knew the cause and felt the more easily affected. To human appearance his health and strength were gone."

On the recovery of Mr. Hoffman's health, after a few months of retirement, he continued his work with the same degree of energy. At this time none of the early ministers sent forth by Otterbein and Boehm had been ordained. The matter deeply concerned Mr. Hoffman. He traveled ninety miles to consult Bishop Newcomer on the subject. They were of one mind. Upon these saintly men the mantle of Father Otterbein was soon to fall. They determined to visit him at once and receive regular ordination to the ministry. They arrived in Baltimore October 1, 1813, and the ordination occurred the following day. The picture of that event is one of thrilling and pathetic interest. Mr. Otterbein was helped into an armchair, from which he tenderly addressed the candidates. The company beheld him with astonishment. It appeared as if he had received particular unction from above to perform the solemn act. At the close of the address he offered a fervent prayer. Then, being assisted and supported, he rose to his feet, and, placing his hands on the heads of the candidates and standing upon the very verge of the unseen world, this patriarchal man

Our Heroes, or

solemnly dedicated these two brethren to the sacred office of the ministry. Eight days after this the sainted Otterbein himself stood in the presence of the King of kings.

Mr. Hoffman was chosen to succeed Bishop Otterbein in the pastorate at Baltimore. No higher compliment could have been paid him by the early Church. It was not only a recognition of his superior talents, but an evidence of the high esteem in which he was held by his brethren. He was a close friend and disciple of Otterbein. The early ministry of United Brethrenism has sometimes been alluded to as though the early preachers were without any preparation for the work of the ministry, and as men having no education at all. It would be altogether unfair to say that Joseph Hoffman was not an educated man. True, his early school advantages were limited, but he was a student. No young man of his type could have been a disciple of the great Otterbein for ten years without being educated. It is a fact in which the Church may well take a little pride, that Bishop Otterbein was regarded as the best educated man that had crossed the Atlantic up until his time. Dr. John George Pfrimmer was also a man of superior culture. These trained men became models for the men who had not been so trained. Practically they became the preceptors of the men who had not had the same opportunities, and the preachers who came into the ministry under them, con-



JOSEPH HOFFMAN

United Brethren Home Missionaries

sciously or unconsciously, imitated their manner and came into some inheritance of their culture. When some one asked James A. Garfield to state what constituted a university, he replied, "Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other."

In the year 1817, Mr. Hoffman received what he believed to be a divine call to join the forces of the new western conference. His characteristic promptness in responding to the call furnishes a noble example of apostolic courage. It meant the severance of the dearest and most sacred ties of friendship. Moreover, it meant the giving up of a city pastorate, where he had wide popularity, and where the relations between pastor and people were most pleasant, for the perils and privations of missionary work in a new and largely unsubdued country. It meant to exchange the streets of Baltimore for a wilderness parish, that was in most part a stranger to the beaten highway. But it was not his "to reason why," nor "to make reply." With his family, this hero of the cross at once began the journey to his far-distant field. He settled first in Fairfield County, Ohio, and united with the Miami Conference. Immediately he began work in the pioneer settlements of the Scioto and Miami valleys, where he laid the foundation of churches whose membership still live to praise him. It was perfectly natural that a man of his ability, experience, and reputation would at once rise to prominence in the conference. In the

Our Heroes, or

divine plan he was soon to wear the mantle of Bishop Zeller, whose health was then failing.

Mr. Hoffman possessed an extraordinary personality. He was tall and straight, with an impressive face and commanding appearance. He had one keen eye, the other having been destroyed by the stroke of a limb while he was at work in the forest. His countenance was expressive, and the whole man seemed to speak to you. His voice possessed unusual power—deep-toned, mellow, rich, with extraordinary strength, when occasion called it forth. This of itself made him most popular and famous as a camp-meeting preacher. “As an expounder of the Scripture, he held high rank, and his gifts of speech were such as to lay claim to high oratorical powers.” He spoke with equal fluency in the English and the German languages.

Perhaps the emotional and ethical intensity of his nature, what we might call the martial quality of the man, is mostly recognized in his style. It is the language of a soul keyed to the highest pitch of intensity. The opening sentences of his discourse were deliberate, reflective, and discriminative, speaking tranquillity to the mind, and awakening mental interest in the truth in hand. The closing of the sermon was shot through, as with a flame of moral and emotional passion that was almost overwhelming. It was the vocabulary and syntax of consecrated energy. It was the voice of a prophet who was straitened within himself till his

United Brethren Home Missionaries

message was given and his mission accomplished. "Every passion of his soul was expressed, from the more tranquil to the intensely agitated; from the tears of passion and grief for ruined sinners, to the glowing emotions of joy and triumph through Christ; from the hallowed indignation to transporting complacency." He spent a winter in New York City, during which time he was invited to speak in some of the leading pulpits of the metropolis. "Had rest been his object, he might have been settled there in a very desirable living, which was proffered him."

Mr. Hoffman possessed all the elements of a great evangelist, and he used them most successfully. One of his converts, who subsequently rose to prominence as a business man, gives the following story, which illustrates his power: "Previous to my conversion I opposed the Church in every possible way. Nothing seemed to please me more than to disturb religious gatherings. I went to the meeting in which I was converted with something of the same spirit with which Saul of Tarsus went to Damascus. I organized a company of my companions for the purpose of breaking up the camp-meeting. Near the camp we halted, and divided into three bands, lest by going together suspicion might be aroused. By some misunderstanding I became separated from my companions, and, the night being dark, failed to find them. Not content to remain in the woods

Our Heroes, or

alone, I went into camp and lingered for a few minutes by a fire-stand; but feeling that I might be identified, I moved into the shadow and sat down, with my back against a beech tree. The meeting was very quiet, the preacher dull and uninteresting, and I soon dropped asleep. Soon after the voice of the first speaker ceased, I awoke, and observed that most of the congregation, like myself, had been taking a nap. Suddenly a tall man arose, who proved to be Joseph Hoffman, and, stepping to the front of the platform, he said in a clear voice, 'I have been shaking for the last half hour with the ague; but now, thank God, it is gone.' In a few minutes he had so completely possessed me that I became entirely lost to my surroundings, and found myself standing near the pulpit, looking up into the speaker's face. I was in a new world. Around me lay a number of my companions, some of them as dead men, others bewailing their past lives and pleading for mercy, while the faces of the people were radiant with a glory that I had never seen, and it was not until the gray dawn of the morning that the people left to seek rest."

The following illustration of his dauntless courage and unyielding faithfulness as a minister is given by Dr. William McKee:

"At a great meeting held in a region where prejudices prevailed against religious excitement, several persons were deeply convicted, one of whom was the wife of a highly respectable clergyman. This incident caused much dis-

United Brethren Home Missionaries

pleasure with the friends of the penitents, wounding, as they thought, their respectability. One Sabbath morning after the audience had assembled, and the service was about to commence, eight or ten men and among them a venerable father, came forward and requested Mr. Hoffman, who was to preach, to be cautious *how* he preached; that some had been alarmed the day previous, and if any one should be further alarmed he must cease preaching and quiet the people. If he refused to do this, they had vowed the meeting should not proceed, as they were good Christians and not heathens. They charged him to take heed to their words. He had not proceeded far until many were bathed in tears, and cried aloud for mercy. The men arose to their feet trembling with anger, but Mr. Hoffman spoke the faster and louder. The scalpel of truth was thrust deeper and deeper into the wounded heart until the disturbing forces of the moral system were laid bare. Then came the balm of Calvary's Victim—the blood that cleanseth from all sin. The old gentleman waved his strong arm toward the preacher, and while in the act, a young man fell at his feet shrieking, 'O father, pray! O father, pray!' He attempted to flee, but his son held him, saying, 'O father, don't go—stay—pray.' The Pharisee was conquered. The word of the Lord had its course and was glorified. It was the work of God. Who could resist it?"

Our Heroes, or

A further illustration of his manner of preaching is given by Rev. Mr. Spayth, who knew him well in the days of his greatest strength: "At a quarterly meeting held at John Stickler's, in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, in 1817, Joseph Hoffman preached from Isaiah 1:18, 19, 20. While dwelling upon the character of sin staining the soul in all its parts, the audience listened with attention, and were filled with joy, for his speech distilled as the dew and as the small rain upon the tender grass. But when the conditions were presented, and the threatenings of insulted justice introduced, the feeling became intense. The soul stained with sin, which added the crime of rebellion against Jehovah, was brought into the presence of the lawgiver, and as he reached the last verse of the text, 'If ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured by the sword, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it,' his voice rose with the grandeur and solemnity of the theme, and it seemed as if the sword were actually drawn. 'What!' cried he, 'rebel, and there the sword!' Sinners were paralyzed with fear, as if they were waiting for the blow. The preacher paused, and, looking up, began to pray: 'O Lord, spare these people; although their sins be as scarlet and crimson, in the fountain that was opened for sin and uncleanness, wash them and make them white as snow.' The reader can well imagine how well prepared his sin-stricken audience was to follow him in his prayer."

United Brethren Home Missionaries

Mr. Hoffman was a master in controlling disturbing elements. In his day church-houses were scarce, and the large meetings during the summer season were held in the groves. He was absolutely fearless, and when a kindly appeal failed to command order, he did not hesitate to resort to other methods, as the following incident, told by an aged minister of Miami Conference, shows: "At a camp-meeting near Lancaster, Ohio, a young man a few feet in front of the pulpit persisted in smoking a cigar just at the opening of one of the public services. Mr. Hoffman politely requested him to desist. To this he paid no attention. Again Mr. Hoffman informed him that the rules of the camp forbade smoking inside the square, and expressed the hope that he would desist. Still the young man puffed away as though he had not heard a single word that was said to him. This was too much; Mr. Hoffman seized the cigar and threw it violently on the ground and rubbed it in the dust with his foot. As he did this, he exclaimed in a low tone: 'There, if you have no sense I will teach you some.' The young fellow eyed the stalwart preacher from head to foot. His look was met by a withering glance from Mr. Hoffman, and the young man, much disgusted, retired from the scene."

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

Our Heroes, or

wit, and geniality. He was easy of approach, and after retiring from the more active work, he was considered one of the best counsellors of the denomination. His home was one of piety. His arduous work as a minister did not cause him to forget the religion of his own household. There the family altar was maintained. From childhood his children were taught the holy Scriptures. As a result, five of his eight sons entered the ministry.

The years of his itinerant life included long and perilous missionary journeys, both in the United States and Canada. These long campaigns resulted in the salvation of multitudes of souls. Many organizations and churches followed in his wake; but, like many another of those early preachers, Whitefield not excepted, he did not carefully garner his converts, and much of the results of his work was reaped by other churches rather than his own.

The climax to the ministry of this wonderful man came when he gave his last message to the Miami Conference. In his own forceful way, he urged the ministers to fidelity in the Master's service. The address made a profound impression. When he expressed the belief that he was in their presence as a conference for the last time, every heart was melted, and many wept aloud. Those of the conference yet living who were present concur in saying that it was one of the most impressive scenes that had ever been witnessed in the conference. The pre-

United Brethren Home Missionaries

monition of the Bishop proved to be correct. It was the last time his voice was ever heard in the sessions of the conference. The closing years of his life were spent in Euphemia, Ohio. "In the summer of 1856, Otterbein Chapel, near Eldorado, had been rebuilt, and, in connection with the dedication service, a quarterly meeting was to be held, beginning on the eighth day of November; and expectation was on tiptoe, for it had been announced that Bishop Hoffman would be there and preach the first sermon. But before he left his home that morning, without any previous illness, the chariots 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 the heights of glory."

This venerable servant of God was seventy-six years of age when the chariot came. For more than a half century he had been a Christian minister. He was a worthy exemplar of Him who, though rich, became poor, and was found in fashion like a servant, that he might become the servant of men. Characters like this cannot die. The very memory of such must draw to itself more and more the veneration, the praise, and the honor of mankind.

CHAPTER II.

HENRY GEORGE SPAYTH.

Our Pioneer Historian.

In that original group of men who founded the United Brethren Church, some twenty-five or fifty in number, each called of God to high and heroic service, there was an interesting display of apostolic spirit, and also a remarkable adaptation to pioneer work. Each one was niched in some noble mold to the advantage of that great movement, and rendered a service worthy to make his name historic. That they were participants in a divine plan is confirmed by the abiding character of their work, of which Otterbein was convinced and rejoiced over at the close of his life, and which now appears in the substantial growth and increasing efficiency of the denomination.

Among these noble founders of our Zion whose diversity of gifts furnished an equipment for service akin to that of the Twelve, stands the name of Henry George Spayth, to whose distinguished services as pioneer missionary and church historian this chapter is devoted.

He was one of the first ministers of the denomination whose message was given both in

United Brethren Home Missionaries

the English and the German tongue, and who believed that the Church's largest opportunity was with the English-speaking people. When but a young man he translated the records of the early councils of the Church from the German into the English, and advocated the organization of churches in English communities where opportunity afforded. The magnitude of his work and the measure of his responsibilities we cannot calculate, but God made him sufficient for these things, and his response to his obligations and opportunities was faithful and adequate.

In a study of the comparative growth of American churches during the early years of the Republic, account must be taken of the fact that the intense earnestness and unexcelled activity and efficiency of the United Brethren Church in evangelistic work was given almost exclusively to the promotion of the general religious movement of the times, with little, or perhaps no, thought of organizing and building a great denomination. Early in the nation's history a home missionary society was organized by the Methodist Episcopal Church "for the purpose of carrying the light of evangelical religion to every corner of our inhabited country, whether Christian or savage, and of organizing and establishing churches throughout the length and breadth of this Western Hemisphere." To the promotion of this enterprise United Brethernism contributed largely for a third of a

Our Heroes, or

century. Therefore, the power and influence of the Church as an arm of American Protestantism cannot be measured justly by its comparative numerical growth with some other denominations.

Account must also be taken of the fact that the call of the Church was originally to the German-speaking people, and that the German continued to be the predominant language in the General Conference until 1833. In the year 1759—seven years after Otterbein had begun his missionary work in America, and eight years before our denominational Pentecost — the great battle was fought on the Plains of Abraham at Quebec, which decided that English should be the dominant language on the continent of America, and that Protestantism should mould the religious thought of the new world. At the period of Bishop Otterbein's death, and for several years thereafter, while the German element in the American States was constantly giving way to the English, it received but meager reinforcements from Europe. The entire number of immigrants to our shores from all the countries of Europe between 1785 and 1820 has been estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand. Of this number probably less than fifty thousand were Germans. The language of the law, the government, the literature, and the schools being English; rapid encroachments upon the German tongue, even in the largest German settlements, were inevitable.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

From the foregoing it will be understood why there was a demand in almost every place for preaching in the English language, and this demand was especially urgent in those communities where a new religious life had been awakened by United Brethren evangelists. "Children of the very best United Brethren families," says John Lawrence, "some of them sons of United Brethren ministers, having received an English education and desiring to hear preaching in the English language, moved with the current and found church homes elsewhere. Furthermore, in almost every community where the German fathers held revivals and started churches, persons were awakened and converted who could understand the German language but imperfectly, or who could not understand it at all, and such persons would naturally be very desirous, on their own account, and for the sake of their children and English-speaking neighbors, to secure preaching in the English language." English evangelists, under the direction of Bishop Asbury, were prepared to respond to every call and to make the best use of every opportunity. It is fair to say that, had the relations of Otterbein and Asbury been changed as to language and country, the relative strength of the two churches would be the reverse of what it is to-day.

Moreover, in making comparisons, it must be borne in mind that the United Brethren Church is an American product, and that its recruits

Our Heroes, or

have been gathered exclusively from the home field. Unlike some of the large denominations, our beloved Zion has, at no time in her heroic, historic past, been inspired and cheered on by reinforcements from the mother country. It may be stated without successful contradiction, that with but one exception, there is no church in America larger than our own that was not, during the early history of its progress, fed by the tides of immigration more largely than it was nourished by material it was able to appropriate in the home field.

While the fathers had no thought of founding a denomination, they were, at the same time, unconsciously laying the lines of organized church life. The time finally arrived when the divine will and plan concerning the great religious movement with which they were identified became manifestly clear. A new era of progress dawned under the leadership of Bishop Newcomer, the "re-founder" of the Church. English ministers were discovered and added to the ranks in increasing numbers and the work of organizing the scattered forces was begun. Soon after the General Conference of 1815 the Church began to display an unprecedented vigor and life, which soon established its right to a place among the organized forces of American Protestantism. In planning and carrying forward the new campaign of constructive denominational work, Henry George Spayth deserves special recognition.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

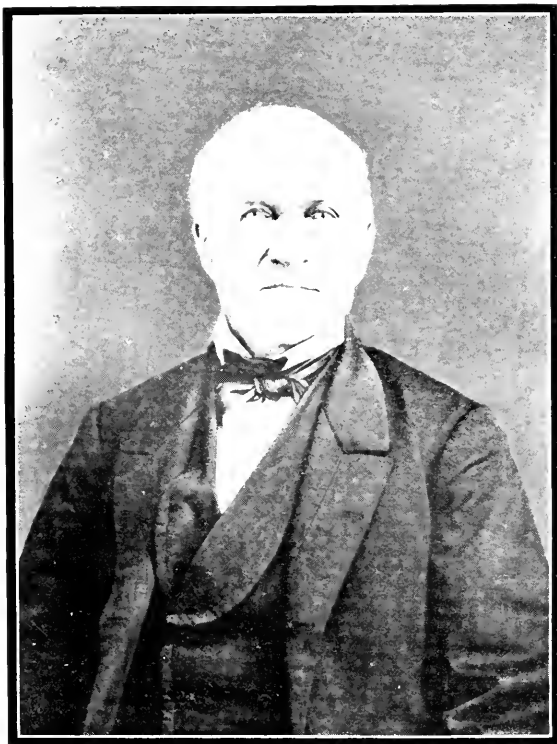
He was born in Wurttemberg, Germany, September 13, 1788. Three years later he emigrated to America with his parents, locating, most probably, in Washington County, Maryland. Until the beginning of his distinguished career as minister and writer, his history is as obscure as that of the prophet Elijah. It is fair to presume, however, that he was favored with pious parental training. The inference is that he was won to Christ and the Christian ministry by the Rev. George Adam Geeting, the third member of that illustrious trio, whose lives and work constituted the first period of United Brethren history.

The name of Mr. Spayth first appears on the roll of ministers of the Eastern Conference in 1812, the session for that year being held at the home of Rev. Mr. Geeting at Antietam, in Washington County, Maryland. His first work as a minister was rendered in Maryland and Virginia. The minutes of that conference state that "he and Henry Heistand shall this year travel and preach on our circuit." The territory referred to included parts of Maryland and Virginia. The same record says: "He shall make a visit to Virginia in the month of November, and Lawrence Eberhart shall take charge of his circuit." It would appear that the work was subsequently divided, so that his entire services for that year were given to the Virginia territory. During a visit, in 1870, to the offices of the *Religious Telescope*, Mr.

Our Heroes, or

Spayth, on being interviewed by the editor, stated that his first charge was in Virginia. By appointment of the conference of 1813, which convened in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, his field for that year included Washington and Frederick Counties, in Maryland. At the conference of 1814, which was held in Hagerstown, Maryland, he was assigned to Rockingham circuit in Virginia: The territory included a large portion of the Shenandoah Valley, and also a large part of the mountain region on the west. In 1815 he removed to Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, and two years later assisted in the organization of the Muskingum Conference. As the old veteran of the cross recalled to the editor of the *Telescope* some of the experiences of those three years of pioneer missionary work in the "mother conference," his eyes were often flooded with tears—tender memories were awakened and the tides of feeling were quickened. They were years of privation and hardships, but of blessing and victory. Each year's toil was crowned with the salvation of more than a hundred souls.

The most noted event in the early history of the legislative work of the denomination was that of its first General Conference, which convened on the sixth of June, 1815, when a discipline providing rules and regulations for the government of the Church was adopted. The year was also made memorable in our national history by the ratification of the treaty of peace



HENRY GEORGE SPAYTH

United Brethren Home Missionaries

between the United States and Great Britain. The personnel of the conference was made up of representatives from Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. Mr. Spayth was one of the delegates from Virginia.

The Americanism of the Church in that early day is seen in the fact that the entire membership was asked to give expression to its will in the selection of representatives to its legislative body. The same principle of recognizing the rights of the individual in the government of the Church has been protected by its constitution from that time until the present.

The place of the meeting was an humble log house, known as "John Bonnet's Schoolhouse," situated about one mile east of Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania, on the old turnpike road leading over the Alleghenies. The surrounding country presents a picturesque view of landscape, with a sublime setting of mountains. "In this secluded spot, far from the great city with its lofty spires and deep-toned bells, its daily press and ubiquitous reporters, from telegraph wires, then undreamed of, from all the imposing circumstances so often attending important religious assemblies, this body of ministers met to discharge the grave trust committed to them." Fourteen of the twenty delegates elected were present. A glance into that humble council-chamber presents an interesting scene. They were men of humble appearance. "None were distinguished for learning, none bore titles as

Our Heroes, or

doctors of divinity, or were known to literature, or eminent in any special sense as men recognize eminence." Not widely different, indeed, were they from that company of plain toilers whom Jesus gathered about him, and to whom he committed the building of the kingdom after his departure. They were men of strong minds, giant hearts, and stalwart frames. They were marked by a mighty faith. They knew God and were well versed in the Scriptures. Moreover, they had been for several years under the training of the learned Otterbein, and under his instruction and superintendency they had been introduced into the Christian ministry.

In the organization of the conference, Christian Newcomer, of Maryland, and Andrew Zeller, of Ohio, were elected to preside over its sessions. Henry George Spayth and Jacob Baulus were honored by being chosen secretaries of the conference. At this time Mr. Spayth was twenty-seven years of age. He was endowed with superior gifts, especially in matters of counsel. His influence upon the conference was not excelled by that of any other delegate. The reader will remember the quotation from his history respecting the contentions which darkened the early sessions of the conference, and also that, after a season of fervent prayer, the clouds were dispersed and harmony reigned from that hour forward to the end. Mr. Spayth modestly omits to speak of the part he himself performed in the bringing about of a

United Brethren Home Missionaries

better feeling. Mr. Lawrence mentions that, "at the moment when a rupture in that body seemed inevitable, and the powers of darkness were ready to shout a victory, Mr. Spayth arose and delivered an address which, with the prayer-meeting that followed, resulted in a complete restoration of good feeling and a most happy termination of the difficulties." In subsequent church councils there were times when he excelled in his power to quell storms and bring together diverging factions. His poise, diplomacy, logic, and eloquence combined in giving him almost irresistible power over a conference.

The absence of three of the great leaders, who had recently been called from labor to reward, caused a shadow to fall upon the first session of the conference. The loss of their counsel and support was keenly felt. Great and good men, indeed, were they who were called to take their places, but all missed the majestic personality of Otterbein, the saintly presence of Boehm, and the majestic power of the eloquent Geeting. There had been since their departure a widespread feeling of doubt as to whether the Church would be able to hold permanently together. Its government had hitherto derived its strength from those leaders. No discipline had been issued in printed form. Again it was demonstrated that "God buries the workmen but carries on the work." No great cause dies with its representatives. That which is of God abides. At the funeral of a

Our Heroes, or

distinguished Methodist churchman, a lugubrious orator lamented, "The sun of Methodism is set." A sane voice shouted from the audience, "Thank God, that is not true." In the providence of God this conference marked the beginning of an era of new denominational life and influence. The real work of crystalizing and organizing the disconnected elements was now begun, and these fourteen stalwart men of God went down from that mount of blessing and vision to address themselves to their work with new assurance as to the future.

In the year 1815, as previously stated, Mr. Spayth located near Mount Pleasant, in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. The same year he was united in marriage with Miss Niswonger, of Virginia, a member of one of the first and most noted United Brethren families of the State. Two years later a new conference was formed called the Muskingum Conference, including that portion of Ohio which lies east and west of the Muskingum River and Washington and Westmoreland Counties in Pennsylvania. He probably united with the conference at its organization, for as early as 1821 he served it as presiding elder with great faithfulness and success. His name, however, does not appear with the six charter members named by Mr. Lawrence in his history. These were chiefly local preachers. In 1820 three itinerants and three fields of labor were reported. Local ministers were supplementing

United Brethren Home Missionaries

the work of these itinerants. Hence, the duties of a presiding elder would require frequent and long journeys, with much labor and but little compensation.

In our day we can scarcely appreciate the privations and perils of the pioneer missionary in the Western Reserve country. The settlements, composed of a few families, were scattered in various parts of that great territory, but the zeal and enthusiasm upon the part of the home missionary never faltered as he braved the dangers and perils of the long journeys through the swamps and dense forests, in order to bear the message of salvation to those who were deprived of it.

From the pen of James B. Finly, a noted missionary of another denomination in the Western Reserve country during those early times, we have the following: "I entered upon this work with great fear and trembling. Nowhere in all the round could I find a place for my family to live, and I was driven to the necessity of building a cabin. After getting it ready for occupancy, I wrote to my father, requesting him to bring my family, and, after a separation of four months, we had the pleasure of meeting again. We took possession of our humble cabin, 12 x 14 feet, which proved sufficiently capacious, as we had nothing but a bed and some wearing apparel. My funds being all exhausted, I sold the boots off my feet to purchase provisions with, and, after making all

Our Heroes, or

the preparation that I could to render my family comfortable, started out again upon my circuit, to be absent four weeks. I traveled and preached night and day. Many times I suffered from hunger and cold, and was always without those comforts that are now enjoyed by traveling preachers."

Mr. Spayth well remarks that those were days that tried men's souls. The annual conference was to those pioneer ministers a great occasion. With worn and tattered garments, but happy and united in prayer and purpose, these heroes toiled, and when they met at their annual gatherings they embraced each other; and they never separated at those sessions without weeping.

Mr. Spayth, as already stated, was a member of the First General Conference. He was further honored by being returned to six subsequent sessions, namely, the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, ninth, and tenth. The second convened in 1817 at Mount Pleasant, Pennsylvania. The conference ordered that a translation be made of the revised Discipline into English, and that one hundred copies be printed in that tongue. The fourth was held in Tuscarawas County, Ohio, in 1825. The sixth convened in Pickaway County, Ohio, in 1833. This conference pronounced in favor of increasing the salaries of itinerant preachers, and also took definite steps toward establishing a publishing house. The eighth met in Dresback's Church, Pickaway County, Ohio, in 1841. This

United Brethren Home Missionaries

conference adopted the constitution which had been before the Church for several years. The ninth met in Circleville, Ohio, in 1845. At this conference it was determined that the *Telescope* should be issued weekly. The tenth met in Germantown, Ohio, in 1849. Possessing great strength of character as well as sound judgment, Mr. Spayth exerted much influence in these successive conferences, and it has been remarked of him that "perhaps few men did more to shape the polity of the Church from 1815 to 1845, a period of thirty years."

At the second session of the Sandusky Conference, held in Crawford County, Ohio, in 1835, Mr. Spayth was received on transfer, and remained a member of this conference until his death. At this time there was not a church house in the bounds of the conference, and for several years conferences and preaching services were held in private homes or in schoolhouses. This was as much of a wilderness as the section he had just left. The conferences were separated by a distance of more than one hundred miles, much of it a dense wilderness. The journey was made on horseback or on the old-fashioned stage coach, which frequently made but ten or twelve miles per day. When it is remembered that this was in the age before railroads made travel quite an ease, and that the work of an itinerant stretched over hundreds of miles, it will be perceived that these were heroic days for the missionary enterprise. In

Our Heroes, or

1836 Mr. Spayth assisted in a camp-meeting near the Auglaize River, ten miles west of Findlay, at a place which, seven years before, was a total wilderness, over which only the red man roamed. That meeting under the blessing of God laid the foundations for many of the churches now in Sandusky Conference. To form a correct estimate of the labors of this hero of the cross during these years, the reader must take into account the size of the missions which he traveled and the character of the country through which he passed, sometimes on horseback and not infrequently on foot. The Black Swamp country, though now intersected with railroads and thriving villages, was a dreadful country for an itinerant in those days.

Mr. Spayth was the chairman of a committee appointed by the General Conference of 1845 to prepare a revised hymnbook for use in the churches. The task was performed with excellent taste. The book was published in 1849 and continued in use until 1858. The chief work of his life, however, and that by means of which his memory will be longest preserved, was the writing of the first history of the Denomination. To this task he was asked to give himself by the General Conference of 1845. Previous efforts to obtain such a work had been unsuccessful. Although he was peculiarly fitted for the work by his intimate acquaintance with the founders of the Church, and by his official connection with its legislation, nev-

United Brethren Home Missionaries

ertheless the task was a difficult one, and was undertaken with misgivings. It was completed, however, and the history issued in 1851. Every student of this work will be impressed with its great value as an early and worthy source of material for United Brethren history. It is the groundwork of the larger histories that have been written in more recent times. The work bears the marks of careful investigation. It proves the possession on his part not only of an extensive knowledge of the subjects treated, but a discriminating grasp of the causes that led up to the founding of the Church and its subsequent development during the early part of the nineteenth century. If this distinguished servant of God had never performed any other service for the Church, this work alone would place the Denomination under lasting obligations to him. It was a difficult task, requiring not only labor and patience, but also a discerning mind and pious heart.

Those who were acquainted with Mr. Spayth in the prime of his life speak of his preaching as being more instructive to cultivated hearers than interesting to the masses; yet he was sometimes very eloquent. His sermons were largely devoted to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. They were at the same time evangelical and spiritual.

He was a strong man physically, and of a commanding presence. He had a genial face, full, broad, and usually clean shaven; his com-

Our Heroes, or

plexion fair, his eyes gray and eloquent. Upon his countenance were marks of tenderness, shrewdness, and abounding good humor. When a friend he was a friend for life, and his friendship grew stronger with the years. Mr. P. J. Wilson, an aged citizen of Tiffin, Ohio, who was his intimate friend, furnishes us the following testimony: " I heard Rev. Mr. Spayth preach in Stone Chapel, near Mellmore, Ohio, when I was a mere lad. His sermons greatly influenced my young life. During the closing years of his life we were intimately associated. He always stood before the world as a man of high Christian character and strong intellect. He possessed a large fund of general knowledge and was well versed in history. He was also a man of fine business judgment and ability. He was my close personal friend and a friend of my family. When we had sickness in our home he visited us as a pastor, and his extensive knowledge of medicine enabled him to advise wisely. We still rejoice that his life touched ours as it did. He died in 1873, and his dear wife fifteen months later; and I had the honor to help to bear them both to Greenlawn Cemetery, where they rest in peace."

At the time of his death, Mr. Spayth had advanced considerably beyond four-score years of age. He was personally acquainted with Bishop Otterbein and the members of the famous conference of 1800, and he lived to see almost every member of that body translated before him. He

United Brethren Home Missionaries

could take up worthily at the close of his life the words of the great Paul: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Nobly thy course is run—
Splendor is round it;
Bravely thy fight is won—
Victory crowned it.
In thy warfare of heaven,
Grown old and hoary,
Thou art like the summer sun,
Shrouded in glory.

CHAPTER III.

DANIEL FUNKHOUSER.

An Early Foundation-Builder in the East.

America is distinguished from all other nations in that the pioneer element is largely developed in her entire citizenship. From the first settlements established on the coast of New England, every step westward has been marked by the progress of pioneer life and honest endeavor.

So with the United Brethren Church. Otterbein and his fellow-toilers were its pioneers in a peculiar sense because they chiseled out its foundations, and reared, at least in outline, the superstructure which was later to be perfected and made strong in all its parts. Others, following these founders, pushed their way, decade by decade, toward the setting sun, and so became pioneers in opening up new fields of operation, and in helping to blaze the way for the onward march of all that goes to make up a great Church and a glorious civilization.

One of the characters who figured prominently and most efficiently in the early days of the United Brethren Church in southern Pennsylvania, and especially in the Cumberland Valley, was Daniel Funkhouser. But little is said about

United Brethren Home Missionaries

him in the earlier records of his conference, partly because very little was said in those days about any one; and more especially, because he was unassuming, and in no sense inclined to make himself prominent in the councils of the Church.

His birth occurred near Strasburg, Shenandoah County, Virginia, February 18, 1809. He was of German extraction, and exhibited in a marked degree those qualities of head and heart characteristic of a worthy ancestry.

His early life was peculiarly touched by a great religious reformation which swept through that section of the country. United Brethren and Methodist preachers were looked upon by many, and perhaps by the masses at first, as fanatics and impostors, possessed of a strange kind of power calculated, as they thought, to destroy the peace of families, and the tranquility of whole communities. United Brethren held great meetings through Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, and multitudes were convicted under their trenchant sermons, and thus led into a life of joy and trust. They had no special program mapped out, but went whithersoever the Spirit seemed to lead them.

The cold, lifeless formalism of some of the older churches was utterly shattered by the spiritual energy and converting power which accompanied their work. Many were even afraid to invite these gospel heralds into their homes

Our Heroes, or

lest by the exercise of some sort of bewitchery they might be led into heresy, or something as wicked, and thus be exposed to the judgments of heaven. At a union camp-meeting a minister of another communion publicly declared, "I wish God would banish this damnable heresy from the face of the earth." Such were the feelings, generally, toward them and their preaching.

But a different sentiment prevailed in the home and neighborhood of young Funkhouser. United Brethren preachers were welcomed, and not spurned. We are led to think of his early life as closely in touch with the founders of the Church. Bishops Newcomer, Hoffman, Erb, and others, were seen and heard by him. And it is possible that his infant eyes were permitted to look upon the great Otterbein who lived four years after Daniel's birth. We may further picture him as listening with deepest interest to the pious conversation of these holy men, and especially to their recitals of service and sacrifice, of trials and triumphs. He tells us himself that he was early impressed by their sermons. When fourteen, he attended a camp-meeting which led to his conversion, and to a place in the membership of the Church. But these steps, though fundamental, were only preparatory to a larger life of service which soon opened up before him.

Three or four years later the impression came, strong and clear, that he ought to preach, but

United Brethren Home Missionaries

like so many others, he hesitated, and was ready to plead ignorance and moral unfitness. Here is his experience as published in the autobiography of Rev. Samuel Huber, a fellow laborer in the Lord :

“In the year 1827, while I was plowing in the field, I heard a voice calling me by name. I stopped the horses thinking some one was wanting to inquire the road. But neither seeing nor hearing any person, I started again. In a little time the same voice was repeated. I then thought some one wanted to fool me. However, before making another start I heard the mysterious call the third time, which seemed to be just above me. Answering aloud I said, ‘What do you want?’ The reply was, ‘You must go and preach Jesus to the people.’ After some reflection I said aloud, ‘This I cannot do,’ and went on plowing. The circumstances made a deep impression on my mind respecting the work of the ministry. I made it a matter of prayer that God would remove these impressions, but they continued to deepen.” But he was slow to yield, and the victory was not fully won until after a hard-fought battle which extended through years of doubt and misgivings.

How true that men of a highly sensitive nature, of fine moral fiber, who possess a deep sense of responsibility, and feel most keenly their utter unfitness for the ministry, are the ones who recoil from the thought of entering an

Our Heroes, or

office so high and holy. The man who *wants* to preach clearly indicates his unpreparedness for the sacred calling. No thoughtful person will, of his own accord, assume obligations so weighty, nor seek a task so difficult and far-reaching in its influence upon the destinies of men.

When Mr. Funkhouser was twenty he was given license to exhort. In this step he was evidently feeling his way, and wished to further test his own capabilities before entering the itinerancy. Nevertheless, he was happy over the little progress made, and went home from the quarterly meeting singing,

“Jesus, all the day long, is my joy and my
song,
O, that all his salvation might see.”

In this relation he continued to work for years.

One incident which no doubt deepened his convictions as to the duty of preaching, occurred at a great camp-meeting held on the farm of Jacob Hous, in the Valley of Virginia, the latter part of August, 1828. The aged Bishop Christian Newcomer, William Brown, and William Rinehart were present. Funkhouser writes: “Newcomer preached on Sunday morning. When preaching, he wept like a mother over the corpse of her darling babe. His words were attended with unusual power. Newcomer requested Brother Brown to preach in the afternoon, but



DANIEL FUNKHOUSER

United Brethren Home Missionaries

he hesitated, saying he felt himself too unworthy. Newcomer said, 'Take up the cross; we will pray for you.' When Brown read his text and began to preach, Newcomer prostrated himself upon his knees behind him in the stand, and with uplifted hands prayed to God for Christ's sake to bless Brother Brown and enable him to preach. The congregation, seeing Newcomer in that attitude, were melted to tears. Suddenly something came over the people like a whirlwind. They fell over from their seats on the altar and outside of it. The cries of mourners struck by divine power became so great, with the singing and praying, that Brown's voice could not be heard. Many conversions took place."

The Brother Brown referred to was afterwards elected one of the Bishops of the Church. Newcomer, referring to the occasion in his journal, wrote, "We had a powerful time at that meeting. Bless the Lord." Such scenes and demonstrations of the Spirit so frequently witnessed a century ago, left a powerful impression upon the communities in which they occurred, and very naturally focused attention upon these prophets of a new way, who came with their message fresh from the throne.

Young Funkhouser's exhortations to the Church and his appeals to sinners were so effective, and his progress as a public speaker so marked, that the annual conference which con-

Our Heroes, or

vened at Greencastle, Pennsylvania, April 8, 1834, granted him license to preach, with six others, though he had made no request for such recognition. His credentials were signed by Bishop Brown. Here he received his first regular charge—Lancaster and Lebanon Circuit—which practically meant the two counties after which it was named.

Serving the charge one year he was transferred to another, and then possibly to a third; but later, in 1838, was returned to his first field where a great religious tide swept over the entire circuit, giving United Brethrenism such strength and prominence that it has ever since been one of the dominant forces in the moral and religious work of that country.

One of the things achieved during the period was the organization of what was and is known as Ranck Class. The converts entering into the organization came from various meetings held thereabouts in barns, private houses, and groves. It is the oldest local United Brethren church in Lancaster County, and has at present one hundred and seventy-six members. The house of worship still in use was erected in 1844. A Sabbath school has been held in the church ever since 1845.

Mr. Funkhouser during all these years was unmarried, and in the absence of a family to care for he could give himself, day and night, to the work of an itinerant.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

Mrs. James Davis and Mrs. Anna Seldomridge, the only surviving members of the original class, remember well the pentecostal year, and the dauntless hero who led the forces of the Cross. The descendants of these great revivals are to this day the pillars in the Ranek and New Holland churches. In other sections where he traveled a few still remain who recite with great interest how God manifested himself in the conversion of souls at all his meetings. Many who knew him well, and heard him at his best, often referred to him in later years as "the great Daniel Funkhouser."

On account of ill health he did no itinerating under the direction of his conference after 1840. His passion for souls so flamed that in a little while his vitality began to wane. But after locating he kept on preaching as time and strength permitted, sometimes filling a hundred engagements in a single year. Being able to preach fluently in both German and English, he was in great demand, and so continued for many years a leader in all the aggressively religious work of his Church.

In discussing the character and achievements of a man like Daniel Funkhouser, it is not necessary to raise the question as to how many years he traveled, or how many fields he served, but what was his real influence upon the Church of his day, and to what extent did he stamp it with his own religious ideals? In what measure did

Our Heroes, or

he contribute to the permanency of the super-structure? How far did God use him in moulding its life and shaping its policies?

We cannot answer these queries fully for the want of data, but we are assured that he succeeded. We do know that as a great chieftain at the head of redeemed militant forces he won proud laurels for himself and the Church to which he had pledged allegiance.

Indeed, we of to-day, though removed nearly three-quarters of a century from his active ministerial career, know more about the results of his labors than he could know himself. We have had time to study history, to identify and locate agencies and first causes, to take an inventory of the assets bequeathed to us, and to place a just value upon them. We only regret that a life so noble and devoted should be allowed to remain obscure for so long a period.

The vitality and genuineness of every seed is seen in its power of reproduction. The planting of United Brethrenism in southern Pennsylvania Maryland, and Virginia, by the divine husbandmen who wrought so nobly in those early days, must have been genuine since the seed sown has grown and multiplied itself "an hundredfold" as it spread in different directions, and especially westward toward the setting sun.

Men like Funkhouser got but little material remuneration for their work. The full disciplinary allowance was only \$160.00 a year for a

United Brethren Home Missionaries

married man, and \$80.00 for the unmarried. But few, however, were fortunate enough to get that much. Rev. Samuel Huber, a devoted friend of Mr. Funkhouser's, tells us in his autobiography that in a ministry of forty years he received less than twenty dollars for his services, though twelve years of that time were spent in the presiding eldership, when his traveling expenses must have been considerable. We do not think such a policy was wise. Nor did he think so himself as he viewed the matter in later years. But we get the lesson, and important it is, that the ministry of that day was in no sense commercialized. To those who saw and obeyed the "heavenly vision," it was not a question of salary for self, but of service for others. And many of them, we are inclined to think, preached more gospel on a hundred dollars a year than some do to-day on their thousands.

The paths blazed out by these divine harbingers through wildernesses, and across mountains and plains, have long since become highways for the King, over which the onward tramp of his victorious hosts may now be heard. Some of these chevaliers spent most of their lives in the saddle. Indeed, many of them were there when God sent for them, and leaped from their stirrups into the waiting chariot. In honoring their memory we bare our heads, and open our hearts in gratitude to the good Father for their lives and labors.

Our Heroes, or

Daniel Funkhouser was not given to boasting, and seldom took any credit to himself for what he actually did. "He saw no man save Jesus only." His all-absorbing purpose was to save souls. He had the conception that stars with which to bedeck the heavenly crown must be gathered while down in this world.

He knew how to talk with God as a child pleads with its father. His public prayers, at times, were overwhelming — the unutterable gushings of a soul in constant fellowship with heaven.

Once while on a visit to his mother he stopped with David Byers, an old acquaintance, who lived in Martinsburg, Virginia. On Sunday they went to a Methodist meeting. Byers told the pastor who Funkhouser was, and requested that he be invited to preach. After consulting his officials he reluctantly consented, but would not go into the pulpit with the newcomer. This treatment was keenly felt by the visitor, but his Christian heart would not allow him to resent the injury, nor disregard the importunities of a brother. The sermon was one of such marvelous unction that the entire audience was deeply moved. In closing, he turned to the unsaved and presented his Christ with such fervor and convincing appeals that twenty-three rushed to the altar of prayer. The pastor himself was so wrought upon that he wept over his conduct, and humbly begged the preacher's pardon.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

This incident but illustrates the type of Mr. Funkhouser's preaching, and the wonderful strength of his personality when once aroused.

He was married February 6, 1840, to Susanna Sharick, of Mountville, Pennsylvania, a sister to Bishop Erb's wife. Susanna was saved at the age of eighteen, and lived a true Christian life thereafter until the time of her translation which occurred when she was nearly ninety-five. The writer called at her home, near Chambersburg, during her last years and found her cheerful and happy. Upon bidding her good-bye she smiled and said, "I am patiently waiting. Wouldn't it be nice if the Lord would come for me before morning?" He did come a little later, sure enough, and took her to the eternal home for which she had been preparing for more than three-fourths of a century.

Daniel Funkhouser died on the thirty-first of August, 1869, and he died as he had lived. At no time did his faith falter. Not a single cloud arose to bedim the brightness of his sky. In his last moments he leaned back into the arms of infinite love as a tired, trusting child, and "was not, for God took him."

All that was mortal of him now rests in the old Salem Church Cemetery, near Rocky Spring, in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, having been carried thither by the hands of his brethren and comrades in toil.

Our Heroes, or

“As sink the stars when night is o’er,
To rise upon some other shore,
So sank the hero out of sight
In other worlds to walk in light.”

The subject of this chapter had two sons—Jacob and Benjamin. The former lives in St. Louis, Missouri, the other in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. Benjamin’s daughter, Romaine, is the devoted wife and helper of Rev. W. H. Washinger, D.D., so favorably known throughout the Church, and who has been, for many years, the faithful, efficient presiding elder of Pennsylvania Conference.

CHAPTER IV.

AARON FARMER.

Our Pioneer Journalist.

The first periodical issued in the name of the United Brethren Church was edited and published in 1829 by Rev. Aaron Farmer, of Indiana. Of that devoted band of United Brethren preachers who invaded Indiana in the early days, he was one of the most widely known and respected. Bishop Henry Kumler, Sr., was a great admirer of Mr. Farmer, and often mentioned him in naming the marked men of early United Brethrenism in Ohio and Indiana. Every reference made to his brief, though marvelously successful career, by his contemporaries, impresses the reader with a heroism and grandeur that can only attach to a great character.

Of the parentage, birthplace, and early history of Mr. Farmer nothing is recorded, but he, no doubt, inherited from his humble German home, wherever it was located, those rugged, virile qualities which have borne fruitage in a life of remarkable usefulness to the world and to the kingdom of God. Born among the poor, and in a new country, his early advantages were of necessity very limited, but he developed for him-

Our Heroes, or

self a keen sense of the value and necessity of a well-stored and disciplined mind. His wide reading, his general knowledge of men and things, made him one of the best informed men of his conference.

Mr. Farmer was born in the year 1799. His conversion occurred in 1823. The following year he joined the Miami Conference, when his itinerant life began. From that time until the day of his death, fifteen years later, he gave full proof of his calling. Having once put his hands to the plow, he looked not back. He gave himself, heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, to the work of his ministry. With unfaltering purpose, with apostolic zeal, with heroic faith that feared no danger and surmounted every obstacle, he went forward as duty called.

It has already been said that Mr. Farmer began his ministry in 1824. At that time he was appointed by the conference to his first charge, known as "Orange Circuit." The territory comprised portions of five sparsely-settled counties. Clad in homespun, and with Testament in his pocket, he started upon his mission. In those days the rivers were without bridges, and most of the country was a dense wilderness. The cabin of the frontiersman was a rude structure of logs, often with but a single room, with the naked earth as its floor. These early missionaries were often obliged to swim the rivers with their horses, to trail their own way through the wilderness, and, for long periods

United Brethren Home Missionaries

at a time, to suffer the privations and hardships of pioneer life.

John Lawrence, in his church history, in his own peculiarly interesting way, gives the following picture of the pioneer preacher's studio: "I would show the reader the interior of a log cabin, in one end of which are the beds; in a corner, near the fire, the rude cupboard and table, the latter made of a broad puncheon, clean and white; around the great log fire, I would introduce to him six or seven children, the youngest in the lap of its mother. In the midst of this interesting group I would place the young preacher. The hard travel of the day is past. His horse has been placed under a shed; his overcoat and leggins are drying before the fire; the wind howls around the cabin, and the snow beats against the window panes, while he is sitting, Bible in hand, preparing his sermon. In such a studio sermons have been prepared which would not discredit our best city pulpits to-day."

Mr. Farmer was retained three years on the Orange Circuit, with constantly increasing popularity and usefulness. During this time he had attained such distinction as a preacher that he was sought for beyond the limits of any circuit or mission the conference might assign him. The borders of his wilderness-mission were constantly enlarged, until it required several weeks to perform one round, giving each community preaching once a month. He was much

Our Heroes, or

of the time a homeless wanderer. His life was one of constant toil, of extreme poverty, crowded with privations and hardships. And yet, as if inspired and fortified by an Abrahamic call, bidding him go up and become the possessor of lands which he knew not, he deliberately gave himself to the work with unfaltering devotion.

A historian pays the following splendid tribute to the heroic life and work of this faithful hero: "Having the heart of a pioneer missionary, he could not neglect the calls from the scattered sheep, although the labor which an acceptance of these calls involved was immense." "I have known him," says William Davis, his intimate friend, "to ride forty miles, and preach three sermons in a day; and though unbridged streams and high water might cross his path, he never hesitated to swim them, no matter how great the danger or the exposure."

The life and work of Mr. Farmer occupies a distinctive place in the early history of the denomination. In a very special sense he may be classed as the John the Baptist of the publishing interests of the Church. Up until this time the salvation of souls was the all-absorbing thought of the pioneer minister, and but little attention was given to the organization of the forces. Dr. William McKee, in his history of Miami Conference, referring to Mr. Farmer and the period in which he wrought so nobly, says:

"The fathers now began to see that, though they had accomplished great good by the means

United Brethren Home Missiouaries

employed in the souls they had been instrumental in saving, and the classes that were organized, the increasing population and the advancing intelligence of the people, required that something more be done for the permanent growth of the Church than holding protracted meetings. These were good, and of first importance, but not all. The wilderness must not only be cleared, but the land must be cultivated. They had enlisted a great army of soldiers. These must be trained in the art of war, and to go out on an active and aggressive campaign against the enemy. They must have something to do, both for their own development, and the saving of their children and the generations yet unborn."

The age of construction in the life and work of the denomination had dawned; an advanced step must now be taken. The fathers began to see in that early day, what became more manifestly apparent later on, that no movement could live and grow without its own educational and propagandic institutions. It now became evident that in order to make permanent the great movement which God had called into existence, it would be necessary to employ the use of the press, and later on the place of the college was recognized.

Mr. Farmer was a leader and a prophet that thought in advance of his times. He had a seer-like grasp of the future, and was constructive in his work. His belief deepened into a

Our Heroes, or

conviction that in the process of building a great church, the voice of the preacher must be supplemented by the message of the printed page, and he had the ambition to vitalize this conviction into permanent working form.

With characteristic zeal this courageous man undertook the enterprise. In 1829, at Salem, Indiana, he sent forth the pioneer denominational journal. The title, "Zion's Advocate," was significant. "Had it lived and fulfilled its mission, as it was photographed in the mind and heart of this earnest man of God, the name, *Religious Telescope*, might never have been heard, and the printing establishment might have been located in Salem instead of Dayton." The enterprise was undertaken under the auspices of the Miami Conference. The restrictions of the conference as to doctrinal teaching and unprofitable controversy are interesting. They appear in the minutes of the session of 1829, and are as follows:

I. That *Zion's Advocate* was to contain doctrine consonant with the church of the United Brethren in Christ.

II. It is not to be devoted to unprofitable controversy.

III. It is to be printed on good paper and neatly executed.

IV. It is to be edited by Aaron Farmer.

The requirement of the conference, as expressed in the third item, excites a smile, when it is remembered that Mr. Farmer was to per-

United Brethren Home Missionaries

sonally assume the financial responsibility of the enterprise. However, the wishes of the conference were honored. A good quality of paper was used, and the mechanical appearance of the journal was most commendable for that day.

But the limited patronage soon revealed the fact that "the conference was better at giving advice as to the management of the paper than in supporting it—a lesson that has been often repeated, both by individuals and large bodies of men." It soon became apparent to Mr. Farmer that it would not be possible to secure sufficient support to continue the publication of the paper. This was one of the bitter trials in the life of this heroic man. "The wonder is not," says Doctor McKee, "that the fathers made some blunders, and advanced slowly, but that they succeeded so well in the face of such great discouragements; that they took so many advanced steps, stepped so firmly, and, did not retreat, grow weary and faint, or remain quiet and content to plod on by the old methods, or rather the want of system, until their opportunity had gone by and others were risen up to do the work that Providence had assigned to them."

It would not be correct to say that Mr. Farmer's adventure was a failure, even though, by force of circumstances, he was compelled to discontinue the publication of his journal. The enterprise served to show the trend of the thought and purpose of the fathers during that

Our Heroes, or

early period of religious activity. The paper was published in response to a vital need of the young denomination. It made possible the action of the General Conference four years later, providing for the establishment of a denominational publishing house. The present splendid institution, upon which the Church can well look with pride, is the fruitage of the seed-sowing of Aaron Farmer and a few other seers of his day, such as John Russell and William R. Rinehart.

When the General Conference of 1833 convened, the conviction was profound that a denominational paper had now become a necessity. It was the voice of God bidding the Church go forward, and she was not disobedient to the call. There was in sight no such denominational wealth as to justify the support of the enterprise. The work was, with the founders, one of love and of faith, prompted by a deep conviction of the needs of the people. Circleville, Ohio, was selected as the site of the new institution. The board of trustees, composed of John Russell, Jonathan Dresback, and George Dresback, proceeded cautiously in the discharge of their duties, and it was not until the thirty-first of December, 1834, more than a year and a half from the time it was ordered, that the first number of the new paper appeared. It was issued under the title, which it has since retained unchanged—*The Religious Telescope*. The paper bore the name of William R. Rine-



REV. JOSEPH FARMER
Son of Aaron Farmer. Died in 1861.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

hart as its first editor. He had started, during the year 1834, a paper at Hagerstown, Maryland, entitled *The Mountain Messenger*, which was merged into the new official publication.

From the human side, this first department of the organized work of the denomination was started under auspices apparently most forbidding. The work was begun with liabilities amounting to sixteen hundred dollars, and soon the debt reached six thousand dollars. "It would certainly have failed had it not been sustained by the courage and ample credit of the trustees." Under this financial burden the officers toiled for more than a dozen years, and it was not until 1849 that the House was relieved of the indebtedness incurred in the launching of the new enterprise.

In looking back over the eighty-two years since the little journal was started by Mr. Farmer, which resulted in the founding of a publishing house five years later, we can but marvel at the growth of the institution. From its borrowed capital of sixteen hundred dollars, it has progressed until it now has a net property of one million dollars. In equipment and financial standing, it rates second to none in the land. It has never made any compromises with its creditors, but has always paid one hundred cents on the dollar of its material obligations.

The institution has contributed many thousands of dollars to cheer and brighten the closing days of our aged ministers, but its high-

Our Heroes, or

est service and greatest glory appears in the fact that it is sending forth annually to United Brethrenism, and to its affiliated patronage, not less than seventy-five full carloads of pure and uplifting literature. Best of all, in the light of reasonable possibilities, the institution is but in the youthful beginnings of its great career. The future will witness its greatest service to the Church and the world. We pause to wonder whether our pioneer journalist ever had any adequate forecast of how great an institution was to rise upon the foundations he was laying.

Mr. Farmer is spoken of by his associates as a man of rare power in the pulpit. In the outgoings and outgivings of his personality there was a mystic power, by which, at will, he moved and melted and mastered men. He was erratic, if that familiar term, applied to the pioneer preachers, meant that they differed from the established conventional clergy; for those men followed no beaten track. Mr. Farmer is described as a man of commanding presence. He was five feet, ten inches in height, firmly built, face round and full, forehead broad and high, chest full. He had a strong voice, well accented; expressive gestures, and thorough earnestness of manner. "There was thought in all his words and wisdom in all his thoughts."

Great heart-power was also manifest in his ministry. "He seldom preached," says Mr. Lawrence, "to a tearless congregation; and few men have been more successful in soul-winning."

United Brethren Home Missionaries

Wherever he went, for a period of fifteen years, the people flocked in crowds to hear him; and he had the happiness of seeing added unto the Church, almost daily, such as are saved. He had a passion for souls, which no labors, sorrows, or hardships could abate. He went forth weeping, and in the harvest few men will have more sheaves." "He played upon the emotions of his audience as upon a stringed instrument." Once, when preaching on "The Rich Man and Lazarus," he hesitated for a few minutes, when a death-like stillness prevailed; then he uttered the rich man's prayer: "Send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in a cup of cold water and cool my parched tongue." Suiting the action to the word, he dipped his finger into a glass of water, and allowed a drop to fall on his tongue. The effect was wonderful.

Mr. Farmer wielded a great influence over young men. Of those awakened and converted through his efforts were a number who entered the ministry, some of whom became eminently useful preachers. His public ministry was supplemented by personal effort in winning men, and discovering and developing those whom God had called into the Christian ministry. A great leader has made the criticism upon the present-day organized Christianity, that it is lacking in personal dealing with men. That was not true of this hero of the cross. He was a man of prayer, of deep personal piety. His spirit gripped men. He was first among his associates

Our Heroes, or

in service and in sacrifice. During the closing years of his life he was presiding elder of the Indianapolis District, in his own conference, which included about half of that great State. When he moved among his brethren with the authority of a military chieftain, that authority was always respected, because he himself was uniformly a war-leader, and at the forefront in the battles. It was a perpetual object lesson, inspiring to magnificent work. It transformed the preachers of his district into heroes.

The field of Mr. Farmer's toil was mainly Ohio and Indiana. At one time, however, he took a long missionary tour beyond these borders, during which he visited portions of Tennessee, Illinois, and Missouri. He never grew tired of his tasks, though he often grew weary under them. A few days before his death, when conversing with a brother about the hardships to which the pioneer ministers were necessarily subjected, he said: "Although I have faced the fierce winds, and often almost perished with cold, and although I have been sent many miles from home, and have received very little support, my salary ranging from twenty-five to sixty dollars a year, yet, should I never meet my brethren in a conference again, they will bear me witness that I never complained."

A high tribute to the piety of Mr. Farmer's humble pioneer home is found in the fact that each of his seven children was early won to Christ, and they became active church-workers.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

This hero of the cross was greatly encouraged in his arduous toil by the devotion of his faithful wife, who maintained family worship during the long periods of his absence. The cabin in which they lived had scanty furnishings, but it was *home*; there love reigned supreme. Many of the faithful wives of those heroic men are not named, but they were heroines. Beautiful crowns will bedeck their brows in heaven, even though they had no recognition upon the earth. The following extracts from a letter, reporting his work, written about six months before his death, and appearing in the *Telescope* of September 19, 1838, give something of an insight into the character and labors of this heroic man, and contain a very tender allusion to the partner of his toils:

“Our fourth quarterly meeting on Indianapolis Circuit began on the last Saturday in July. Great blessing attended the communion on Sunday evening. . . . At a two-days’ meeting in the wilds of Indiana, near the Miami Indian Reserve, God was with us of a truth. Saints rejoiced and sinners wept. At the close there were but few who did not come forward and give their hands, desiring to be prayed for. On Tuesday, in company with Brother Davis, I preached in Andersontown, Indiana, to a large and mixed assembly—infidels of ancient and modern type, and some true believers and friends of God and man. On Friday our first camp-meeting opened near Middletown, Indiana. Every ser-

Our Heroes, or

mon and every prayer seemed to be seasoned. There were no visible awakenings until the afternoon of the second day, when the cries of sinners were heard. On Monday a number were converted. . . . Other appointments compelled me to close with great reluctance, leaving perhaps fifty trembling mourners.

“I pursued my way to the second camp-meeting, preaching twice a day, and reaching the camp ground near Indianapolis on Friday, July 10. The meeting gradually grew better. I introduced the love feast before the sacrament on Sunday night. God was in our midst, and the meeting continued until midnight. After a farewell sermon on Monday forenoon, we met at the table of our Father. There I met my dear Gitty (referring to his devoted wife), who had ridden forty miles to meet me at the Lord’s table, where he was manifest unto us in the breaking of bread.” It was a strong tie which bound these two hearts in love, hope, and purpose. The Church owes as much to those faithful heroines as it does to their husbands, whom they cheered on to victory.

Mr. Farmer was called from labor to reward when at the very zenith of his power and usefulness. To measure as we measure time, his life was short, but measured by the standard of good accomplished, that brief span of life was full, complete, and inspiring. A few days previous to his death, when riding in company with a brother minister, he remarked that his

United Brethren Home Missionaries

time would soon come to a close, and burst into a flood of tears, exhorting his friend to be faithful to his charge. He was now about forty years of age. He had no decadence of power, none of the yellow mould of old age was upon him; there was no lack of strength and enthusiasm, of enterprise and vision; but full-sunned and orbed in all his powers, he at once ceased to labor and to live.

It was on the evening of the first day of March, 1839, when his departure occurred. Just before the chariot came, while his neighbors were conversing around his bed, he asked them to be quiet. "Gitty," he said, for this was the familiar name by which he called his faithful companion, "Gitty, come here and listen." "To what shall I listen?" she replied. "Why," said he, in surprise, "Don't you hear that singing?" "No," said she, "I do not." "Oh," he continued, as a smile played over his face, "it is the sweetest music I have ever heard in all my life. Heavenly messengers have come for me and I must go." With this he asked them to raise him up and give him a cup of water. He took the cup, drank, and then, with a smile, closed his eyes in death. Thus went to his reward a man of apostolic zeal, one whose record can never perish.

It is a matter of regret that no picture of this pioneer missionary, editor and publisher, has been handed down to the Church. After a special effort covering a period of six months, we

Our Heroes, or

have failed to locate his grave. It is supposed that his body rests in a cemetery near Williamsburg, Indiana. If so, the grave is unmarked. God knows the location, and angels will guard the sacred dust until the resurrection morn. He has a memorial more enduring than marble or granite in the good he accomplished, which lives after him in ever enlarging results.

CHAPTER V.

SAMUEL HUBER.

Noted for His Camp-Meeting Campaigns.

Among the ministers widely known in the early years of United Brethrenism in southern Pennsylvania and Virginia was Samuel Huber. The evangelistic tone of his preaching, his adaptation to pioneer work, and his ability to influence great audiences, attracted wide attention, and created a general demand for his services. He was born in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, January 31, 1782. Though his parents were Mennonites, they threw open their door for United Brethren preachers, and Otterbein, Boehm, Geeting, Newcomer, and Hoffman, were among the first to visit the home and hold religious services therein. At first it was the Church's only preaching place between Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and Hagerstown, Maryland. In that early day it was no uncommon thing for a minister to travel fifty miles between appointments.

The gospel messages proclaimed by these distinguished men profoundly stirred the heart of young Huber. In his autobiography he devotes considerable space to a description of his struggles to reach a Christian life, which ex-

Our Heroes, or

tended through many years of doubts and conflicts. He wanted to do right, but the opposing current carried him far away in the opposite direction, leaving him at times almost hopelessly stranded in the matter of religion. But he must tell it. "When about thirteen years of age," he says, "under the preaching of Joseph Hoffman, I became more deeply convinced of 'sin, righteousness, and of a judgment to come.' Then I prayed to God at times, but was in a great measure carried off through the follies of youth. On another occasion, under Father Newcomer's preaching, God sent another arrow to my heart. I felt awful. But these emotions again wore off. Yet, I really had no peace of soul. In this state of mind I grew up to manhood. Like the poet I could say:

"Now I repent, and sin again;
Now I revive, and I'm slain;
Slain with the same unhappy dart
Which, oh, too often wounds my heart."

On the tenth of June, 1806, he was married to Nancy Weaver, whose parents lived near Winchester, Virginia. About this time, in his search for pleasure, he became infatuated with horse-racing, and spent much of his time at the race track. His wife, though not a Christian, soon recognized the danger to which he was exposed, and begged him to give up such a life. Nor did she plead in vain. One day while among his

United Brethren Home Missionaries

drunken, gambling associates at one of these resorts, he was greatly wrought upon by the spirit of conviction. He describes his experience as follows: "After taking a drink, and while in the act of mounting my horse, like Saul of Tarsus, I was smitten with divine power similar to a flash of lightning. The scales fell from my eyes, and I saw at a glance that all the people, with myself, were on the broad road to hell. The alarming thought of losing my soul was impressed upon my heart with a power I never felt before. I was wretched and filled with remorse. I knew I had so frequently grieved the Spirit of God that I deserved to be sent to hell."

As conviction deepened, the burden of sin became intolerable. In the midst of it all he prostrated himself before heaven and prayed: "O Lord! if thy justice requires my damnation, then it is just, and if I must perish, send me to hell rather than permit me to live longer in sin. In this depth of horror I cannot continue. If there be mercy, for Christ's sake let me feel it; if not, cut me down as a 'cumberer of the ground.'"

Then he went to the woods again, where he had gone before more than once for meditation and prayer, and resolved to spend the whole day there, alone with God. While wandering among the trees, bemoaning his wretched condition, a voice was plainly heard, saying, "There is yet mercy for you." Hope was once more enthroned in his soul, and he cried aloud, "Yes, thank God, there is yet mercy for me. Here, Lord, I give

Our Heroes, or

myself, soul and body, into thy hands; do with me as seemeth good to thee." "A ray of light flashed down into my heart," he says; "my fears were gone. Unspeakable joy filled my soul. I went forth praising God, saying, Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood, for Jesus has brought Samuel Huber to God."

Upon returning home, his wife inquired, "Where have you been so long?" "In the woods," was the reply, "where I have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write."

Soon thereafter his wife was saved, and both entered together upon a life in which God had determined to make them an abiding blessing to the Church and the world. At once he opened his house for preaching, and the influence of the new convert spread in every direction. Soon his brother Benjamin, and many of the neighbors, were converted. Prayer and preaching services were held from house to house through the week, and thus the revival spirit continued to grow. At one of these meetings, in the absence of a preacher, he made his first attempt to lead. After prayer and song, he was encouraged to speak, though it was done with "fear and trembling." But God so blessed him in the effort, and the impressions made upon the people were so deep and strong, that he soon began to make appointments for other communities, holding as many as two or three meetings each week. Feelings of conviction marked every service. News of the

United Brethren Home Missionaries

great awakening finally reached the ears of many of the preachers in other sections of the country, and some of them came to see Mr. Huber and to inquire of the work.

The success achieved in his meetings, and the measure of the divine blessing bestowed upon his public efforts, led him by degrees to accept the ministry as the great calling of his life.

In 1815 he was licensed to exhort, near Greencastle, Pennsylvania, and a year later received regular license from the Pennsylvania Conference. He must now go where he was sent, and do whatever his brethren laid upon him. So the true itinerant always does. At this conference a request came for preaching in Tuckahoe Valley, Pennsylvania, and the lot fell upon Samuel Huber and John Bear. In those early days the preachers, as far as they could, traveled by twos, in apostolic style. Mr. Huber gives the following description of the itinerary: "We went first to Path Valley, thence to Aughwick Valley, and from there to Hill Valley. Passing through Huntingdon County we came to Tuckahoe Valley, and tarried to preach at Brother Buttenberger's. We were regarded as strange sort of men. Some of the people looked at us with terrified glances, afraid to come into the house where we were to preach, but stood looking in at the windows. They finally discovered that we were like other men. We invited them in, and, after some hesitation, they began to enter until the house was crowded. Brother Bear preached and I followed with an

Our Heroes, or

exhortation. The Word took effect. Some were deeply moved. One woman, a Lutheran preacher's wife, got under conviction and prayed earnestly. Next day we went to Warrior's Mark, put up with Mr. Rumberger, and preached to the people. Returning home, we held services at the several appointments we had made on our outward route. These appointments extended eighty-five miles from where we started on the Allegheny mountains. For about two years the Lord wrought such work among the people, and preaching places were open in such numbers that we could not fill them. A circuit was then formed for two preachers. During these times a new appointment was taken up at the home of Mr. Conrad, near Warrior's Mark. Brother David Bear, Henry Troub, and myself, while on the way to the Iron Furnace, where Mr. Conrad lived, heard that an appointment had been made for us there. When we arrived, we found a wedding party in waiting, and Brother Troub tied the knot. In the evening I preached, and the Holy Spirit wrought wonderfully. Seven of the wedding party fell, cried for mercy, and were married to the Lamb of God." Later, it would seem, a house of worship was erected in the neighborhood, and a permanent organization established. The good work spread through the valley, extending as far as Bellefonte. Thus United Brethren preaching was introduced in that section of Pennsylvania.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

The work of revivals was constant. No service was a success unless somebody was saved. Mr. Huber tells of a meeting at "Sister Hubler's" which lasted from dark until breakfast time the next morning. It was a night of decision, of struggle, and of triumph. Many experienced a new sunrise in their souls long before the day-dawn appeared. The next evening he preached at a Mr. Cling's, near Concord, where six were saved and entered the better way. Another evening, perhaps the following, five more were converted in another neighborhood. These cases but illustrate how things went, not only for a season, but from year to year.

At a conference held in Frederick County, Maryland, May 7, 1819, Mr. Huber was ordained by Bishop Newcomer, and by the same conference elected presiding elder, in which capacity he served, all told, twelve years. The duties of the office led him over a vast district of country, extending not only through southern Pennsylvania, but far up the Shenandoah Valley. During the preceding year he had made a trip through the same valley with Bishop Henry Kumler, preaching twice a day, going and returning. On their way back they attended an annual conference, which convened in Harper's Ferry.

Speaking of his first trip through Virginia as a presiding elder, he has this to say: "I went through the Virginia Circuit, and held a quarterly meeting at John Funkhouser's. Here

Our Heroes, or

much good was done. Many got under conviction. Believers were stirred up, and swelling shouts of joy ascended on high. There was a protracted meeting going on at Father Shewey's, ten miles above Stanton, which I attended, and then went, upon invitation, and preached in Stanton. From here I journeyed to Middlebrook and preached, and thence went toward Greenbrier, not far from the Natural Bridge, on my way to hold the following quarterly meetings, namely, one at Brother Site's, one at New Market, at Brother Lauman's, and one at Brother Blind's. After this I returned home." Possibly his sermon in Stanton was the first one ever preached there by a United Brethren.

When harvest was over, he went back up the valley and held a camp-meeting in Rockingham County, six miles out from Harrisburg, assisted by Christian Troub, John Brown, Henry Burtner, and others. Things didn't go well for a while. The prayer-life seemed to be absent. One afternoon he got the Christians together in the preacher's tent for confession and supplication, and while thus waiting before the throne, some unconverted persons came in and were immediately seized with conviction so deep and pungent that they fell upon their faces and sought salvation. The tide had turned. Others came, and a great time was experienced. Many prayed, others shouted, and the preachers exhorted, while—



SAMUEL HUBER

United Brethren Home Missionaries

“Heaven came down their souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy seat.”

Like many another camp-meeting in that day, and since, it touched the homes and hearts of all the adjacent communities, and was looked back to by Mr. Huber as one of the greatest victories of his life.

But such a religious awakening is almost sure to stir rebellious hearts into bitter opposition. So it happened in this case. He says: “On Sunday I preached in German. The Methodist presiding elder, who attended the camp, followed with a sermon in English. There was a great deal of weeping in the congregation that day. Many of the people on the ground were colored, and I promised them that they should have three hours in which to conduct their own religious exercises as they might think best. After I came down from the stand, a big, burly-looking man, with a heavy whip in his hand, took me roughly by the arm, and told me that I had subjected myself to a fine of twenty-five dollars for giving liberty to the colored people. I told him I was not aware of having violated the Virginia laws, that I was a Pennsylvanian, preached the Bible, and believed that the colored people had as much need of the gospel as either of us. He still held fast to my arm. At length a magistrate came to where we were standing, and, becoming acquainted with the affair, said to the fellow, ‘Sir,

Our Heroes, or

if you don't let go of the preacher, and cease further molestation, I will teach you some law which you do not understand.' He let go my arm, hung down his head, and sneaked away."

From this camp-meeting he went to another near Newton, and thence home, where he conducted a third camp near the head of Falling Spring, Franklin County.

At this time certain elements, mainly members of other churches, left nothing undone to oppose and defeat the exponents and leaders of United Brethrenism. In some instances they would resort to downright persecution; in other cases to the use of bitter invective and biting sarcasm. One thing they talked, generally, was that Huber and his crowd of preachers could never hope to win a following. "They can put all the members they will ever get into a few corn-cribs," they said. But the achievements of the years that followed have long since shown that they were false prophets, and only uttered out of wicked hearts what they hoped would come to pass.

Mr. Huber was a modest man, and ordinarily impressed the stranger as being timid and in no sense combative; but those who knew him well, and heard him often, and under circumstances calculated to test a man's mettle, found that a hero's blood ran through his every vein. When aroused he showed no quarter, and asked none of his enemies. He, too, was merciless in repartee and sarcasm, and came to be feared by the opposers of the Church.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

About the year 1818 he took up a regular appointment in Chambersburg, preaching in private homes. At one of his meetings "the spirit of God," he says, "came upon the people like 'the rushing of a mighty wind.' Some shouted, leaping and praising God. I felt heaven within me." At the close of the service he received twenty-six into the Church. This was when and how the Church started in Chambersburg. Two weeks later he proposed the erection of a house of worship, and actually raised \$500 toward the enterprise from the citizens on Main Street. When the house was completed, he and John Crider preached there, alternately, every four weeks, in the German language. Then followed a great revival, which added both to the membership and character of the Church, and made it a permanent fixture in all the future of the town. This house of worship met the needs of the congregation until 1852, when a larger one was erected in its place, which served for about thirty years more, which was supplanted by a third structure under the pastorate of Rev. J. P. Miller. The congregation continued to grow, until under the pastorate of Rev. W. H. Washington, D. D., a fourth structure was erected on the ground, in 1900, at a cost of about fifty thousand dollars. The present membership is 1113, and the Sunday school enrollment 1563.

About the time the Chambersburg church was founded, or a little earlier, perhaps, an organi-

Our Heroes, or

zation was effected at Greencastle, which has ever since been one of the permanent charges of the conference.

In 1821 Mr. Huber was a member of the General Conference, which was held in Fairfield County, Ohio. The journey was made on horseback. Joseph Hoffman and G. A. Geeting were his traveling companions. After a trip of eight days, the place of meeting was reached. Evidently things did not go to suit him, for he writes: "There was much sparring among the members. All could not see eye to eye on the different questions which came up for consideration. This gave rise to considerable debate. But after much steam had been spent through the vocal powers by thrusts and rejoinders, the conference closed its session in peace and harmony." The "sparring," no doubt occurred over the questions of slavery and rum, for on both strong resolutions were proposed and adopted.

At the close of the conference, a three-days' meeting was held, when the delegates from the East departed for their homes, preaching at various points along the way where appointments had been arranged. After an absence of five weeks, Mr. Huber reached home, weary, of course, and somewhat out of pocket in hard cash, as he had received only three dollars for his traveling expenses. But he made no complaint. The thought of financial support, it appears, never entered his mind. He earned a living in

United Brethren Home Missionaries

another way. He assures us in his autobiography that for all his services as missionary and presiding elder he never received so much as twenty dollars. Such a policy, however, was wrong, and at the end of forty years, he so confessed. After referring to what he had himself done, he adds this comment: "I hold that a preacher of the gospel should be supported by the gospel, providing he is faithful to his calling." This is Paul's view, and needs renewed emphasis in all the churches to-day. Yet we must say that Mr. Huber's course, like that of so many others of his day, indicates a love for soul-winning, and a devotion to the kingdom which challenges our admiration and heightens our appreciation of what he did.

In those early times the special meetings continued only a few days, but the people who attended remained, for the most part, on the ground from the opening service until the final doxology was sung. The brother at whose house, or in whose grove, the meeting was held, would kill a beef, lay in a large supply of flour, meal, and potatoes, and feed anywhere from twenty-five to seventy-five persons three times a day. If the crowd was too great, a neighbor or two would join in the entertainment, and thus help him out. By such a plan, services of one kind or another were kept going the most of the time from nine o'clock in the morning until ten at night. And

Our Heroes, or

how blessed the fellowship was! Such generous hospitality never failed to bring its benedictions.

Bishop Newcomer once suggested to a brother, whose home was a gathering place for preachers and others, that possibly the people were overdoing it in staying with him in such large numbers. But the reply was: "If you want me to get rich in the world, just send as many people as you can. I will entertain them free of charge and be glad to do it." And it is a matter of record that his worldly holdings continued to increase, and he was made to realize the truth of the promise, "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given him, shall be returned to him again." Those who thus took the people in and fed them were abundantly rewarded in seeing sinners converted and the Church enlarged. The complaint often heard to-day that the hospitality of a half century ago is no longer in evidence, is not altogether without foundation. Fine dwellings and upholstered furniture really seem to be against the idea of entertainment. In plain English, selfishness, in too many instances, even among church people, so predominates that they can scarcely be persuaded to receive their brethren, much less the stranger.

In the early history of the United Brethren Church, the camp-meeting was the most popular of all religious convocations. It was a rallying point for Christians, and a recruiting station for the kingdom. From the middle of June to the

United Brethren Home Missionaries

first of October, the time was largely occupied in holding such gatherings. Mr. Huber was especially adapted to these occasions. He relates many interesting incidents which occurred in connection with them which indicate not only the spirit and purpose of the fathers, but show, as well, some of the hardships they endured and the dangers they braved.

The country being but sparsely settled, the camp-meeting afforded opportunity for the bringing together of Christian people from all the communities round about. Many parents brought their children with the hope of seeing them converted. No better place could be found they thought, for the winning of souls. Then, what preaching they heard! Far-famed pulpites were sure to be on hand, and so the occasion was looked forward to with keenest interest. At nearly every service there was a strange mingling of penitential pleadings and triumphant shouts, of holy song and fervid appeal. It is related of Bishop Otterbein that in his last years he was preaching near Hagerstown, Maryland, one Sabbath, when his strength so failed that he could not make himself heard by the great audience. Suddenly he paused, extended his arms heavenward, and exclaimed, "O Lord God, if I am thy servant, assist and strengthen me once more to declare thy truth." In answer to the prayer he felt himself quickened, and appeared like a "flame of fire" during the closing part of his discourse. An old sinner who heard

Our Heroes, or

him, afterwards said: "That sermon went home to my heart. I never rested until my soul was converted to God."

Much more might be said respecting the worth of Samuel Huber to the United Brethren Church in its beginnings, but the incidents recited in the foregoing chapter, partly from his own pen and partly from other witnesses, will suffice to show the reader something of his real worth, and the praise that such a character merits. It is a pleasure to prepare and present to the Church in permanent form this new outline of his life and labors, with the assurance that it will be read and appreciated by many a devout soul in the years to come.

His sun had a cloudless setting. After a long life of eighty-six years, more than a half century of which was given to the ministry, like Jacob he "yielded up the ghost, and was gathered to his people." This sublime event occurred July 12, 1868. How the saved hero must have enjoyed heaven when once there with Newcomer and Russell, Hoffman and Erb, Bear and Rinehart, and the multitudes who had been saved through his messages of reconciliation! Rev. James Bishop, for a long time a trusted friend and companion in toil, preached the funeral sermon and laid his dust away in the Salem church cemetery, near Rocky Spring, where sleep the remains of Daniel Funkhouser, and others, who, with him, rendered such splendid service for their Lord.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

“Yes, our hero’s course is run;
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done;
Death is swallowed up in life.”

CHAPTER VI.

JACOB ERB.

Pioneer Organizer in East Pennsylvania.

The mantle of the fathers is not a gift to be inherited by human transmission. Elijah could not himself bequeath his spirit to Elisha. Nevertheless, the student of biography, who comes to admire the salient features of a great life, will inevitably partake in some measure of its spirit and character. The test by which Elisha may know is that of spiritual insight. And he has his wish. Through rending sky and cloud, he catches a glimpse of his translated master. He has dared the awful vision, and at his feet falls the symbol of inherited power, the rough mantle of the ascended prophet. If we can glimpse the glory of a great life, we have entered into some inheritance of its greatness.

About the middle of the eighteenth century two pioneer families settled in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. In the providence of God they were destined to become famous in the annals of United Brethrenism. The heads of these families were Christian Erb and Abraham Hershey, natives of Switzerland, the former having reached our shores in 1736, when but a child of three summers, and the latter in 1759, when in the strength of mature manhood.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

These families were neighbors. Together they engaged in the conquests of the wilderness, which was still traversed by semi-civilized tribes of Indians. When the pioneer missionaries came to this community, they were gladly welcomed, and public worship was established. The young people of these families were friends and associates. Under those circumstances it is not strange that an attachment was formed between Christian Erb, Jr., and Elizabeth Hershey that would ripen in holy wedlock. Elizabeth was the youngest daughter of Abraham Hershey, and was noted for her beauty. Her brothers, Christian and Abraham, Jr., were among the most noted of our Church fathers and pioneer missionaries.

Born in the forest, inured to its hardships, with habits of industry, Christian Erb and his beautiful young wife built a home and dedicated it to Jehovah. This was probably between 1786 and 1790. Here was subsequently established a regular preaching place for United Brethren ministers. On the twenty-fifth day of May, 1804, God gave to these parents a son—the fifth of a family of several children. He was destined to become a channel of blessing and a constructive force in the building of a great denomination. To his heroic life, so useful in its achievements, and so morally inspiring—covering a creative ministry of more than sixty years, this chapter is devoted.

Our Heroes, or

In the year 1810, when the little son, Jacob, was six years of age, his parents moved to Cumberland County, and settled on a tract of land located on the banks of the Susquehanna, opposite Harrisburg. With the majestic flow of the splendid river often before his eyes, the boy toiled with his father on the little farm until he reached his sixteenth year. He was constitutionally and most delicately responsive to religious influences. His mother was his one earliest teacher, a woman of sound judgment and who loved her Church. She probably knew nothing of child psychology, as taught in our day, but she succeeded admirably in training her son for Christ and the Church. In 1820, at a meeting in their own home, it was the joy of this father and mother to see their devoted son definitely yield his life to God and unite with the Church. He was now in his sixteenth year. His call to the ministry immediately followed.

The same year a great sorrow came upon the home in the death of the father. Many extra cares now came upon the son, whose devotion to his mother was beautiful. They subsequently moved to Wormleysburg, where regular preaching was still maintained in the home. The following year he hired to his brother-in-law, Samuel Eberely, and worked on the farm. During this time he was a diligent student of the Bible. He would frequently place before him on the plow a passage of Scripture and commit

United Brethren Home Missionaries

it to memory. When in his seventeenth year, young Erb began to hold public meetings. In his eighteenth year, he yielded to the entreaties of Fathers Hershey and Neidig to give himself fully to the itinerant work. To this his mother heartily consented, even though it meant to her a great sacrifice. In 1823, when in his nineteenth year, he joined the Hagerstown Conference, and was appointed to the Lancaster Circuit, a charge then having thirty appointments. In his zeal to spread the work, the number of preaching places was increased to forty before the close of the conference year.

Mr. Erb entered upon his life-work with the heritage of a good name, a good ancestry, and a good atmosphere. Courageous, and hopeful, he went forth to his first circuit and a destination larger than the golden dreams of his youth. To breathe the pure air of God's heavens, as it spread over the mountains and valleys of Pennsylvania and New York, to look year after year upon the hills whence come man's help, is to be favored of God. Enthusiasm amid such scenes and under such conditions is normal. A singing faith, a belief in large truth, a readiness to dare great things for God, are met amid such surroundings, even among the unhonored and unknown. "He was a foe to enthusiasm," wrote an old Puritan over the tomb of his friend on Copp's Hill, Boston. It is safe to say that neither the man who wrote the sentence nor the

Our Heroes, or

man whose virtues he sought to describe came from nature's temples. Happy the pastor even to-day, who has in his church men from God's out-of-doors, away from the beaten path of the tourist; the land of dreams and visions. Through the years of his childhood, youth, and young manhood Jacob Erb lived amid such scenes. He was indeed a child of nature.

In 1824, the second year of his itinerant ministry, he was appointed to Hagerstown Circuit as junior preacher with Rev. Henry Burtner. The following year he was returned to Lancaster Circuit, where he opened a mission in a territory not far from Philadelphia. The tasks and sacrifices of those three years would severely test the consecration and heroism of a young man just passing out of his teens. One of his contemporaries gives the following picture of what the work of the missionary involved at that time:

“In those days our services were held in private houses, barns, and groves. I do not recollect that there was one meeting-house in Cumberland Valley, except at Schropps. The circuits were large and our members but sparsely settled throughout the country. Our circuit embraced part of Frederick and Washington Counties, in Maryland, and part of Franklin County, Pennsylvania, and had no less than thirty appointments. It required four weeks to make the round. At this time all east of the Susquehanna River was called the Lancaster

United Brethren Home Missionaries

Circuit. The preachers often had very long rides to reach their appointments, and often through very inclement weather, but they seldom disappointed, unless they were sick. It was common for our people to go twenty or thirty miles to a protracted meeting, and many would walk this distance. At these meetings the beds were spread upon the floor and people were quartered around the room.

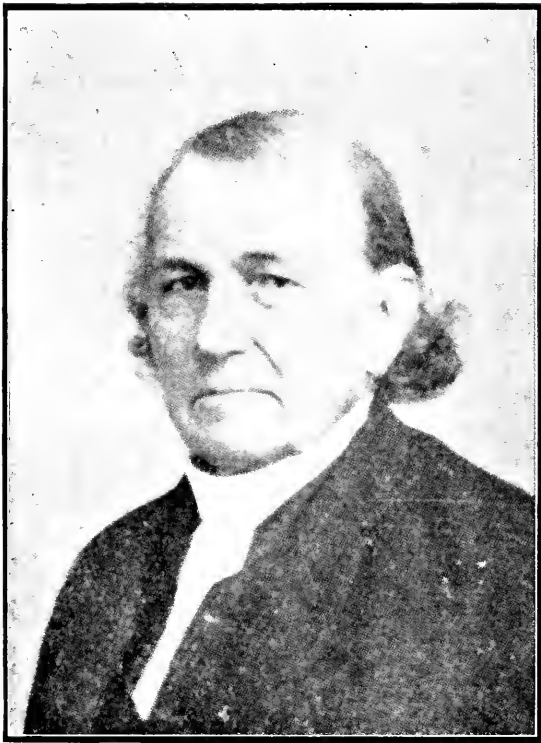
“The preachers had but little time to read; some got but little, others no pay. I remember hearing one say, who is yet living, (this was in 1858) that he was out of pocket for his preaching \$900. I heard George Geeting (son of the bishop) tell my parents with tears that he was traveling his first round on his circuit when he heard of his father’s death. He said he was never more anxious to see him than at that time, but of that pleasure he was deprived; but although it was a trial he was submissive to the will of God and received the descending mantle of his sainted father.”

In the autumn of 1825, when only twenty-one years of age, Mr. Erb responded to a call for missionary work in New York and Canada. Four hundred miles stretched between him and the farthest point of his mission field. Alone, with his knapsack on his back, the young missionary journeyed on foot, like his Master before him. He chanced to be in Rochester October 25, 1825, when the water was first let into the Erie Canal. There were no railroads.

Our Heroes, or

The stagecoaches were few that rolled their way for the most part over wretched roads, often mud-deep to the hubs. It was indeed a school of hardship through which the young hero was now passing. He had but a few dollars in his pocket, and no missionary society back of him to bear his expenses. Many days must pass before he reaches Canada, and when he shall reach it, there is no chapel for him, nor a single United Brethren home to give him welcome. There are places where there is not the semblance of a road to guide him. He must find the trail through dense forests, and follow the path through flooded fields; but he fearlessly presses on. His lodging place is frequently a poverty-stricken cabin, with food of the coarsest kind. After leaving Buffalo, he was accompanied part of the way by his cousin, the Rev. Jacob G. Erb.

Some experiences of the journey were, no doubt, delightful because of the young man's admiration of nature. His warm and passionate heart must often have greatly relished the untamed nature in which he was moving; but little did he dream how those grand horizons, those mighty trees with their robust foliage, those living streams, untainted by the mar of civilization, were depositing in his soul materials to be used in the temple of God in a later day. He was also encouraged by the good he was able to accomplish. Wherever he went, like the apostles of old, he talked with the people and



JACOB ERB

United Brethren Home Missionaries

preached to them as he had opportunity, seeking in every way to win them to Christ. To the results of his labors that year and subsequently, many churches in northwestern New York and Canada still bear testimony.

Mr. Erb was richly endowed with the gifts and graces that make a great missionary, and he used them with apostolic zeal and courage. He also possessed the elements of a great organizer and builder, which was the type of leadership a time like that demanded. He became one of the most distinguished and influential of the fathers in shaping the policy of the Church at a time when the glowing itinerant evangelism had reached a period which demanded a more elaborate organization for the preservation of its unity, and the multiplication of its usefulness. When he began his ministry the organization of the Church was extremely simple, and was directed mainly to securing the most effective evangelism. Its preachers went far and near calling men to repentance and gaining converts by the hundreds. It soon became a serious question how to preserve this ever-increasing power, and turn it to the largest effectiveness in the kingdom of God.

Mr. Erb was a true disciple of Newcomer in his zeal to conserve to the denomination the results of its toil, and to organize and train the new "societies" of converts for Christian service in the United Brethren Church. He believed

Our Heroes, or

with a distinguished churchman of more modern times, that "it is just as important to know how to use and appropriate a victory as it is to know how to win a victory." In "Landmark History of the United Brethren Church," Doctor Eberly gives the following instance of Mr. Erb's denominational loyalty, which occurred when he was seventeen years of age. It was the year following his conversion, when he was engaged in holding meetings in private homes: "To those meetings came quite a number of people who had been converted, but still retained membership where there was opposition to prayer-meetings, and hostility against revivals of religion. On a certain evening when returning from prayer-meeting, young Erb entered into controversy with great zeal on this subject with Jacob Coover, a most excellent Christian gentleman, who was very reluctant to sever the bonds of his church union. Mr. Coover said, 'If I have a light to guide a company over a dangerous road on a dark night, am I justified in taking that light away from them?' To this Mr. Erb responded, 'If that company be composed of people who appreciate the light, it would be very wrong to remove it; if the company be constructed of persons without discretion, or wielding a bludgeon right and left, liable at any moment to extinguish that light, and placing yourself in the dark with them, better get out.' And Mr. Coover, not long afterward, did get out. For many years he was a resident of Mechanicsburg,

United Brethren Home Missionaries

the first member of our Church in that town, around whom others gathered and a society was formed in old Union Church, which with the years has grown into the present large congregation.”

Mr. Erb is distinguished as the founder of the organized work of the Church east of the Susquehanna River. To him belongs the honor of having organized the first United Brethren class in the territory on which is now located the East Pennsylvania Conference, a territory sacred to every loyal United Brethren, because it contains the spiritual birthplace of the denomination. Classes had been formed west of the river several years prior to this time. It was in the year 1827 when this first organization was effected. The place was called SHERK'S Old Meeting-House, located in the northwestern portion of Lebanon County, about two and a half miles east of Grantville, Dauphin County.

The Lancaster Circuit originally included the greater portion of the present conference territory. Here others of the fathers preceding Mr. Erb toiled with great success in evangelistic work. While the converts were in a sense recognized as members of the Church, they had refused to be organized into classes. Referring to these conditions, Lawrence, in his Church history, says: “Numbers of those who, by the attraction of divine love, formed themselves into United Brethren societies, refused to have their names recorded in a church book, and were

Our Heroes, or

slow to submit to any discipline except the New Testament." Mr. Erb set himself to the task of changing these conditions, and preparing the "societies" for formal organization and individual enrollment in the Church membership. He was yet a young man, twenty-three years of age, with but four years' experience in the ministry, but he was the child of the hour, and God gave him strength equal to the task. It was a mount of victory as well as vision, when, "by the consent of some of the older brethren," he announced to a great Lord's day audience that on the following evening the people would be given an opportunity to formally unite with the Church. It was, indeed, a mount of blessing when on Monday evening, in the presence of a great audience, a goodly company came forward and were received into church membership. From that organization has grown a conference, the largest numerically, and one of the wealthiest and most influential, in the denomination.

Mr. Erb was an intimate friend of Elder John Winebrenner, founder of "The Church of God." As early as 1826 they were associated in evangelistic work. When Mr. Winebrenner changed his views on church matters, he requested his friend Erb to baptize him by immersion. On the Sabbath appointed for the service, Mr. Erb filled an appointment on his circuit in the morning, then rode to Harrisburg, a distance of fifteen miles, arriving at two o'clock in the afternoon. A large congregation assembled in

United Brethren Home Missionaries

the bethel, on Mulberry Street, where Mr. Winebrenner preached what is now known as "the 1830 sermon on baptism." Immediately after the preaching, and between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, they proceeded to the Susquehanna River, and Mr. Erb baptized him, just above where the railroad bridge now stands. This occurred on Sunday, July 4, 1830.

From the beginning of his ministry, Mr. Erb performed his work faithfully, and filled with marked success every position to which he was assigned. His superior ability and qualities of leadership were early recognized. In 1829, when but twenty-four years of age, he was elected delegate to the General Conference, which convened in Fairfield County, Ohio. The Church was now entering upon the thirtieth year of her history. Her larger mission was at hand. The conference was one of those historic occasions when men chosen of God begin to realize that they are facing a mission of vast magnitude. It is a mount of revelation, where God's plans, and purposes concerning the building of the denomination are made clear. Certain propagandic institutions now became a necessity. In 1833 Mr. Erb again represented his conference in the General Conference, at which time definite steps were taken for the establishment of a denominational publishing house.

After the death of Bishop Newcomer in 1830, it is probable that no one of his immediate successors was more influential in shaping and

Our Heroes, or

directing the policy of the Church in the Cumberland Valley than was Mr. Erb. His intimate friend and associate in the work was Bishop William Brown, who was eight years his senior. In 1837 he was elected to the bishopric; in 1845 he was elected editor of a German paper, published in Baltimore, entitled, "Busy Martha;" in 1849 he was again elected to the office of bishop. For a period of twelve years he served in this relation with marked ability. His familiarity with the work to be done, his trained knowledge of men, his quick perception, his wise practical judgment, his full-mindedness, his heroic moral courage, his superior conscientiousness, and his unselfish consecration to the interests of the Church—all these qualities in him were so well blended and balanced as to make him an able administrator. While gentle and loving in disposition, he was, at the same time, a strong character, a wise counsellor, and a forceful executive, prompt to decide, when a prompt decision was necessary, and, as a parliamentary officer, presiding over an annual or general conference, he was always able and skillful. He was always approachable, brotherly, and companionable, a bishop to whom could go the humblest minister or the plainest layman with the assurance that he would be graciously received, and that his cause would have careful and kindly consideration. He was truly an apostolic bishop, ever presenting a good example and constantly performing noble work.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

Bishop Erb was regarded as a forceful preacher both in German and in English. He was always listened to with interest because there was thought in what he had to say. His sermons were sound in doctrine, affectionate in spirit, and direct and pungent in application. As pastor he was tender and fatherly. In 1846, when pastor of the Otterbein Church in Baltimore, an effort was made to wrest the property from the denomination. Again the hero, with his characteristic tact, grace, and statesmanlike diplomacy, proves himself equal to the occasion. For a time the doors were closed against him, his support was reduced to a mere pittance, and his life was endangered. But the sturdy pilot stood faithfully at his post, as had been his custom in every emergency and duty, until the twelfth day of November, in the same year, when the courts ruled in his favor, and the property was saved to the denomination.

Immediately the house was put in order for worship. One who was present at the opening says: "On Sunday morning the long-silenced bells began to ring, once more inviting friend and foe, as in days gone by, to come to the house of the Lord. This was a solemn hour. As far as the sound of those bells could be heard, you could see old and young, white and black, standing in doors or looking out of the windows, gazing toward the steeple of Otterbein Church, trying to convince their minds with the eye what the ear could not accomplish, and when

Our Heroes, or

you met with a brother or sister, you could see the tears of gratitude rolling down their cheeks, and the first utterance was, 'Thank the Lord!' Bishop Erb preached from Psalms 40: 14, 15. I never witnessed such a scene in a congregation before. Smiles of joy on every countenance mingled with tears in every eye. Then, each humbling himself before God, who is mighty to save, pouring out sincere prayers to the throne of grace, implored the Lord to forgive their enemies, that they might be brought from darkness to light and see that they who fight against His people are warring against the Mighty One in Israel." Bishop Russell and his wife were present and witnessed this service.

A daughter, Mrs. T. A. Bash, of Chicago, to whom the author is indebted for valuable items concerning the life of her noble father, says, "Father frequently made the remark in the home circle that in his church relations he had served in every position, from janitor to bishop." In all of these he discharged his duties conscientiously, and all who knew him reposed in him the most implicit confidence. The marked heroic element in his character is especially seen in the twenty-two years of his itinerant life. He had the evangelistic spirit in an intense degree, and the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom was to him paramount to all things else. Many hardships and privations were endured on the long and perilous journeys made on horseback

United Brethren Home Missionaries

through New York, Ohio, and Canada. He served as presiding elder seven years, as agent three years, and as bishop twelve years. In 1869, because of failing health, after almost a half century of heroic toil, it became necessary for him to retire from active service. His counsel and help, however, were constantly sought, and generously given when his strength admitted, during the closing years of his life. He possessed a great talent in getting young men of ability to enter the ministry, and rejoiced in their success. Farther than any historian will ever be able to trace, his lofty ideals and the might of his spirit have gone into the making of the Church. The man is greater than his deeds, and the power of his life is pulsing in institutions and lives where his name and his deeds are rarely mentioned.

His school advantages were very limited, but, by dint of hard work and close application, he attained a good education, especially in the German. The discipline of his early years, under the oversight of some of the Church fathers, was for him a veritable school of the prophets. In later years he deplored his want of college privileges in his youth. He was a friend and promoter of higher education. From 1860 to 1863 he gave himself exclusively to Otterbein University as agent and trustee. Later he was connected with Cottage Hill Seminary, an institution for the higher training of young women, located at York, Pennsylvania. Doctor

Our Heroes, or

Thompson, in "Our Bishops," says of him: "He favored colleges, Sabbath schools, and everything that looked like enterprise and growth. In this respect he was in advance of many of his brethren. The Church did not move forward and leave him behind."

It is a remarkable fact that during his ministry of sixty years he never failed to attend a single session of his conference, except the last, when the feebleness of old age forbade his being present. No one can tell the struggles through which the old hero passed, as he felt that he must hang his sickle and battle-ax on the wall, and wait the setting of the sun. The following letter made a profound impression upon the conference:

"I love to look back and see the progress which we as a Church have made. How our brethren have pushed forward with the work as seen in the hundreds of churches built, the thousands of members received, many of whom are already safe in heaven; in the schools which have been founded; in the institutions of benevolences; in our Publishing House—becoming every year more and more extensive; and in the noble work of our missionary society. I thank God that I have lived to see this day, which presents such grand monuments of the substantial growth of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. As an humble member of this conference, I have always tried to do my duty. In looking back I can see where I might

United Brethren Home Missionaries

have done better service, but I console myself with the thought that I always tried to bring an honest heart to my work. A kind Heavenly Father granted to me the privilege of attending in consecutive order, sixty annual sessions of the Pennsylvania Conference. Could I be present with you this would be my sixty-first. My faith in God is strong, my confidence in his Word unshaken, and I know by personal experience there is a power in true religion. The future of a blessed life is to me full of hope and promise. God is my refuge and my strength."

In 1836 Bishop Erb was married to Miss Elizabeth Sherk, of Erie County, Pennsylvania. Together they lived and toiled in happy wedded love until they were separated by death in 1883. The home was noted for its piety and hospitality. Bishop Dickson, a life-long friend and associate of the family, and who officiated at the funeral of Bishop Erb, said: "Every general officer of the Church knows the big brown house at Shiremanstown. Bishops, editors, secretaries, agents, missionaries, black and white, all received a hearty welcome and shared alike its hospitality." A daughter says: "Father gave all his earnings to the Church. The amount mother received from home they endeavored to save for their support in old age."

The bishop had a stout, manly frame. He was five feet nine inches in height, and weighed about 180 pounds. In his personal bearing he was dignified. In the genial Christian gentleman

Our Heroes, or

was manifest a perfection of character, which, beginning in a pure and lovable youth, steadily developed and matured through the after years. His life was one of exalted piety. He was a true brother of Baxter, who stained his study walls with the very breath of prayer. He was never triflingly employed. He met the challenge of the world's work with a noble seriousness, and an equally noble and lavish consecration. In his voice rang, and in his eyes shown, the note and glory of spiritual power. Assurance and joy of fellowship with God was one of the characteristic notes of his ministry.

The evening of his life was beautiful and peaceful. It was like the half-hour before sunset, in the midst of nature's grandest and most majestic scenery. Never were his intellectual faculties brighter, nor his spiritual sense clearer than when the day of his life was consciously closing. He spoke to his family and friends about him of his great peace of soul. When asked what message he had for the friends who were absent, he said, "Tell them to be faithful unto death." It was on the evening of April 29, 1883, when his earthly day closed. His body sleeps in Shrapp's graveyard, near Shiremans-town, Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER VII.

JACOB BACHTEL.

A Prominent Leader in the Virginias.

No braver, truer man ever preached the gospel among the mountains of Virginia than Jacob Bachtel. While he did not possess that oratorical charm which so marvelously distinguished some of his early colaborers, yet his sermons were always scriptural and deeply searched the hearts of the multitudes that heard him. As a logician he was mighty in convincing the gain-sayers. In point of judgment, and integrity, and courage, but few were ever better fitted for leadership than he.

His birth occurred in Washington County, Maryland, July 7, 1812. His parents, though poor, were honorable, and early imbued their son with the spirit of integrity and true manliness. His early religious life was far from being satisfactory. When but a small boy, of not more than twelve years, he had the conviction that if ever converted, preaching would be his life work. But that was the one thing he did not want to do, and his whole nature seemed to revolt at the thought of assuming such solemn obligations as attach to the ministry.

He says: "I was like Moses. I had no confidence in myself. I did not know that the Lord

Our Heroes, or

could make the dumb speak; so I disobeyed the heavenly call until I lost the enjoyment of religion. I then felt awful, and frequently wandered to the fields and mountains to weep and pray; but all seemed in vain. I went abroad into the world seeking pleasure, but found none. I then examined the field of infidelity. I went round and round it, but lo! it was like the field of the sluggard; the fences were broken down, and it was all grown up with briars. I soon found this was no place for me to seek happiness." But, after much doubt and caviling, and at times deepest agony of soul, he made the final surrender.

One night he dreamed that he was far up in a high building where there were only a few loose planks. In trying to walk on one of these it tilted, and he was in the act of falling. While in this perilous condition he looked up and saw a man clothed in white, and cried to him most earnestly for help. But the man refused, saying, "You have disobeyed me so long that I have no right to do so." Continuing his cry for help, the man finally promised, "If you will pledge obedience to me in the future I will save you." When the vow had been made, he was lifted out of his danger. While Mr. Bachtel was far from being superstitious, yet the dream seriously impressed him. "The next morning," he said, "I thought of my vision and concluded I had disobeyed God, and despised his goodness so long, that if I did

United Brethren Home Missionaries

not repent, he could cut me off and send me to hell; for I consider this the last call I should ever have." A long period of restlessness followed this dream. He could not get away from it, for at every turn, in imagination, he saw the man in white, and heard the words of his just reproach.

One day as he was passing along the highway, there came to him such a desire for prayer that he crossed the fence into a cornfield where no eye but God's could see him, and there poured out before high heaven the deepest, bitterest sorrows of his soul. He promised God he would preach, if such was his will. The language of his heart was, "I yield, I yield, I can hold out no more." With what agony of spirit did he lift up his heart and hands before the throne! The surrounding hills sent back the echo of his bitter cry. May we not suppose that angels gathered around the spot and gazed with awe upon a grief-stricken soul seeking audience with Jehovah? It was an hour of trial with no earthly friend near to speak words of counsel and consolation, or to join with him in weeping and prayer. And yet it was an hour of sublimest triumph. Jesus stooped to be a brother and friend; the Holy Spirit whispered peace to his soul; the inner life which had been storm-swept so long, felt the thrill of a holy quiet, and the fire of complete triumph sparkled in his eyes. With every fetter broken, and every faculty free,

Our Heroes, or

he realized all the joy and beauty of the new creation which had been wrought in him. Quite awhile before this, he had joined the Methodists, but now he decided that the United Brethren Church should henceforth be his home, and reap the fruits of his toil.

In 1834, the Virginia Conference was held at Jennings' Branch, in Rockingham County. Young Bachtel attended and knocked for admission. Being modest and timid, he scarcely knew what to say or do. He had no diploma from college or seminary to recommend him. He did not have back of him the prestige of wealth or family distinction. But he presented himself before the conference in the consciousness that Heaven had decreed that the ministry should be his field, and soul-winning his special work. "When I saw the preachers," he said, I felt so little that I wished I had stayed at home." Of course, such a feeling might be expected in a modest young man of less than twenty-two, who found himself for the first time in the presence of venerable men. Though they were without scholastic training, they were deeply versed in the mysteries of the gospel. They were of the apostolic stamp. The closet, the valley, and the mountain top had each been in its turn a Bethel to them as they talked with God, and by faith caught glimpses of "a better country." They were giant pulpiteers, for sinners fell under the influence of their preaching like leaves of

United Brethren Home Missionaries

autumn; and in answer to their prayers the "windows of heaven" were opened and pentecostal baptisms fell upon the Church.

The young man was sent from this conference to Frederick Circuit, John Dorcas being the preacher in charge. At his first appointment he utterly failed in his sermon, as he thought, and left the church with a heavy heart. On his way to his next preaching place he wept bitterly, turning his face from those he met to conceal his tears. But with experience came increased self-confidence, and a larger faith in the all-sufficiency of the gospel committed to him. He continually grew in public favor, and became a valuable helper to the senior pastor.

For his year's work he received eighty dollars. The minutes of the conference make this special mention of him: "Moved, seconded, and carried, that Jacob Bachtel have the privilege of administering the ordinance of baptism"—an action which indicated the esteem and confidence in which the young itinerant was held.

His next charge was South Branch Circuit, which embraced Hampshire and Hardy counties. To enter upon, and prosecute, the task which had been assigned him thoroughly tested his fidelity. The country was rough, and the people, for the most part, uncultured, yet they were kind, and soon won the heart and sympathy of the new preacher. He likewise won his way among them to such an extent that they

Our Heroes, or

demanded his return for the ensuing year. He reported to the church fifty-five dollars salary.

The next year he extended his labors into Pendleton County, where he established new preaching places. At one of his meetings two men were converted who afterward entered the ministry of the Church—Revs. William Cunningham and John Richards. But the year's work was too strenuous for him. By conference time he was so broken in health and voice that he could not take a charge, and so was given a supernumerary relation. But after resting a while he fully recovered, and the next conference elected him presiding elder. Shortly after this he was married to Miss Sarah A. Smith, of Hardy County, a most estimable and highly cultured young lady, and in every way fitted for the life of her own choosing.

During the year Mr. Bachtel did some reconnoitering, and traveled west as far as the Great Kanawha River. In all this trip of hundreds of miles through mountain fastnesses he did not find a dozen United Brethren families, but he did find what he thought would prove a most fruitful field in the years to come. And he was right. We have at present in that same territory fifteen thousand members, and two hundred and seventy-three churches and parsonages worth more than \$400,000.00.

His presiding eldership continued four years. During one of these years, perhaps the last, he

United Brethren Home Missionaries

was compelled to move three times—a most harrowing experience to any preacher's family. His salary was less than one hundred dollars a year. Just how he lived and kept out of debt, which he did, is hard to understand. We know this, however, that naught but devotion to the Church, and love for souls, will lead any man to make such sacrifices for so long a period. How trying to be compelled to fight the “wolf” from the door year in and year out!

In 1842, he was sent to Frederick Circuit again, with J. J. Glossbrenner as his presiding elder. He soon infused his own energy and optimism into the people, and sweeping revivals were promoted all over the charge. The next year he traveled to Hagerstown charge, with Rev. John Richards, one of his own spiritual children, as a helper. His colleague says of him: “If he might serve well his people, no trial was too great, no temptation too strong, no affliction too severe.” Devoted man of God! No wonder those who knew him continued to cherish his memory as long as they lived! He remained on this field three years, laying broad and deep the foundations of a future church which was to become a great factor in all the aggressively religious work of that country.

He was elected to the ninth General Conference which convened in Circleville, Ohio, May 12, 1845. J. J. Glossbrenner and J. Markwood, both elected Bishops later, were his colleagues;

Our Heroes, or

and, from this on, he was a member of every General Conference up to, and including, 1865.

Mr. Bachtel was a staunch business man, courageous in expressing his views, and a most forceful debater. In the great discussions in the General Conferences over the Depravity and Secrecy questions, he took a lively part, and showed himself sane and trustworthy as a leader.

In 1846-47, he had charge of Woodstock Circuit, and then went to Staunton, where he remained three years, which at that time was as long as the Discipline permitted a pastorate to continue. His first report shows that he received \$260.69 from seventeen appointments. His missionary collection was thirty-two dollars. The policy of collecting missionary money as early as 1849, to say the least, was unique. We had no missionary society then, and did not have till years afterward. At conference he offered the following resolution: "Resolved, That we lift a collection at each annual conference for foreign missions, and that the conference instruct its members to get as much as possible by private solicitation." This was, perhaps, the first money ever raised in the Church for missionary purposes abroad; if this be true, then he had the honor of giving tangibility to a movement which originated as far back as the General Conference of 1841.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

The second year Mr. Bachtel reported \$254.00 salary, and the reception of one hundred and nineteen members. During this year a most amusing incident occurred in connection with his work. While absent from his home at Dayton, where he lived, some miscreant stole his wood and turnips, of which he had laid in a good supply. The next time he preached there he denounced such conduct in language more vigorous than polished. The denunciations which he hurled at the thief, who happened to be present, were simply terrible. Shortly afterward the wood-and-turnip thief attended a meeting held by the Lutherans, became penitent, and after going to the injured preacher and making confession and reparation, was soundly converted.

In 1852, the sturdy pioneer was again elected elder and continued in the office a number of years. In March of 1857, he was sent to the western part of the State, now West Virginia. About this time this territory was formed into a separate conference, and Bachtel became one of its charter members. The move to his new field, West Columbia Circuit, was fully three hundred miles, the entire distance being by private conveyance, and no little of it through a rough and almost impassable country. The work of the year was exceedingly difficult, and the remuneration shamefully small, amounting to only \$281.00, presents included.

Our Heroes, or

The first session of the new conference, called Parkersburg, was held at Centerville, Tyler County, March 4, 1858. Ten preachers were present, reporting less than one thousand members for the new district. The next year Mr. Bachtel had a better report. His salary was \$334.00, with thirty-eight dollars additional for missions, and twenty-seven dollars for Sunday-school purposes. The third year his support dropped to \$279.00. The time limit having been reached, he was transferred to Jackson Circuit.

The Civil War was now in full blast, and great excitement prevailed everywhere. Mr. Bachtel was a strong "Union" man, and constantly advocated loyalty to the old flag. Nor was his preaching without fruit. The Church was unsettled, money was scarce, and revivals seemed impossible. His salary this year was only \$153.00. No darker hour ever came to the Church in West Virginia. The 1862 session of conference was held at Centerville, the place where the new organization had been effected four years before. Only nine pastors were able to get there. Bishop Glossbrenner was shut up in the South, and a general depression seemed to rest upon the poor preachers who had suffered so much to build up their new field. Guerrillas were on some part of Jackson Circuit all the time carrying on depredations of one kind or another, but for some reason they never molested the preacher. Going to one of his appointments

United Brethren Home Missionaries

one Sabbath morning he found the church occupied by Southern troops, but when the moment came for him to preach he began the usual services, the soldiers paying special attention, and expressing the wish afterward that they might have as good a chaplain.

The next meeting of the conference was in Freeman's Creek Church, Lewis County. Mr. Bachtel did not attend. Only eight of the faithful pioneers made reports. His salary was \$152. By special arrangement he was returned for the fourth year. But the work was too heavy. He had no horse a part of the time, so was compelled to walk long distances in filling his appointments. Think of a man trudging around over large portions of two counties on foot to preach the Word, and to shepherd his flock! No earthly record will ever tell it all. We must wait for the opening of God's book. His pay for all this was \$178.00.

In compliance with the wish of the leading members of the West Columbia charge, he was again sent there as its pastor. Things went well. Good meetings were held, and ninety-five were received into church fellowship. His salary was the largest ever received by any pastor in the conference, being \$357.00, while his missionary collections reached the then enormous sum of eighty-four dollars. The following year a high tide of revival power swept over the entire circuit. Fifty joined the church at New Haven,

Our Heroes, or

sixty at Hartford City, and one hundred and thirty-two at other points, making a magnificent total of 242. His support was far above that of the previous year, totaling \$480.84. The collections for all purposes reached \$1,800—the best report he ever made in a ministry of a third of a century. And it was his last report. He went home to die. The brave, dashing cavalier had won his last battle on the field, and now felt the approach of the black-winged messenger. But he was ready. Not a cloud nor even a shadow appeared upon his spiritual horizon. After making his will, and calmly conversing with his faithful wife about their affairs, he said, “I think my work is done, and why should I want to live?” Upon seeing his wife in tears he tenderly pleaded with her: “Child, don’t cry. Just think how merciful God is in taking me first. You can do better without me than I could without you. There will only be a few days of separation. I will watch for you as you come to the better land.”

At times, when reason seemed dethroned, he would preach to himself, and then converse with the old ministers with whom he had toiled and suffered in the years long ago.

At last the fatal hour came. When far down in the valley he said, pointing with his finger, “What a beautiful grove I see! What delightful fields! Oh, if I can find a resting place in some corner of that delightful place.” As he lay

United Brethren Home Missionaries

looking intently into his wife's face, she asked, "Do you know me?" "Certainly I do," he replied, "for you have been a good and faithful companion." Then folding his hands across his breast, he died as quietly and peacefully as the child falls asleep upon its mother's bosom. This was on the twenty-third of October, 1866.

At the ensuing conference session, Bishop Glossbrenner preached an appropriate sermon in memory of the hero itinerant, from the text, "And his disciples came and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus." (Matt. 14:12.) At his funeral a special song, composed by Professor W. H. Diddle, was sung with marvelous effect, the first verse being,

"Through persecutions oft severe,
He labored long with toil and care;
To cultivate Immanuel's ground,
He fought until with victory crowned."

"He left in the Church a reputation as pure as the marble that marks his grave, and a record of usefulness surpassed by none who have preceded him." So wrote a life-long friend.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHRISTOPHER FLINCHBAUGH.

“Peter Cartwright of the Miami Valley.”

In the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, the writer introduces a distinguished company of “heroes of faith,” belonging to the olden time. The evident purpose is that the Church in all the future ages might learn the lesson of their success, and partake of the same essential elements of character. A prominent churchman of the present day remarks: “If the list presented by the great apostle would ever wear out by its much usage, it could be supplied many times with heroes and heroines of the same type, from Paul to Luther, and from Luther to the present time.” True succession of the same type of heroism is readily discovered and recognized in the lives and services of United Brethren home missionaries, from Otterbein to the present. They are marked by the same mighty faith.

It is of exceeding interest to note the various types of character nitched by the Almighty in some noble mold for the various places and kinds of service in the extension and constructive work of the denomination. We have had great preachers, like the learned Otterbein and the eloquent Geeting. We have had our Lorenzo Dows, illustrating how God can use men even

United Brethren Home Missionaries

though they seem to be full of absolutely crippling blemishes. We have had our Peter Cartwrights, whose history reads like fiction, and demonstrates how great an influence a man can have on all classes when he walks a straight road with Christ. The cost of sainthood among Protestants is demonstrated when we find that Newcomer, during the last twenty years of his ministry, traveled an average of six thousand miles a year, mostly on horseback, sleeping sometimes on the cold ground, or, usually, on the floors of log cabins, and received the meager salary of sixty-four dollars a year.

One of the most unique characters prominently connected with the early history of United Brethrenism in Ohio is that of Christopher Flinchbaugh, to whom reference is frequently made as "the Peter Cartwright of the Miami Valley." It is commonly charged that the pioneer preacher was eccentric. If this charge refers merely to a laughter-producing eccentricity, it is wrong. If the term, however, means that those pioneers differed from the established conventional clergy, it will be freely admitted, for they were unhampered by conventionalities. In their great evangelistic meetings there was no cathedral hush, no mountain quiet, but volcanic action, orthodox in heat and power. Their testimony was direct and forceful, and seldom failed to bring conviction to their audiences. Many who came to scoff remained to pray. Such were the characteristics and power of Mr. Flinch-

Our Heroes, or

baugh. Many of his epigrams, if spoken by another, or taken out of their connection, would seem wholly out of place in pulpit discourse, but, considered with their context, and the naturalness with which he uttered them, they were in place, and most effective in riveting the truth upon the hearts and consciences of his hearers.

Mr. Flinchbaugh was born in Wurttemberg, Germany, April 26, 1799, the youngest of a family of six children. On the death of his parents, in his fifteenth year, he was left in an exceedingly distressed and melancholy condition. Because of this loss, he lacked the tender touches, the sheltering care, and the brooding affection which mean so much to a lad passing into and through his teens toward manhood. At this early age he was tossed into a turbulent tide, where, buffeted by the waves and hurt by the hidden rocks against which he was dashed, he had to struggle for life. His experiences during the famous Napoleon campaign in 1816, which left disaster and distress in its tracks, remained with him as a thrilling memory even in his old age.

In 1817, when in the eighteenth year of his age, young Flinchbaugh came to America, the voyage covering a period of fifteen weeks. He paid his fare by working as a deck hand. At the end of the journey he worked eighteen months for the party who brought him over, under an agreement that he was to receive in remuneration, additional to his passage, nine months' school-

United Brethren Home Missionaries

ing, two suits of clothes, and forty dollars in money. But he failed to receive his reward, which was another crushing experience in the life of the struggling German boy. In 1819 he came to Miami Township, Hamilton County, Ohio, walking most of the way from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. This he called home the remainder of his days. It was the center from which he went out on many long and perilous missionary journeys during his itinerant life.

Mr. Flinchbaugh came to Ohio a careless, and, so far as Christianity is concerned, a very thoughtless young man. According to his own testimony, he was naturally a "wild, wicked boy." In the year 1821, after his marriage to Miss Elizabeth Columbia, he began to attend religious services in the home of Mrs. Fagely, a devout Christian woman residing near Miamitown. Here, under the preaching of United Brethren itinerants, he was deeply convicted of sin. For eighteen months he passed through a state of wretchedness indescribable, feeling at times that he was utterly lost; "seeming now to hear the voice of Christ in encouragement, and now to feel the devil present with a power which threatened to sieze him and drag him down to hell." But he still struggled on, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, bearing the burden of his sin. It was during the summer of 1823, when in a cornfield, kneeling beside the plow, that the light broke in upon his soul, and a voice said, "Thy sins are all forgiven thee." The temper and habits of Saul

Our Heroes, or

of Tarsus were no more changed in his conversion than were those of Christopher Flinchbaugh. The lion had become a lamb, the swearer devout, the drunkard sober, the fighter a man of peace. Thereafter, this illiterate, plain man, for a period of sixty years, moved and transformed by the power through which he had been saved, preached to the multitudes and won souls to Christ by scores and hundreds.

The Sunday following his conversion he preached his first sermon. The meeting place was the Chamber's Tavern, in Miamitown. His old associates in sin crowded the place to overflowing, curious to hear a man preach whom they knew as a very profane and drunken fighter. He began by stating that his audience knew the kind of life he had lived in their midst, but he had now turned his back upon the old life of sin, and set his face toward the prize of his "high calling in Christ Jesus." The story of his conviction and marvelous conversion melted some of the hardest hearts present. He then most earnestly exhorted his old companions in sin to turn to God and to flee from the wrath to come. He spoke in the power of the Holy Spirit. A number present called upon God for mercy and salvation, who subsequently became pillars in the Church. The following Sabbath he preached in a cooper shop, on the outskirts of the town, with the same results. It was the boast of some of his past associates that within a period of three months Flinchbaugh would be associated

United Brethren Home Missionaries

with them again in wickedness and in sin. But, on the contrary, before the close of that period, the majority of those who had joined in the prediction were won to Christ and were assisting the earnest young missionary in his work.

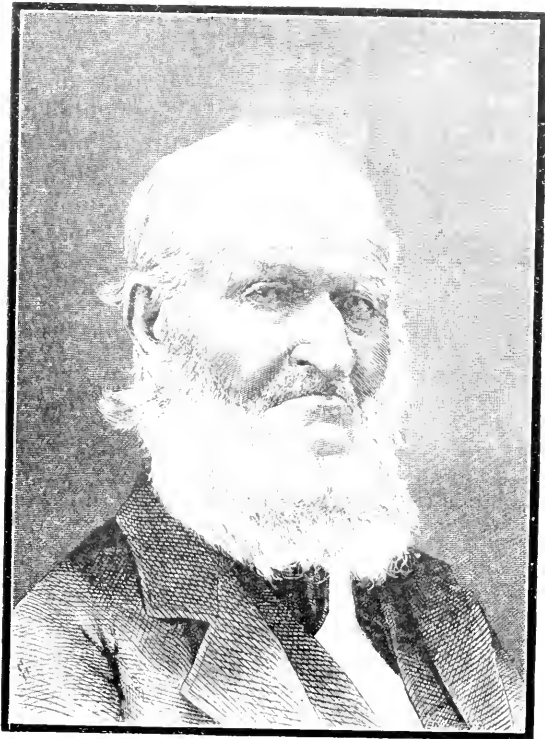
In 1824, when in his twenty-fifth year, Mr. Flinchbaugh joined the Miami Conference, was licensed to preach, and was appointed to his first charge. Constrained by the love of Christ, and without conferring with flesh and blood, he went forth at once to the work. "A United Brethren preacher in those days, when he felt that God called him to preach, instead of hunting up a college or biblical institute, hunted up a horse and saddle-bags, and, with his library always at hand, mainly a Bible, hymn-book, and Discipline, he started, and with a text that never wore out or grew stale, he cried, 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' In this way he went through storms of wind, hail, snow, and rain, climbed hills and mountains, traversed valleys, plunged through swamps, swam swollen streams, laid out all night, wet, weary, and hungry, held his horse by the bridle all night, or tied him to a limb, slept with his saddle-blanket for a bed, his saddle or saddle-bags for a pillow, and his own big coat, or blanket, if he had any, for a covering. His text was always ready, 'Behold the Lamb of God.'"

The itinerant life of Mr. Flinchbaugh covered a period of a half century without a single furlough. From his first appointment to his last

Our Heroes, or

he prosecuted his work with a bravery like that of chivalry, a loyalty to God and to the souls of men which neither opposition nor discouragement could frighten. He was a "cavalry captain," always found at the head of the column, and on the "firing line." His natural physique was almost superhuman. He did not seem to require food and rest as other men; no day's journey was long enough to tire him; no food too poor for him to live on. To him, in traveling, roads and paths were useless—he "blazed" his own course. When remonstrated with by his friends concerning the perils and privations through which he was constantly passing, and being urged to desist from his exposures to cold and neglect, he would remark that he had been a ring-leader in wickedness and had done much evil, the influence of which he could not undo, and since Christ had mercifully found and saved him, he should improve every moment in doing what good he could for the cause of righteousness.

Mr. Flinchbaugh believed in the itineracy, and illustrated its effectiveness and adaptability by his life. He spoke of one of his early circuits being four hundred miles in length, with thirty-two appointments. This number was constantly increased during the year. After giving the message to one community, he would hurry on to lift up his voice in other dark places, where men were dying in sin. Because of the awful need of the sheep in the wilderness, he could not tarry



CHRISTOPHER FLINCHBAUGH

United Brethren Home Missionaries

with the sheep in the fold. He spent most of his ministerial life in Ohio, and traditions of him are still with the people and are often recited. His field of toil stretched from Evansville, Indiana, to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. On this great field, which was then frontier country, the footprints and faithful toil of this hero of the cross were deeply impressed and remain to this day. Eight large conferences have grown up in the territory.

The educational advantages of Mr. Flinchbaugh were limited. He went to school eight years in Germany, but being of a careless, idle disposition in his mental make-up when a boy, as he claimed, he profited but little by this opportunity. In those days the methods pursued in the schools and the discipline used gave many a boy such a horrible dread that he would do anything in preference to going to school. At the time of his conversion he was scarcely able to read in the English language, but so anxious was he to proclaim the story of his new-found love, that he applied himself to study with great diligence. While he always spoke with very much greater ease and satisfaction in the German tongue, he gained distinction as a preacher among the English-speaking people. In his audiences at different times were Gen. William Henry Harrison, Governor Bebb, and others who were prominent in the State and Nation. His good common sense, his knowledge of the Scriptures, his natural gifts in public address, his odd

Our Heroes, or

and striking way of presenting the truth, his knowledge of human nature, and his mighty religious fervor, enabled him to sway his audiences at his will, and gave him great popularity among all classes. He was a manly man—manly in body, mind, and heart.

Mr. Flinchbaugh's ministry was peculiarly adapted to the pioneer times and communities. He was a plain and bold speaker. He did not spare those who seemed to deserve ridicule, whether in private conversation or in the public assembly. At times his words were as keen as whip lashes, cutting deep into the most callous offenders, and bringing them into ridicule and contempt. Following a description of the heinousness of sin, his heart would seem to break as he looked upon the picture of judgment coming upon the impenitent. He would immediately pass then to the other extreme, for he was a man of broad and tender sympathies, and, with a tenderness unexcelled, he would persuade men to flee the wrath to come. Such was the power of his message and appeal that frequently his voice would be almost submerged by the cries of sinners bewailing their past lives and pleading with God for mercy. He was intense as a speaker. His whole frame would at times respond to his mental and emotional intensity. The manliness and courage of the man were manifest in every tone of his utterance and in his very attitude and movements. The closing of his sermons was often a flame of moral and emo-

United Brethren Home Missionaries

tional passion, and was overwhelming and irresistible. The words were short, the sentences were compact; great emotions would explode in short, sharp, abrupt vocal utterances. It was like the short, sharp, double-quick of a soldier. Passion swept his soul with such tremendous force that the architecture of his sentences was twisted, words involuted, order of sentences wrecked, and fragments regathered in new form. An earnestness possessed him that always gripped his audiences. He hated shams and loved plain, evangelical, earnest preaching. Dullness in the pulpit upon the part of others he could not and would not endure. On one occasion, after listening for an hour to a dry sermon on the text, "Sow to yourself in righteousness, reap in mercy, break up your fallow ground; for it is time to seek the Lord till he come and reign righteousness upon you." Mr. Flinchbaugh spoke out and said, "Brother, you had better unhitch and take your plow to the smithshop and get it sharpened." On another occasion a man who had little qualification for a minister, was trying to preach. For nearly an hour he had blundered on, when he remarked that he had then reached a place where a large field opened before him. Just then Mr. Flinchbaugh, who sat on the pulpit near him, and was noticeably restless and impatient, exclaimed, "O Lord! put up the bars so Brother L— can't get into that field, for we are tired and want to go home to dinner." This old hero and the two whom he rebuked being farmers,

Our Heroes, or

and the congregation composed mostly of farmers, the statements made about getting the plow sharpened and putting up the bars were well understood, and in both cases the harangues came to a speedy close.

Like all inspirational preachers, Mr. Flinchbaugh would sometimes preach under great difficulty and embarrassment. The following incident is given as occurring at a camp-meeting where he was assigned to preach on a Sunday night. A large company of ministers was present, including two bishops. After Mr. Flinchbaugh consented, he retired to a private place in the grove and prayed for help. He could think of nothing but "Thy Kingdom come," although he had never before spoken from the text. It was apparent from the moment that he started to preach that he was depressed, and the depression spread to the audience. "Everything was dark," he said, in referring to the experience. Just at that moment, however, when he could do nothing more than repeat his text, and he was expected to take his seat, he took a red bandanna handkerchief from his pocket, drew it slowly across his forehead, and held it up before him to see if the perspiration had started, and then exclaimed in his German brogue, "Thank God, it has come." He then stepped to the edge of the platform, and, with a significant wave of his hand, cried, "Good-bye, bishops and presiding elders," and, changing his tone from defeat to victory, he repeated, "Good-bye" several times.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

Then light broke from heaven upon the speaker and upon the audience, and for more than an hour he led the people at his will, and such was the intensity of feeling that the assembly rocked to and fro as if swept by a tempest. Before he was through more than an hundred people had fallen before him. Some pressed forward to the altar with cries for mercy, others fell where they had been standing and lay like dead men. They would fall in companies before him, when he would cry at the top of his voice, "O Lord! load and fire again!" and it was not until the gray dawn of the morning that the people left to seek rest. One who heard the sermon says, "It seemed that God himself was speaking to the people." The meeting was held on the farm of Mr. Hackelbender, on the east fork of the Little Miami River. The physical phenomenon of men and women falling helpless under powerful religious appeals was a very common occurrence in those early days. The most hardened and wicked, as if smitten with apoplexy or sudden paralysis, would fall helpless to the floor; but it almost invariably resulted that when these persons emerged from that helpless and seemingly unconscious state they were in a position of spiritual obedience, filled with joy, and physically unharmed. Thousands of such incidents are recorded in the ministry of Newcomer, Boehm, Hoffman, Flinchbaugh, and others.

When Charles G. Finney was called to Auburn, New York, to conduct evangelistic services, he

Our Heroes, or

found an organization of infidels, of which Palmer Hawley was president. The society included a large majority of the men of the place. So greatly was the evangelist burdened as the result of these conditions that he asked his host for permission to sleep in the stable, that his prayers might not interrupt the members of the household. He spoke for several successive evenings on the work of the Holy Spirit. The news of his marvelous sermons spread abroad. At a meeting of the society, Mr. Hawley suggested with an insinuating smile, that they adjourn and go down to Finney's meeting, that they might find out where he keeps his Holy Ghost. That night, under the power of the sermon, Hawley was stricken down and remained unconscious for twelve hours. He revived lisping a prayer of penitence, and was gloriously saved. Palmer Hawley became one of the most influential Christian men of the city, and was an elder in the Presbyterian Church until called to his reward a half century later.

The question is asked: Why do we not have in our day the Saul of Tarsus and Palmer Hawley kind of conversions? In this more cultured and enlightened age, with its changed conditions, such miracles may not be necessary to convince men of the divinity of the Holy Spirit and the Bible as the Word of God. But the old weapon is still effective in reaching men, breaking them down, and sweeping them into the kingdom when wielded by the Holy Spirit. During the

United Brethren Home Missionaries

Chapman-Alexander meetings in Boston, two ministers of the Unitarian faith were present at a service, when, under the power of the sermon, about two hundred persons repented of their sins and publicly confessed Christ as their Savior. The company included some men who were old in years and hardened in sin. On leaving the service, one of those ministers was heard to remark, "Well, the same old story." His friend answered, "Yes, and the same old results."

When the Ohio German Conference was organized in 1853, Mr. Flinchbaugh, on transfer from the Miami Conference, became a charter member. He served as one of its first presiding elders, during which time he was not only a real partner in the toils and sacrifices of his preachers, but he allowed none to surpass him in the work of carrying the gospel into new communities. He was especially happy in camp-meetings. They were the great occasions of the year, furnishing an exceptional opportunity both for seed-sowing and reaping. Men and women of every kind and condition were caught as in the meshes of an invisible net, and drawn to the hearing of the gospel. Many came to worship, some came in idle curiosity, some with malignant purpose, or even to break up the meeting. Flinchbaugh was without a peer on such occasions. He was a man of gigantic proportions and Herculean strength, with an arm like a weaver's beam. His voice was mighty. He could pray, preach, and

Our Heroes, or

exhort day and night the whole week through and not grow weary.

None surpassed him in ability to master unruly elements. There was in the times in which he lived, in the spirit of the frontier country, and in the very blood which throbbed in his heart, the making of a fighter. When justice seemed to suffer oppression, when his congregation was denied the right to worship God in peace, when the dignity of his own soul was offended by an affront, the strength of his spirit leaped into action, and he was never known to falter before an enemy. On one occasion he was conducting a meeting, when two "ruffians" appeared in the congregation, who were famous for disturbing religious services. During the prayer they talked aloud, and, with a pin, gorged a colored man, who was kneeling near them. When Mr. Flinchbaugh began his sermon, they advanced near the altar and began to laugh and talk. He stopped for a moment, and, addressing them kindly, asked them to either be seated or withdraw from the congregation. With an oath they told him to mind his own business. This was too much for the old hero, who immediately left the stand, and, seizing the man who uttered the oath, the other having fled, he ushered him to the outskirts of the encampment, and, after dealing him one or two blows, released his grip, the intruder promising to leave the community and never to interfere again with a religious service. By this time the congregation was in confusion, but Mr.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

Flinchbaugh returned to the pulpit, and, facing the audience, exclaimed in his German brogue, "That is the way I cast out devils." He then proceeded with his sermon.

When the Ohio German Conference was well established, Father Flinchbaugh returned to Miami. Being well advanced in years, he did not again assume the responsibilities of a regular charge. The long journeys incident to his itinerant life, fraught with constant hardship and peril, with the heroic service he had rendered on the "firing line" of the battle for a half century or more, had now stamped deep furrows in his face and had enfeebled his once mighty frame.

In his old days he would take pleasure in recalling the trials and triumphs of his missionary career, when the old-time fire would burn again in his soul, and the impulse would come again to buckle on the spurs, take his place in the saddle, and go out to win other victories for his Lord.

When one of his friends inquired how he lived and supported his family on less than one hundred dollars a year, he replied: "That was part pay, and God made up what was needed by giving me good friends," adding, "General Harrison sold me some land on good terms, and Ezekiel Hughes, a wealthy farmer, loaned me money at a low rate of interest, and on long time, when it was needed, and in this way I secured a home." He referred to one experience of his early itinerant life, when, in a moment of real need, the devil tempted him to give up the ministry. Said he: "I preached

Our Heroes, or

three times during the day, riding long distances through rain and cold between the appointments. I reached home at ten o'clock at night, hungry and weary, having had nothing to eat since the early morning. At that time we had but little in our home upon which to subsist. The tempter took advantage of my hunger and weakness. While sitting with bowed head, in meditation and prayer, at midnight in front of the fire, I suddenly heard the song of angels. They were singing, 'Oh, how happy are they who their Savior obey!' thus exhorting me to be faithful and to continue in the service. I have never since heard such melody or listened to so great a choir. From that moment the temptation never again returned."

The old age of this distinguished servant of God was a benediction to the community in which he lived. It was true in his case that "great trials had made a great saint." The eventide of his good and useful life was spent at his comfortable home, where he shared the tender, loving care and ministrations of wife and children. He was beloved and honored by all who knew him—always cheerful and happy, and ready to do good by word or deed. He was in great demand to preach funerals, and to perform wedding ceremonies, both in his own and other denominations, and among people bearing no church connection. During his ministerial life he preached about fifteen hundred funeral sermons and performed about the same number of

United Brethren Home Missionaries

marriage ceremonies. These facts alone speak of his marvelous popularity.

On Sunday, November 4, 1884, at his pleasant home in Cleves, Ohio, when surrounded by his family and some close personal friends, the heavenly chariot came and bore him to his coronation, where the old battle-scarred veteran exchanged his armor for a crown of fadeless glory. The words applied to John L. Dwyer seem altogether in place for Father Flinchbaugh: "He was a graduate of God's school for heroes." His body sleeps in the cemetery near Zion Chapel, three miles from Cleves, Ohio, awaiting the resurrection morning.

CHAPTER IX.

JONATHAN WEAVER.

Noted Pastor, Presiding Elder, and Bishop.

What Bishop Matthew Simpson was to Methodism, and Bishop Phillips Brooks was to the Episcopal Church, and Dr. Washington Gladden is to Congregationalism, and what Senator Allison was to Iowa, and Senator John Sherman to Ohio, Bishop Jonathan Weaver was to the United Brethren Church.

This remarkable man was born of poor parents in Carroll County, Ohio, February 23, 1824; grew up on a farm; was converted at the age of seventeen; entered the ministry at twenty, and for more than half a century was a prominent factor in all the aggressively religious work of the Church.

If to be born obscure and die famous is the acme of human felicity, then Bishop Weaver mounted the summit of human happiness.

His name became a household word everywhere among United Brethren. Perhaps no one ever had the hold on them that he possessed. His peculiar style of writing secured for his newspaper articles a wide reading, and brought him in touch with the Church in all its borders.

As a man he attracted people in different ways. His physical appearance always excited attention. In figure he was tall and command-

United Brethren Home Missionaries

ing, and in facial expression pleasing and captivating. In his later life, his long white hair, which touched the shoulders, and his full beard, gave him a patriarchal appearance, and led the multitudes to revere him. His genius for making friends was extraordinary. He had the faculty of drawing them with silken chords, and then of binding them to him with hooks of steel.

He was a plain man, and so could make himself at home with the commonest of the common people; and yet he was perfectly at ease in the most cultured circles. He never assumed dignity, nor tried to put on airs. In the scope of his prayers, sympathy, and service, he counted himself the servant of all. Hundreds refer with pride to the fact that at some time Bishop Weaver was a guest in their home, and tell of his pious conversation and fatherly advice.

During his long, active ministry no one ever saw in him anything unworthy a Christian gentleman, and high Church official. He possessed a lofty scorn of all cheap tricks, and of all tricksters as well. He despised hypocrisy wherever found, and especially in the sacred ministerial calling. He kept himself aloof, by many leagues, from ecclesiastical politics, and therefore never affiliated with rings and cliques in Church circles. Even his opposers, few as they were, respected him because of the brotherly consideration and gentlemanly courtesy with which he invariably treated them.

Our Heroes, or

As a Christian he had a clear and satisfactory experience. He emphasized the New Birth and Spirit's Witness as fundamental. His whole doctrinal system was simple and easily understood. He believed in prayer, in revivals, in the mourner's bench, and in getting religion—a thing that was sufficiently real, he said, to be worth getting and holding on to. Never, until the "books are opened," will it be known what such a life is worth to an old, wicked world like this.

Bishop Weaver, however, was not a leader in the fullest sense. Some of the essential elements of a reformer were lacking in him. He was never found very far in advance of public sentiment. He naturally shrank from the cross-fire of criticism and abuse which are so often directed toward the man who dares to strike out independently, and who endeavors to create convictions in harmony with his own ideals. The Bishop's place was with the people. Like a giant he stood among them, and towered above them. While he greatly admired the courage and work of the pioneer in reform movements, he only followed him as the masses moved in that direction.

When the great battle over the secrecy question was on in the Church, he was not pronounced either way for some time, though in his earlier ministry he stood with the radical element of the Church. As a student of passing events, he

United Brethren Home Missionaries

closely watched the trend of things, weighing carefully and critically all the arguments pro and con on the subject. He was among the first to observe the bad effects of the old secrecy law, and the disaster it was likely to work in many of the conferences and local churches. Then it was that he took a stand in favor of revising the constitution, and demanded the abolition of the Church's restrictive rule. Others had fought the battle—some of them at a very great cost to themselves and friends. Every argument of the opposition had been met and answered. In a sense the work of the leaders was done. They had gone before, like the Baptist, and had blazed the way for a mighty revolution that was to be as far-reaching in its effects as eternity itself.

No one was quicker than Jonathan Weaver to discern these things, and no one exercised so great a power as he in making the reform effective. All this indicates clearly that he kept his finger on the pulse of the Church, as few did or could, and knew just when to speak in order to be heard and heeded.

As a preacher he excelled. The pulpit was his throne, and when once on that throne he was a master of men. The art of public address was next to perfect in him, though, perhaps, he never studied rhetoric under a teacher an hour in his life. He was a born orator. His speech had the charm of magic, the magic was all divine. In a remarkable degree he possessed the

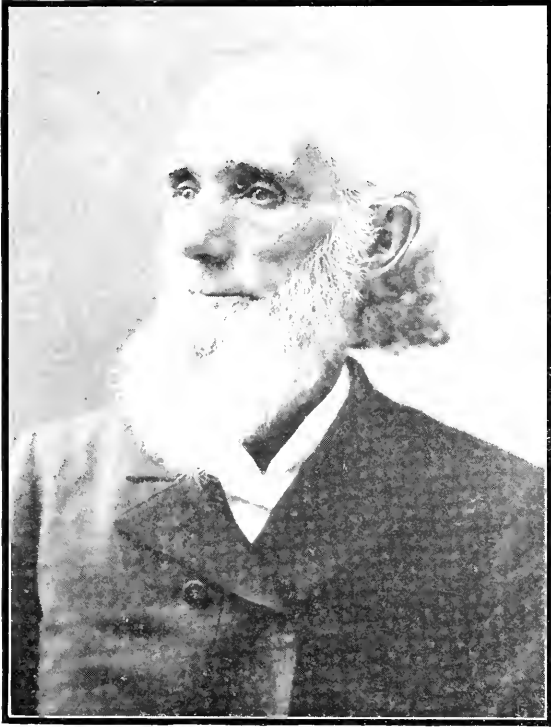
Our Heroes, or

faculty of blending humor and pathos and logic all in the same discourse. One moment his hearers were touched into laughter and applause by the ripples of wit that flowed from his lips; the next moment they were made to weep by some touching incident he would relate in his own inimitable style; and, following these plays upon the emotions of his hearers, there would likely come bursts of argument, deep and profound, that would fairly entrance the more thoughtful among his auditors.

His tremendous personality, his clear-cut English, and perfect diction, coupled with an unflinching faith in the old Book, and his all-consuming desire to save men, made him the peer of the mightiest pulpiteers of his day, and will send him down in history as one of the greatest among the great.

In many respects he was of the Abraham Lincoln type—simple in life, unique in style, trenchant in humor, and eloquent and forceful in argument. His very presence in the public assembly was always an inspiration.

In debate he was a master, and, strange as it may seem, was somewhat inclined to controversy. When the doctrines of his Church were assailed he defended them with the adroitness of a general, and with the courage of a hero. He built up around him fortifications of Bible truth that were insurmountable by his antagonists.



JONATHAN WEAVER

United Brethren Home Missionaries

He held eight great public debates—three on the mode, design, and subjects of “Christian Baptism,” four on “Universalism,” and one on “Slavery.” His greatest battle was with Rev. Josiah Davis, a Universalist, and lasted four days. It was a conflict of giants, each at his best and determined to win.

In his last argument the Bishop finally turned to the moderator and asked how much time he had left. “Eight minutes,” was the reply. Then it was that he made, perhaps, the appeal of his life. It was a climax which swept the great audience like a storm. Among other things, he said: “We have now come to the end of this discussion. We are all going to eternity. How awfully solemn the reflection! We shall soon be there. I have taught you the doctrine I believe. Christ, our salvation, died for us. All who believe in him shall live forever. Friends, accept him, and you shall never die. When the end comes you may say with Alfred Cookman, ‘I go sweeping through the gates into the new Jerusalem.’ I warn you against the lake of fire. I tell you, friends, there is danger in trifling with eternal things. God is good, but he also is just. I cannot promise you eternal life according to Universalism; but if you obey the gospel, thank God, you shall live forever. The city of God is open to you now. Through faith in Jesus you may eat of the tree of life, in the midst of the paradise of God. And when death-drops stand on your

Our Heroes, or

marble brow, you may say, 'Light breaks in,' and then you shall meet the moving millions who, like a cloud of glory, are circling around the great white throne. In hope of the joys of the better land, we say, farewell. Let us sing, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.' "

The effect, so eye-witnesses affirm, was indescribable. The people rose to their feet, while amens and shouts came from all parts of the house. Rev. Mr. Davis turned as pale as a corpse. The tide was against him. He had met his conqueror, and lost the field.

Two years later, when asked if he cared to meet Bishop Weaver in another debate, he replied that he had left that kind of work in other hands.

The Bishop never failed to put the aliens to flight, yet he never carried the battle into their camp. His very attitude seemed to make him say, "I stand for the defense of the Church; harm it if you dare." And how essential such defenders of the truth! They are of incalculable value in strengthening the faith of believers, and in quieting those apprehensions which so often arise as to the stability of the Church, and the permanency of the work.

It may be said of the good Bishop that he was a veritable magazine of evangelistic dynamite, and his supply was next to exhaustless. The very sight of a great crowd at conference, or at a camp-meeting, set his heart ablaze with a

United Brethren Home Missionaries

desire to preach Christ to them; and to all eternity thousands will thank God for the messages of hope and salvation brought to them while on earth by this mighty prophet of the truth. The thrill of his great discourses was felt throughout the whole Church. Nearly everywhere the older people tell about the wonderful sermons he preached in his palmier days.

Just how those same discourses would affect the people at this time we do not know. Possibly they would not stir the emotions, and arouse enthusiasm as they once did. Lyman Beecher, and Jonathan Edwards, and George Whitefield could hardly gather about them, if here now, such vast audiences as they once did, and hold them spellbound for hours at a time. Conditions have changed in the last hundred years. The people to-day are crammed with sermons and lectures and special programs. As intelligence increases the emotions are held under better control. But Bishop Weaver would be a great preacher if he were yet among us. He possessed in a large degree the elements which enter into a successful ministry. He knew the Scriptures; he knew men; he knew Christ as his personal Savior; his vision was mighty in its sweep; his heart overflowed with love; the right word was always on his lips; the fire of eloquence flashed in his eyes. No wonder he could preach! He seldom failed to stir the emotions, but these were reached through the intelligence. There

Our Heroes, or

was always enough of the intellectual in his sermons to engage and interest the mind, while the warmth of soul, and a compelling prophetic energy, took the people by storm. And he was right, both in theory and in practice. Appeals that arouse the emotions without convincing the judgment do not bear much fruit in the end; nor can much more be said of sermons directed solely to the intellect. Every normal individual is possessed of emotions as well as intelligence, and every highly successful preacher must aim to influence both. But few men ever succeeded in doing this better than did Bishop Weaver.

At Westerville, Ohio, during a revival many years ago, he preached with such marvelous power one evening, that when the final invitation was given, sixty penitents rushed to the altar, the most of whom were saved before leaving the house. The scene was indescribably sublime and impressive.

At a great camp-meeting held at Warsaw, Indiana, by a sister denomination, he dropped in one day and preached for them. He was at his best, and almost set the camp wild. Doctor Foot, of New York, a great preacher himself, was so overcome with emotion that he could not speak for a time. Finally, he exclaimed, "Blessed man! How I wish I could put my arms around him," whereupon the Bishop said, "Doctor, I will help you," and there, for a time, the two great men stood in each other's embrace

United Brethren Home Missionaries

weeping like children. The thrill occasioned by such a scene, we may imagine, was something like that which the saints in Isaac Long's barn experienced when they saw Otterbein take Boehm in his arms, and heard him say, "We are brethren." Afterwards Doctor Foot said, "I have met but few divines in America so simple, yet so profound."

On one occasion he made the resurrection appear so real that his hearers unconsciously arose to their feet, and bent over as if to see the opening grave.

He was not given to boasting, and seldom referred to his own achievements. But one day, when the writer was in his home, he became somewhat reminiscent, and told of a certain camp-meeting experience which he once had with his Methodist brethren. For years they had invited him to preach for them at their great gatherings. At the particular meeting referred to, he was to discourse in the afternoon of a certain Sunday. A prominent Methodist divine occupied the morning hour, and most favorably impressed the listening multitude. Some of the preachers hastened to tender the Bishop in advance their heartfelt sympathies in view of his difficult task in the afternoon. But the old pulpiteer understood the situation perfectly. No man could have known it better than he. He said: "I took one of my old texts. I knew every foot of the ground I was to go over, and thought

Our Heroes, or

I knew what the people needed. The good Lord wonderfully helped me that afternoon; and, before I was done, you could have heard those Methodists shouting a mile away." It was following this masterful message that one of the Methodist secretaries was heard to say, "Methodism has no Weaver in its bishopric."

Bishop Weaver was great without any effort to become so. His greatness, it may be truthfully affirmed, was immeasurably above the arts by which inferior minds thrust themselves into notice. The qualities of self-respect and modesty were marked in his whole life. He was just to himself without flattery, and too single-hearted and honest to accept flattery from others. What an example to us all in these regards!

Bishop Weaver possessed a roseate nature. No one ever saw him in the midst of shadows. With him the sun of hope and good cheer never went down. His genial nature and flow of humor served him well in his public life, and especially in the capacity of a presiding officer. Many times in annual and General Conferences, when discussions became heated and personal, and the feeling was intense, his tact and pleasantry would quiet things down, and effectually relieve the tension. When presiding he never lost his head, and seldom permitted anybody else to lose his.

As to the future life he did not possess a shadow of a doubt. Glimpses of the glory world

United Brethren Home Missionaries

were constantly flitting before his vision. His faith in, and hope of, immortality, cropped out in nearly every sermon he preached, and in every book he wrote. Indeed, it has been said that no matter where the Bishop started in his sermon, he was almost sure to end it in heaven. The same may be said of the many volumes he produced. The last thing written is about the life beyond. His face was constantly turned toward the better country, because his Lord and his citizenship were there.

On his seventy-sixth birthday, which occurred February 23, 1900, a number of his friends called on him in his Dayton home in the early evening to pay him their respects, and, as far as might be, cheer him in his afflictions. Anticipating their coming, he prepared an address of marvelous beauty and strength. Editor Kephart called it, "A Voice from Beulah Land." After giving a brief review of his life, he turned, as might have been expected, to the future, and said things so charmingly beautiful and true that we have never forgotten them. As he sounded the bugle notes of faith and hope, feelings of rapture were kindled in every soul present.

"But looking forward," he said, "despite the thick foliage which grows along the banks of the river, I now and then catch glimpses of what seems to be a country—a real place. These glimpses come at all hours, by day and by night,

Our Heroes, or

winter and summer, but at no time has there appeared a shadow or any gloom; so I conclude that they have no night in that country. I sometimes catch glimpses of domes and spires and towers, but no monuments or anything that resembles a cemetery; so I conclude there is no death over there. Beautiful forms pass and re-pass before my vision, but they are quickly gone—just a glimpse, and they are gone. I turn to the materialistic skeptic and ask for an explanation of these strange, yet delightful glimpses. He says, ‘It’s nothing—only a fancy, a delusion. Death ends all.’ I turn to the agnostic with the same question, and he says, ‘I don’t know.’ What shall I do? I cannot go back, for it is evening time now, and the sun is almost down. Shut in on all sides, with only a step between me and the grave, and nothing before me but annihilation—eternal nothingness. Again, I ask, What shall I do? To whom shall I go? Are all my hopes, longings, aspirations, and expectations about to perish forever? Wherein, then, lies the difference between not beginning to be, and ceasing to be? Can it be that nature, reason, and consciousness have all been playing false with me? Are they nothing more than miserable cheats concerning the most important and far-reaching problems of human existence? Is there no justice, love, or mercy anywhere in the universe? Is there no God other than one of cruelty and deception? The case is

United Brethren Home Missionaries

becoming desperate, for the mists are beginning to fall, and the roar of the ocean's waves, borne upon wings of wind, is beginning to fall upon the ear. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man standing within a step of eternal nothingness.

“But, hark! A voice from beyond the moon and stars, like the chime of a thousand silver-toned bells, comes ringing down, exclaiming, ‘Immortality’! In response to that there comes springing up like angels from the temple of the heart the simple words, ‘Hallelujah! Amen and amen. Immortality’!

“Then my glimpses are not all fancy and miserable cheats. If there is anything true, anything firm, anything that abides, it is immortality—life everlasting in heaven.

“If from under the shadow of life's evening tree such glimpses may be had, how will it appear after the shadows are all gone, and the clouds are lifted, and the mists rolled away? The half is not now understood. By and by the glass through which we now see darkly will be removed, and we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known.”

The closing hours of the Bishop's life were full of peace. So his last message to the Church would indicate. He said: “I have not a doubt as to the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I believed what I preached, and preached what I believed. I die in the faith of the gospel I preached to others. Jesus Christ is all, and

Our Heroes, or

in all. Tell the Church never to depart from the doctrines held by the fathers, that a vital union with Christ is essential to the Christian life." His last recorded words were, "I shall see the King in his beauty. I feel perfectly safe."

The golden sheaf was ripe for the celestial harvest, and awaited the coming of the angel reaper; and on the sixth of February, 1901, at three-thirty in the morning, that reaper came, and Bishop Weaver "was gathered unto his people." His funeral, which occurred two days later, brought together a large number of sorrowing friends, not only of his own city, but from many other sections of the Church. All his associates in the bishopric were present to speak words of appreciation, and to let fall upon his sleeping dust the tear of regret.

Servant of the Most High; winner of souls; hero of faith; knight of the Cross; glorified spirit; brother and father in Israel, we bid thee good-bye, but hope to hail thee again on some sweet morning with all the redeemed in thy heavenly home.

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

CHAPTER X.

GEORGE W. STATTON.

An Itinerant of Fifty-Two Years.

History bears to us the fragrance of noble characters who wrought in faith and died in triumph. We who live to-day cannot know to what extent we are indebted to them for their part in moulding the life and shaping the destiny of our nation, and for the exalted service they rendered the Church they so dearly loved. Their spirit was heroic. Thoughts of ease and earthly reward never entered their minds.

Horace Bushnell once said: "Great trials make great saints, and deserts and stone pillows prepare for an open heaven and an angel crowded ladder.

So the heroes of the decades long ago were great saints. They knew where service and sacrifice converged, and rejoiced daily and greatly in the fellowship of Him who gave his precious life for the world.

Among the imperial characters produced by the Virginia Conference was George W. Statton, who was born in Hampshire County, now West Virginia, on the eleventh of October, 1825. He was one of eleven children, having five brothers and five sisters. In the veins of these hardy scions coursed the mingled blood of an English

Our Heroes, or

and German ancestry, and from a noble parentage had descended traits of character and peculiar talents which distinguished the family throughout the United Brethren Church.

George had three brothers, John F., Isaac K., and David E., who also became ministers. Isaac, especially, won distinction as a pastor and presiding elder, and was highly regarded in the councils of the Church.

The subject of this chapter grew up on a farm, attended such common schools as his day afforded, professed religion at the age of nineteen, and entered the ministry at twenty.

While he did not have the training he needed and craved, he was, nevertheless, a close, thoughtful student, and by dint of personal effort and perseverance acquired a vast store of knowledge, and became mighty as a prophet of truth.

After teaching and preaching a year under the direction of the presiding elder, he joined the Annual Conference at Churchville, Virginia, in 1845, Bishop Russell presiding. Thus in the very outset he found himself associated with Jacob Bachtel, Jacob Markwood, and others who were great as preachers, and eminent because of their leadership in the Church.

His first field was Frederick Circuit, where, with W. R. Coursey, pastor in charge, he preached at twenty-four appointments, receiving for the year's work just ninety dollars. Several

United Brethren Home Missionaries

good revivals were held and ninety new members added to the Church.

The following year he was sent to Jackson charge, far west of the Alleghenies. This meant a move of more than three hundred miles, which, no doubt, thoroughly tested the young man's devotion to his chosen work. He visited twenty-one preaching places every three weeks, and traveled one hundred and seventy-five miles in making the round. But he was strong for the tasks committed to him. Being fired and thrilled with a holy passion for souls, he threw himself with tremendous energy into revival work. And he succeeded, as the record shows. We have no means of knowing how many were converted at his meetings, but his report shows that one hundred members were received into church-fellowship. At one of his appointments there were ninety professions in six days—the time allotted to each revival. His salary aggregated one hundred dollars even. A coincidence may be seen in the fact that during the first two years of his ministry he received a member for every dollar paid him for his services. He and John Haney this year traveled over much of the territory now covered by the West Virginia Conference. To make one round on the latter's circuit required a journey of two hundred miles.

But now the young preacher must go back to the older portion of the conference again, and, consequently, at the close of the year he retraced his three-hundred-mile journey to Win-

Our Heroes, or

chester Circuit. This seemed to him and others like an unreasonable move, but it had been made possible by the itinerant system under which he served, and which required that he be "subject to the counsels of his brethren." This year John W. Perry was his fellow-laborer. He found thirty-two appointments, and to fill them all required five weeks. If he preached three times each Sabbath, then in making the round he was compelled to preach seventeen sermons between Sundays. The two men together received only \$230 for the year's work. This was small pay, to be sure, but great victories were won. Sweeping revivals spread all over the field, and a multitude was led to repentance. How else could the Lord of the Church do than honor and bless such heroism and self-forgetfulness on the part of his servants?

On the fifth of February, of this year, 1851, Mr. Statton was married to Martha C. Funkhouser, in Shenandoah County, Virginia, and in March following received ordination at the hand of Bishop Erb. From this conference he was sent again to Frederick charge, where he had spent his first year, which certainly spoke well for the young itinerant. This time, however, he was himself preacher in charge, with L. W. Matthews as associate. He had twenty appointments, and received as support \$200. But the year closed with a deep, dark shadow upon his heart and home. The black-winged angel robbed him of his young wife, who had

United Brethren Home Missionaries

contributed so largely to his success. The bereavement, nevertheless, brought its lesson of trust and consolation, and the ensuing year on the same field was one of victory from first to last. His converts and accessions numbered one hundred and seventy.

In 1855 he was married again, this time to Mary E. Funkhouser, of Strasburg, Virginia, who still survives, making her home with her son at Monta Vista, Colorado.

The same year he was made presiding elder of what was known as the "West Virginia District," which embraced Buckhannon, Glenville, Middle Island, Hartford City, West Columbia, and Mason County charges. Hartford was a station. East and west the territory was at least one hundred and sixty miles long. All this distance was made on horseback, and much of it through uninhabited sections. The writer is acquainted with nearly every mile of the territory, and can appreciate the disadvantages under which he labored.

Such was the process of making a new conference. In perusing the minutes of the Virginia and Parkersburg Conferences in their earlier years, one is especially impressed with the rapidity with which they mapped out new charges. The work of the boundary committee was of first importance, and its report was always awaited with special interest.

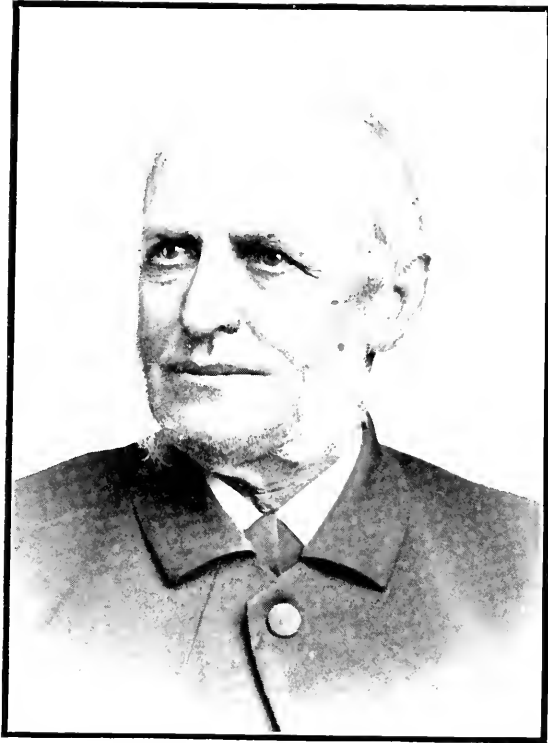
Some pioneer would go out into a new territory and take up a dozen appointments, and in

Our Heroes, or

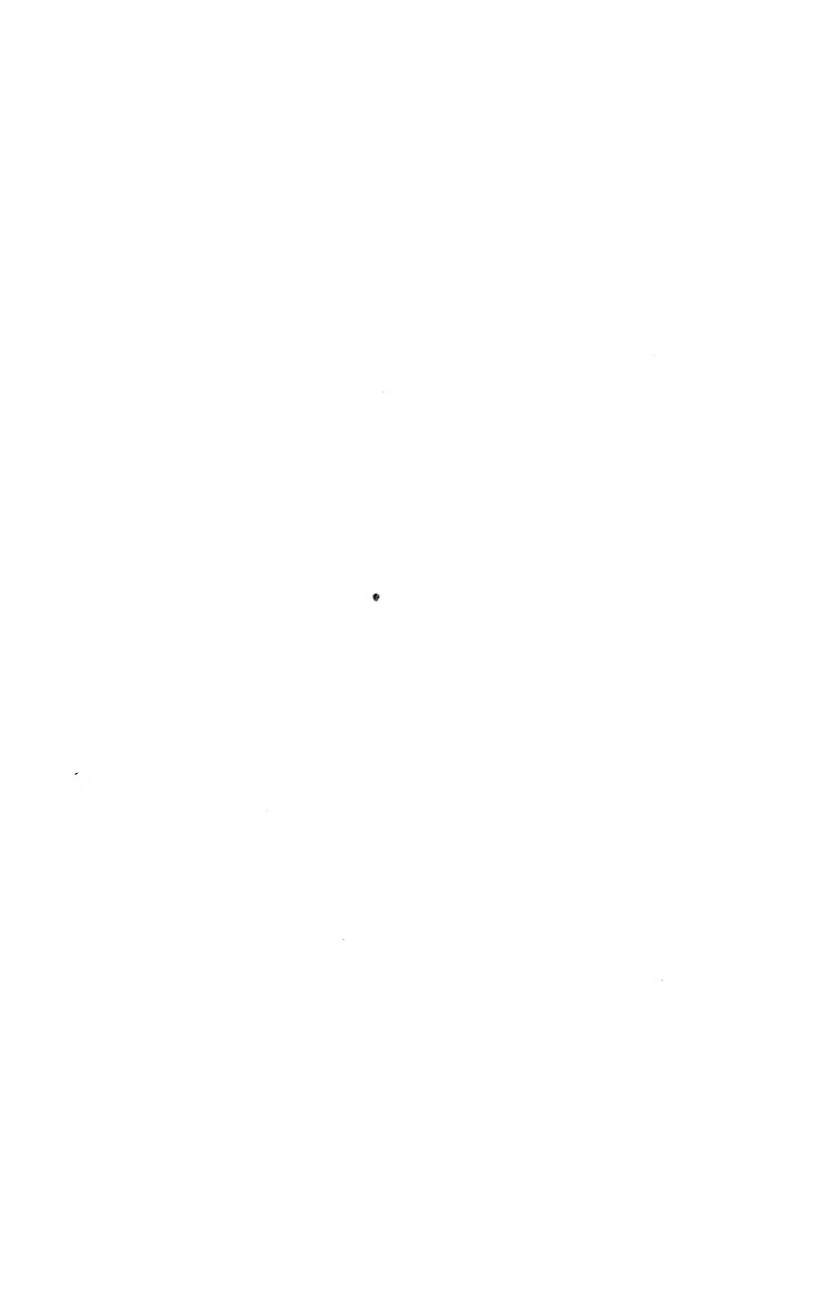
some instances many more, forming organizations wherever he could hold revivals. Then the conference would divide the field into two or three circuits, or missions, each preacher extending his particular charge so as to make its division necessary in a year or two. Through this process the West Virginia Conference has grown from six to sixty circuits and stations.

For thirty-one years, without a break, Mr. Statton preached in the old conference, giving to it the strength of his best manhood. The minutes from 1846 to 1877 show him to have been a leading spirit in all its aggressive work. His name is prominently connected with everything which meant progress and success. He not only traveled the most important fields, but spent, all told, ten years in district work, a part of the time having charge of the entire conference territory.

During the dark days of the bloody Civil War he never turned aside from his one work through fear, or for any other reason, though at times his life was in peril. Writing of those days a short time before he died, he recalled with much tenderness the sad experiences through which he was called to pass. When he left home he did not know that he would ever return. He says: "Many a time during the war when I kissed my wife and children good-bye upon leaving home, I did not know that I should ever see them again. Human life was cheap in the heat of those awful days; no one was safe."



GEORGE W. STATTON



United Brethren Home Missionaries

The whole country through which he traveled was overrun by guerrillas and marauding bands, in whose estimation the rights and lives of political opponents were entitled to but little consideration. How the preacher's heroism flames out in all his words and acts! and what admiration is kindled within us for the redoubtable knights of the cross!

In times of strife and bloodshed, when faithful heralds were hunted down and captured, or were compelled to flee to other sections for safety, he remained at his post of duty and service.

As a revivalist he excelled. His tender gospel messages, his sweet singing and glowing passion for souls, put him close to the multitudes and made his success phenomenal. Rev. W. O. Smith, of Missouri Conference, was led to repentance at a meeting held by Rev. Mr. Statton in 1865 in Otterbein Church, Rockingham County. He says he remembers distinctly to this day portions of the great sermon the revivalist preached the night of his conversion. His text was Jeremiah 12:5: "If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee . . . then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" The meeting resulted in one hundred and thirty professions. Not infrequently whole communities were swept by his mighty discourses as the forest bends before the onrushing storm.

Our Heroes, or

He had unbounded faith in the divine message, and proclaimed it as all sufficient for every human need. "Man is not to improve the gospel," he argued, "but to be improved by it." Many of his sermons were prepared on his knees, with the open Bible before him. Is it any wonder that he became a very "flame of fire" when once electrified by the truth he preached? But to be at his best he must feel the touch of sympathy. Though prepossessing in physical appearance, and though his clarion voice fairly enchanted his auditors, yet it required a chorus of hearty *amens* to make the fire flash in his eyes, and his sermon to blaze with holy fervor.

He was honored with membership in five General Conferences, where he was always influential, manifesting a lively interest in all the great problems of the Church. The breadth of his sympathy was noted by all. At the session of 1873, when a prolonged discussion occurred over cutting off a number of small conferences from missionary support, he championed the cause of the conferences thus threatened, and did more, perhaps, than any one else to prevent an action which he, with others, felt would prove almost fatal to their further success. His strongest plea was for Missouri, which he declared appealed to the heart of the whole Church, and should be sustained in its work regardless of what it might cost.

In 1876 he moved to Iowa, whither others of the family had gone, and united with the Des

United Brethren Home Missionaries

Moines Conference. Here he threw himself, with his great personality, into the work of the Church, serving several fields, and spending two years as presiding elder.

For the next twenty-one years he stood with his brethren in the forefront of the battle, which rounded out more than a half century in his heaven-appointed work.

While traveling a district in 1880, he was in a railroad wreck and his arm was badly crushed. With a number of others he lay fastened in the debris from near midnight till daylight, while rain and snow pelted him almost incessantly. The wounded were brought to Des Moines and laid upon the floor of the depot, where they remained until medical attention could be given. The injured arm kept him at home for many weeks.

His purity of life, and his faithfulness as Christ's ambassador, made his years in Des Moines Conference a benediction to the Church, and especially to the ministry with which he toiled. Dr. E. W. Curtis, who knew him well, has this word: "He was really a great and good man, and strong as a leader and organizer. His life was full of sunshine."

Though humble in spirit, and not given to boasting, he was proud of his record, and referred to it often with expressions of deepest satisfaction. He rejoiced exceedingly because God had graciously permitted him to spend so long a period in the ministry of his church. In

Our Heroes, or

a letter to the writer he said: "I never resigned a charge in fifty-two years, but one—a district—and that was on account of sickness. But that year I kept on preaching as strength permitted, and organized three new classes and Sabbath schools. Nor did I ever drop an appointment from any field that was given me."

His call to the ministry was clear and convincing. He preached in obedience to a divine decree. He wrote: "I love the ministry, and it is more to me than anything else. My greatest sorrow is that I must stop under the weight of eighty years and their attending infirmities. My call to the work was so clear and decisive that I never doubted it. It came to me in the death of John Gibbens, a promising young minister of the Virginia Conference, which occurred at the home of Benjamin Stickly of precious memory."

Some who shall read these lines will recall his presence at the General Conference of 1897, which met in Toledo, Iowa. One evening he told the great audience of a recent illness he had suffered, and of the joy unspeakable that thrilled his heart as he lay in the borderland. "Though my friends thought I was dying," he said, "I never was so happy in my life. I could hear the bells of heaven ringing. The gates swung open and I was permitted to look in upon the glory world." As he thus talked many hearts were strangely touched, and many eyes were suffused with tears.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

Upon retiring from the field of active service, he settled at Monta Vista, Colorado, where he quietly spent his remaining years. However, he was by no means idle. He attended church regularly as long as his strength permitted. The churches of the town and surrounding communities soon ascertained his superior qualities as a preacher and secured his services on many occasions.

The year before his death he wrote: "I am sorry for the mistakes and failures of my ministry, and wish I could have another life to spend in the work so I could correct the errors of the past. I believe in the old orthodox Christianity—such a religion as my mother carried with her through life. I expect to die in the faith. Though there is a deep mystery about death and the beyond, I stand on the platform of the Gospel as taught by Christ and the disciples. When we leave this world we are at sea, without chart or compass, not knowing whither we are bound, if we let the Gospel go. All sectarianism is out of me long ago. I believe there is some good in all the churches. Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect. Be of good comfort. Be of one mind. Live in peace. And the God of love and peace shall be with you. Amen."

David, his only living brother, bears this testimony to his devotion and strength. "My brother George was faithful from the beginning of his ministry in all that pertained to a United

Our Heroes, or

Brethren preacher. Well do I remember when a small boy to have seen the whole neighborhood assemble to hear him, and they were thrilled from start to finish by his preaching, which they thought could not be equalled by anybody else. I often visited his home, and always found him faithful and devoted." Beautiful testimony this from a brother in the flesh, who knew him so well, and watched with so much interest the results of his long ministry.

On the eighth of August, 1908, after a few months of extreme illness, he heard the last summons and ascended the shining way to live in the white light of the throne forever.

The funeral, which was held in the Presbyterian church, was largely attended and deeply impressive. Six ministers of other denominations were present to honor his memory, and to speak words of appreciation and comfort.

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

CHAPTER XI.

MICHAEL LONG.

Pioneer Erangelist of Sandusky Conference.

The early fathers and promoters of the United Brethren Church regarded the itinerancy as essential to the highest success in the extension of the Master's kingdom. The history of the Christian Church would seem to confirm their views. More than once has Christianity been saved to the world by this process of propagating its teachings. They were itinerants who, in the early centuries of the Christian era, made Christianity the dominant religion. Eight hundred years later, when religion had become degraded, and the hierarchical system, like a stranded ship, was breaking in pieces, there appeared one day an itinerant, Saint Francis of Assissi, who so influenced men that in a few years, from the sierras of Spain to the steppes of Russia, from the Tiber to the Trent, the Baltic Sea, and the Thames, the old faith in its fullest vigor was preached in almost every town and hamlet. The great Reformation in the sixteenth century, of which John Wycliffe was the morning star, was heralded by the preaching of his itinerant ministers.

The Christian faith will always need its apologists, and never, perhaps, have the Christian

Our Heroes, or

student and thinker had graver responsibilities laid upon them than during these recent times; but the true defenders of the faith are not faith's apologists, but faith's apostles. In the divine order the apologist stands always behind the evangelist or missionary. Faith lives by its evangelists. Its real defense is its diffusion. The itinerant system made possible and propagated the evangelical revival of the eighteenth century. Its leaders were a militant force, and, despite all the toils and hardships involved, they gladly assumed its requirements, and went forth with a firm step that indicated a strong faith and a lofty objective. It is to such self-denying devotion, to such fixedness of purpose, to such apostolic zeal, and to such glad-hearted willingness to make the greatest sacrifices for the gospel's sake that we are indebted for the establishment of our beloved Zion, its spirit, its development, and its progress.

Among the earliest and most successful of the pioneer missionaries of northwestern Ohio, was Jacob Baulus, founder of the Sandusky Conference. In 1822 he immigrated with his family from Frederick County, Maryland, and located in the forests of the "Black Swamp," near Lower Sandusky, now Fremont, Ohio. Missionary work was projected in this territory by the Muskingum Conference. Though separated from its borders by an untamed wilderness one hundred miles in length, Mr. Baulus was placed in

United Brethren Home Missionaries

charge of the new mission district. Everywhere he went he raised up preachers, and everywhere he preached sinners were converted. The conference was organized in 1834. Two years later, and at its third session, Presiding Elder Baulus presented a young man for membership, in whom he recognized the possibilities of an able minister and a valuable accession to the strength and influence of the rising conference. That young man was Michael Long, to whose life and career as missionary, pastor, and religious leader this chapter is devoted.

Mr. Jacob Burgner, an elderly and honored citizen of Fremont, Ohio, and who was for many years a personal friend of Mr. Long, pays the following splendid tribute to his work and influence as it was related to the moral and religious development of the territory with which he was identified: "Any pioneer record of the 'Black Swamp,' in Northwestern Ohio, which does not give an account of the old-time traveling preachers, or circuit riders, who did so much to cheer the homes of the early settlers, must be incomplete; and any list of such itinerants which does not include the familiar name of the Rev. Michael Long is untrue to history. For more than fifty years he traversed this region in every direction, and thousands loved to listen to the voice of his unstudied eloquence and soul-stirring revival songs. Entire communities were transformed by his noble Christian influence and the marvelous power of his ministry."

Our Heroes, or

Sandusky Conference has produced great evangelists, like Stephen Lillybridge, of its earlier history, George and Reuben French, of later years, and J. W. Hicks, of the present time. But Michael Long has the distinction of having received more people into the Church than any other minister ever connected with the Sandusky Conference up until the time of his death. His great meetings, in which hundreds were led to Christ, are yet a subject of many fireside conversations among the older people of that section of country. Very much of his time as a missionary was devoted to evangelistic work, to which he was naturally well adapted and in which he was eminently successful. He saw his conference grow from its first little organization to one of the largest numerically of the denomination.

Mr. Long was born on the third day of May, 1814, in Guernsey County, Ohio. His parents, Daniel and Margaret Long, were natives of Pennsylvania. Perhaps about the year 1810 they immigrated to Ohio, where they took possession of a section of land upon which they built a home and dedicated it to God. In this humble wilderness home the son acquired habits of industry and economy as well as a vigorous constitution. He had the advantage of a few terms of school, most probably a subscription school of the neighborhood. Between these terms and subsequently he worked on the farm until he entered the ministry. He was endowed with remarkable physical powers, which enabled him to endure the priva-

United Brethren Home Missionaries

tions incident to his life-work with little apparent difficulty.

At a very early age young Long was converted and joined the United Brethren Church. When about twenty years of age he gave evidence of having received a call to the ministry, and in 1836, a year later, as previously stated, he was given license to preach the gospel, at which time his active itinerant life began. His first circuit included twenty-eight appointments, at each of which he preached regularly once every four weeks, in private homes, barns, school-houses or groves, requiring for each round a travel of about four hundred miles. For his services the first year he received a salary of forty dollars. The circuits he served for a number of subsequent years were as large, and sometimes more extensive than the first, when his salary ranged from one hundred to a hundred and seventy-five dollars a year. For his unselfish devotion to his work, and his intense perseverance, which feared no sacrifice or hardship, in seeking lost souls, this "cavalry captain" deserves a place in the first rank of the heroes of the cross of the United Brethren Church.

The active, itinerant life of Michael Long covered an unbroken period of more than a half century. It is claimed that he was directly instrumental in the conversion of above five thousand souls, most of whom were added to the Church. It may fairly be questioned whether any one minister in the history of the denomina-

Our Heroes, or

tion, Newcomer excepted, has made a greater record as a soul-winner. His loyalty to the Church was very manifest in his work. He embodied, as did few men of his times, the elements of evangelist and organizer. The fruits of his great evangelistic campaigns were largely conserved to the denomination. This was the exception in those earlier days, when United Brethren itinerants were so absorbed in the work of evangelism as to leave to other denominations the pleasant, though important work of organizing and training the new converts for Christian service.

The Rev. William Mathers, conference historian, pays his friend of many years the following tribute: "Michael Long served more time, traveled greater distances, and suffered more privations than any other member of the conference, living or dead." It is apparent that the conference has produced no man whose influence for good has been greater, and no man whose history has had in it more features of romantic interest. His unwritten stories of daring adventures and hair-breadth escapes in those early days would fill a volume. The following items are copied from an address delivered at a ministerial institute at Attica, Seneca County, Ohio, by this veteran servant of God in 1879, twelve years before his death:

"I well remember when I started on my first circuit, which was four hundred miles around, numbering twenty-eight appointments. It took

United Brethren Home Missionaries

me four weeks to get around the circuit; there was not, to my recollection, one meeting-house in the entire conference. We preached, as a general thing, in private houses and in the groves. The outline of my work was something after the following: Northeast, three miles below Port Clinton, on the lake; southeast, near Bucyrus; southwest, on the Auglaize, twelve miles below Findlay. The points alluded to were the outposts of my field of labor. My salary the first year was forty dollars. The second year I was appointed to Findlay Mission, where there were two preaching places to start with; the number was soon increased to twelve. It was a year of great success. One hundred and sixty members were added to the Church, and the revival spirit continued the entire year.

“I remember of forming what we then called Huron Mission. It was an entirely new field. The conference circulated a subscription for me, which amounted to about thirty dollars. With that encouragement I started, having no assurance of any other support, but still I had a good time; the grace of God sustained me, and I had plenty to eat, such as it was. I remember crossing what was then called the swamp bridge, in Seneca County, not far from where we are now assembled. The people on the west side of the river came over to the services. There were about seventy persons on the bridge at one time. It was built with great logs—they were all floating and would not lie still, and some of the

Our Heroes, or

people got wet, but on they went. They reached the place of worship and we had a good time, as some of you, no doubt, remember well. I am not a little happy to look on some of those faces in this convention. Little did I think that I would live to see a ministerial association held on my missionary ground.

“I well remember, when traveling in the Maumee country, of passing trains of Indians nearly one-half mile long. I recollect of preaching on the east side of the Maumee River, and then would ford the river and preach on the west side; and when I crossed the river, I would take corn in my saddle-bags to feed my horse. The people of the community that year were having a struggle to live. The plain food we had to eat tasted good so long as it lasted. We were thankful those days if we had a little corn bread and a little venison. There was a difference between those days and the present. O Lord! bring back some of the old kindred feelings that used to characterize the Church.

“In those days there were but few bridges across the rivers in this country. When on my first mission in Hancock County, I had to cross the Auglaize River some nine times; my mission was so assigned that I could not do otherwise. I often would swim my horse across the river. I remember one occasion when I attempted to cross on the ice to go to my quarterly meeting. Rev. C. Crom was my presiding elder. It was in the early spring when the ice was very rotten.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

The elder's horse being the smaller, we agreed that he should cross first. He succeeded in getting across in safety. I then took off my saddle and saddle-bags, took my horse by the bridle and started, and when I got near the middle of the river, the ice broke, and my horse went under, all but his head. I kept in advance of the horse; the bridle pulled off, and when I caught hold of the halter, he made a number of springs, and finally succeeded in getting near the shore, where the ice bore him up. I then led him to the shore, put my saddle on him, and we hastened to the meeting, which was about two miles distant.

“When traveling a circuit in Wood County at one time, I came to the Portage River, which was overflowing its banks, a distance of about forty rods. Part of the bridge had been swept away. The middle bent and the one that extended to the shore on the east side were all that were left. Heavy timbers laid on the bridge held those two bents and stringers together. I first got on the bridge and tried its strength. I then led my horse on the first part; then he had to jump down about two feet on the middle part of the bridge. I then led him to the end of that section, then made him jump into the water. It was about mid-sides to my horse. Then he was so far from me that I jumped into the water and waded a few rods. I saw a stump extending above the water, from which I mounted my horse, and we

Our Heroes, or

rode twenty or thirty rods, from which point he swam the rest of the way to the shore.

“I recall vividly another circumstance when going from Elmore to the lake. The first four miles brought me to Touissaint Creek. It being high, I swam my horse across. I then had eight or ten miles, through very dense woods, to the lake. When I came to the prairie I got in a French settlement. It was so fenced up that there was no way of getting through the field or through Turtle Marsh. I called at a house. A French woman came out and muttered her French and motioned across the marsh. I started across, but had not gone more than one rod when my horse fell over some timbers of some kind. I fell off my horse into the marsh, held on to the bridle, and got out on the same side. I think it was little different from the slough of despond that Bunyan speaks of; I know the Lord did not want me to go through Turtle Marsh. A boy who seemed to sympathize with me in my distress, came to my assistance, for which I thanked him, talked to him about his soul’s salvation, and offered a prayer for him. I told him I wanted to go through the field. He opened the fence and let me through, giving me proper directions. The Lord had delivered me from Turtle Marsh.

“Let me state one more recollection. Well do I remember crossing what was then known as the Lance Bridge, a little west of Carey. My appointment was at Father Shoup’s. The bridge crossing the prairie was one mile long and there



MICHAEL LONG

United Brethren Home Missionaries

had been heavy rains, and on the south end a freshet had taken away about two rods of the bridge. The rails had been placed close together on the sod. At this time loose rails had been placed, about fifteen or twenty inches apart, for people to walk over. It looked rather dangerous; there was no water there, yet I knew not what a dangerous place it was. I took off my saddle and knelt down and implored God to help me, as on other occasions. I took my horse by the bridle, intending to lead him by the side of the loose rails, and, as I started, he at once sprang upon the rails and followed me over. I then fell upon my knees again and returned grateful thanks to my Lord for his help. I then walked back and got my saddle, placed it upon my horse, and hurried to my appointment. The people asked me which way I came. I told them. They were alarmed when I told them how I crossed the prairie, knowing that part of the bridge was gone, and that the scattering loose rails were for people to walk over. A pole could be run down twenty feet anywhere near that place, so I was convinced that the Lord had safely led me through.

“Now, my dear brethren, I have related a few of the experiences of my early itinerant life. Those were days of struggle and hardship, but of great blessing. They were days of love to God and love toward each other; no sparring, no trying to excel; the glory of God and the salvation of souls was the supreme thing.”

Our Heroes, or

Mr. Long was one of the few itinerants of his day who gave his entire time to the work. He traveled long distances in all kinds of weather, and preached, it is said, three times a day for thirty days in succession, and each time with demonstration of the Spirit. He was possessed with an undeterred and undeterable hunger to preach the Word to sinners. No slippered ease, no hammock sighing for a mission, no resolutions to be carried into effect to-morrow, could have created the type of evangelism he represented and attain such results. What impresses one as he reads his life and of his success as a soul-winner is that he lived for it, prayed for it, and put all else aside for it. He was uniformly prompt and punctual in the performance of all his duties. Few can realize what that meant in the way of privations and hardships in that sparsely-settled country, without bridges and with but few roads. Most of the time he traveled on horseback, but many long journeys through the swamps were of necessity made on foot. He was present at every session of his conference for fifty-six successive years, and it stands to his credit that he never missed the opening prayer of one of its sessions.

Mr. Long is described as possessing a strong and impressive physique, weighing above two hundred pounds. His manner in the pulpit was free and full of demonstration. He did not hesitate to remove his coat without apology, if it became uncomfortable, and go on with his dis-

United Brethren Home Missionaries

course as if nothing unusual had occurred. He was a great preacher, if greatness is measured by results, and this must always be the final test of sermons: Do they accomplish their purpose? Some one remarked to Sir William Hamilton that Guthrie's preaching was defective in logical quality, and he answered, "It is the very best sort of logic; there is but a step between the premise and the conclusion." Mr. Long as a preacher was a kind of Nasmyth hammer that, with a few mighty strokes, could weld into shape a ponderous, molten mass. His preaching may have been defective in logical quality, but it had that quality that broke down stubborn wills, melted the hardest hearts, and caused multitudes to repent of their sins and to accept Christ as Lord and Savior.

Mr. Long was endowed with a powerful voice, which distinguished him as the "great camp-meeting preacher." The following story is told by a gentleman residing not far from one of the old camp-grounds in Sandusky County: "A stranger called at my home one day about eleven o'clock to inquire the way to the camp-meeting, which was then in progress. I told him to listen, and, on being silent for a moment, the voice of Michael Long, in the full exercise of its powers, came wafted upon the breezes. I told the stranger to follow the sound through the woods, and he would find the camp-meeting about three miles distant in that direction."

Our Heroes, or

The old-fashioned camp-meetings were occasions which throbbed with spiritual power. Here Mr. Long was always at his best. One of these occasions is thus described: "Wonderful demonstrations of God's power were manifest under the preaching of Mr. Long. Many fell to the earth and lay for hours as if dead, and when raised from that state, they generally shouted, 'Glory!' Surely God was there to kill and make alive." One instance was very similar to the one recorded in the ninth chapter of Mark. Another conversion at this meeting was similar to that of Saul of Tarsus. Through the persuasion of the man's daughter, he went with her to the meeting, where he became so powerfully convicted that, on his way home, he fell from his horse to the ground, where he lay for some time. When he rose his daughter was on her knees by his side, praying for him, and holding both their horses. He was converted and became one of the most devout and influential Christian men of that community.

Mr. Long was also a great singer. While his voice was mighty, it was full of melody. Some one has said that under the blessing of God in the gospel of song, as many people were won to Christ as were won by his sermons. By his songs, as well as by his sermons, he moved, melted, and mastered men.

In May, 1864, he visited a military post at Fort Ethan Allan, Virginia. He had learned that there was much sickness among the One

United Brethren Home Missionaries

Hundred and Sixty-Ninth Regiment. O. V. I., at that place, which was composed of men from Sandusky and Wayne counties, Ohio. He took with him, at a considerable expense and risk, a large trunk full of choice eatables, sent by wives, mothers, and sweethearts to the boys. The regiment had no official chaplain. The Sandusky County boys had urgently requested Mr. Long as their chaplain, and the Wayne County boys had asked for Rev. B. F. Baltzly, when Col. N. E. Haynes, who had the matter in charge, in order that he might not give offense to either party, decided to dispense with the chaplaincy. Each of the candidates held religious services gratuitously, as he had opportunity. On Sunday, the nineteenth of June, by special request, Mr. Long conducted services and preached a remarkable sermon. He stood in the shade of a large cherry tree in front of the captain's office. The subject of his discourse was, "The Prayer of Jabez," recorded in I. Chronicles 4:10. The sermon was printed in full. It seems now to have been almost prophetic, and to have been answered in a very remarkable manner in the restoration of the Union, the peace and prosperity of the country, and the enlargement of the territory of the United States westward. "While in the midst of his sermon, he was interrupted a few minutes while a funeral procession, with muffled drum, passed by to the burial of a soldier, who had died of homesickness."

Our Heroes, or

When presiding elder of a district, he gladly went where his preachers had to go; he met without a murmur their hardships, experienced their privations and persecutions, and lived their simple life. This is the kind of leaders the early itinerant needed to nerve him for the warfare. Napoleon, lying down at night, on the hard ground between two common soldiers, sharing with them their crust, and talking to them like a brother about the hardships of the campaign, by that act did the kind of thing which incarnated him as the idol of his army. Mr. Long was a man of vision and kept in line with the progress of his times. While he had not the advantage of the education of the schools, he was a friend and advocate of higher education, and encouraged it not only publicly, but also in his own family. The fruits of this course were manifest later in the literary attainments and honorable standing of his three sons in the active ministry. He was a loyal supporter of every department of the work of his denomination.

His home life was beautiful. The devoted partner in the toils and sacrifices of his long itinerant life was formerly Miss Sarah Gear. They were united in marriage April 20, 1837, in Sandusky County. To them were given five children, all of whom were followers of the Christ whom their honored father preached so faithfully.

Mr. Long possessed an attractive personality. He was a man of cordial spirit, sunny disposi-

United Brethren Home Missionaries

tion, and a merry humor, always companionable and cheery in the circle of his friends, and, to an unusual degree, to all with whom he came in contact. It is said that on one occasion he called the attention of a chance traveling companion, a lawyer, to the beautiful country through which they were passing, and remarked, "My Father owns all this entire country." Until the gentleman caught his meaning from the twinkle in his eye, he was astonished at the immense wealth of the father and the rich heritage of the son. Great churchmen have pronounced the dogma of apostolic succession to be a fact no man can prove. There is, however, such a thing as having the spirit of the apostles, and in that sense being in the line of a spiritual succession, which is the best form of apostolic succession. In that line of succession was the Rev. Michael Long.

On November 17, 1891, having reached the age of seventy-seven years, this faithful servant of God, who had won his right to a place in the record of the heroes of faith, entered unto his heavenly rest. His body awaits the resurrection of the just, in a beautiful little cemetery near Fremont, Ohio.

Father Long and Rutherford B. Hayes were not only neighbors and acquaintances, but close personal friends for many years. The ex-president was in Cleveland, Ohio, when he saw in a daily paper of that city an account of Mr. Long's death. He was noticeably affected, and with a voice expressive of deep feeling, remarked to the

Our Heroes, or

company about him: "Gentlemen, in the history of northwestern Ohio the name of the Rev. Michael Long can never be disassociated from the very highest rank of moral and religious leadership. Nothing my friends might say of me when I am gone will be more truthful and honorable than what I can say of my friend Long—he was a devoted and successful minister of the gospel."

CHAPTER XII.

WILLIAM CADMAN.

Erie Conference's Pioneer Herald.

When death comes, what nobler epitaph can be placed over any man's tomb than this: "Having served his day and generation by the will of God, he fell asleep." No words that we may utter can help the departed. No voice of praise can delight the ear; nor can the violence of censure vex it. No amount of flowers strewn upon the grave can delight the pulseless heart, nor add to the spirit's joys. But for the sake of others we may, and should, speak well of the faithful dead. The noble lives which once made the world better, will continue to enrich it forever, if, through history, they are kept before the oncoming generations, and thus made ensamples of piety, courage and devotion.

William Cadman was born of godly parents at French Creek, Erie County, Pennsylvania, June 5, 1828. His early life was especially influenced by the pious example and instruction of a devout mother. Though he did not become active in Christian service until he had grown to manhood, yet there was never a day, perhaps, when he did not feel the touch of parental love, and experience a desire to be and do something worthy a true man.

Our Heroes, or

In 1840 the family, eleven in number, having caught the spirit of emigration, moved to Iowa, which was then considered the far West. Muscatine County was their destination, the long distance having been made in the "prairie schooner." Here, for a few years, William assisted in making the new home, and thus shared the hardships and privations of a frontier life.

When the Mexican War broke out, his patriotism asserted itself and he joined the army of his country, serving until peace was negotiated. During this period of absence from home, when he must have felt most keenly the loss of a mother's counsel and tender watch-care, an incident occurred which greatly strengthened his faith in his mother's God. Being very ill one day, he crawled under a little tree to die, as he feared, but remembering that upon leaving home his mother had given him a Testament, he took it from his pocket and began to peruse its pages, and to search out its promises. With the reading of the Word, new strength and hope were inspired, and the battle against the threatening malady was renewed and kept up until health was finally regained. This providential occurrence, as he interpreted it to be, was never forgotten by him, and its lesson of trust made it one of the brightest spots in all his experience. At the close of his army life he came back home, and shortly afterwards located in Ohio. About this time he renewed his Christian covenant, and soon felt God's call to the ministry. At first,

United Brethren Home Missionaries

like a multitude of others, he resisted the Spirit, but eventually yielded, and made a surrender which was complete and final.

In 1850 he was licensed to exhort by Solomon Weaver, then a presiding elder in Ohio. His annual conference credentials were signed by Bishop David Edwards, bearing date of October 17, 1851, while Bishop J. J. Glosbrenner ordained him at a session of the Muskingum Conference, held in October, 1853, the place being Newman's Creek chapel.

October 7, 1852, he was married to Miss Parmelia A. Houck, of Berlin, Ohio, who proved a heroine in all the qualities which were needful in a minister's wife in those far away days.

The original Erie Conference was organized in May of 1853. The following October, soon after his ordination, Mr. Cadman was sent to New York Mission, which included all the territory now embraced in Bear Lake, Chautauqua, Pine Grove, and Chandler's Valley circuits. In all this vast area there were only a few United Brethren. He was not sent out to occupy a parsonage already built, or to enjoy a nest already feathered by some one else, but rather to hew out a field for the Church, and to lay the foundations of a new district.

Here, it would seem, he remained three years. And that he did his work nobly may be seen in the fact that he created a nucleus around which Erie Conference has been built. Following this period of successful missionary work, he was as-

Our Heroes, or

signed to Findlay Lake charge, and then to Pleasantville. It is to be regretted that the minutes which give a consecutive and detailed account of his work from 1853 to 1861 cannot be found. Later we shall see what his co-laborers have to say respecting his standing in the Church, and his achievements as a pioneer.

Shortly after he was married he bought a little home in what was known as the Stillson neighborhood, in Warren County, Pennsylvania, from which he never moved. Here his good wife remained through the long years that followed, and here his nine children were born and reared.

Being permanently located, however, made his work more taxing, as it necessitated longer journeys and more extended periods of absence from home. Those were days which tried the soul. When we recall that the average salary was only \$103.78, we get a glimpse of what "circuit riding" meant, and what it cost the pioneers to plant the Church in a country so immature.

On one occasion when Mr. Cadman returned home after a long absence, he sat down at the table with nothing but "johnny cake" before him. When he saw the scant meal, he remarked that it seemed like a small dinner for a hungry man. Though his words were spoken in rather a jocular way, they deeply pained his wife's heart. Glancing at her he saw the tears starting and was told, "It is all we have." The scene so touched him that he could not eat. "It 's all we have," kept ringing in his ears. The tears he knew

United Brethren Home Missionaries

meant much more than had been expressed in her words, and so, without touching the simple cake, he arose, went to the stable, harnessed his horse, drove to a neighbor, borrowed some money, and laid in a supply of groceries. Three times, he tells us, he borrowed this sum before he was able to pay it himself. Still he kept on preaching. God had given him a message and he must deliver it. Winning men was of first and supreme importance. To this end he climbed over hills, waded through snowdrifts, and braved the pelting storm. Sometimes his feet, hands, and ears were frosted, but personal comforts were gladly surrendered for the sake of his conference and his Church. Like Marcus Whitman he could sing:

“I must go on, I must go on,
Whatever lot may fall to me;
On! 't is for others' sake I ride,
For others I may never see.”

Rev. L. L. Hager, the poet-preacher of the conference, now living at Findlay Lake, New York, traveled the New York Mission with him as a junior in 1856-57, and speaks in highest terms of his character, ability and achievements. “In his early days,” he says, “he was a very ‘son of thunder,’ being physically strong and magnetic. He possessed the voice and bearing of one born to command, and the people felt they must obey. At times he was extravagant in his hyperbole,

Our Heroes, or

but never failed to charm and interest his hearers. At the many camp-meetings he attended, he was always the leading spirit, and the attendants never wanted to miss the services conducted by him.

His was the old-fashioned gospel—a gospel that shakes and wakes—one that has in it thunder and lightning, as well as dew and rain. And with this gospel he attracted the multitudes as certainly and unerringly as the magnet gathers to itself the filings of steel.

When the conference was divided, he cast his lot with the eastern portion, which retained the original name. Among his early associates were L. L. Hager, W. Rittenhouse, Isaac Bennehoff, J. Hill, and N. Shelmadine.

From his entrance upon the work of the ministry, he was a leading spirit in the councils and aggressive policies of his conference, and constantly grew in the favor and confidence of his brethren. For ten years he served as presiding elder, and as such won his way to fame. His pulpit strength and marked executive ability gave him first rank in public estimation. He was a delegate to the General conferences held at Western, Iowa, and Lebanon, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Cadman's early school advantages were limited, yet he knew the value of study and the importance of preparation. His memory was wonderfully retentive, and his faculty of discrimination strong and searching. These ele-

United Brethren Home Missionaries

ments of strength, together with a victorious faith, and unswerving fidelity to the truth, made him a master in the pulpit. The older members of the conference who heard him often readily admit that no man among them ever drew the crowds that he did. Rev. I. Bennehoff writes: "His warm, genial nature made him a great favorite with the young people, and his knowledge of men enabled him, when presiding elder, to successfully supply his fields with pastors."

That he was highly regarded by other churches may be inferred from what Bishop Sanford, of the United Evangelical Church, said at the Topeka General Conference, in 1905: "Among your ministry in northern Pennsylvania," he remarked, "you used to have a large, portly, whole-souled, loud-voiced, and outspoken presiding elder by the name of William Cadman. Is he living? No. In my boyhood days I frequently walked from three to five miles to hear him preach. He made an indelible impression on my youthful mind for good. I shall never forget him. He preached as though he actually believed all he said. The warmth and sweetness of his pent-up soul seemed to drip like nectar from his lips. His very earnestness alone seemed like a drawing power that was almost irresistible. One of his choice themes was 'the fatherhood of God,' and the 'universal brotherhood of man.' He really seemed to weave a thread of this sentiment into nearly every

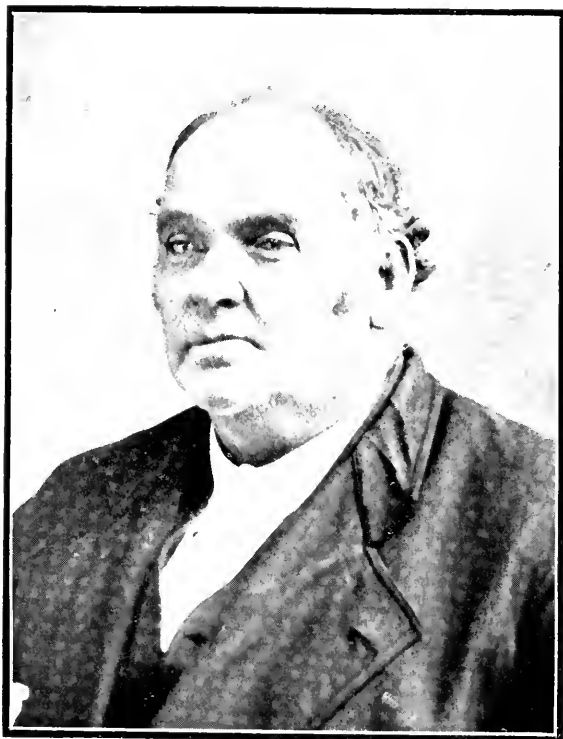
Our Heroes, or

sermon he preached. This is how he made me believe that I was his brother. I believe it still."

Rev. R. J. White, D.D., now presiding elder of the conference, knew him well and esteemed him highly for his work's sake. He says: "He was a very gifted man. His voice was one of rare power and sweetness. His enthusiasm and courage were contagious, so the people flocked to hear him. There never was a man in Erie Conference who attracted such large audiences. One always wanted to know what he was going to say next. His faith was simple and strong. There was an extravagance about his speech and illustrations that amused and impressed his hearers. Once after he had retired he was heard to complain that his brethren had forgotten him. But, stopping suddenly, he thoughtfully remarked, 'This is no way for a Christian to talk.' Then his eyes filled with tears as he added, 'I want to be a Christian and get to heaven.'"

There was no such thing as luck in his greatness. He was God's man, and arose, it may be truthfully said, by the upward gravitation of natural fitness.

While he was a man of great native intellect, his heart-qualities were strong, and tuned to the highest, noblest aims of a true minister. Bishop Joyce, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, once said, "More preachers fail from lack of heart than from lack of head." His biographer, in commenting on this remark, suggests that the Church would do well, in choosing



WILLIAM CADMAN

United Brethren Home Missionaries

her leaders, to give more attention to that element of strength which is to be found in the heart. "That intellectual Pharisaism," he declares, "which trusts in itself because it is brainy, and despises other qualities, is an offence to both God and man."

Mr. Cadman's heart was in the right place, and directed and vitalized every thought and effort of his whole life.

No human hand has ever written, nor will it pen, the full part rendered by this hero in making Erie Conference the great force for righteousness it is in the territory it occupies. Others, since his earlier days, have come to the front as leaders, and have wrought nobly, but the foundation work was and is fundamental because upon it the whole structure must forever rest.

How we thank God for the lives and achievements of such men, who, like Moses, "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." What a wealth of love and devotion and service they bestowed upon the fields they traveled! The very life of Cadman was bound up in his conference, else he would never have suffered and sacrificed as he did to make sure its success. Not many of the present members of the conference ever saw or heard this prophet of the Church. They can only witness the growing of the harvest which has resulted from the seed-sowing of a half century ago. What it cost to

Our Heroes, or

prepare the soil and sow the seed, they can never know in this life. From his own lips they will hear it all by and by. And may we not suggest that with the story will come new revelations of divine love and care that shall swell into an anthem of praise and eternal thanksgiving.

Those who were closely associated with the great leader make special mention of his benevolence toward worthy enterprises. He was particularly in love with missions, and made all his nine children members of the Home, Frontier, and Foreign Missionary Society. Though four of his children had died, he, nevertheless, secured their certificates, and hung them upon the wall with the others.

His last illness was of long duration and severe, but he was brave and never complained. When told by his physician that he could not recover, he set about, in his methodical way, to adjust his affairs. Being self-possessed, he saw nothing in his approaching dissolution to cause alarm. His departure from earth occurred January 11, 1900, in the little home he had purchased nearly a half century before. To his loved ones his testimony was sweet and assuring. His old friend, Mr. Bennehoff, was with him in his last hours, and, according to a promise made years before, conducted his funeral. After the final prayer at his bedside his soul became ecstatic, and looking through the rifted veil, he

United Brethren Home Missionaries

exclaimed, "Beautiful, beautiful, how beautiful beyond the stream."

His dust was borne by six of his ministerial brethren to its final resting place to await the quickening touch of the final resurrection.

Just four years after the hero's death, lacking five days, the devoted wife, amid the flickering twilight of a closing day, departed, and as she pushed out from this side, she waved her hand in triumph, saying, "There's a light on the other shore."

Father Hager, in the following poem, pays a beautiful tribute to the memory of his old comrade in service:

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

"A moment halting 'twixt two worlds, he stood
And saw the glory shining o'er the flood.
With breath expiring, these glad words come
back,
To cheer his friends upon life's sloping track.

"Full 'three-score years and ten,' the allotted
time
By God was given in this lower clime;
As an ambassador for Christ, he cried,
And with his fellow-soldiers, side by side.

Our Heroes, or

“The battles fought, which all His servants
fight

’Gainst sin, trusting in Christ for might.

His comrade, pressing him, with snowy hair,
Will overtake, and soon be with him there.

“O God of grace! give them the strength and
pow’r

Like Him to triumph in the latest hour,

And safely reach the glory shining shore,

Of all the ransomed who have gone before.”

The foregoing chapter is a record, not of glittering generalities and declamations in speech, but of matchless trust, of heroic deeds, and of great things accomplished for his Church.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOHN WILLIAMS HOWE.

A Hero of Virginia Conference.

The Virginia Conference territory originally constituted a part of the Hagerstown, better known as the "Mother Conference" of the denomination. It is therefore sacred to United Brethrenism because its soil was pressed by the feet of saints and heroes like Otterbein, Boehm, Geeting, Newcomer and Kumler.

An exceptional body of men composed the session which convened at the home of Peter Kemp, near Frederick City, Maryland, a hundred and twelve years ago. They were marked by a mighty faith and holy deeds. Each member is worthy of a place in the list of heroes recorded in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. The evangelical revival in which the nineteenth century dawned, they helped to promote. A recent historian gives it as his opinion that Christianity was saved to the world in the last half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries by itinerant ministers, whom he terms the "spiritual cavalry," who scoured the country and were found everywhere. The fourteen men composing the conference of 1800 belonged to that imperial regiment. What heroes they were!

Our Heroes, or

And with what superb abandonment they went to their tasks! Literature does not disclose finer specimens of manhood nor record deeds of more splendid valor.

By an act of the General Conference in 1829 the Hagerstown Conference, including in its area Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, was divided into two sections, known as the Hagerstown and Harrisburg districts. Within a brief period subsequent to this action, the names were changed to Virginia and Pennsylvania Conferences. The Virginia Conference met in its first separate session on April 27, 1831, at Millcreek, Shenandoah County, Virginia. Twenty ministers were present. Bishop Henry Kumler, Sr., presided. During these eighty years since that first session the conference has made for itself a noble record in the men it has given to the Church and in the work it has accomplished. Many have been the brave workers who have toiled in the field until the going down of the sun and have gone to their reward. No greater tribute can be paid a conference than that it produces stalwart men—men who deserve to be called great because of their services to mankind.

The borders of the conference territory were extended westward from year to year, including new sections of the great Mountain State. Foundations were being laid for a new conference, which had its rise in 1858, and is now one of the strongest numerically of the Denomina-

United Brethren Home Missionaries

tion. Within a third of a century United Brethrenism had touched through its itinerant ministers almost every section of the Mountain State, and had planted its banners on the banks of the Ohio. A gateway was thereby opened, through which many of our heroes have passed to assist in planting the Church in the great empire States and Territories of the West.

The Rev. John Williams Howe, to whose godly life and heroic services this chapter is devoted, was the recognized leader and dean of the Virginia Conference for more than a third of a century. He was born in a log cabin near Flint Hill, Rappahannock County, Virginia, December 4, 1829, of English parentage. He was the second of a family of nine children. The home was without religious influence or training, and the society in which he passed his early years was generally irreligious. But sometimes in the humblest home, amid surroundings where true piety is rarely seen, there is manifest the guiding hand of God, who loves his Church, honors prayer, and recognizes the need of especially chosen leadership in every generation. Mr. Howe was pleased to believe in an overruling providence that shaped his entire life.

The trying experiences of his early years were steps upward. His humble home life, employments, and free access to the outer world contributed to the awakening of the sense of freedom within him, and became tributary to his independence and character. He was left to

Our Heroes, or

“shift for himself” largely, and this gave him early habits of vigor and reliance. He worked on the farm; had but few luxuries, and these occupations and limitations in his case fostered that healthy, manly independence that stood by him through life. It could be said of him, as it could be said of men only of heroic mould, he grew great because of his struggle and in spite of his surroundings.

At the age of thirteen this boy, who had under his brow and in his heart all the possibilities of a great preacher and spiritual leader, was bound out to a farmer near Strasburg, in Shenandoah County, with whom he remained until he was twenty years of age, and who always afterward was one of his close personal friends. For his services during those seven years he received forty-five dollars and a suit of clothing. “As a young farm-hand he was one of the best—strong, willing and industrious—but wild and reckless.” Until this time it would seem that he had no inclination or ambition to be other than a farm-hand. His leisure hours were devoted to “having a good time.”

The twenty-second birthday of this young man marked the beginning of a new epoch in his life, when a consciousness of his powers began to dawn upon him. He recalls an incident which gave him a desire for something different than that which he had chosen. A gentleman, in company with another, told of a man in middle life turning his attention to study, and who became

United Brethren Home Missionaries

a great success in his profession. Then, turning to Mr. Howe, he said, "Now, John, get your books and go to work." That sentence revolutionized his life and placed before him new objectives. Mrs. Browning once said to Charles Kingsley: "What is the secret of your life? Tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too." In four words Mr. Kingsley gave this significant reply, "I had a friend." A personal friend, who was a devout Christian, and whose name is unknown, is said to have made a deep impression at a critical time on the life of Mr. Howe, and was largely instrumental in winning him to Christ. It is another case where "the man who has never entered history made history." Many a layman, whose name may never be known until the day when deeds are disclosed and heaven's estimate of character revealed, has been a co-worker with God in the making of preachers.

When in his twenty-third year, Mr. Howe was united in marriage with Miss Julia Stickle, an estimable lady residing near Toms Brook, Virginia. One year later (1855) his conversion occurred. It was during a series of meetings at the old Mount Hebron church, in Shenandoah County, conducted by the Rev. W. R. Coursey. For three years he had been under conviction and had passed through great struggles. Now, under the teaching and preaching of this man of God, he was shown the way to Christ, and came to a conscious knowledge of sins forgiven and peace with God. The circumstances of his conversion

Our Heroes, or

were vivid and memorable. He could and did testify to the hour and place.

The conviction of a call to the ministry, as in the case of Paul, was almost simultaneous with his conversion. It was probably not an accident that he was brought under the influence of the Rev. John Haney during the year following his conversion, for he was a prophet who knew how to advise a young man upon whom God had placed his hand for the ministry. Mr. Howe always disclosed and frequently asserted his consciousness of a divine call to do the work he was doing. In presenting the claims of the gospel, and in appealing to the men to accept the service of Christ, he insisted that it was of unspeakable value to the preacher to feel that he had been called and sent to do that work, to feel that a message had been committed to him, and that in proclaiming it he is an ambassador of God. It not only multiplies a minister's power, but makes him a hero.

Mr. Howe began preaching in March, 1857, under the direction of Presiding Elder, Rev. Jacob Markwood (afterward Bishop Markwood). In 1858 he joined the Virginia Conference and was appointed to his first regular charge. The territory comprised Augusta, Highland, and Pendleton counties, requiring a journey of more than two hundred miles to make one round of the circuit. There being but few church-houses in those days, services were held in private homes, in barns, or in the woods as

United Brethren Home Missionaries

seemed best. Mr. Howe describes most touchingly his feelings on leaving his family for his first visit to the circuit; how he "invoked God's blessing upon them and heaven's protection over them during his absence." "As I pressed my way on horseback," said he, "I was often saying to the Lord that if he would help me to win one soul to Christ, I would take it as evidence of his acceptance of me as a minister of the gospel." His work was greatly blessed of the Lord. More than a hundred souls were converted and added to the Church during the year. For his services he received a salary of sixty dollars.

From the first, Mr. Howe attracted attention as a preacher, quickly rising to prominence. He remained on the charge three years with increasing success. During these years he spent much of his time on horseback, and away from his family. Home, in the true sense of the word, few of the itinerant ministers of those days knew. Not only had they "no cottage in the wilderness," as they were wont to say in song, but no resting place in the cottage of any one else. They traveled many hundreds of miles annually, most of the distance on horseback, sometimes on foot, yet found time somewhere for study. This was true of Mr. Howe, whose early educational advantages were most meager; but he applied himself to study, was thoughtfully studious, forming the habit of reading on horseback, in the cabins, and in the groves, and the persistence

Our Heroes, or

of this habit brought to him in his mature life a richly-stored mind.

In the evening time of life this veteran servant of God bore testimony that the happiest days of his life were to be found among those which he spent on his large mountain circuits, or during the opening years of his ministry, holding revivals, preaching and singing the glorious gospel of the Son of God. Many were the hardships endured. He sometimes lost his way in the mountains and imperiled his life in crossing the swollen streams. At times he suffered from hunger and cold. But all these things he bravely faced and endured without a murmur. From the time he joined the conference to the day of his death he was a tireless and triumphant itinerant. His conviction of duty and love for souls kept him from the mere perfunctory discharge of his tasks; he had to be a minister in fact as well as in name. His nature, second birth, and divine call drove him steadily forward. No mountain was high to his feet, no night black to his eye. He saw the need, heeded the call, and was off to the rescue.

At the opening of the Civil War, Mr. Howe was transferred to the Shenandoah Valley, where he spent the following seven years chiefly in Rockingham and Augusta counties, preaching as opportunities were afforded. In no other conference was the heroism of the ministers and people tried as in this, during those three dreadful years, when their territory was a great

United Brethren Home Missionaries

battlefield. Mr. Howe like a hero remained with his people. He loved them and would not forsake them in their struggles and afflictions. Even though his own life was in peril he continued faithfully to bear to them the consolation of the gospel. At one time when conducting a funeral service, a company of Confederate cavalry surrounded the house with the purpose, it was supposed, to take his life. After listening to the sermon from the open windows and following the procession to the grave, they were so completely subdued by the personality of the preacher and the power of his message that, while the closing prayer was being offered, they quietly rode away without doing him injury.

His labors during those years were very trying and hazardous. His duties called him within the lines of both armies. The anxiety felt for him by his family and friends while on his journeys was very great. These terrible years of suffering so disorganized and disintegrated the Church that Bishop Markwood, himself a Virginian, declared at the close of the war, "There is nothing left of the United Brethren Church in Virginia."

The first meeting of the conference after the war was a memorable occasion. Brethren in the ministry, separated for years, met again and rejoiced in tearful gratitude in the good providence that had been over them in the years of their enforced separation. The conference opened with a testimony meeting followed by commun-

Our Heroes, or

ion. One who was present, says: "I can see Bishop Glossbrenner yet, as he stood leaning on the pulpit, while great tears ran thick and fast down his cheeks, as he saw the brethren of his own afflicted conference once again gathered in love about the communion board. No one who was present will ever forget the grace and love and salvation which flowed." It was an occasion of reconsecration for service.

From that mount of privilege and blessing this company of God's noblemen went out to begin the work of rebuilding the conference. John Howe was brought to the kingdom for such a time as this. Others had the full measure of his power as a preacher. He was not more cultured than some of his colleagues, nor more zealous than they for the success of the cause in which they were enlisted. But on his brow rested a crown of leadership that was readily recognized. Very speedily he was forced to the front. It is not to his discredit that he was willing to go. He had his ambitions; but they were not unworthy, and they were ever obedient to his sense of duty. For thirty-five years his position of leadership was undisputed, during which time he saw a conference built upon the ruins of the one annihilated by the Civil War, thirteen thousand strong.

Both in temperament and faith he possessed the characteristic optimism of a successful general. He was a man of commanding presence,

United Brethren Home Missionaries

about six feet in height, graceful in form, possessing a strong voice well managed and full of feeling and force. His personality was charged like a battery with vitality. He was intense in his enthusiasm, cheerful and kindly in disposition, and his joviality lingered with him through all the storms of life, and alleviated such hardness of lot as he was called to endure. His faith was of the singing kind. He believed in God; he believed in the people; he believed in the Church; he believed in the Bible; he believed in the gospel; he believed in the conquering power of Jesus Christ, and the ultimate triumph of his kingdom in the earth, and he pressed to his work with the optimism of a song.

For about twenty years he occupied the position of presiding elder. In this relation he not only showed great strength as an evangelist, but also as an organizer and executive. By means of "bush meetings" and "camp-meetings" during the summer season, great revivals were promoted, entire communities were saved, and foundations laid for churches. In these meetings he was a master in directing the forces. He was honored and loved as a commander because he was uniformly at the forefront in the battle. As the white plume of Henry of Navarre signaled the point where the battle was being most hotly waged, so there was no battle-line of aggressive United Brethrenism in which John Howe was not always to be seen leading the advance. It was an object lesson always inspiring

Our Heroes, or

others to heroic service. He had a fine appreciation of music, and was a good singer, not probably according to modern standards, but who thought of standards as his voice was heard rising above the great congregation? Late in the sixties he resided at Singers Glen, where T. Funk & Sons published the old "Harmonia Sacra." At that time he collected and edited a songbook, especially for use at the camp-meetings. It proved exceedingly popular. The demand for another and larger work of the kind explains the origin of Ruebush, Kieffer & Company, the enterprising and prosperous music publishers now of Dayton, Virginia, of which Mr. Howe was the senior partner.

A just estimate of the life and character of John Howe would not be given if measured by the ordinary standards of measuring men. In him we have the gospel preacher, the inspiring singer, the fervent evangelist, the wise organizer, the constructive builder, the successful financier, and the dauntless advocate of the Church with all of its institutions. It is given unto some men to possess most of these talents. but to him was given them all in an unusual degree. If his powers had been so directed, he, undoubtedly would have made a notable figure in civic life, and might have become a statesman of wide-reaching and most beneficent influence. But all his patriotism and all his knowledge of public affairs were made subordinate and tributary to the work of the ministry. For thirty-



JOHN WILLIAMS HOWE

United Brethren Home Missionaries

five years he was a prominent figure in the general councils of the Church. To him was given the exceptional honor to represent his conference in eight successive sessions of the General Conference and to be elected to the ninth. His first election occurred in 1869.

Mr. Howe was intellectually conservative. He had his opinions, which he fearlessly, and even tenaciously, defended. But he was not an ecclesiastical bigot. In accord with his own convictions and the traditions of the Church, he opposed the adoption of the "Revised Constitution" in 1889. But when a majority pronounced in its favor, as a member of a denomination whose polity is peculiarly American, he gracefully submitted, and subsequently manifested the same unquestioned loyalty as a leader, in which the real greatness of the man appears.

Probably no man of the Church has succeeded in turning more young men toward the Christian ministry. From the human side many owe to him their opportunity, equipment, and inspiration for service. Himself wholly self-educated, he was the staunch friend of education by the Church schools. He saw the need of a higher training for those who were to lead the United Brethren hosts of the future, and, unlike some presiding elders, he sought to turn young men to the schools, and emphasized a high standard of ministerial fitness. He was one of the founders and most generous supporters of Shenandoah Collegiate Institute. The splendid "Howe

Our Heroes, or

Memorial Building," occupying a site on the institute campus, in front of his late residence, was made possible by his interest and princely beneficence. It was erected as a memorial to his only son, who died in childhood.

He believed in the itineracy, and by his example illustrated its effectiveness. Ease and earthly reward he sought not. He endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Three times he returned from his field to find his home in ashes and his family homeless and broken-hearted. At another time the savings of his meager salary were swept away by misfortune. The greatest of all trials and losses came, when the mother and faithful companion of twenty-eight years was taken to her reward. It was the morning of the fourteenth of September, 1879. But, rising above these losses, this hero of faith pressed on in his mighty purpose to glorify God and save souls. Not long before his translation, while reviewing his past life, he remarked to a friend: "I have been an itinerant now for forty-five years, and, were I called back that many years, I would cheerfully retrace them in so glorious a cause, in preference to sitting on a splendid earthly throne."

In distinguished and heroic service, this veteran servant of God was not only a worthy peer, but in the priceless example of saintliness he was prominent among his brethren. He was preëminently a man of God. The hardness of his lot had constantly led to a more complete

United Brethren Home Missionaries

enthronement of the Christ in his life; it being true, as Horace Bushnell said that "Great trials make great saints, and deserts and stone pillows prepare for an open heaven and an angel-crowded ladder."

The evening of his life was made happier by his marriage in 1890 to Miss Rebecca Hancher, a noble Christian lady of Winchester, Virginia. In beautiful fidelity, and in mutual bestowment of love and happiness, they walked together as the shadows gathered. It was from his home in Dayton, Virginia, that his departure occurred. He had reached the mature age of seventy-eight years, six months, and fifteen days. His loved ones were about him. When the moment arrived, with his eyes seemingly fixed on the great recompense of reward, he said good-bye to earth, and the hero of many a battlefield went forth to be crowned.

CHAPTER XIV.

EZRA D. PALMER.

Prominent as Churchman and Leader.

Dean Farrar says, "Every true man derives his patent of nobility direct from God." Even so. The Almighty knows where to bestow his special gifts, and what to require in return. He knows where and how to get his men when fidelity is most needed, and great achievements are to be wrought in his Church. These men, however, are not always found in the so-called higher circles of society, but as often, perhaps more frequently, in the humbler walks of life. When God wanted a great king for Israel, he went to the sheepfold in search of David. Even the "Lord of life, and all the world" was, himself, till thirty years old, a carpenter at Nazareth.

Ezra D. Palmer, born in Wayne County, Michigan, October 15, 1833, so wove his life and labors into the warp and woof of Rock River Conference, at present a part of the larger Central Illinois Conference, that a just representation of that portion of the Church could not be made if his name were dropped from the roll of its worthy members.

At the age of sixteen he moved with his parents to Illinois, and located near Rock Island

United Brethren Home Missionaries

on a farm. The family were devoted United Brethren, which fact, no doubt, intensified the young man's love for the Church, and his willingness to give his whole life to its service. The years of poverty and obscurity, of struggle and self-denial, which he spent in his humble country home were important after all, for they were years of growth and training. Even when a small boy, long before he openly professed religion, Ezra was impressed that the ministry was to be his work, and was often heard in the field practicing on the cattle or stumps or whatever he might be able to line up for a congregation.

When nineteen he gave himself in full surrender to his Lord. Yet to enter the pulpit was a task more difficult than he had anticipated. The solemn responsibilities connected with the high calling on the one hand, and his sense of unpreparedness to meet its demands on the other hand, led him to hesitate. Like Moses, he could say, "Who am I that I should go?" But, like the law-giver, he also obeyed and went. In 1859 he was granted annual conference license, and later ordained by Bishop Markwood. In 1861 he reached a final decision, severed every tie which bound him to a secular life, and entered the work in which he remained until transferred to his heavenly reward.

His first field was Van Orin Mission. Having no horse of his own, he walked from one appoint-

Our Heroes, or

ment to another, preaching three times every Sabbath. On one Sunday the distance to be covered between two of his appointments was fifteen miles, but he was never late. Trudging through the mud and snow sometimes so wearied him that when he arose to preach, his garments were wet with sweat, and in other instances soaked with rain.

But what of it all? What if he did receive only sixty dollars for the year's toil? He had set out to make the ministry his life-work, and from this purpose nothing could turn him aside. To what extent he succeeded in arousing his people religiously we do not know, but we are assured that the next year on Yorktown Mission he had great revivals at all five of his appointments. His salary was just \$100.00—a mere pittance, to be sure; but it should be remembered that half a century ago the early settlers in Illinois, as well as elsewhere in the West, were for the most part poor, and untrained in the duty of giving. In June of this year Mr. Palmer was married to Miss Elizabeth Carter, of Washington County, Iowa, who, henceforth, proved a worthy helper both in the home and in religious work. Having no parsonage, they visited among the people till conference convened, when they were assigned to the Mendota charge. Here they had a parsonage and received \$300.00 salary. But out of this sum \$175.00 was paid for a horse and buggy, and twenty dollars for an overcoat.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

The work required three sermons each Sabbath, besides a long drive. Again gracious revivals were promoted, and the whole circuit given the touch of a new spiritual life. Two of his converts afterward became ministers of reconciliation.

But the year was not without its bitter experiences. The "wolf," at times, came near the parsonage door. Once when they found themselves without bread, the preacher decided to go into the harvest field and earn a few dollars with his hands, but even this plan of providing against want was frustrated by a serious injury which he received in his back. The situation seemed desperate to them both; but, as has always been the case, relief came in God's own good way. We will let Mrs. Palmer, who is yet living, make the explanation. She writes: "I borrowed enough bread of a neighbor to furnish husband with toast, and went without food myself. After a day's experience like that I went to the secret place and there on my knees, all alone with God, I told him about our wants; and while yet pouring out my heart in petition, the steward came with the needed provisions. But we had no money, and that was a thing we had to have as well as food. So I kept on asking for it. The next day a dear old lady called and told us that she had two dollars and wanted to give us one. So the Lord heard us, and we got both money and bread." After this, Mr. Palmer

Our Heroes, or

could not ride long in a carriage without a pillow at his back.

Troy Grove, Orangeville, Polo, Will County, and New Medford circuits were in turn traveled by him. On the last named especially he had glorious revivals, and the ingathering of members was abundant. Here he built a new church house, the first to be erected on the charge. His pastorate lasted three years, and a large petition for his return was sent up to conference. But feeling that some one of his brethren with more bodily strength could better meet the demands of so large a field, he requested a change, and it was granted.

On some of his charges his entire effort was to reconstruct. Internal strife had created division, and warring factions had paralyzed the Church's energies, hence his peculiar tact and patience were required to harmonize embittered elements, and to restore the Church to public confidence. No man in the conference was better fitted for this kind of service than he, and no one was more successful. He was twice elected presiding elder, but owing to poor health refused to serve after the second year.

It is not necessary to trace his record year after year through the three decades he spent in pastoral work, interesting as such a history might be; but we would direct attention especially to the influence he exerted upon the life and policies of his conference by his upright



EZRA D. PALMER

United Brethren Home Missionaries

living, evangelical preaching, and well-balanced judgment. In some of these elements of strength he had no peer among his brethren.

When others faltered he was immovable. He was faithful among the faithless, true among the false, unselfish among the self-centered. When he spoke the people believed him. Unskilled in the arts of diplomacy, unpracticed in the ingenuities of indirection, deceit, and intrigue, untrained in the formalities of the so-called higher circles, he relied upon the plain, old-fashioned truth of God, and constantly made friends for himself and the cause for which he stood. Never, even to save himself, did he neglect and sacrifice the interests of the Church. He never allowed any criticism of his work to generate in him feelings of revenge, or to stir him to thoughts and deeds of bitterness. He was immeasurably above such a plane.

Always modest and unpretentious, he laid no claim to greatness. "As the jasmine withholds its odor in the glare of the mid-day sun, but lets it out to the twilight zephyrs," so this man of simple trust, timid and retiring on brilliant occasions, exerted a most delightful influence in the seeming humble task of ministering to souls.

Yet it must be said that this self-abandon and surrender to service for others made him great in the truest sense, and won for him the love and admiration of all honest, thoughtful people. Such elements in his character as habitual

Our Heroes, or

prayerfulness; perseverance at any cost in his God-given work; his daily reading of the Word; his unyielding faith under circumstances adverse and trying; his renunciation of everything antagonistic to a holy life, left a trail of light behind him, and lifted his whole career into the realm of the heroic. They were qualities of priceless value, and challenge the imitation of all who follow in his field of toil.

His whole life was sacrificial. He gave himself for others. His real merits cannot be determined so much by dashing achievements in the field as by the devoted life he lived, and the Christian influence he almost unconsciously exerted over the people and the churches he served. We cannot speak of all the sacrifices he made. One of his daughters begs us not to do so. But, after all, they are written somewhere in God's biography of heroes. It was this spirit that kept him in constant touch with his Christ, "who, though rich, for our sakes became poor." Only a sacrificing life can build permanently for the kingdom. Everything worth having comes through sacrifice. It is this which makes the mother of such great value to her children. Through the spirit of self-giving the fathers of our country have handed down to us a goodly heritage. The United Brethren Church itself is the gift of sacrifice. The foundations of the superstructure were laid amid the sweat, and tears, and blood, of her noble sires.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

Mr. Palmer's high conception of duty led to the unconditional surrender of himself and all that self could claim.

As a student he excelled. His library was richly furnished for his day. Knowing his love for books, and his ever-growing eagerness for knowledge, his family often deprived themselves of many of the little comforts and necessities of life in order that he might supply himself with such reading matter as he deemed helpful in his work. They also knew that he would not go in debt for books, or anything else, hence in stinting themselves they encouraged and aided him in carrying out a principle to which he had strictly adhered all through life. He often remarked: "I will not buy what I cannot pay for. It shall not be said when I am dead, that Palmer did not pay his debts." In other words, he could not afford to do anything that would discredit his high and holy calling, and reflect upon the Church he loved.

Preaching was to him the most blessed of all privileges. And he kept it up until, at times, he was compelled to sit in a chair and deliver his message, with scarcely enough strength to make himself heard by the audience. When brought to realize fully that his work was done, he wept regretful tears over the thought that his last sermon had been preached. His books were mainly theological. He believed the Bible with all his heart, and read and studied it with an expanding love.

Our Heroes, or

Doctor Alexander, of Princeton, said when on his death-bed, "All my theological knowledge can be summed up in one word—Jesus." So precisely with Ezra D. Palmer. His entire creed was wrapped up in the all-prevailing name. His faith never wavered. With a grip of steel he held to the great verities of religion. In his hours of holy communion he drew from the fountain which had fed and nourished all the noble qualities which characterized his life. If the four walls of his study, where he so loved to dwell, could only speak, what messages they would bring to the Church! Ah, what tears and prayers, what struggles and inspirations would be revealed! What food the good angels brought him there!

Would not such a man, we ask, leave an abiding impress of character and holy purpose upon the conference in which he had spent the days of his life? His real worth to the Church cannot be put in words. For the full value and fruition of such a life we must wait. "For their works do follow them."

Rev. T. J. Bauder, of Oakland, California, in a recent letter bears this testimony: "Before I became a Christian I was very much opposed to the United Brethren Church. One of the preachers had called on me, but I turned him away. This act, however, brought feelings of regret to my heart, and I said, 'Before God, I will see who these people are.' About this time

United Brethren Home Missionaries

Rev. E. D. Palmer became pastor of the church nearest me, some five miles distant. One Sunday morning wife and I went to hear him preach, and took our seat in the rear of the house. His very appearance impressed me, and the sermon I have never forgotten. It has become a part of my being. I said to wife, 'This is it,' and sent a note to the pulpit asking to be received into the church. We were given a warm welcome, and the following day he came to our home. We had a good time. Upon leaving we filled his buggy with oats, ham, eggs, and other good things for the family. From that time on we were knit together. He and his wife were beautiful characters. Just how fully my life was possessed and shaped by his, only eternity can tell."

How did he die? Such a man is always victorious on the last battlefield. The presence of death never fails to reveal the inmost soul. The hour of departure from earth brings every man to his individuality. One may live as a hero, or statesman, or conqueror, but he must die as a man. As a man trusting and conquering Mr. Palmer died. In his last moments he said to one of his sons, "Oh, it pays to be a Christian," and then sang

"Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I am bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there."

Our Heroes, or

Then taking hold of his wife's hand, which had stayed and helped him so often, he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Glorious beyond! The preacher-pastor with his people now. More are they that are with him above the scenes of toil than served and suffered with him while here below. Not his a host of worn and weary; not his to again feel the pangs of sorrow in the sick-room or death-chamber; upon his ear breaks nevermore the dissonance of conflicting clamor. Never, never. But the spirits of youth immortal, and of a life eternal, troop around him with a love purer than ours, and a joy which only the redeemed can know.

Over the grave which hides away his sleeping dust will ever bloom in unfading verdure the laurels of gratitude planted by a devoted conference.

CHAPTER XV.

M. L. TIBBETTS.

One of Minnesota's Early Pioneers.

In the first volume of "Our Heroes," a chapter is devoted to Rev. J. W. Fulkerson, our first regularly appointed missionary to Minnesota, who reached the new territory in 1856. One of his early coworkers was Rev. M. L. Tibbetts, the subject of this chapter, whose birth occurred in Pleasant View, Marion County, Indiana, May 30, 1833. Twelve years later his father, a tanner by trade, moved to Iowa, where for two years they lived sixty miles from the nearest store, post-office, church, or schoolhouse.

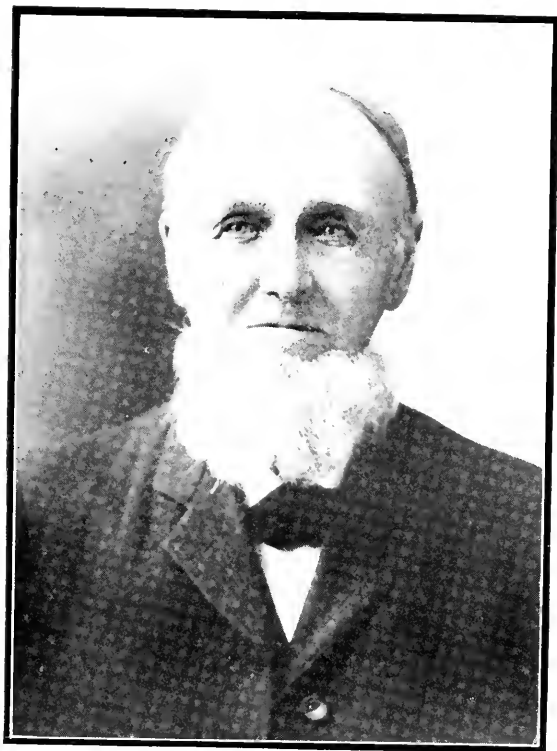
His parents were Christians and threw about the lad the very best and most helpful religious influences. Referring to his early home, Mr. Tibbetts says: "Father's house was subject to rules of piety. Family prayer was seldom, if ever, neglected. Morning and evening God's Word was read, and the voice of prayer and song could be heard in our home."

After a residence of seven years in Iowa the family moved to Minnesota, and located on Government land in Winona County, near the Mississippi River. Rev. Edmund Clow, of Rock River Conference, was the first preacher in that

Our Heroes, or

north country, moving into Pine Creek Valley in 1855. Soon thereafter he organized a United Brethren class of forty members as the result of a great religious awakening. At this meeting young Tibbetts received his first really strong impulse toward a Christian life, though he did not profess conversion at the time. Shortly afterwards a scourge of smallpox swept over the country, causing havoc among the new settlers. His father was one of the victims, and for many days the son lingered in the balance. After he began to recover the home was quarantined for weeks, which gave him a chance to read the Bible and other good books, and to meditate upon his great need of salvation.

The following August he was married to Miss Eliza M. Warren, who for a full half-century proved faithful and devoted in all things that pertain to a Christian home, and to service in the Church. Still Mr. Tibbetts was unsaved. Intense darkness seemed to mock his struggle to obtain light. He was conscious all the while of his need of religion, but knew not how to lay hold upon the might of his God. But the decisive hour finally came. Here is the story in his own words: "The appeals that came to me from one source and another stirred me like a trumpet blast, and I at last decided to give myself without reserve to God, and so I did. In the evening of the first of January, 1857, wife and I erected the family altar, and there in the



M. L. TIBBETTS

United Brethren Home Missionaries

quiet of our own home we knelt together in earnest, sincere prayer, and while thus before the throne,

‘God came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy seat.’

Then came to each of our hearts the sweet assurance that we were accepted in the ‘person of the beloved.’ Yes, saved! Glory to His name forever. The experience of that hour, that sacred, hallowed spot, can never be forgotten. It was all too good to keep; so after an early breakfast the next morning, and a precious season of prayer, I got on my horse and rode from house to house among my neighbors to tell them ‘what a dear Savior I had found,’ and to make right any wrong I might have done to any one.”

This was a good start for a new convert, and his witnessing continued until a genuine revival spirit was awakened in the community.

The Minnesota Conference was organized by Bishop Lewis Davis at Marion, Olmstead County, on the fifth of August, 1857. The body was made up of four preachers—John Haney, Edmund Clow, John Merrill, and J. W. Fulker-son. Young Tibbetts was there as a visitor, and, though not yet a quarterly conference preacher, was assigned to Austin Mission—a charge that could not well be defined except that it embraced large portions of two counties—Mower and Freeborn. He did not have a single organization

Our Heroes, or

to start with, and no support guaranteed except an appropriation of one hundred dollars from the missionary board. A few weeks later he received license from a quarterly conference held by Presiding Elder Fulkerson. It was now time to go to his charge, but he hesitated. His lack of preparation for the high and holy work of the ministry had already given him much concern. Like every other young man who yearns for success, he had high ideals, and was anxious that those ideals be realized in his own life. So after mature deliberation he resigned his field and started for Western College. His brother in Iowa had promised to see him through school, but the financial stringency of that period was on and the promised help could not be given. So there he was. He had some land of his own, but nothing could be realized on it. He could neither get back home nor go on to college.

But he must do something, and soon entered into evangelistic work with one of his brethren. Nor were his labors in vain. One hundred souls were saved that winter in the meetings he held. Speaking of his work and worry he says: "While in the work I felt happy and satisfied, but when the meetings were over, and I found myself without employment, with a precious wife and babe to support, and Satan at my elbow deriding me for making a fool of myself, I became despondent. Oh, how dark the way seemed before me! I determined to quit the field, but kept my

United Brethren Home Missionaries

own counsel. Only my wife knew of my bitter disappointments." For weeks and weeks the awful conflict continued. The question of his life-work had to be settled. He could not live under such stress, and in the midst of such uncertainty. Finally he cried out, "Oh, my dear Lord and Master, I cannot endure this darkness longer." And there, with his face in the very dust, he heard a voice within which seemed as distinct as if external and audible, which said: "Return at once to Minnesota and take up the work that is awaiting you. Apply yourself to your books, and especially to the Bible; make the best of your present opportunities, be faithful to duty, and leave the results with God." And out of his deepest heart he replied, "Lord, by thy help I will." This trying, triumphant experience occurred during a quarterly meeting he was attending, and with his rise out of discouragement and seeming defeat came also a victory for the Church, as quite a number of sinners were saved to God.

Upon his return to Minnesota he almost immediately began a revival at the home of a Mr. Madison Kingsley, which resulted most graciously. A class of twenty-four members was formed, and likewise the nucleus around which to build a circuit.

The next annual conference was held at Preston, Fillmore County, August 20, 1858. Bishop Davis again presided. Mr. Tibbetts was present

Our Heroes, or

and joined, and was sent to Pine Creek Mission. The new field was seventy miles long, and embraced quite a number of appointments. Though the field was large, and the work taxing, it was not very productive of ministerial support. Outside of the \$100.00 appropriated by the mission board, the people out of their poverty added sixty-five dollars. He says: "Of course, this was not enough to support us, but we lived near the Whitewater stream where fish were plentiful and easily taken, so our meat was sure. But to obtain other provisions and clothing required money. I got a few weeks' work during harvest time which helped us along.

When spring came we were almost barefoot, and no money with which to buy the greatly needed foot-wear. I was not a shoemaker, but determined to try my hand at the business. But what about material? Well, I used my old boot tops for vamps and quarters, and my saddle-skirts for soles. I made my own lasts and pegs, and invested twenty-five cents in a kit of tools. The job was by no means a failure. The shoes looked pretty respectable, after all, considering the country and times in which they were worn."

He held revivals at five different places lasting three weeks each, and received into the fold sixty new members.

It was during this year that he undertook to carry a Sabbath-school library of one hundred

United Brethren Home Missionaries

books, which a friend had given to a needy school sixty miles distant. They were in a grain bag, fifty in each end, and strapped onto the rear of his saddle. All went well until in the afternoon when a dashing rain storm overtook him. As no shelter was in sight, and he had neither umbrella nor raincoat, he spread his saddle-blanket over a little gopher mound, put the bag of books on the blanket, placed the saddle over the bag, and then sat down on the saddle and let it rain. The precious trust committed to him had to be cared for and protected, no matter what happened to himself or to his belongings. Suffice it to say, he kept the books intact, and delivered them in good condition to the needy school. Quite a load for so long a jaunt, but the painstaking pastor was amply rewarded in the thought that he had carried food to many a craving mind and hungry heart.

The next year Mr. Tibbetts was transferred to Richland Circuit, where he was cordially received, and where he spent two years as pastor. A constant revival prevailed at nearly all his appointments, and over one hundred accessions were reported.

In 1861 he attended a camp meeting. As was usual in those days a tough set of fellows also appeared upon the scene. "Satan came also." One evening the rascals tried to take possession of the grounds, but several of the campers, headed by the brave Tibbetts, started after them.

Our Heroes, or

Like the cowards they were, they took to their heels and sought shelter in the woods. But the parson singled out his man and finally captured him. His name was Jack Palmer, and the leader of the outlaws. As he was being led back to camp he attacked his captor, but the preacher immediately collared him, and for a time shut off his breathing. After that he became quite tractable, went to the magistrate, begged for mercy, and was allowed, on the promise of good behavior, to go free. He was not seen any more in that section.

Thirty years later the preacher one day entered a car and took a seat opposite a man and his wife. The gentleman immediately arose, extended his hand, and called him by name. Said Mr. Tibbetts, "You have the advantage of me, though your face looks somewhat familiar." "My name is Palmer," said the man—"Jack Palmer, the fellow you choked at the camp meeting." Then his wife chimed in: "Yes, and it made a man of him, too. We are both Christians now, and have been for many years."

While the program adopted by the young pioneer itinerant worked well in the particular case of Jack Palmer, it is not a very safe one to follow in an effort to restrain men from vice, except on extraordinary occasions.

In September of 1863, Mr. Tibbetts was made presiding elder, and continued five years in the office. He had charge of the entire conference

United Brethren Home Missionaries

district which embraced a territory three hundred miles square. These great distances were traveled on horseback, as there were no railroads in the State. At times he was absent from his family eight weeks, hearing but little, if anything, from them. His entire support averaged \$400.00 a year. This was by no means sufficient to meet his expenses in a country of long winters and high prices, hence he was compelled to borrow money at the close of each year to pay his outstanding obligations.

In 1868 he took charge of Eyota Circuit and remained its pastor three years. Here his support was better, and by the aid of a little rental money received from a piece of land, he discharged all his financial obligations.

The first year he spent one hundred and nine days, less four, in revivals. About two hundred were converted, and one hundred and sixty united with the church. During his pastorate here he secured to the charge two church-houses and a parsonage.

As a temperance advocate and reformer Rev. Mr. Tibbetts was strong and courageous, and won the confidence and sympathy of the best people of the country. His courage and ability as a platform speaker led the people to nominate him for the legislature in 1872. He was elected, and consequently, for a time, served in a special way both his country and his Church.

Our Heroes, or

Twice while presiding elder he was lost in the storms and had his face and feet frozen. But he kept on in his work. God's man is always invincible. Though he may be hindered for a while, he is never defeated. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Mr. Tibbetts relates a peculiar circumstance which occurred at one of his quarterlies in 1877, near Horseshoe Lake. He preached at night in a schoolhouse without any light except a tallow candle. This enabled him to read his text and announce his hymn by holding the candle in his hand; but, of course, no one else could see, nor could he recognize any one in the audience. During the sermon he heard some one sobbing, but supposed at the time that it was a child. At the close of the sermon, he said: "If there is any one here who desires salvation, I wish you would come forward and give me your hand. It is dark, I know, but maybe we can help you into the light." The call was not fruitless. A young man pushed his way to the front, professed conversion, joined the church, received baptism the next day in Horseshoe Lake, and soon thereafter entered the ministry, and now for a third of a century has been a faithful, earnest, eloquent herald of the Cross, having led, during these years, many scores and hundreds to his Lord. Rev. U. A. Cook is the brother.

Mr. Tibbetts remained a member of the Minnesota Conference thirty-nine years, prominent

United Brethren Home Missionaries

in all its councils, and excelled by none in the hardships endured and the services rendered. He was honored seven quadrenniums with membership in the General Conference, where he ably and faithfully served his people, and where his deliberation, business acumen, and leadership were recognized by all.

In 1897 he transferred to Iowa Conference, where he served the Church well and faithfully for a number of years. His home at this time is at Whittier, California, where he enjoys the fellowship and confidence of all the brethren. He writes: "I am sure that my life has seemed tame and uneventful. I am sorry that I have not been more faithful and efficient; but the record has been made, and the result must be left with Him. I am now seventy-seven years old, and will gladly toil on till my deliverer comes, Amen. Happy in the Lord every day."

CHAPTER XVI.

JAMES L. HENSLEY.

An Extended Mountaineer Experience.

“Honor to whom honor is due.” If the facts of history are to be written, then those who were prominent in making that history must sooner or later be given their rightful places in its records.

It would be difficult to pen the early annals of United Brethrenism in West Virginia without connecting therewith the name of James L. Hensley. The service rendered, the hardships endured, and the sacrifices made by him in the development of our denominational life west of the Alleghenies, are full of interest, and will give many a young preacher a glimpse, such as he had never had before, of what it meant to itinerate in that mountainous region back in the fifties and early sixties of the last century.

The subject of this chapter was born in Rockingham County, Virginia, January 24, 1832. Like the vast majority in that early day, the Hensley family was not blessed with a very great store of worldly goods. The parents, with their eight children, were constant toilers in the endeavor to provide an honest living, and to maintain a place of respectability among their

United Brethren Home Missionaries

neighbors and friends. Under such conditions an education was not within the reach of every one, and but few ever attempted anything beyond the ordinary subscription school. James attended school only fifty-six days up to the age of twelve. Thereafter he pursued his studies of evenings by the light of the proverbial "pine knot" burned in an old-fashioned fireplace.

He was converted at the tender age of eleven in a revival held by Rev. Samuel Martin, and thereafter, through all his boyhood years, endeavored to faithfully discharge every Christian obligation which came to him in the line of duty.

October 18, 1856, at Mount Moriah, Augusta County, he was granted quarterly conference license to preach, by G. W. Statton, presiding elder, and Isaiah Baltzell, pastor in charge. Having been married three years before, he at once began to preach, like Paul, "in his own house," which became a regular neighborhood meeting place, and thence he went out to other points destitute of religious services. This he kept up for the next two and one-half years, preaching on Sunday and working during the week to support his family. Nor were his labors in vain. He organized classes at Mount Joy, Muddy Lane, and on Tye River, and thus laid the foundation of what afterwards became an important circuit. All this indicates that he had started out to win. If God called him to

Our Heroes, or

the ministry he must obey. While he lacked the culture of the college graduate, nevertheless, he had been richly endowed by nature with a vigorous constitution, a boundless ambition, and a will strong enough to drive him through any opposition which might get in the way of success.

In addition to these natural qualifications, God had imparted to him an all-consuming desire to win sinners to the Cross; and to the accomplishment of the task set before him he was anxious to give his whole life.

In 1859 he joined the Virginia Conference which convened at Rohrer'sville, Maryland. The journey thither on horseback was long and irksome. The spring thaw, after a severe winter, had made the roads well-nigh impassable. Five days were required to make the distance. Every now and then along the way a preacher would fall in to swell the company until the cavalcade of heralds numbered a score or more. The monotony of the trip was relieved by the singing of hymns and an occasional discussion over some doctrinal question that was anticipated in the examinations at conference. On the fourth day it was suggested that the presiding elder, Jacob Markwood, afterwards Bishop, select two or three of the younger men to deliver a sermon each to the crowd as they plodded along, and accordingly Mr. Hensley was chosen to make the first effort. Obeying orders, he at once proceeded to discourse on the text, "Quench not the

United Brethren Home Missionaries

Spirit." When in the midst of his sermon they came upon an old slave woman who was chopping wood near her master's residence. A brother suggested a pause until they had passed her, but the young orator objected with the remark, "That woman wants to hear preaching, too," whereupon she exclaimed, "Yes, bress de Laud! I seldom gits to heah preachin'." To see such a company of white ministers, and to hear the gospel from the lips of one of their number, was a privilege she, perhaps, had never enjoyed before.

At the request of the Bishop, Hensley accepted Lewis Circuit, in the bounds of Parkersburg, now West Virginia, Conference, which had been organized the year before out of the western portion of the old conference. He at once made a public sale, but did not realize very much for the little property he owned. The financial crisis which came to the country in 1857 was still on, hence everything went at panic prices. Six months' credit was given, but to get the cash a discount of ten per cent. was offered.

When the money was collected, and all debts paid, the preacher had just thirty dollars left, besides a horse and buggy. The trip to his new field was an undertaking that required great faith and courage. With his wife and three children in the vehicle, a journey of one hundred and fifty miles over the hills and mountains had to be made. Having sent his saddle, bridle, and

Our Heroes, or

books by stage, he was rid of a part of the luggage he had to move. An average of twenty-five miles a day was making good time.

But visions of the new scene of toil which awaited him hurried the itinerant on. Kindred ties had been broken. The associations of years had been severed. Old friends had been given up; new ones had to be made. When the thirty dollars were gone, where would another like sum come from? What did the future have in store for them? What kind of a reception would their new parishioners arrange? No doubt these and many other questions arose and were discussed by the little group; but the solution of such great problems had to be left with God.

There were no gorgeously finished and furnished hotels along the way. If there had been their little treasury would have been empty long before the journey was over. But the open door of every mountain cabin invited the weary travelers to a most generous hospitality.

Finally, the circuit was reached, and on the first Sunday morning the preacher started out through a blinding snow-storm to fill the three appointments which awaited him. A portion of the way lay through a dense wilderness of red brush laden with snow, but perseverance brought him to each preaching place on time. In view of the great revivals that followed during the year we may suppose that the people were highly pleased with the eloquent young man who had

United Brethren Home Missionaries

been sent them, and at once pledged him their sympathy and hearty coöperation.

At first he decided to board with a friend who kindly offered to keep the family for four dollars per week, but their purse was soon exhausted; and as very little was coming in, and debt must be avoided, they decided to rent a house at two dollars per month. This was six miles from town, and in the woods. Of course, but little furniture was needed under the circumstances. Here the faithful wife and mother stayed, alone most of the time, through all the summer and dreary winter days that followed. All told there were seventeen preaching places to be visited every month. One appointment was located twenty-two miles from any other. The place of worship was under a huge projecting rock which afforded shelter for a good-sized congregation in time of storm. Here he preached every four weeks on Monday at eleven o'clock. Years afterward a small house of worship was erected near the place which has ever since been known as "Indian Camp" Church. During his revival at this point every unconverted person for miles around, who could be gotten to the meeting, was reached and saved.

The work of the year was most gratifying. Over one hundred souls were led up into the new life, and ninety-seven entered the communion of the Church. All over the vast field, from cabin, schoolhouse, and grove, the shout of a conquer-

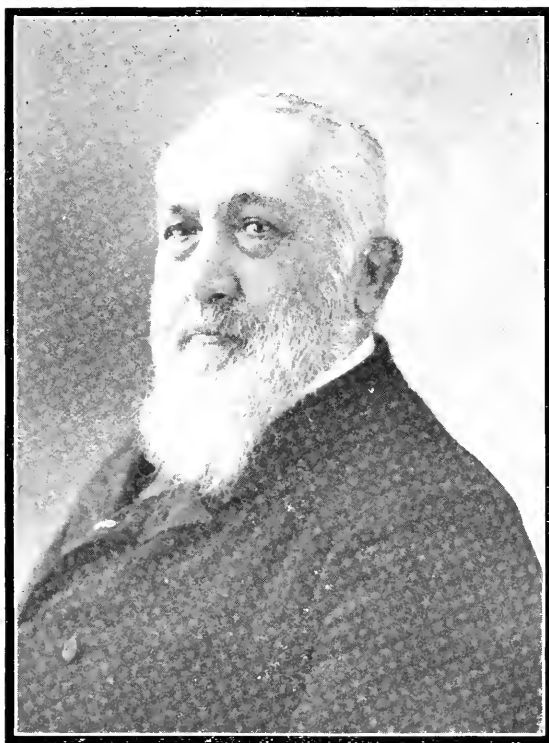
Our Heroes, or

ing faith was heard, and news of militant triumphs was carried to the throne. For the services rendered the pastor received \$143.47, including a set of chairs with hickory-bark bottoms.

This old circuit, now divided into a half-dozen or more pastorates, has made rich contributions to the ministry of the Church. Among its noble sons may be named E. Harper, S. J. Graham, S. T. Westfall, R. Wood, J. T. Foster, and later the Reeses and others.

Conference was held at Glenville, Gilmer County, and was presided over by Bishop Glossbrenner. Here Mr. Hensley was ordained, and, to the disappointment of himself and people, was sent to another field—Taylor Circuit—which embraced twenty-seven appointments scattered over portions of Taylor, Barbour, Harrison, Upshur, and Randolph counties. This was a hard year, to be followed by others more trying to the preacher and Church. The great civil strife was on. Lowering war clouds could be seen everywhere. Political lines were being sharply drawn, not infrequently separating members of the same family, and arousing the most bitter antagonisms.

Under such conditions it was very difficult to promote revivals. The most that could be done was to maintain unity among our people, and hold them to the Church. The *Religious Telescope* was under a ban because of its anti-slavery



JAMES L. HENSLEY

United Brethren Home Missionaries

utterances, and so was ordered burned. However, the postmaster at Peel Tree, Barbour County, near which place the preacher lived, was friendly to him, and permitted him to secretly read it in the office. Then it was turned over to a drunken magistrate and committed to the flames.

That a man would have varied and dangerous experiences in traveling so large a territory is easily imagined. An all-night journey through the mountains occasionally had to be made, and angry streams frequently had to be forded, or crossed in some way. According to Mr. Hensley's plan this year he preached at Grafton in the morning, and at Webster, six miles distant, in the afternoon. The Valley River was the chief obstacle in his way. It was deep and full of treacherous eddies. Sometimes in crossing it he had to get upon his knees in the saddle and carry his saddle-bags on his shoulder to keep them out of the water. If the stream seemed too dangerous to thus ford, he would walk across the railroad bridge and have some one make his horse swim to the opposite shore, where he would be ready to mount him again and pursue his journey.

It was while crossing one of these mountain streams that an itinerant of the conference in later years was thrown from his horse, and being unable to swim, sank to the bottom, but was plucky enough to crawl to shore. The brother

Our Heroes, or

is still living, and carries with him an abiding gratitude to God for the special deliverance.

Away back in pioneer days a little Methodist church, courageous and determined to win, wrote the bishop at conference, saying, "Send us a preacher next year who can swim. The one you sent us last year got drowned as he was trying to get over the river to our appointment." Yes, to understand the art of swimming was important to the missionary, for he was often placed where he was compelled to swim or go down. Persons unused to such long itineraries, under circumstances so testing, can have but little idea as to the dangers encountered and the suffering involved. Well may the Church to-day revere the memory of those who thus dared and sacrificed to make possible the heritage which is ours to enjoy. For the year's work the pioneer was paid \$102.00 salary, with a few additional presents.

The next annual gathering of the ministers was held at Union, in Mason County, and the entire distance—one hundred and fifty miles—was made on horseback. However, as was the custom in those days, preaching services were held here and there along the way, which made the journey less fatiguing to the itinerant, and a season of special interest to the people who chanced to hear them.

The conference divided the Taylor charge and returned Mr. Hensley to the north end. When

United Brethren Home Missionaries

he reached the town of Phillippi, the real center of his work, he found two palmetto flags waving over it, one from the court house, and the other from a pole which had floated the stars and stripes a few months before. The country was wild with excitement. Southern troops were stationed at two of the appointments. Scouting bands were in evidence on all sides. To fill his engagements the preacher frequently had to evade the pickets by taking byways unknown to them.

The first regular battle after the fall of Sumter was fought at Phillippi, June second of this year. When the Confederates were forced back to Laurel Hill, they captured Rev. J. Z. Williams, pastor of Randolph Mission; but through the timely intercession of Lieutenant J. C. Cline, who afterwards became a United Brethren minister, the missionary was released and soon thereafter fled with his family to Ohio. Later Lieutenant Cline was captured by the Union soldiers, but secured his liberty through the efforts of Mr. Hensley and other United Brethren ministers.

Before the blood had disappeared from the battlefield at Laurel Hill, Mr. Hensley passed over it and took charge of Randolph Mission, which had been previously detached from his circuit. Thus he had for the remainder of the year twenty-seven appointments again. For this extra service he received eighteen dollars from

Our Heroes, or

the people, and five dollars from the conference. The other end paid him sixty dollars, plus twenty-eight dollars received for preaching for the Second West Virginia Regiment, while in camp. His real service to the soldiers is attested by the fact that a number of them were converted under his ministry.

It is most difficult, at this distance from such scenes, to appreciate the dangers and hardships to which our faithful men were exposed, and we are liable to attach too little importance to what they did to save the Church from utter ruin. At one time there was not a preacher within the vast field just described, except the intrepid Hensley. He saw none of his brethren from April until the next March. When conference met at Centerville, Tyler County, it seemed that but a handful was left. Just nine answered at roll-call. In the absence of a Bishop they proceeded with the conference business, and planned as best they could for another year.

Here the iron wheel of the itinerancy turned again, and Hensley was appointed to Middle Island Circuit, in the bounds of which the conference had met. Returning home, he loaded up his household effects in a two-horse wagon, hauled them several miles to the railroad, and shipped to West Union. The remainder of the journey, twelve miles, was made in another wagon. When almost in sight of the parsonage, the only one in the conference at that time, a

United Brethren Home Missionaries

most serious accident occurred. A landslide having made the road impassable, it was decided to ferry the goods over Middle Island Creek on a gunnel—the body of a large poplar tree flattened on both sides. But as a friend, who had volunteered his help, was turning the craft, it upset and tumbled the entire household stock—cook stove, utensils, squirrel rifle, furniture, and boxes—into the water, which was very deep at the time. A part of the furniture was at once recovered, but the stove and its belongings were not found until low water came. The bed-clothes were soon dried, a stove temporarily supplied, and in a few days the pastor's family were at home in their new quarters.

On this circuit there were sixteen preaching places—not as many as he had been used to—but certainly enough to occupy the time and strength of any ordinary mortal. Here he remained three years, making Centerville headquarters. The support for the entire period aggregated \$422.85, or a yearly average of \$140.95. But, notwithstanding the disturbed state of the country, sweeping revivals were held at various points. Men who had never given religion a serious thought were reached through pastoral visitation and won to the Church. His knowledge of human nature, his courageous leadership, his readiness as a platform speaker, and the evangelistic note in all his preaching, made him popular and influential, and won encomiums on every hand.

Our Heroes, or

Middle Island Circuit has been called the "Mother of Preachers." From the territory then embraced came J. C. Jones, A. L. Moore, J. I. L. Ankron, A. Orr, William Weekley, Sr., G. W. Weekley, R. M. Hite, C. W. Westfall, C. H. Cox, I. M. Underwood, Isaac Davis, W. M. Weekley, G. H. Devol, E. H. Waters, M. L. Weekley, and others, perhaps, whose names are not now recalled. Of this number nine belonged to Fairview class.

The conference of 1865 returned Mr. Hensley to Lewis Circuit, where he had spent his first year after transferring from the old conference. In moving to this charge he adopted a new method which made him feel somewhat independent. He borrowed a wagon, two sets of harness, and a horse to work alongside his own, and thus made the journey of thirty-three miles. All his household effects were moved in the one wagon, and still there was room for his wife and three smaller children. The cow and pet pig were driven by the older boys. When the family had been located in the log cabin, where they were to spend the year, Mr. Hensley drove the wagon back to its owner, and returned home again on his own horse.

J. C. Morris was his assistant for the year, and the two together received \$260.00. They kept up twenty-eight appointments.

The subjoined list of his preaching places for the year may be of interest to the reader :

United Brethren Home Missionaries

First Week—Right-hand Fork of Freemans Creek, Saturday, 7:00 P.M.; Freemans Creek Church, Sunday, 10:00 A.M.; Polk Creek, 3:00 P.M.; Weston, 7:00 P.M.; Big Fink, Monday, 10:00 A.M.; Walnut Fork, 7:00 P.M.; Upper Big Fink, Tuesday, 7:00 P.M.; Little Fink, Wednesday, 7:00 P.M.

Second Week—Big Skin Creek, Sunday, 10:00 A.M.; Sand Fork, 3:00 P.M.; Walkersville, 7:00 P.M.; Little Kanawha, Monday, 7:00 P.M.; Union Hill, Tuesday, 3:00 P.M.; Spanish Grove, 7:00 P.M.

Third Week—Stone Coal, Saturday, 7:30 P.M.; Maxons, Sunday, 10:00 A.M.; Cozads, 3:00 P.M.; Buckhannon Mountain, 7:00 P.M.

Fourth Week—Buckhannon, Friday, 7:00 P.M.; Shrieves Church, Saturday, 7:00 P.M.; Mount Washington, Sunday, 10:00 A.M.; Sand Run, 3:00 P.M.; Enoch Outright's, 7:00 P.M.; Indian Camp, Monday, 10:00 A.M.; Waterloo, 3:00 P.M.; French Creek, 7:00 P.M.; Sago, Tuesday, 7:00 P.M.

But the financial strain was too great. It was impossible to support his family on the little received, so he took up the practice of medicine in connection with his ministerial duties, and to some extent supplemented what the circuit paid. At the end of the year the work was divided, and he was given the part called Upshur Circuit; but in the fall, yielding to the inevitable, he resigned and entered a medical college in Cincinnati,

Our Heroes, or

Ohio, where he graduated with honors February 17, 1867, ranking third in a class of twenty-eight. This step was not taken because he wanted to give up the ministry, but rather because he was anxious to stay in it, and thus sought the financial aid that would make such a course possible.

Returning home he was appointed to West Columbia Circuit the following March. The year was an exceedingly busy one. In addition to his medical practice, he frequently preached four times on Sunday in the little towns along the Ohio River. For the twelve months he received a salary of \$285.00, being the largest compensation that had ever come to his ministry in any one year.

After this he continued for many years in the pastorate doing enough medical work to insure a support for his large family, but he made the ministry first, and allowed no interest committed to him to suffer. He was devotedly loyal to his Church, a staunch defender of her doctrines, and a leader in all matters of moral reform.

In 1870, death's dark pall fell upon his home and claimed as its victim the wife and mother who had been so much to the itinerant and his family. Later, however, Mrs. Katherine B. Bumgarner joined him in the responsibility of the home, became a mother to his children, and a very great blessing to the Church to which he was giving his life.

He was once elected to the legislature in West Virginia, and once represented his county in the

United Brethren Home Missionaries

Ohio assembly. His home at present is in Marion, Ohio, where he has lived a number of years, and from which point he has served several pastoral charges in connection with his work as a physician.

He is now eighty years old, but full of youthful animation and hope. Here is his message—his last message—to the Church: “As I stand by my eightieth milestone and look back over life’s journey, I can see how little I have done compared with what I might have accomplished. My mistakes have been many. What I have achieved in the Church has been through the help of grace, and to God be all the glory! The day is almost over, but I am sure of a golden sunset. The way is clear. I believe the Bible with a confidence unshaken. The doctrines of the United Brethren Church, I think, express fully and clearly the great plan of God in saving men. I am anxious that our ministers continue to proclaim the fundamentals as taught by the fathers, and to make soul-winning of first importance. I hope to join all my colaborers in the gospel by and by when the crowning time comes. Amen.”

CHAPTER XVII.

CONSERVATION OF OUR RESOURCES.

It is said that when a company of pilgrims came in sight of Wittenberg, they uncovered their heads, and thanked God for the power that had gone out from the old city and kindled the fires of the Reformation. It is only necessary to stand at the birthplace of the United Brethren Church, with a knowledge of its service to humanity, the measure of which can never be adequately estimated "until the books are opened," in order to experience a like thrill of pride and gratitude. The picture is akin to that of Ezekiel's life-giving stream, flowing forth with increasing might and majesty, and transforming deserts into gardens.

All honor to the fathers! The value of the heritage they have left us is beyond human estimate. Earthly rewards they sought not. They asked no marble shaft for their resting place, and, indeed, many of their graves are unmarked. But their work abides, for which they deserve to live in hallowed memory forever. The Church cannot afford to forget her heroic, historic past. Those who accomplish most in the world's to-day, and have largest hopes for tomorrow, are least unmindful of the achievements of yesterday. It is essential to the development of denominational life and loyalty

United Brethren Home Missionaries

that the story of the heroism of the fathers occupy a prominent place in the literature of the Church.

But the supreme tribute that the fathers merit at our hands, is the conservation and proper use of the heritage they left us. The past and the future hold us responsible for building worthily upon the foundations they laid. We cannot measure up to the tremendous responsibilities of the present by quoting the successes of the past. If we are to make proper use of the opportunities which face us, we must do vastly better to-day and to-morrow than we did yesterday. We are in a new world. New conditions, new problems, new adjustments, and new difficulties surround us. The kind of service we gave yesterday will not win to-day. We must aim higher, build larger, run faster, and strike harder than we have done before. The call is not to do precisely what the fathers did, but rather what they would do were they in our places. The man who stands closest the United Brethren fathers is not the man who slavishly imitates their methods, but rather he who catches their spirit—the spirit of spiritual pioneering—and with that spirit interprets the new day, and does his work in the light of the new interpretation of man and God.

In changing our vision from a splendid past to an urgent future, from history to opportunity, it must be apparent to all who have the interests of the Church at heart, that her immediate

Our Heroes, or

and urgent duty is to provide for a better conservation of her resources. We are confronted by a condition that would seem to be nothing short of a denominational crisis. During the past year our mighty army—three hundred thousand strong, generated by four bishops, captained by fifty district superintendents, officered by twenty-five hundred preachers, and at an expenditure of two and one-half million dollars, and an untabulated amount of time, energy, and intellect—won more than twenty-five thousand souls to Christ and the Church. A splendid achievement, returns which abundantly justify the expenditure of outlay. But the measure in which the Church succeeded in conserving this mighty army of recruits must be altogether unsatisfactory to every lover of our Zion. It is for the Church to put her energies into the decree that these conditions shall be changed, that these losses shall be overcome at any cost, that the results of her labors shall be conserved, *and press* to the task with the optimism of a song.

Why this failure to conserve adequately our gains, and what is necessary by way of readjustment, change of emphasis, methods, or additional expenditures to overcome our losses. The thought of the church must turn to the task of answering these questions. Every impulse of self-preservation and denominational loyalty demands it.

United Brethren Home Missionaries

In view of the existing conditions, it must be apparent to all that the Church needs a new stimulus—a need that may be stated in four parts: We, as United Brethren, need a new optimistic vision of ourselves, a renewed consciousness of our connectionalism, a more loyal faith in and fidelity to United Brethren ideals and standards, and an open sympathy with the compassion that goes out to save the lost. In his book entitled, “The Empire of the Christ,” Bernard Lucas states that “it is not interest but passion that the Church needs.” We must expect more from the Church than an interest in that work of redemption for which the Christ, whose followers we are, endured the agony of Gethsemane, and the heart-break of Calvary.” Our resources as a Church were never so rich, our potentialities never so prophetic as now. But it is safe to say that there is nothing that the denomination more needs to transform its present splendid possibilities into millennial fruitage than the spirit of Newcomer leadership in all its high places.

There is cause for gratitude that the material side of our denominational work is in the midst of a period of unparalleled prosperity. Money is absolutely essential to the building of a greater United Brethrenism. But something else is equally essential, and that is the maintenance and development of a vigorous spiritual life. The importance, therefore, of placing corresponding emphasis upon the spiritual side of our work

Our Heroes, or

must not be forgotten. With the splendid spirit of liberality now manifest, there must be a proportionate revival of spiritual life. The Church will grow weary of giving unless the appeal comes to hearts aflame with evangelistic conviction and evangelistic power. A true spirituality and piety will beget in men benevolent tempers; but it does not follow that benevolent tempers will beget in men spirituality and piety.

The casual observer, judging from present-day emphasis, would most likely conclude that money-raising has become the real standard of ministerial success. There is peril in a change of emphasis here, because it interferes with the arrangement of our Lord's program. A victorious church will be deeply and acutely sensible to the will of God. In this case it is unmistakably clear that she must put her emphasis first on the redemption of men, on the spiritual life of men, and unless she is victorious here, what to her are the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them. If the United Brethren Church is to fulfill her mission in the world, she must remain a spiritual church. She must not depend upon her splendid machinery, but on the spirit of God, and count on the Lord of Pentecost for victory.

Much will be accomplished toward the better conservation of our resources, as it relates both to membership and spirituality, when we so correct our methods as to shepherd with more assiduous care the thousands whom God is

United Brethren Home Missionaries

annually placing in our churches. If the enthusiasm and organized effort that we put into our evangelistic services were continued in the equally important work of nurturing the new converts and training them for Christian service, our losses would be greatly reduced. To aid in the work of conserving the fruits of our revivals, there is a great field and a growing demand for the trained deaconess.

Moreover, there has been a recklessness on the part of many in the revision of church records. It has become so common that some ministers even delight in the privilege of "putting them out," when such a procedure, if it ever becomes necessary, should be entered upon after much prayer and every possible effort to save them from their faults and to the Church. The purpose, in some instances, is to reduce the conference assessments, which is un-Christlike and destructive in its results. The method of some of our general departments in rating a congregation by the amount it pays per capita to that special interest, has also much to do with the cutting down of the membership of some churches. Such methods should be discarded. They are unbiblical and hurtful to the life and growth of the denomination.

There is need for a larger recognition of the relation of the child to the kingdom. The paragraphs in our Discipline defining the status of the child in the kingdom and in the Church, providing methods for the religious care, nurture,

Our Heroes, or

and training of the child, should be better understood and more carefully observed. Even as the problem of citizenship is to keep each child true to its own land, rather than to naturalize the native born, so it is the work of the Church to keep the child true to its sweet and fresh allegiance to the kingdom of the Father. When the problem of properly dealing with young life, during its early stages of development, shall have been solved, the Church will enter upon her brightest era since the day of Pentecost. Yes, the position of supreme, strategic importance in our holy war will then be won.

But the question as to why we are not conserving our denominational resources is largely answered in the fact that the bulk of the membership in the Church is confined to a very small section of our great country. Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana contain about two-thirds of the numerical strength of the entire denomination. Multitudes of our people annually join the mighty procession of home-seekers to the great "West," where frontier settlements are being formed daily, and into the cities where the great majority are lost to the denomination. A conservative estimate would place this number at fifteen thousand annually, half the number of our converts in a year. It is a startling fact that half the annual expenditures of the Church in money and service is lost to the denomination because we are not providing to follow those of our people who move beyond our borders, and

United Brethren Home Missionaries

save them to our denomination. Ecclesiastical statesmanship has a problem here which is worthy of the first and highest consideration. Its solution will determine whether or not our future, as a denomination, will be worth while.

There are three fields in which the forces of conservation should be at work constantly, with a backing of men and means equal to the magnitude of the tasks—namely, the frontier, the city, and the unworked places in occupied territory.

Men are always pushing to the rim of secular activity. Only so is a nation built. It is charged that they are rolling stones, unstable and fickle; it is sufficient to point to the permanent settlements and the high state of civilization they have established. A certain boldness and daring characterizes this advance guard, which is a valuable asset of any good cause, particularly of the church which builds upon such material.

The claim of the frontier upon the missionary spirit of the Church is imperative from three considerations: First, the denomination must conserve her contributions to the development of the new country. Into these new communities our own children are going. God calls upon us to "care for our own household." Our people must be followed to their new homes, and there shepherded amid the material distractions and social demoralization of their new life. Moreover, the Church must seize the present exceptional opportunities for laying the foundations

Our Heroes, or

for a greater denomination. These opportunities cannot be neglected without great loss to the Church. The country is new. There is now room "on the ground floor." We are making history—it is being written rapidly, to-morrow will be too late. United Brethrenism is now working painfully and at great odds to secure property and influence that could have been had for the asking less than a generation ago. Is it not time that the Church awake to the situation, and rally her forces to provide our home missionary agencies with means not only to avoid such mistakes in the future, but to recapture some of the forces that we have failed to conserve in the past?

The claims of the frontier upon the missionary spirit of the Church are imperative from a national consideration. As a denomination we must take our part, and bear our responsibility in securing that the new commonwealths of the American Union shall lay their foundations in righteousness and raise their walls in the fear of God. There is a call for a new enlistment and a larger investment upon the part of American Protestantism if the work is to be accomplished. More people pass annually through the three great gateways to the West—Kansas City, Omaha, and St. Paul—to make homes in the Dakotas, Montana, and the Pacific Northwest, or in that land of miracles, the new Southwest, than come to us through the open ports of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. In those

United Brethren Home Missionaries

mighty empire States and territories, children are growing up to manhood and womanhood without religious instruction. There are counties in California, Oregon, Washington, Colorado, Idaho, and Montana with no churches and no missionaries. Ward Platt, in his great book, "The Frontier," tells us there are not two hundred churches in the great State of Montana, but there are more than that number of saloons in a single town. Four-fifths of the people of the State are not reached by any sort of religious influence.

Moreover, the claim of the frontier is a world claim. In the judgment of present day prophets, the evangelization of the world is contingent upon the Church of America's response to this claim. The late John Henry Barrows, president of the World's Congress of Religions at Chicago, and lecturer of the "Haskel Foundation in India," said, "The battle that will determine the final outcome for Jesus Christ over every opposing enemy in this world, is not being fought in China, India, or Japan, but in the Mississippi Valley." A Christian statesman recently remarked, "Men search for the north pole, but if you want to find where the center of this world is in possibilities, where swings the axis of the earth around which whirl the destinies of humanity, you will find it somewhere between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains."

The city is receiving our people with open arms. Trained in Christian homes, they have

Our Heroes, or

that integrity of character which any city prizes. It is easy to get lost in a city. Other churches have learned that United Brethren make valuable members, and are not slow to invite them into their folds. A church extension secretary of another denomination recently remarked that he had been engaged for twenty years in starting churches of his own denomination with United Brethren people in the cities of the northwest. If we would conserve our forces we must press vigorously the work of establishing churches in the cities.

The great Paul, who was the first and greatest master in ecclesiastical military strategy, was ardent in establishing the church in the chief cities of the empire. The strategic value of such a vantage ground is even more apparent in our day. The progress our denomination has made in city missionary work in recent years is most gratifying; within six years our Home Missionary Society has assisted in establishing the Church in forty cities, and has made appropriations to start work in ten additional centers during the ensuing year.

Unless we follow our members into the cities, as well as to the frontier, they are lost to our Church, and many of them to the kingdom of God. The same truth holds with regard to unoccupied towns and villages in the present conference territories.

But why try to keep these people United Brethren? Will not the kingdom of Christ be

United Brethren Home Missionaries

advanced just the same by their going into other churches? Such argument followed to its legitimate conclusion will call our Church out of commission altogether. So long as denominationalism has its place in what appears to be a necessary and providential order, there must be wisdom in bringing every particular denomination to the highest degree of efficiency as a denomination. The universal Church is an army, and, usually, the more efficient every regiment is, the more efficient the army as a whole will be. There is no other way to achieve "a spirit of the corps" worthy the Church's calling, or equal to the exactions of the great campaign. Denominational activity and intensity, so far from arguing narrowness, are an assurance of gathering power for the help of the kingdom. The reason for our existence is that God wants a church which insists upon a vital religious experience, and if ours forsakes that standard, God will raise up another to do the very thing we have an opportunity to do. The church which ceases to expand begins to contract. If we have a right to live, we have a duty to spread to the city and frontier.

Whence shall come the help to organize these new churches? Some one answers, "Let those who move away establish their own churches and support their preachers." One with any knowledge of the situation must see the impossibility of this method in nearly every instance. The members are too few in number and have

Our Heroes, or

too little available money to finance an undertaking on a scale to insure success. Outside help is necessary. Another says, "Let their friends at home furnish the means." But the removal of members usually weakens the home society so that those remaining have additional financial obligations, which fact renders adequate help out of the question. No matter whether it is the frontier, the city, or the intervening towns, assistance from some general source is needed to guarantee satisfactory results.

The only plan our Church has to support a preacher in a new place, until local strength is sufficient for maintenance, is through the Home Missionary Society, supplemented by similar organizations in annual conferences. Our Church to-day is strong only where the home missionary labored. Present conditions bespeak the same in regard to the future strength of the Church, and in an emphasized way.

Calls coming from all sections of the rapidly developing West, Northwest, South, and Southwest are God's call, as to his people of old: "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of their habitations; spare not, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes." If we are to conserve our forces we must press our extension work from places where we are, to places where we are not, and yet where our people are; and we must build substantially as we go. "Expansion" must be our denomina-

United Brethren Home Missionaries

tional slogan, and we must shout it out and sound it forth until the glad day, when United Brethren fathers and mothers may know that when their sons and daughters go out from the old home to the nearby city, or to the distant frontier, they will still enjoy the shepherding of United Brethren pastors, and thus find spiritual food and social fellowship in the Church of their parents.

The completion of so great a task means a mighty outlay of men and money. The Home Missionary Society needs at present an annual income of two hundred thousand dollars. Every dollar could be placed to the honor of our Lord. The annual gifts should be supplemented by the income from a great endowment. The society at once should set the endowment goal at a million dollars, and lay and work plans to secure it. To this provision must be added a corresponding concern and effort upon the part of the annual conferences to enter each center in their respective territory now occupied by the Church. This is our task if we would provide for the natural growth of the Church and conserve our denominational resources. It will, however, require the heroism of the olden time.

The Home Mission and Church Erection societies must supplement each other in the prosecution of the work. They are inseparably connected. The Home Missionary Society sends out the living minister to preach the gospel in neglected fields; but where shall he preach?

Our Heroes, or

Where garner the fruits of his preaching? Where organize his church and utilize the power of converted souls for further conquest? These are questions fundamental to any true and permanent success. Church Erection comes in to answer. It says to the people, "Do all you can and we will help you." With this proffered aid the strength of the community is called out, the house of worship is erected, the gospel is preached, souls saved, and the rewards of the home missionary's toils conserved. The present demands upon this society make clear the fact that to provide for the natural growth of the Church, it should have a working capital of one million dollars.

To-day is the testing time for United Brethrenism. We are at the parting of the ways. Present policies and methods are insufficient. Results are altogether unsatisfactory. The fathers met the conditions of their times and served well their day and generation. It is now time for the sons to speak. We are the fathers of to-day. Destiny speaks, and says, "It is thy day; speak thy word, show thy power, reveal thy nullity or capacity." If we fail God will find others to carry forward his work. If we are courageous and stout-hearted and ready to meet the conditions of the new times, with men and methods, God will surely use us in the future as in the past. It is not a question as to whether we have a future as a denomination; that matter

United Brethren Home Missionaries

is settled. The real question is, will we rise to our opportunity and be faithful to our mission?

More ministers, with better equipment, is the call of the hour. The work of discovery must begin in the home. Family altars must be built or rebuilt. There ministers are born. The matter must be emphasized in the Sunday schools, in the Christian Endeavor societies, and the office magnified before the student bodies of our colleges. Scholarships must be provided for students both of the college and the Seminary. These must be supplemented with a theological seminary second to none in the land in its material equipment and character of work. It is then for the Church to provide, to care for, and adequately support her ministry.

The times call for a new chivalry upon the part of our leaders. Men of the heroic spirit and who possess the passion of achievement. We need Christian workers everywhere, who gather their inspiration at Calvary's cross and their strength direct from the God of our fathers. There is a special call for our denominational colleges to render the highest possible service to the denomination by inculcating loyalty, by discovering future leaders, and by assisting in strengthening the Church in every possible way throughout their co-operating territories. The rendering of such a service is the only reason for their existence.

The task of overcoming our losses calls for a new enlistment of the manhood of the denomi-

Our Heroes, or

ination. The Church is coming to recognize the psychological fact that the adult mind demands a large field for achievement, a large proposition, a "big job." Men have always been willing to respond to the call of a great cause. Here is a task sufficiently large, and an objective sufficiently worthy to call out and enlist the strongest manhood of the Church, and its accomplishment will require the strength, courage, virility, and heroism that men only can give. The conservation of our denominational resources should be the slogan of the Otterbein Brotherhood, and of our organized Bible classes.

The task calls for a new enlistment of the womanhood of the Church. The lessons we learn of the agencies that have made possible the success of the larger denominations in their extension work in the home field, admonish us that we shall never succeed in overcoming our losses, and in developing a denominational loyalty sufficient to conserve our forces without the sympathetic coöperation and the largest organized help of our noble women, in the extension of our work in the home field. God's larger plan for the service of the womanhood of the denomination will never be lived out until the call to this great work is heeded. Nor shall we ever succeed in doing our part in saving America without the help of this mighty agency. In her introduction to "Conserving Our National Ideals," Margaret E. Sangster says, "The women of the Christian Church in America are called

United Brethren Home Missionaries

upon in this hour for that which concerns far more than any dream, the permanence of the Republic and the well-being of their children.”

The measure of the response of our combined forces to this urgent call and immediate duty, will measure our denominational future, and thereby our service to the world. Our outlook is expressed in the one word, “Opportunity.” It is evident that in these recent years we have been gathering strength for aggressive work. In twenty years the value of our Church property has been multiplied by three. Our institutions are practically out of debt. We have a Sunday school constituency one hundred thousand above the communicant membership of the Church. We must now summon and unite our forces in a denominational *push*, or we will stand in the way of God’s larger purpose for our denominational future.

The divine command comes to us, as to God’s Israel of old, “Go forward.”

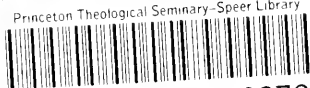
“Onward are his marching orders,
He who leads to victory.”

God of our fathers, help us to answer, “Master, *we will follow!*”



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