

# *a community called ...*

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# Reminiscences

BY

Rev. William Yost

Preacher of the Evangelical Association

SECOND EDITION REVISED.

Publishing House of the Evangelical Association

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By Rev. William Yost  
Cleveland, O.

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# INTRODUCTION

**F**EW MEN have been more intimately associated with the history of The Evangelical Association during the last fifty years than the beloved and venerated author of this intensely interesting and valuable book. The name of Rev. William Yost is a household word in thousands of Evangelical homes in this and other lands. Wherever the Church has engaged in Missionary effort, he has been an inspiring leader. As Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer of the Missionary Society and Treasurer of The Ebenezer Orphan Home, and one of the Publishers, his voice has become familiar throughout the Church. Faithful to every solemn trust committed to his hands, cheerful in spirit, practical in methods and aggressive in leadership, his work has become a permanent part of the activity of the Church during a most stirring portion of her history.

It is therefore highly gratifying to me to introduce this book of personal "Reminiscence" to the public. Its publication will be hailed with great delight by ministry and laity. Under the modest title of "Reminiscences" Bro. Yost gives us not only the story of his own long, eventful and active life, but the book is enriched with many incidents and occurrences in which others prominent in the Church figure. It sparkles with wit, is spiced with humor, and throbs with pathos. Many facts of our history are here rescued from oblivion, which greatly enhances the historical

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value of the book. These are given with a personal flavor, at once piquant and vital.

Among other chapters of rare interest and value, there is one of peculiar pertinence on the original characteristics and unique eccentricities of that remarkable Pennsylvania German preacher, Moses Dissinger. No other man is so well qualified for this work as Rev. William Yost, who was Dissinger's warm friend through many years of conference relationship, and no man could more keenly appreciate or more truly interpret the witticisms and inimitable drolleries of that marvellous man than Bro. Yost, whose own genius for wit and humor is one of his delightful qualities. This chapter alone is worth the price of the book, not only because of its spice, but because it rescues from comparative obscurity one who deserves to be better known and remembered than has been the case.

Bro. Yost kept no diary or journal; he was therefore obliged to draw largely upon memory. His success is remarkable for an octogenarian. His memory is accurate and vivid. His mind has lost none of its clearness, but is unusually alert for a man of his advanced age, and after a career of such strenuous activity and vast responsibilities. Even a year ago he had no thought of undertaking such a task, but yielded to the urgent solicitation of friends and here is the result. May these "Reminiscences" find thousands of readers, and may the venerable author live to enjoy the rich rewards of a life spent in generous and faithful service.

SAMUEL P. SPRENG.

Cleveland, O., Jan. 2, 1911.

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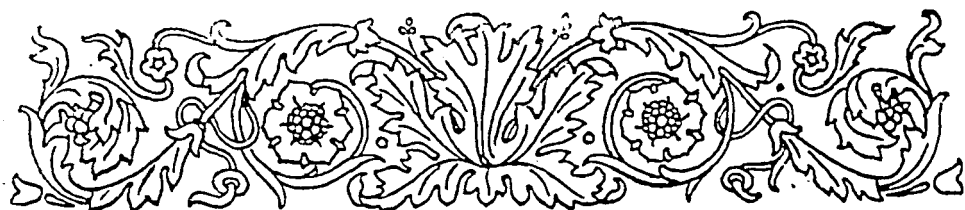
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# Reminiscences

BY

*Rev. William Yost*

## CHAPTER I.

Birth—Parents—Disagreeable Ocean Voyage—Poverty—Marriage of Parents—Remarkable Camp-meeting—Persecutions—Conversion of Parents—Home for Itinerants—Grandfather's Prophecy—An Angel—Bishop Seybert's Prediction—Life's Plan—Air Castles Demolished—Dark Days—Health Restored—Conversion—Call to the Ministry—Maiden Sermon—Class-leader—Great Mistake—Death of Mother—Severe Contest—A Wise Doctor.

In the beautiful, romantic and picturesque Lebanon Valley, in eastern Pennsylvania, half-way between the cities of Reading and Lebanon, is situated the Borough of Womelsdorf. It was here that I first beheld the light of day—born on Christmas morning, 1830, a Christmas gift to my mother, as it were.

My father, John Yost and my mother, Margaretha Yost, *nee* Lauer, were born in Germany; father at Kleestadt, Hesse-Darmstadt, in 1796,

and mother at Cleisweiler near Landau, in the Province of Rhenish Palatinate, in 1801.

Grandfather Lauer and family, and my father came to America on the same vessel, sailing from Amsterdam for Baltimore in 1823. They had a very disagreeable and uncomfortable voyage, contrary winds keeping them on the Ocean for seventy-five days and nights. As the voyage extended to a far greater period than they had anticipated, the supply of provisions became exhausted, and the passengers landed in a deplorable, half-starved condition. Grandfather Lauer's destination was Reading, where a married daughter, who had preceded him to America, resided. Having no particular destination in view, my father consented to accompany grandfather and his party to Reading. Their means having been exhausted, my grandfather, grandmother, three daughters, two sons, and my father, made the journey from Baltimore to Reading on foot, begging their daily bread at farmhouses by the way, and sleeping in barns at night. The hardships endured were particularly distressing, because grandfather had been in comfortable circumstances in the Old Country, having been the owner of a large vineyard, which subsequently was destroyed, and himself financially ruined, on account of the terrible Napoleonic wars which



wholly devastated the Palatinate and impoverished the people.

They arrived in America at a very inauspicious period. The whole country was suffering from the most depressing financial crisis that had ever been endured. The depression lasted for at least ten years, during which time there was no reward for industry, no demand for labor, no sale for farm products. Unthreshed crops decayed in barns for lack of a market. There was no medium of exchange but a depreciated currency. Distress was universal.

Six months after landing, father and mother were joined in holy wedlock, and moved to Womelsdorf, where for a number of years they toiled and struggled merely to provide their daily bread. Those were the days of small things.

Both had been baptized and confirmed in the Lutheran Church, in the Old Country, but were utter strangers to experimental religion, though living moral lives and given somewhat to prayer. Especially was my mother religiously inclined.

During the Summer of 1825, a camp-meeting of the Evangelical Association was held in the woods belonging to a Mr. Ernst, about ten miles northeast of Womelsdorf. Mr. Ernst had been led to Christ by the itinerant preachers a few years previously. This particular meeting was a

memorable one, as the camp was destroyed by an ungodly and drunken mob, at the head of which was a Christless, Reformed minister by the name of B. Boyer.

The meeting began on Monday, May 29th. Under the unctious and powerful preaching the Grace of God became so overwhelming that sinners fell prostrate, crying aloud for mercy and forgiveness. Demonstrations of this nature were entirely unknown in the neighborhood, and little understood by the godless rabble. Some of the mob, raised to a pitch of malicious frenzy, fell upon those who, under conviction, were calling for deliverance from sin and guilt, and dragged them to a house nearby, where a godless physician was at hand to restore the sin-sick souls by bleeding, and sprinkling cold water upon their faces,—a futile procedure for healing wounds inflicted by the Sword of the Spirit.

The persecution of the camp-meeting people increased in virulency as the meetings progressed. On Thursday night, while the Rev. David Manwiller was preaching, the crisis came. The infuriated enemy, wielding clubs and pitchforks, and hurling stones, instigated and led by the said Boyer, rushed in upon the meeting, broke in pieces the preacher's stand, leveled the tents, scattered the fires, thereby leaving the woods in dark-

ness. Some of the campers were badly injured. Having broken up the meeting, the cursing mob took possession of the ground, and held it through the night.

Notwithstanding the persecution, and the fact that the meeting came to an end a day sooner than was intended, God's grace had worked mightily, and His people returned to their homes not dismayed, but rejoicing that for the sake of Jesus they had been permitted to suffer persecution.

A young, well-to-do farmer, residing near Womelsdorf, attended this meeting and was under deep conviction of sin, and, just as the frenzied mob stormed the grounds, was triumphantly converted and filled with Divine peace and Heavenly joy. Thus Satan frequently fails in his diabolical designs. The young man's name was Isaac Deppen. Soon after his conversion he became an itinerant minister, serving in that capacity for some time, and was an acceptable Local Preacher to the end of his life. He often spoke to me about his remarkable conversion in the midst of strife and tumult and the marvelous change wrought in his life and character.

The conversion of Isaac Deppen gave the itinerant ministers of the Evangelical Association an open door in that vicinity, and a new appointment in the spacious farm house. This aroused

anew the storm of opposition and persecution. Ministers of the old churches, devoid of spiritual life, warned people in private and from the pulpits against this new Sect as they called it, beseeching them not to attend the meetings, insisting that the gatherings were the result of a ruinous fanaticism, and that the preachers were false prophets coming in sheep's clothing, but that inwardly they were ravening wolves seeking whom they might devour. The entire neighborhood was aroused, and the opposition became intense. Neighbor women came to our house, and gave voice to the most inconceivable and outrageous lies concerning the lives and deportment of these people, warning my parents against attending any of the meetings because they would be in danger of being led astray by false doctrines; that the preaching, praying, weeping and seeming piety and earnestness in God's service were hypocrisy, and merely a cloak to cover licentious deeds.

Mother was considerably wrought upon, and expressed her surprise that a righteous God allowed such people to exist. Father, however, was somewhat dubious concerning the truth of the reports, and determined, whenever a suitable opportunity presented itself, to give the matter a thorough investigation. The opportunity came.

During the summer of 1830, a camp-meeting was held in the woods belonging to Isaac Deppen. Father attended a meeting one morning without mother's knowledge to investigate and judge for himself. When he arrived at the grounds, a prayer-meeting was in progress, and he heard petitions ascending on high the like of which he had never heard before. He looked about to discover one of the prayer books from which these remarkable prayers were recited, and resolved to procure one for himself. But he could find nothing of the kind. Then he began to suspect that the stories told about the character and conduct of these people were falsehoods.

Presently the sermon was begun. The Rev. Joseph M. Saylor, then a young man, but filled with the Spirit, preached the Word that morning in an inspired manner. Father was brought under deep conviction; he realized, as he never had before, his sinful and unsaved condition. Moreover, he was thoroughly convinced that these were indeed God's people, and he resolved to become one of them.

Some of the neighbors were there also, and perceived that he had been profoundly wrought upon. They hastened home and sought my mother.

“Oh, dear neighbor,” they exclaimed, “a calamity is threatening you. Your man was out this morning to that fanatical meeting in Deppen’s woods, and he is being persuaded to accept those people’s methods and doctrines. He is deceived! We saw him looking very serious and downcast.”

In great agitation, mother hurried down through the yard to father’s workshop. She found him seated on a bench, broken of spirit, his eyes filled with tears. She approached him, saying tenderly:

“My dear husband, were you out to that meeting?”

“Yes, dear wife, I was,” he answered.

“But you will not go again,” she replied, pleadingly.

“Yes, dear wife, I shall go again,” he replied with kind firmness. He continued with a touch of indignation: “What the neighbors have told us about these people are falsehoods—outrageous lies. They are truly God’s people.”

My mother fell upon her knees, imploring him with tears not to go again.

“What will become of us,” she moaned, “if you fall from the faith, and be led astray by these people; we shall lose the respect of our neighbors, no one will give us work, and we, with our children, will perish from want and poverty. Think

of these things! Think of me—of our little ones, of our future!”

Father, however, could not be moved. In great distress, mother departed for the house, utterly at a loss what course to pursue. She finally arrived at the conclusion that the best she could do was to tell God about it. Entering her bedroom, she prostrated herself before Him in earnest, fervent prayer, beseeching Him for light and advice in this threatened calamity.

While thus engaged, she seemed to hear a voice: “Go with your husband, and watch over him,” it seemed to say.

Comforted and composed, she hastened to father, and announced her decision to accompany him. In the afternoon, therefore, they attended the meeting together.

According to the custom at that time, father chose a seat on the one side, mother on the other. A season of prayer was in progress. Mother observed very attentively. She saw men and women, especially women, pleading with God, the tears streaming from their eyes. She said to herself: “Can this be hypocrisy? Is this earnestness, pretense? I myself was no hypocrite when, a short time ago, I laid my trouble before God, and pleaded for guidance and help. These people

seem to be just as earnest in their desire to find the light."

At the close of the service, as father and mother approached each other, father remarked:

"Well, what do you think of all this you have seen and heard?"

"They are God's people," mother exclaimed, tearfully; "and, my dear husband, they shall be, as you said, our people from henceforth."

Soon afterward they found salvation, and the blessed assurance of adoption in the Family of God, and united with the Evangelical Association. The family altar was erected, from which, morning and evening, petitions ascended to the Throne. Those were seasons of blessings never to be forgotten.

The weary itinerants found a cordial welcome in our home. Well do I remember those esteemed fathers of the church passing in and out from under my parents' portal. With what pleasure and delight were they entertained!—such men as Henry Niebel, John Seybert, Jacob Schnerr, J. G. Zinser, W. W. Orwig, Charles Hammer, Henry Fisher, Thomas Buck, who baptized me in my infancy, Joseph M. Saylor, Henry Bucks, Charles Hesser, a man of marvelous power in the pulpit, and many more noble men of God whose record is on High. Nothing daunted these men scaled the



mountains, penetrated the woods and sought the Cabins nestled among them, that they might preach the Gospel to their inmates.

Those days were characterized by strong opposition and severe persecution. When the news of my parents' conversion reached my grandfather, he mounted his horse and spurred to our home in Womelsdorf. He rushed into the house evidently laboring under great excitement.

“What do I hear?” he cried. “You have fallen from the faith, and joined with those crazy, fanatical people?—You were just beginning to prosper, but now all is lost. Those terrible preachers, and big-mouthed, praying knee-crawlers will eat you out of house and substance, and you will end in the Poor-house.”

My father answered calmly: “Who has cared for us, and given us our daily bread, though living in sin and serving Satan? How much more will God care for us if we serve Him!”

“Just continue on in your perverted way, and see where you will end,” was all that grandfather could reply, as he rushed from the house.

He returned to his home, exclaiming, as he arrived there:

“Our children are deceived beyond recovery—no more hope for them!”

My parents, especially my mother, felt an intense solicitude concerning the spiritual, as well as the temporal welfare of her children. When I was a lad of but two or three years of age, she would take me along into her closet for secret prayer. While there in her arms, kneeling in her lap, her warm tears would moisten my hair as she invoked God's blessing upon me. She it was who taught my infant lips to lisp the name of Jesus. I did not then understand the full meaning of those tears and prayers; but they were golden links which bound me to God's throne. Thanks be to God in time and throughout Eternity for so noble a mother!

I do not know the time in my early youth that I did not feel the workings of God's spirit. I prayed often when alone. On the way home from prayer-meeting, or Sunday service, I shed many tears, wishing that I were a better boy; but, unfortunately, I did not then wholly surrender to the wooing and drawing of Divine Love. How much I have lost by failing to surrender at that early age!

Somehow I had received the impression that if I surrendered, and became an earnest Christian, I would be compelled to enter the ministry; and I had no inclination in that direction. Anything but a preacher! Satan made full use of this dis-

inclination to prevent me from complete surrender. Well-meaning, pious people frequently urged me to step out on the Lord's side, insisting that God would thereupon undoubtedly call me into His vineyard. Bishop Seybert, during a tour to the eastern part of the Field, put up at our house, as was his custom when he arrived in the vicinity. He prayed with us after dinner, and, upon taking leave, placed his hand on my head, saying, in his kind, affectionate way: "I have a deep conviction that William will eventually become one of our preachers." This made an impression upon me which can not be described. I went out into the yard, my heart filled with emotion and my eyes shedding hot tears.

While yet quite young, I had determined to acquire a good education, read Law, and enter the political arena. Anything of a political nature appealed to my enthusiastic temperament.

Man proposes, but God disposes.

While a student at Dickinson College, preparing for the course I had mapped out for myself, my health failed. I was compelled to return home, put aside my books—all my plans disrupted, my air castles rent asunder, no peace with God and no hope for this life nor for that which is to come. Those were dark and dismal days—days

of acute suffering in mind and body—a foretaste of the condition of the Lost.

Father felt great concern about my condition, but mother, full of hope and trust, said: “Don’t be discouraged about him. The Lord has him in hand, and will bring his feet into the right road. Our boy will not die. This illness is not unto death, but unto life; and I will yet experience the great joy of hearing him preach the Gospel, before I am called away.”

After trying physicians without relief, as a last resort I went to an Hydropathic Institute located on the mountain side between Womelsdorf and Reading, and was there restored to health and strength.

One day, while walking under the pine trees and feeling the flow of new vigor in my veins, I was suddenly overwhelmed at God’s great goodness shown towards my unworthy self. I prostrated myself under the waving boughs, crying out from the depth of my soul: “I yield, I yield, constrained by Love Divine!” I firmly resolved to be the Lord’s.

On Monday, August 5th 1850, a camp-meeting was begun in Samuel Dundor’s woods, in Bern Township, Berks County, about ten miles from our home. My parents went there with their tent, as had been their custom for a number

of years. It had been my privilege to attend many of those precious seasons from my childhood. What scenes of spiritual exultation and powerful outpourings, of conversions and sanctification at those meetings on the one hand; what fierce, relentless persecution on the other! Drunken rowdies threw stones, clubs, rotten eggs and other missiles at the assembled worshippers, shot off guns, yelled, hooted, howled, and made all the hideous noises possible in order to disturb the meetings. It is sad to record that these drunken demons were, with perhaps few exceptions, baptized and confirmed members of other churches in the neighborhood, and that their pastors admitted them to the Lord's table and recognized them as Christians. This shows the sad spiritual condition of many of the churches in eastern Pennsylvania at the time. It seems that the Lord, in His infinite wisdom, had called the Evangelical Association into existence, and thrust it, as it were, into this field of thorns and briers for the purpose of bringing about a better state of things. It was brought about. Many a bit of wilderness was made glad, many a bit of desert made to rejoice and blossom as the rose through the husbandry of the Evangelical Association.

At the meeting on Thursday evening, I presented myself at the altar of prayer, but found no

relief. The following evening I again came forward, but all feeling had vanished. My heart was like flint. I was laboring under heavy clouds of gloom and darkness. I left the altar in despair; but upon going towards our tent, the feeling came. Tears streamed from my eyes and my heart was stirred to its depth. I hastened inside, threw myself upon my knees, and implored God to send me forgiving grace. I found some relief, but was not fully satisfied. It was, however, a foretaste of what was in store for me.

On Monday, August the twenty-fifth, another camp-meeting was begun in the woods of Hetzel Stirk, Earl Township, Lancaster County. I went there on the 29th, and, along with a number of others, came to the altar. In deep contrition, and with a soul hungering after righteousness, I prostrated myself before Him who said: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." While engaged in earnest prayer, by faith I was enabled to lay hold on the precious promises of God. Light, brighter than that of the noonday sun, broke in upon my soul, and my heart was flooded with divine glory. The clouds of moral darkness which had encompassed me were dispelled; the load of guilt which had pressed upon me sorely was lifted, and the certainty of Immortality took possession of me.

Glory to God for this ever memorable hour and its wonderful experience! The Stronger came, drove the strong man out of the palace of my soul, took all his armour away, and divided his spoils. My heart was unutterably full of peace and joy. The Spirit of God gave witness to my spirit that I was now a child of God, and heir of Eternal Life. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to His abundant mercy, hath begotten me, *even me*, unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for me.

That was a glorious night. The majestic oaks stood as flaming tapers, and the rocks and stones sparkled like precious jewels. All things had become new. I was born into a new life—into a new world. My journey homeward on the following Saturday was a happy one. Every object along the way reflected the love and glory of God.

Upon my arrival home, dear mother was quicker to perceive, than I to voice, the change in me. In a moment she had me in her embrace, shouting: "This my son was lost but is found, was dead but is alive again." Her prayers had been answered, and joy filled her soul.

Mother took a remarkable interest in the welfare of the Evangelical itinerants. She never was happier than when entertaining them. She allowed them to sleep in the best beds, cooked for them the most nourishing food, darned their stockings and washed their linen. A room was set aside in the house for them, provided with a stove and other necessary furniture, which we called "the preachers' room," and a stall in the barn was reserved for their horses which was known as "the preachers' stall". Father had given us the command that the animals should be well fed, rubbed down and bedded. The faithful beasts seemed to appreciate the attention shown them; for whenever the preachers rode into town with the intention of putting up at some other place, they would invariably insist upon turning into our barnyard. I remember with what delight I rode those horses to water, provided with a soft sheepskin on the saddle.

When I was a lad of about ten years of age, the junior preacher of the circuit resided in our town. He was very poor. He had a wife and two children depending upon him, and his salary being merely a pittance, they were compelled to endure much hardship. Mother realized their condition and sympathized with them. On my way to school I passed by the house in which they lived, and



there was hardly a day passed that I did not leave something at the parsonage to supply some need. Often I heard the preacher say, "Here comes our good angel." I was an angel then!

Counting the hired men and servant girls, we generally had from ten to twelve persons eating at our table. Such a number consumed a considerable quantity of bread. Friday was mother's baking day, upon which occasion it was my custom to assist. After she had pulled the dozen huge loaves from out the great Pennsylvania-Dutch oven, and had placed them on the hearth, she would survey them with pleasure, then clap her hands and say, "Praise the Lord for his blessings." She would then pick out the largest loaf, hand it to me and say: "William, this you take to the preacher. 'He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward; and whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward.'"

Quite soon after my parents' conversion, when I was six months old, mother departed on a visit to my grandfather and took me along. There being no cradle at grandfather's house, a wash basket was substituted. One day, while the little child was kicking and cooing in the basket, grand-

father watched him with interest, then broke forth in the following ironical language: "Yes, yes; now I see. This little fellow will finally make a "*Strawler Pfarrer*," (fanatical preacher). "He already is carrying on like one." When I was received into the ministry, my aunt, who had been present when grandfather uttered the prophecy, informed me of the occurrence, observing, "Now grandfather's prediction has come true."

I will here record a remarkable incident in my father's life. After he had served his apprenticeship, as was the custom in Germany in the early days, he started travelling,—"*In die Fremde gehen*," was the term usually applied. He found employment near the boundary line of Russia. One night after retiring he was awakened by a loud voice, saying: "John Yost, go to America." He arose, opened the window and listened. All was still. The call was repeated three times that night, and made so profound an impression on his mind that he could sleep no more. The following morning, he gathered together his belongings and departed for home. "I am going to America," he announced when he arrived, and no argument could change his decision. Before that night during which that insistent call came, the thought of emigrating had never occurred to him. After his conversion he

believed that it was the voice of God that had called him; that he might here in America find salvation through faith in Christ, even as Abraham had been called by the same voice into a strange country.

Soon after my conversion I began to realize the necessity of a deeper work of grace within me. I was conscious of the fact that there remained yet some of the carnal mind which ought to be eliminated. I was convinced by the many precious promises of God's Word, the experience of many of God's saints, and the intense longing of my own heart, that it was my blessed privilege to be made whiter than the snow, through faith in the atonement of Christ our Great High Priest; to be purged from every hint of carnality—to have my heart cleansed from the very in-being of sin. For Christ gave himself for us that He might sanctify and cleanse us, that we might be presented unto Him a glorious church not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that we should be holy and without blemish; and that this wondrous and exalted state might be consummated in this life. "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God," that I might be perfected in love, and have that

peace which passeth all human understanding. O Lord, will it please Thee to grant unto me, thy unworthy child, the intense desire of my heart. Most assuredly. For, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Thank God for the realization of the verity of the precious promises of God!

Soon after my adoption into the Blessed Family, I united with the Evangelical Association, having resolved that this people should be my people and their God my God. It was my earnest prayer that I might become a useful member, and never in any way bring disgrace upon the cause. I prayed that my affections might be drawn away from all terrestrial things and be fixed above where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. I prayed that my spirit might soar above worldly objects, and, looking towards eternal realities, dart through the contracted limits of time, penetrate to the blissful regions of futurity, and grasp by faith the felicities of the Paradise of God. May I with firm resolve, with cheerful hope, faithfully, joyfully pursue my Christian career, until I arrive at the gates of the New Jerusalem and have a triumphant entrance into the City.

Shortly after my enlistment into the ranks of the Evangelical Association, I was called upon to

lead prayer-meetings, exhort and speak in public. I richly enjoyed the blessing of God in doing so. The conviction fastened upon me that it was the Lord's will I should become an instrument in His hands to convey the glorious message of salvation to my fellows. Then began a conflict. Not robust in body, and lacking, as I thought, the necessary intellectual and spiritual qualifications for this momentous calling, I felt reluctant to undertake it. How apt is man to confer with flesh and blood, and take flesh for his arm. "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm; but blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is." The brethren of the ministry, with whom I came in contact, and also experienced members of the church, seemed to recognize some ability in me. They urged me onward. I was advised to read much, write much, pray much; to commit myself unreservedly into the hands of God, and let Him have His way with me.

In January of the year 1851, five months after my conversion, mother and I attended a protracted meeting held at Schaefferstown. Father John Sensel was the only preacher present. His colleague, Bro. D. Wieand, was engaged in conducting a revival meeting in Adamstown and could not be present. Father Sensel was full

of years, and soon became greatly exhausted. He insisted that I relieve him on Sunday night, and would listen to no protests. A voice within admonished me to obedience. After earnest supplication to God, I entered the pulpit with beating heart and trembling knees, but trusting in Him who promised to be strength to the weak. I chose for my text the words, found in Hebrew 13, part of verse 9: "For it is a good thing that the heart be established with grace." And graciously the Lord assisted me. I was enabled to speak with much freedom. One young man presented himself at the altar to seek salvation, and I felt assured that some good was done. It was my maiden effort at preaching, and the event can not be forgotten.

In the Spring of 1851, the Womelsdorf class elected me Leader. I regarded the performance of the duties of a class-leader as quite a task, since I was but twenty one years of age, and nearly all the members being old, experienced Christians—Bro. Isaac Deppen, heretofore mentioned, being one of them. Thus the opportunity was afforded me of exercising in public. By invitation, I preached occasionally in Womelsdorf, Bernville, Schaefferstown, Myerstown, Reading and other places. My efforts met with fair suc-

cess and apparent appreciation, and I was encouraged to persevere.

But just at this time one of the gravest mistakes of my life occurred. In the Spring of 1852, my uncle, a man of wealth and extensive business operations, prevailed on me to enter his employ as bookkeeper and financial agent. This was a dangerous step, and might have proved fatal to my spiritual life. Through reading the works of Tom Paine, Baur and other infidels, my uncle had become a confirmed agnostic. He was accustomed to scoff at all things holy and sacred. I had to endure much ridicule. He pronounced my religious sentiments, my going to church and my faith in a God and in the Bible nonsensical and absurd. The thirty to forty men in his employ were monsters of wickedness. They drank hard, swore vociferously, and fought among themselves. I was compelled to endure their company. In their midst I had to live.

Such suffering in mind and spirit, such upbraiding of conscience for running away, as it were, from God, Jonah like, and for not yielding obedience to the Divine Will, I could not again endure.

How vain is man for striving to hide himself from the spirit of God. Whither shall he go from Thy spirit, or whither shall he flee from Thy

presence? If he ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there; if he make his bed in hell, behold Thou art there. I perceived plainly that woe would be unto me if I dared resist longer the high calling.

It was in this year that my beloved mother was taken from labor to her reward. On Monday, September 7th, a camp-meeting had been begun at the Muehlbach, at Father John Kleinfelder's—the neighborhood where Jacob Albright, the founder of the Evangelical Association, died, and where his mortal remains rest. My parents were among the campers. During the night of the eleventh, an hour before the meeting closed, mother was suddenly stricken with dysentery. We took her home, and made use of every expediency known to medical science at the time for the alleviation of the malady, but on the morning of the twenty-third, at a quarter after two o'clock, her immortal soul, washed in the Blood of the Lamb, left its tenement of clay, and was borne to that glorious region where the sun forever shines, the flowers forever bloom, the birds forever sing. She had suffered great pain, but had endured with Christian fortitude, and expired triumphant in the Lord. Let me die the death of this righteous mother; let my end and future state be like unto hers! The impressions she made on my mind when I was yet a child have never been eradi-



cated, and never can be. Her godly life, her sacred words of love and truth have been my guide hitherto and shall be till the end.

The death of my mother brought me nearer to God, and constrained me to be disobedient no longer to the momentous call. I fell on my knees and consecrated soul, body, strength, talents—all I was or should become, for time and eternity, to His service.

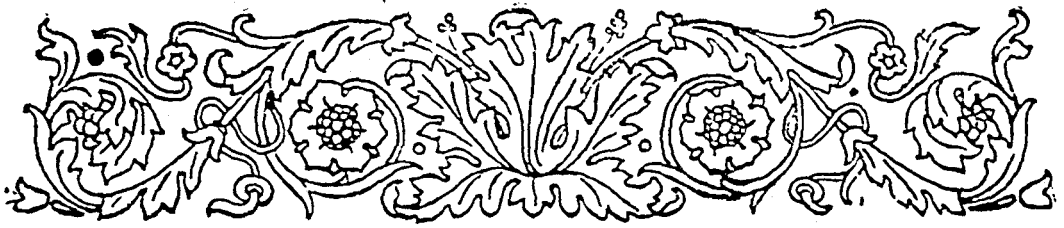
I immediately notified my uncle of my purpose, in order that he might have time to employ another in my place. He raved and swore, heaped imprecations upon me, and was fairly beside himself with anger. He strode about the office like an infuriated animal. He tried every inducement to keep me out of the ministry, offered higher wages; promised to set me up in business. He said that preachers were the poorest paid mortals on earth, especially the Strawler or Albright preachers, and were all suffering from hunger and want; that the preachers in Reading walked the streets with mouths blue from sheer privation, that in view of this fact I must have lost all common-sense in deciding to enter upon so despicable and hopeless a career and be a poor sucker all my life time. He even called a physician into the office for the purpose of having me examined and to pass opinion as to the advis-

ability of my engaging in the work of the ministry; for, as I have before intimated, I was rather frail of physique. The doctor looked wise, and spoke learnedly. In order not to offend my uncle, he earnestly advised me to read law, or study medicine, but by no means to become a preacher. He said that my enthusiastic temperament was too strong for my nervous system; that a minister, in order to be a success, must throw his entire being into the work, otherwise he would be a "dry stick." He ended, finally, with the opinion that I would "go under" in six months, if I persisted in following the course I had announced.

Surely, the wise were not all dead at that time!

My uncle sprang to his feet. "There, there, you got it now," he exclaimed. "Act sensibly, and heed the doctor's advice."

"Not for this office filled with gold; not if I were assured beyond a doubt that I would last but three months," I replied calmly but decidedly. "Nothing can change my decision, uncle."



## Chapter II.

Received into the Itinerancy—A Seer of no Merit—Appointed to Northampton Circuit—Generous Father—Disagreeable Journey—Horseback Experience—A Big Text—Taken for a Horse Jockey—Taken for a Jew—Fire—Preaching the Presiding Elder's Sermon—Conversion of Farmer's Wife—An Old Formalist—Made Defenseless—A Mean Trick—Strong Faith of a Sick Widow—Six Camp-meetings—Bishop Seybert—Great Revival in Easton—Remarkable Scenes—The Devil Out-generaled—Successful Year—Great Happiness.

Soon afterwards, the conference of East Pennsylvania convened in Reading, beginning on the last Wednesday of February, 1853. My uncle had finally accepted my decision as unalterable, and I remained with him, in accordance with his earnest wish, up to this time.

Bro. Jacob Farnsworth, preacher in charge of the Reading congregation, had my recommendation signed by members of the class to which I belonged, and presented it to conference. Fifteen applications for licenses as preachers on probation, and as candidates for the itinerancy were presented at the same time. All applicants received licenses, and seven, including myself, were

received into the itinerancy. The others were: Daniel Berger, who had been previously a member of the Central Pennsylvania conference, Jesse Yeakel, F. P. Lehr, S. P. Reinoehl, T. G. Clewell, and Levy Kelly. I was appointed to Northampton Circuit as Bro. Frederick Kreckler's colleague.

This arrangement was very agreeable to me, as Bro. Kreckler was noted for his kindness, patience and forbearance towards young beginners in the ministry. Fifteen years before he had been junior preacher on Lebanon Circuit, of which Womelsdorf was a part. He had made his home at our house, and had been treated as one of the family. So, old, established friendship enhanced my pleasure in being his assistant.

With reference to my reception into the active work of the ministry, I wish to record that the venerable and stately members of the stationing committee were in somewhat of a quandary concerning my application. They had serious doubts about venturing to give me an appointment, on account of my delicate bodily appearance. At that time I could not boast of a rugged and strong constitution, nor do I now possess so physically a developed and expanded corporation as some of my brethren. They were of the candid opinion that I could not endure the physical and mental strain, the many hardships incident to the work.

It was reported that one of the committee expressed himself in the following uncouth and brusque manner: "We ought not venture to give this sickly and delicate looking Yost an appointment. *The wind will blow him away.*" Indubitable fact has proved the non-fulfilment of this prophecy, and stamped the author as a seer of no merit.

I sent word to my father that I had entered the itinerancy, and that I was compelled to look to him for my outfit. On my arrival home, he greeted me very cordially and expressed pleasure at my course. He said: "Now the prayers of your sainted mother are answered. She had a firm conviction, even when you were a little baby, that the Lord would some day call you into His vineyard."

He led me to the stable, and pointed to a fine young steed, saying, "That's your horse." He showed me a good buggy standing in the barn. "That's yours, too. Here's a buffalo robe, blanket and whip; all yours." I was a fortunate young itinerant.

After the necessary preparation for my departure had been completed, on the morning of March 9th, 1853, I bade goodby to father and friends, and proceeded by way of Reading and

Kutztown to Bethlehem, one of the appointments on the circuit, where Bro. Kreckler resided.

It is not possible to describe the feeling which permeated my whole heart as I thus entered upon my life's work. My keen desire and earnest prayer was that it might prove a career of usefulness and blessing to my fellow-men.

The journey to Bethlehem was a most disagreeable one. I encountered rain and snow most of the time, and as the frost was just coming out from the ground the roads were almost impassable. I arrived at my destination thoroughly benumbed and chilled, a stranger among strangers, and with my courage down in my boots. However I was received cordially by Bro. James Lehr and his family; and upon Bro. Kreckler's arrival soon afterwards, the discouragement and gloom in my heart were dispelled by the kindly words of cheer which came from his lips.

My superior informed me that the roads were impassable for a carriage, and that in order to reach the appointments in the northern part of the circuit, in the neighborhood of the Blue Mountains, I would be compelled to go horseback. He furnished me an old itinerant's saddle bag, a pair of leggins, and an old saddle and bridle were borrowed. Thus rigged out in ancient, Evan-

gical style, I started upon the round of my appointments.

It was a novel and interesting experience. Near Easton I met two men coming from the opposite direction. They hailed me, and inquired: "Say, mister, do you deal in horses?" "No sir," I replied somewhat emphatically, for I was a little annoyed that I, now a preacher, should be taken for a horse jockey.

I dined, and had my horse fed at Bro. W. Yungens, in Easton. In the afternoon I rode north along the Delaware river, and at Martin's Creek turned into the hills. Bro. Kreckler had given me directions. Presently I came to a place where the road forked. This had been overlooked when I had received my directions. I knew not whether I ought to turn to the right or to the left. A man was coming down the hill on one of the roads, and I awaited his arrival. I requested him to direct me to the residence of Mr. Jacob Young. "Which Jacob Young?" he inquired. "A man by that name lives on this road, and one on that road, and it is about as far to one place as the other." He scrutinized me closely, and, I presume, "sized me up" as a circuit rider; for he continued: "Is it the Methodist Jacob Young you mean?" Knowing that our people were frequently called Methodists, I answered in the affirmative.

Then following the directions he gave me, I finally arrived at my destination, not in the best of condition, however; for I was splashed with mud from head to foot. With the kind assistance of Mother Young I was made fairly presentable after a time.

At this place I preached my first sermon on the circuit, it also being the first since I had been admitted into the itinerancy. For my text I chose the words, "I have a message from God unto thee" —Judges 3, 20. The following morning, Sunday —I found a large congregation assembled in the Miller's Church. No doubt many had come out of curiosity, to see and hear the young beginner. Expectations being at a high tension, I announced my text in a clear, ringing voice: "*I am the Almighty God.*" (Gen. 17, 1.) If my sermon did not make much of an impression, surely my text, and the method of its delivery, did. But we had a blessed meeting before the Lord. The afternoon's service was held in the Rocksbury Church.

The following morning I inquired my way to Father John Albert's, a farmer, living at New Village. Upon arriving at the house I hitched my horse, and with saddle bag on my arm, and an umbrella in my hand, knocked at the kitchen door. An invitation to enter was called out to me, and I stepped inside. They answered my words



of greeting reluctantly, and, it seemed, a little suspiciously, which proclaimed that they had no knowledge of the stranger's identity. I walked towards the cook stove, behind which Bro. Albert was seated, and said, freely and boldly: "Are you Mister Albert?" He answered in a rather surly manner: "My name is Albert, but I know nothing about the Mister." I walked to the corner of the large kitchen, rather enjoying the touch of humor to the situation. I put down saddle bag and umbrella, and again turned towards the stove. "I suppose I ought to address you as *Brother* Albert," I said. Thereupon old Sister Albert exclaimed: "I declare; I will never move from this spot if it is not our new preacher!"

"Well, well," interposed the old Brother, in a somewhat subdued manner. "It beats all how a man may sometimes be mistaken. I was sure you were a Jew, peddling your goods about the country, making big compliments to the people in order to get rid of your stuff. With such I make short work! So, you are the new preacher? Just make yourself at home." Resolved to take advantage of his invitation I seated myself before the fire.

I pondered. My personal appearance did not seem to be very impressive, and I wondered

whither I was drifting, "Last Saturday, a horse jocky; today, a Jew," I remarked to myself.

Whatever might have been the cause, that afternoon I experienced a "fit of the blues." I became homesick and discouraged. Gloomy forboding filled my heart. I prayed for comfort.

As if in answer to my prayers, Brother Kreckler arrived in the evening. He had ridden quite a distance, over almost impassible roads to look up his young and inexperienced assistant. His sweet words of cheer and encouragement lifted the cloud of despondency, and through God's blessing I was enabled to preach that evening with freedom and pleasure. The leaps and happy shouts of Mother Albert and others made the old schoolhouse rock and tremble. How lustily those people sang,

"I believe without a doubt  
The Christian has a right to shout."

We left our horses at Father Albert's, and walked to the home of Bro. Utt, a good, Baptist brother, where we had dinner, and afterwards prayed with the family. Then we proceeded to Brother W. Wolf's, in the woods close to the Blue Mountains. Brother Kreckler preached here in the evening. We were pleasantly entertained for the night at Bro. R. Utt's, a son of the old Baptist brother. The following morning we returned to

Bro. Albert's place, and then rode to H. Young's, in Plainfield Township, where I preached in the evening to a crowded house, and with considerable feeling, on the words, "For the wages of sin is death."

The next day we rode to Monroe County, north of the Blue Mountain Range, and officiated at the funeral of Sister Mengel, who had died happy in the Lord. Brother Kreckler preached the sermon to a large gathering, choosing for his text: "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with them." Isa. 3, 10. Happy is the Bride found ready when the Bridegroom cometh.

We returned to the south of the mountain, and rode to Schoeneck, a Moravian village near Nazareth, and put up at the home of Thomas Clewell. He was a pious member of the Moravian Church, but his two sons, and a daughter, were exemplary members of the Evangelical Association.

In the morning Bro. Kreckler wished me God's blessing, gave me suitable instructions, and left for his home in Bethlehem. I took the opposite direction, and rode to Bro. F. Werner's, near Nazareth. As I drew near the place I saw that the frame work over the bake-oven had caught fire and was all ablaze. There was no one in sight. I urged forward my horse, jumped to the ground, and rushed into the house, shouting: "Fire! Fire!"

This aroused the people. We ran for buckets, worked the pump energetically, and soon had the fire put out. It might have proved very disastrous; for the new barn was close by, and also several large stacks of straw, while a high wind was blowing the flames in that direction. This first and highly exciting meeting with the new preacher was not soon forgotten by these good people.

I remained there for the night, and on the following morning went to Bro. Jos. Werner's, in Bushkill Township, where I preached in the evening, and the next morning (Sunday) to large and attractive congregations.

The service in the afternoon in the meeting house near Nazareth was a precious and soul-inspiring season. The windows of Heaven were opened, and showers of blessings descended upon our waiting hearts. Praise God! At the close of the service, old Grandfather Werner took me by the hand, and while tears streamed down his rugged cheeks, he said: "How glad I am that we now have a preacher whom I can understand. I am so very hard of hearing; but your voice seems rightly adapted for my ears. I could hear every word, and it was such a feast to my hungry soul." That I rejoiced with the dear old man goes without saying.

At the meeting near Bath, at Bro. Strohl's house, but few were present. The appointment had not been announced. From Strohl's I rode to Bro. L. Keim's, near Bethlehem, where we held, in the evening, a soul-uplifting service. Quite a large delegation of brethren and sisters had come from Bethlehem and Freemansburg, making the meeting a very interesting one. On their way homeward, we could hear them for miles, singing, and shouting the praises of our adorable Redeemer.

On the evening of the following day I preached in Bethlehem to a good sized and appreciative congregation, choosing for my text the words, "Wilt thou be made whole?" St. John, 5, 6. We held services here in a rented hall, having at this time no house for worship of our own. The work was comparatively new, and the membership not numerous nor wealthy. The people, though, were a respectable class, very zealous in God's service, and of sturdy character. Quite a number had come from the Moravian Church. By the unctuous preaching of our brethren in the past, they had been brought to a conscious realization of sins forgiven, and acceptance with God. They had been a moral people before conversion, but strangers to experimental religion. They had had the form of godliness, but lacked its power. It

was my humble opinion at the time that our work at this place had a bright and prosperous future. When people like these, moral, of good deportment, find true, Holy Ghost religion, they make most desirable church members. They do not need a great deal of trimming. I considered this one of the most promising appointments on the circuit. The town itself was growing to be an extensive manufacturing center, especially since the Moravian Church, which had exclusive possession of the place from its beginning, had opened the door to whomsoever chose to enter. It was one of the towns which had been founded by the Moravians during the preceding century for the purpose of "Keeping the World out," but eventually they had to yield to the pressure from outside, and were compelled to let the World in. With the World came also the flesh and the devil.

It was here I put aside saddle bag and leggins, and proceeded to fill my appointments by means of horse and carriage. I had had, during the past four weeks, my fill of old Evangelical, "horse-backing," itinerant experience. What a time our dear old fathers must have had!

My next appointment was held in our recently built house of prayer in Freemansburg, where I spoke on St. Luke 24-46, 47,—“Thus it is written,” etc.

From Freemansburg I went to Easton, the county seat of Northampton County, a place of considerable importance, situated on the hills and bluffs of the Lehigh River. I preached in the evening at the home of Bro. Bentz. We had a small class here of sixteen or eighteen members, poor in this world's goods, but rich in Christ. Most of them had come, during the few years previously, from the Fatherland, and since then been brought to a saving knowledge of the Truth. The preaching and services of prayer were held in a small room in Bro. Bentz's home. Though few in numbers, they were a zealous people, earnest in the Lord's service. On account of which they were compelled to suffer much persecution from a godless rabble and formal members of other churches. I visited a number of individual families, and prayed with them. With reference to the outlook and prospects of the work here, I had the same opinion as concerning our work in Bethlehem. I became firmly convinced that the Lord had opened a wide door for us here among the European Germans. I prayed that God might enable us to enter the door, and make many conquests for Him. A church building was an urgent necessity, and by God's grace shall have one sooner or later, though how it was to be provided I did not know. The earth is the Lord's, and the

fulness thereof. The gold and silver, and the cattle on a thousand hills are His also, and I felt thoroughly convinced that He would see to it, that Easton would eventually gain its share. "I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

On the following Sunday morning I preached to a large congregation in William's Township, and a blessed service resulted. In the evening I spoke in Bro. John Miller's commodious farm house, in Soucon Township. None of our preachers had been there before. The house was crowded to overflowing. It appeared that the entire neighborhood, old and young, had turned out to attend the service. Many, no doubt, came out of mere curiosity, but I felt assured that my efforts, though weak and imperfect, were not in vain, and that the Lord would eventually gather to Himself here a people zealous in good works. I announced an appointment for Bro. Kreckler, for I realized that here was a community which ought to have regular and frequent services.

I had now completed my first round of the circuit. It was interesting and, on the whole, a prosperous field of labor. There were sixteen regular appointments, six meeting houses, eleven classes, in all embracing about three hundred members. There were besides, four or five places



where we may find time to preach occasionally. Thus we had two and sometimes three appointments on Sunday, and one for most every evening during the week. I had been received with great kindness, and hospitably entertained. The good friends had expressed satisfaction with my labor, weak, inexperienced and imperfect though I was, and gave me to understand that I had earned an interest in their prayers.

How shall I describe the feelings which permeated my soul upon the completion of this, my first round of duty! I was convinced beyond doubt that I had found the life work to which God in His wisdom had predestined me. I had been walking in the straight path of duty, hearkening to the command of God, and my peace was like a river. At the Lord's command I had thrown out the Gospel net, and I prayed that he give me the great joy of making a good draught by the end of the year. Here is my poor heart, O Lord; take it, seal it; fill it with the love of Thee and love for my fellow-men. Make me a useful laborer in Thy vineyard. May I never falter, nor flee, nor prove unworthy of the great trust committed to me by Thee and Thy church. May I in spite of opposition or persecution, be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. I took to myself the motto of Dr. Adam Clarke: "Stand

thou as a beaten anvil to the stroke; for it is the property of a good Christian warrior to be flayed alive, and yet to conquer.”

It is superfluous to give an account of every appointment filled by me from now on. The record of the first round conveys an idea of what was required of me every four weeks. I shall, therefore, from now on, record only such incidents as occurred during the remainder of the year as were particularly impressed on my memory.

On March, the twenty-ninth, I went to Bro. Jacob Young's, in Lower Mount Bethel Township, to assist at a protracted meeting which had been begun by Bro. Kreckler on the previous Saturday. The meetings were continued for one week without visible result. This was a hard place. It seemed as if the devil had measured off this section for himself, and was determined that it should not be surrendered. The old people were well satisfied with their well-to-do condition. Their substance was increasing year by year, and they seemed to think that nothing else mattered,—that they needed nothing more. The young people were unusually frivolous, and wholly unconcerned about their salvation.

Our first quarterly meeting for this conference year was held at Freemansburg on Saturday and

Sunday, April 16 and 17. Our presiding elder, Bro. G. T. Haines, came to us in the full blessing of the gospel. He preached Sunday morning and evening, two sermons of great spiritual power. He was a most eloquent preacher. The administering of the Sacrament of the suffering and death of our Lord Jesus Christ was a precious occasion, and a soul feast for all of us who participated.

During this quarterly meeting, I was guilty of a misdemeanor which I would not advise any novice in the ministry to imitate. As junior preacher, I had expected to be called upon by the Presiding Elder to preach the first sermon of the meeting, on Saturday evening, such having been the general custom on charges served by two men. The Presiding Elder had never heard me, indeed until now he had had no acquaintance with me whatever. I imagined him sitting as a critic, listening to my effort, and forming his opinion concerning my ability and future prospects. I had had the pleasure of hearing him preach at the conference session in Reading, and, unknown to him, had taken copious notes of one of his sermons, and had memorized it. I foolishly resolved to preach his own sermon, and not one of my own. I followed my resolve with all the boldness and energy I could command. While I was

speaking, I frequently perceived that he was laboring under great surprise and was puzzled at the curious co-incidence. At the close of the service, I took him by the hand, and said: "Brother Haines, I thought I would let you hear yourself, and not the new beginner." Instead of administering a sharp reprimand, as I rightly deserved, he studied me for a few moments, then replied: "I'd give anything if I possessed your boldness, and your freedom from the fear of men." Which, to be sure, was sufficient reprimand after all.

From the quarterly meeting I went to Womelsdorf for a visit to my father and friends. On the way there I stopped in Reading for the night, preaching for Bro. Farnsworth. It was the custom here to have preaching services on Wednesday evening. Sunday morning I spoke in Womelsdorf. It was a great pleasure to preach to old friends, schoolmates and acquaintances the precious word of God. I felt the keenest desire that they might comply with the gracious overtures of Divine mercy. In the evening Bro. C. Hummel, preacher in charge of Womelsdorf circuit, preached a sermon of great power. He was a master in the pulpit. Returning to my own circuit I preached, by cordial invitation, at Father Harlacher's, near Allentown. We had a blessed waiting before the Lord.

The meeting held on Sunday evening, May first, in Freemansburg, was a memorable occasion. The wife of a farmer, well-to-do, and of respectable standing in the neighborhood, was present. The church was crowded. While I was speaking with freedom and feeling, she became powerfully convicted. She fell to her knees, weeping, sobbing, and calling aloud for mercy. I stopped speaking, and we prayed with the penitent woman. She found no peace that evening, so I announced a meeting for the following evening, which she promised to attend. At the second meeting I endeavored to explain in what way and manner a penitent must come to Christ in order to receive the blessing of salvation. Then followed a short season of prayer during which the woman was gloriously saved. She arose from her knees, and in a loud voice praised the Lord, and told to those around that she had found the Saviour. This meeting was a God-send to me. I was not yet so thoroughly grounded in my adopted calling that I did not experience times of despondency, caused by doubt of my capabilities; and the encouragement that meeting gave me carried me through many a gloomy period in the future. Praise the Lord!

The conversion of this woman caused considerable commotion in the neighborhood in which

she resided. So far as was known no one in the immediate vicinity had acquired experimental religion. She expected conflict and it came. She had earnestly requested an interest in our prayers when she left for her home on that memorable night, that she might be enabled to stand firmly, and triumph over all opposition. She said that she feared no one but an old uncle who was very greatly opposed to this kind of religion, and was, moreover, a smooth-tongued formalist, and an elder in his own church. The day following her arrival home, she saw him approaching on horseback. Surmising his mission, she hastened up to her room, and implored God's aid. Then she returned and greeted the old man. Her heart was bubbling over with joy and happiness, and he was completely disarmed, not being able to voice a single argument against her recent defection from his church. With shouts of victory she related this experience in a meeting soon afterwards.

I had made an appointment to preach on Saturday evening, May 16th, at the home of Bro. Bartholomew, in Bushkill Township. The people of this region were noted for their profanity and "all-around" ungodliness. When I arrived, Bro. Bartholomew was greatly dejected. The unrighteous rabble had threatened to stone the windows, and, if possible, break up the meeting. He sug-

gested that it would be wise, perhaps, to postpone the meeting to some future, indefinite date. I responded that it would never do to allow Satan to thus intimidate us, and that I proposed to hold service in spite of the evil one's machinations. I insisted that the Devil was a liar from the beginning; that he was, moreover, like a frog—with a big mouth, but full of air; that we had fought him many times, and were ready to fight him again.

When meeting time arrived, people from all directions flocked to the house and crowded inside. Many were unable to get in, and stood around outside the door. I spoke to them plainly and pointedly. I declared that we stood in the strength of the Almighty; that our help was in Him who created the heavens; that God and the law of this magnificent country, whose chief characteristic was universal religious freedom, were on our side. I insisted that they had no better friends than this small band of praying people, and that I felt assured that they had crowded the house not for the purpose of disturbance, but to hear and see for themselves. Splendid order prevailed, and all listened attentively. At the close of the meeting I complimented them upon their patience and good behavior, and cordially invited every one to attend

the meetings which we proposed to hold here in the future.

The class-meeting held in the home of Bro. James Lehr, in Bethlehem, on the evening of May 19th, cannot be forgotten. God manifested his presence in a marvelous manner. All present were filled with the glory of Jehovah. We sat together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Thanks be to God for such seasons of spiritual up-lift!

Near Bethlehem resided a farmer, retired and well-to-do in this world's goods, whom I shall designate as Bro. P. He had experienced religion at a protracted meeting held at Bethlehem the previous year, but had not identified himself with us in church fellowship. He desired to remain a member of the church in which he was an elder, hoping through his influence to bring about a better spiritual state of things in that church. His aged mother, and widowed sister, were both much afflicted bodily, and were unable to attend divine services. They were both earnest Christians, and expressed a strong desire that I hold a service in their home for their own spiritual benefit. I cheerfully consented to hold service, if the consent of Bro. P. might be obtained. He feared the ill-will of his unconverted neighbors and formal associates. He finally consented, however, and



we had a blessed meeting,—the two sick sisters being greatly benefitted and comforted. From this time the home of Bro. P. was open for divine services, and we embraced the opportunity to hold them there.

There is an interesting incident connected with Bro. P.'s conversion. Through attending the Evangelical meetings in the hall at Bethlehem, he became convinced of the necessity of the new birth. He realized that morality and formality could not stand the test at the crucial hour. He was ashamed, however, to come out publicly for Christ. He feared the taunts and scoffs of men. He therefore resolved to seek salvation privately in his home. He decided to try for one week to receive the blessing in this secret fashion, and if he did not succeed in obtaining what he sought, he resolved to attend the meeting, prostrate himself before the altar, and publicly confess Christ. All his efforts at home were unavailing. God will not honor a coward. "Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in Heaven." On the following Saturday, true to his promise, he attended the meeting. He was greatly depressed, and in deep agony of soul. When invitation was given, he arose and started for the altar, but before he got there the blessing of peace flooded his soul.

The Word of God teaches us very plainly that whosoever is ashamed to seek God anywhere will find him nowhere.

I stated before that Bro. P. desired to remain in his own church for the purpose of attempting to bring about a better spiritual condition there. To this end he insisted upon holding prayer meetings and revivals; but the pastor and people grew tired of his importunities—his fanaticism, they called it—and gave him to understand that his withdrawal would be acceptable. This forced him to a decision, and he became a member of the Evangelical Association.

On Sunday forenoon, May 29th, I held a memorable meeting at the home of Bro. J. B.—, in Soucon Township, near the home of the sister who had been a few weeks previously, gloriously converted in Freemansburg. It was the first time a sermon had been preached by an Evangelical minister in that neighborhood. The house was filled with attentive hearers, nearly all of whom were elderly people. The spirit of God gave me utterance, and I was enabled with delight to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation. I had reason to believe that some good was done for the glory of God.

At Freemansburg there was a toll-bridge across the Lehigh River. The old toll-keeper had

announced that all Lutheran and Reformed preachers might pass free, but that those "*strawler pfarrer*," as he called us, would be compelled to pay. I did not invite a controversy by asking for free passage, but paid the toll and passed onward. My frequent crossings excited his curiosity, so, on one occasion, he inquired: "Wh—wh—where are you from?" (He could not speak very plainly, being a stutterer). "From up country," I replied. "Wh—wh—where are you going?" he continued. "Down-country," I answered. "Wh—wh—where are you at home?" "Everywhere," I said. "O—O—O—" he exclaimed, and went into the toll-house.

On Monday, June 6th, I left the circuit to again make a visit to my father. On the way home, that same evening, I preached at Kutztown, where I was very kindly entertained for the night at the home of Bro. S. Ely, a local preacher, and an eccentric Pennsylvania-Dutch *Typus*. He maintained a regular Evangelical hotel. I was glad to meet Bro. S. P. Reinoehl here. He had entered the intinerancy with me, and was now junior preacher of this circuit. He was a young man of fine education, splendid ability, and possessed a sharp, analytic mind. I was sure a bright future was before him in the ministry, provided his health did not give out. He was not robust in

body, and the natural weakness of his voice seemed to proclaim lung trouble.

I found dear father, and the friends in Womelsdorf, enjoying good health. On Sunday, June 12th, I had again the desired privilege of preaching to old friends and neighbors, in whose eternal welfare I felt an intense solicitude. Ever since the year 1827 the preachers of our denomination had been laboring in my native town with but indifferent success. Very few thus far had taken a decided stand for Christ. Well might our sympathetic Lord have exclaimed: "O, Womelsdorf, Womelsdorf! how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!"

On the return journey to my circuit, I remained over Sunday at Reading, and preached in the evening to a large and attentive congregation, from Psalm 92, 12. I was grieved to learn that quite a number of those who had made confession of faith during the extensive revival of the previous winter had fallen away. The work of the Lord would prosper more greatly, were it not for such stumbling blocks. The inconsistent conduct of professors of religion has done more injury to Christ's cause than all the persecutions of the wicked.

On Saturday and Sunday, June 25th and 26th, our second quarterly meeting was held in the Miller's church. Our greatly beloved and highly esteemed Presiding Elder, Bro. G. T. Haines, was present, and rendered excellent service. The Communion was a soul-feast. Our longing hearts were filled with grace and Divine benediction. We rejoiced in the conscious assurance that our Lord Jesus Christ suffered death upon the cross for our redemption; and made, by his oblation of Himself once offered, a perfect and all-sufficient sacrifice and complete satisfaction for our manifold sins, yea, for the sins of the whole world.

Having been called upon by the Presiding Elder to preach the first sermon of the meeting, I did not repeat the folly of attempting to expound one of his sermons, but delivered one of my own, which the Lord of the Harvest had suggested to me.

The prayer meeting held on Sunday evening, July 3rd, at Bro. Raseley's, was a precious season of grace. On account of the heavy storm prevailing at the time, only a few were present. But the dear Master manifested Himself graciously and gloriously in our midst. We realized the verity of the up-lifting promise: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, etc." While the rain descended in torrents upon the earth, copious

showers of heavenly blessings descended upon our waiting hearts. It was one of those seasons of sweet communion with our glorified Redeemer that can not be expressed, neither forgotten. Our hearts were thrilled with rapturous delight as He sweetly whispered, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you." John 14, 27.

On Saturday, July 9th, while on my way to fill an appointment at Bro. Bartholomew's, a fearful storm, accompanied by terrific lightning and deep, rolling thunder came up. I had just time to seek the shelter of a barn near by when the storm broke in all its fury. The rye and wheat, which had just been cut in the fields, were scattered in every direction; fences were leveled, houses unroofed, and trees uprooted. Fortunately my place of shelter was not disturbed. "The Lord is our rock and shelter through all the storms of life."

While filling an appointment at Bro. Strohl's, on the evening of July 15th, some mischievous fellows took my horse from the stable, led him through the woods to the main highway, and there turned him adrift. Bro. S. discovered that my horse was gone, but the night being advanced and very dark, nothing could be done at the time. I passed most of the night in worrying, and lament-

ing about my loss. The next morning we were out at break of day. We traced the hoof prints through the woods to the road, and down the road to the town of Bath. There a resident informed us that he had heard a strange horse neighing outside his barn, and had taken him in and fed him. Sure enough, it was my faithful Jerry.

Along my route from the northern appointment to Easton, I had noticed, about four miles north of Easton, a beautiful grove. Somehow I felt a desire to preach there. I finally applied to the owner of the woods, and, obtaining permission from him to hold services there, I had an appointment announced for Sunday afternoon, July 17th. I found a large gathering awaiting me. It appeared as if the whole population of the neighborhood had turned out. There were no seats, so all stood around me in a circle. By God's assistance I was enabled to speak to the people with freedom and pleasure. They listened attentively. Some of the brethren from Easton had come out to assist in the singing. The meeting was so great a success that, permission having been granted by the owner of the woods, Bro. Kreckler and I resolved to embrace the opportunity offered, and to hold services here whenever circumstances permitted. I feel confident that

Eternity will reveal that the efforts put forth at this place were not in vain.

On Thursday, July 21st, I received a letter from my brother Henry containing the startling news that lightning had struck into my father's barn, and that it and its contents had been completely destroyed by the fire which ensued.

Fearing that this unexplainable dispensation of Providence might prove to be a severe trial to father's faith in God,—father being somewhat inclined towards melancholy, and being more or less harassed with doubt,—I hastened home. As I apprehended, he was laboring under a distressful cloud of despondency. He said: "Here are my neighbors who have no fear of God before their eyes; who live wholly unconcerned about their soul's salvation; who are profane and ungodly. They are spared such a loss; while I, who am endeavoring to serve God and do my duty toward Him and my fellow men—I am singled out to suffer." Satan had been buffeting the poor old man, while the neighbors had taunted him about his trust in God. How shrewdly does Satan make a malicious use of all such dispensations of Providence! But God, in his unbounded goodness, reached out his arm nerved by omnipotence, and lifted his despondent child from out the slough of doubt and gloom, and brought him to a realiza-



tion of the truth of the promise: "All things work together for good to them that love God." So my father was enabled to smile at his loss.

On Sunday, July 24th, I preached morning and evening in Bro. L. Keim's woods, three miles north of Bethlehem, to large and appreciative audiences. Our work here being comparatively new, many were present who had never heard the Gospel preached by an Evangelical minister.

It was my great privilege to attend six camp-meetings during this summer. They were held near Springtown, near Shoemakerville, near Friedensburg, at Cedar Creek, our own near Freemansburg, and one north of the Blue Mountains, at Poponoming Lake in Monroe County. They were seasons of Divine grace. Many sinners were converted, many believers sanctified.

At two of these meetings we had the great pleasure of having with us the venerable Bishop Seybert. He preached several times in his simple, forceful fashion, and, as only he could preach, with great power. A remarkable man was Bishop Seybert. Besides his peculiar eccentricities, a vein of humor ran throughout his sermons, making them singularly entertaining. In one of his discourses, he remarked that we must have grace suited and adapted to our various positions in life, and then added: "You know that I am un-

married; but if I should ever take to myself a wife I would not now have grace sufficient for the occasion. I would have to acquire more; for I imagine that a married man must have more religion than a single man." Again, speaking of the marvelous change wrought by the grace of God in the life and conduct of a man, he declared: "When the grace of God gets into the heart of a man, and he is soundly converted, not only his neighbors but his horses and cattle, yea, his cats and dogs will recognize the change, and be at a loss what to make of it; for a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

I was called upon to preach at all of the six meetings. During one of the sermons I was deeply impressed concerning the value of self-possession in the pulpit. I had divided my subject into three principal divisions. I used no sketch or notes, and when finished with the first division I found I had forgotten the second. I calmly turned around, and quietly inquired of the brethren seated back of me what my second was. Bro. Jos. Gross gave me the desired information. I was enabled to finish my sermon without experiencing the mortification of having been "swamped."

The sermon I delivered at the Friedensburg meeting, on the solemn words, "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended and we are not

saved," made so deep an impression on my own mind that it can never be forgotten. I felt sure that that sermon was inspired by God in order to lead some precious souls to Christ.

These early camp-meetings were attended by immense crowds, especially on Thursdays and Fridays. No meetings were held on Sunday, as the throngs would be so great as to be wholly unmanageable. On many occasions the service was interrupted by the hootings and yellings of the mobs which gathered on the outskirts, by the firing of guns, and the throwing of rotten eggs. Once, while Father Henry Bucks was preaching, a rotten egg struck him on the breast. Taking a leap he shouted at the top of his voice: "Let them throw rotten eggs; we take the world for Jesus!" The event was like an electric shock traversing the whole camp, and caused great excitement and shouting among God's people the like of which probably has seldom been seen and heard.

A few weeks after the close of the camp-meetings, we had the extreme pleasure of having Bishop Seybert with us on our circuit for the period of a week. He preached at a number of our appointments in his simple, convincing, forceful manner. What glorious feasts those sermons were! How I rejoiced with him, and how he rejoiced with me at the fulfilment of his prophecy.

uttered in my father's house five years before, that I would yet become an Evangelical preacher. His parting words of tenderness and love, and the fatherly advice given me cannot be forgotten. Thanks be to God that it had been my fortune to get into touch with, and to enter into the life, sympathy and prayers of this grand old man of God!

Sunday afternoon, I officiated at a funeral service held in Wind Gap over the remains of a young man by the name of Peter Flory. Two weeks previously, while I was filling an appointment in the neighborhood, he had sent for me. I found him afflicted unto death with a fatal malady. He was deeply penitent, and anxious about his soul's salvation. He deplored the fact that he had neglected this most important thing while in good health. I prayed with him and gave him what comfort and advice I deemed necessary. The day before that on which I left the neighborhood, I prayed with him again. During the prayer, the joy of salvation flooded his heart, and he was happy in the consciousness of the pardoning love of Jesus. He died joyfully in the Lord—was cut off in his early manhood, being but seventeen years of age. How important the injunction, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

While officiating at a funeral in Easton soon afterward, a brother informed me that Sister L., a resident of that city, was ill, and desired to see me. The time to reach my next appointment was brief, but I felt it my duty to comply with her request. I found her apparently near her end, being ill with consumption. I inquired concerning her spiritual condition, and her prospects for the future, and learned that she was ready, and waiting patiently to be relieved from suffering. Then I asked about her temporal condition, and she gave me, in substance, the following interesting information:

“Dear Brother,” she said; “the Lord provides. But some time ago my trust in Him was sorely tested. I was left a poor widow, with six young children. It was my desire to keep them all under my own care, and I worked hard for their support. Then came this sickness. I could work no longer, and the little sum of money I had managed to save was soon exhausted. One morning I instructed my oldest daughter, a child of twelve years of age, to prepare the breakfast. The dear child hunted all through the cupboards, and every where, but not a morsel of bread, or other eatable, could she find. She came to the foot of the stairs, and called up to me in a choking voice: ‘Mother, dear mother, there is nothing to eat in the house,

and the children are crying from hunger. What shall I do?" If I had ever known there was a tempter, I found it out then. He seemed to hiss maliciously in my face: "There, there you are! You see, now, to what state your trust in God, and your running with these praying people has brought you. That's the kind of God in whom you believe—allows you to perish in want and misery, along with your little ones!" "But I had hold on God," the sister exclaimed. "My faith in Him rallied. I felt assured that His promises were yea and amen in Christ Jesus. The precious promise came to my mind: 'A father to the fatherless, and a judge of the widow's.' In earnest prayer I held this promise before God, and waited. About an hour afterward there came a knock at the door. A brother from the country entered, carrying a large market-basket filled with bread, meat, milk, butter, and other things. Upon seeing him I could not restrain myself. I shouted with all the voice at my command: 'Hallelujah! My Father lives; His word is true, and He has not forsaken His suffering child!' The brother told me," the woman continued, "that while attending to the chores that morning, it occurred to him that he had been told about my sickness, and, knowing that I had been left a poor widow, he surmised that I might be

in want. So he hastened to the house, being peculiarly impressed with the idea of immediate action, had the basket filled, and here he was with it."

When I left that sick sister, I was a better man, with a deeper trust in God than I had ever held before. But notice, from the foregoing incident, how shrewd the devil is in making use of such adverse circumstances to tempt and harass God's children. Who can sound the depths of Satan's wiles?

The third and fourth quarterly meetings were precious seasons of grace. The Presiding Elder, Bro. Haines, was present at both meetings, and delivered some very practical and edifying sermons. At the last meeting, he complained of being much afflicted bodily, and surmised that he might be compelled to withdraw from active service, or, at any rate, resign the Presiding Eldership at the next annual conference. We hoped and prayed that he might be restored to health and strength again, realizing that men like him were sorely needed in God's work.

While I was preaching one evening, during the protracted meetings held in Albert's schoolhouse, a young man was deeply convicted, but would not yield to the drawing of the Spirit. On his way home, however, the load of sin became so un-

endurable that he prostrated himself in the roadway, praying and pleading for forgiveness. He was then and there made happy in the pardoning love of Jesus. He attended the meeting on the following evening, a new creature in Christ Jesus, and with countenance illuminated with joy, and heart overflowing with happiness, testified what the Lord had done for his soul.

One evening, while a protracted meeting was being held in Freemansburg, a young German, who had but recently come from the Old Country, and had found employment on the railroad then being constructed through the Lehigh Valley, attended with some of his associates. The spirit of God revealed to him his lost condition. His comrades perceived that he was deeply affected, and took him outside and to the tavern, but could not prevail upon him to drink. One of the fellows said: "Let him alone: he's crazy. He's thinking of being like these religious fools." The young man kept on lamenting; "O, we are poor, miserable, lost sinners!" They crossed the bridge over the river when, suddenly, he fell unconscious in the middle of the road. His companions were struck with terror, not knowing what to make of it. They carried him to the shanty where they were boarding. In a short time the young man recovered. He arose, his countenance lit with



joy divine. He exclaimed: "Now I am rich, my happiness can not be expressed. O what a treasure I have found!" He attended the meeting on the following evening, and proclaimed to all present that he had found the Saviour precious to his soul. He continued to worship with us while in the neighborhood, and was an earnest, sincere Christian.

On the last night of the year, we held a watch-meeting in Freemansburg. It was a solemn and blessed time. We passed from the old into the new year while on our knees, consecrating ourselves in earnest prayer to God's service.

January 1st, 1854. New Year's Day. What is time? A cataract, rushing onward with impetuous speed. Eighteen hundred and fifty-three is gone, never to return. What was done is done, and what was neglected remains neglected forever. God in His infinite mercy has lengthened out the measure of my days: His goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life; but He can not restore the opportunities which are passed.

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love and praise."

On this day, January 1st, 1854, I renewed my covenant with my God. I earnestly besought Him

to grant me grace that I might be more useful in my sacred calling,—more humble, meek, forbearing; that I might not become weary in well-doing, nor faint on the road.

Bro. Kreckler and I held twelve revival meetings on the circuit. From early Fall up to conference time, these meetings were in progress, sometimes two being held at the same time. Besides, there were the regular appointments to fill. We were kept very busy,—on the go all the time. Our efforts had not been in vain. The meetings were seasons of refreshing from the presence of God. Between eighty and ninety persons professed conversion, and seventy-five united with us in church-fellowship. Especially were the meetings in Easton and Bethlehem blessed with converting and sanctifying power. The scenes which transpired in Easton can not be adequately described, neither can they be forgotten. When we entered upon our work on the circuit, we found in Easton a small class of about sixteen members. They were poor in this world's goods, but very zealous. They were taunted, scoffed at, and persecuted in every conceivable manner.

At the beginning of the year we had held services in the front room of Bro. G. Bentz's dwelling,—a small apartment about twelve feet by twelve in dimensions. The room being gen-

erally crowded, for ventilation it was the custom to have the transom above the door open. Rowdies would gather on the outside, and disturb our meetings by emitting hideous noises, and by throwing old shoes and refuse through the transom. On one occasion, while on our knees, a young kitten came flying into the room. It lit on the back of a sister and frightened her almost out of her wits. She jumped up, exclaiming in great excitement: "Almighty God—what is this?"

Being in great need of a more commodious place for worship, I sought to obtain permission to use the basement of a new schoolhouse then being erected on the hill. I had become acquainted with a business man of the city, a member of the school board, and a member, by the way, of the Universalist denomination. Notwithstanding his church connection, he was interested in our work, and through his influence I obtained the permission sought for. Moreover, the use of the room was given us *without rent*. A generous deed of the Universalist brother! Seats and a small pulpit were provided, and we inaugurated a series of revival meetings. God's saving power was demonstrated in a marvelous way. About forty-five obtained redemption through faith in the cleansing blood of Christ. They were nearly all

heads of families, and most of them united with us in church-fellowship.

The excitement and commotion among the German people of the city became intense. A young woman, who had recently come from the Old Country with her husband, attended the meetings, and came under deep conviction. She said to her husband that they were great sinners, and must be born again or be forever lost. She announced her determination to seek salvation. Her husband, being greatly prejudiced against us, grew very angry, and threatened her with dire punishment unless she remained away from the meetings. She attended, however, presented herself with others at the altar in deep contrition, and was sweetly saved. Informing some of the sisters of what was awaiting her at home, they accompanied her for the purpose of rendering protection. Arriving at the house, they found the lower part in complete darkness. Hearing a voice from the floor above, they hastened upstairs. What a scene met their gaze! The table was upset, chairs overturned, the carpet pushed together in a heap, and the husband of the young woman was rolling on the floor in great agony. While shedding hot tears, he continually cried: "I am lost! I am lost!" It was midnight, but they sent word to my lodging-place. I arose and

with the company of others hurried to the house. After a short time, the penitent man passed triumphantly from death unto life. And such a time of shouting, weeping, laughing and praising God that ensued!

One of the families that had been made the subject of redeeming grace during this revival in Easton consisted of husband, wife and daughter. The man I shall call Bro. D. An old bachelor, whom I shall designate as B., made his home with the family. He was associated with Bro. D., in work. They were both employed in the same tannery. The family felt an intense solicitude for B.'s welfare, and greatly desired his salvation. B. was not an habitual drunkard, but was the subject of occasional sprees. He would remain sober for months, then engage in a debauch lasting, perhaps, for a week or longer. The family talked with him often about his soul's salvation, and finally obtained a promise that he would go along with them to the next meeting, and then decide for Christ. This gave Bro. D.'s folks great joy. The daughter was sent to my lodgings to beg that the Pastor come to their home for supper that evening; that B. had promised to attend the meeting, and seek religion. I accompanied the daughter, and found Sister D. rejoicing greatly at the prospect. She informed me that B. had

come home earlier than usual that evening, and that when he had been told that the Pastor would be there for supper, he had responded: "So, so; the Pastor comes. Have you something good to set before him? You must have something special." The woman informed him what she had proposed to prepare. "That is not enough," he said. "Give me the basket. I will go to town, and get something more."

When I arrived at the house, B. had not yet returned. Mrs. D. began to feel nervous. Every few minutes she would exclaim: "I don't know where B. stays so long. It is high time to prepare supper, but I don't know what he intends bringing home."

At last she concluded to wait no longer, and began the preparations for the evening meal. When Bro. D. came home, and his wife informed him of the circumstance, he said: "Yes, yes; look out! Some of his drinking cronies had got hold of him, and took him to a saloon. When he comes, you will see that he will be chuck full."

And so it proved. While we were seated at the table, B. came staggering into the house. He took a seat behind the stove, humming, doodling, and muttering to himself. Good Sister D. wept, and wrung her hands in disappointment. "We had such good hope that he would come out in religion

tonight," she lamented, "and now the devil has frustrated all our expectations." Bro. D. said: "Pastor, we can't take this man to the meeting in such a condition."

After supper I approached the drunken man. I put my hand on his shoulder. "Mr. B." I said; "will you go with us to the meeting?" With a loud voice, and in apparently great agitation he cried: "Yes, yes; to meeting I will go. To meeting I will go. No devil shall keep me away. I want to get religion. I want to get religion."

When it was time to go, I signified to Bro. D. that he should take one arm of B., while I took the other. In this way I hoped to get him to the meeting.

"Yes, but how shall we get him up the hill?" Bro. D. protested. It had rained and frozen. It was not an easy matter for a sober man to keep his feet on the steep and slippery hill.

"We must try," I answered. "And we must keep a good hold on him," I continued. "If he slips, and gets away from our clutches we will let him roll all the way down-hill."

Finally we got him inside the meeting-house, after a good deal of trouble, and put him in one of the front pews. He presented a sad picture of misery and distress.

When the invitation was given, he threw himself on the mourners' bench, crying out with unsteady tones, but in deep contrition for deliverance. At the close of the meeting he had become pretty nearly sobered, and promised to attend the next meeting, and promised, also, to come in a rational condition.

The following day he remained in his room. He partook of no food, and was engaged every minute in reading the Bible, or in earnest prayer. That evening he attended the meeting, as he had promised. Hardly had he prostrated himself at the altar when deliverance came, and the light of salvation flooded his soul.

Satan, with all his malicious shrewdness, frequently overshoots his mark, as in this instance. Instead of the liquor making B., antagonistic, stubborn and hard, it softened him to tears, made him pliable and receptive to the working of the Spirit.

From my own standpoint, I confess that it was a risky undertaking—urging a drunken man to attend Divine service; but I felt a keen desire to out-general the devil, and by God's assistance succeeded admirably. Praise the Lord for the remarkable victory.

We had now a membership of fifty-five in Easton, a zealous and devoted band of people.



A petition was drawn up and signed by every one, which was to be presented to the next conference session, requesting that Easton be formed into a Mission. We felt confident that the Lord would have a great people here at Easton, which, like Rome, is built on a number of hills.

At the protracted meeting at Nazareth we had the pleasure of having with us Bro. Jacob Snyder, a local preacher from the Carbon Circuit. His unique sermons, and his labors, were highly appreciated. He was a consecrated man of God, a Christian in whom there was no guile. He not only professed but possessed full salvation. It was a great blessing to me to be associated with him for a short time.

We were fortunate in having a number of good, efficient local preachers on the circuit. Such as Jos. Bozzard, Herman Kempfer, T. A. Plattenberger, E. B. Miller, James C. Lehr and Christian S. Haman. The last two were especially promising young men—all of them a great help to us.

We had subscription lists in circulation during the year, and held meetings especially for the purpose of securing pledges and funds for the erection of at least two new churches in the near future. One was to be erected at Bethlehem, and the other at New Village (Albert's.)

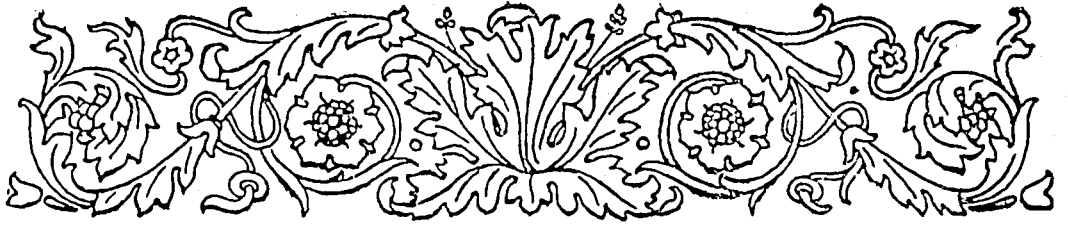
My last appointment for this conference year was in Bethlehem, on Monday evening, February 13th. It was of the nature of a farewell service. I spoke on 1st Cor. 15-58. The Lord assisted me graciously. Five penitents presented themselves at the altar, and all, by faith in Christ, obtained the privilege and blessing of being made the children of God. A grand ending of the conference year.

This, my first year in the active service of my Divine Master, can never be forgotten. Every thing was new, novel and intensely interesting. I have not words to describe adequately the feelings which permeated and thrilled my soul at the end of this period. It was for me an inexpressibly happy year. Being blessed with splendid health I was enabled to fill every one of my appointments, and in the exuberance of young, vigorous manhood, I went from place to place with heart overflowing with happiness, singing and rejoicing in the Lord. All through the year Jesus had been my joy and my song. I had yielded obediently to God's will, had hearkened unto his commandments, and my peace was as a river. All nature seemed to rejoice with me. Going out with joy, and being led forth in peace, the rugged hills of old Northampton seemed to break forth before me into singing, and all the trees of the fields to clap their

hands, as the abundant blessings of God flooded my soul and pulsated through my entire being.

The dear friends of Northampton Circuit, and their kindness towards me, can never be forgotten. They had patience with my weak and inexperienced endeavors, and sustained me with their earnest prayers.

Especially do I wish to mention the extreme kindness of Leopold Keim's family, with which I had made my home during the year. I was treated like one of the family, and felt like one, so considerate were those good people. They positively refused to receive remuneration for their entertainment of myself and my faithful horse, Jerry. I am sure they will receive their reward.



## Chapter III.

Carbon Circuit—Arrived at Weissport—Illness of Preacher-in-Charge—Much Work—A Dutchman's Practical Sermon—Narrow Rugged Valley—The Switzerland of America—Big Flood—Visit to Bethlehem—Visit to Centre Co.—A Lutheran Charge Proposed—New Berlin—Disgraceful Conduct of a Lutheran Minister—Camp-Meetings—Revivals—A Unique Experience—Triumphant Deaths—A Delightful Home—Earnest Solicitude of a Godly Mother—Interesting Incident in West Penn Valley—An Inveterate Sleeper—Happy Ending of Year—Loss of Jerry Horse.

On Tuesday morning, Feb. 14, I bade farewell to the dear people at Bethlehem, and departed for Womelsdorf. I arrived on Thursday, and found father enjoying excellent health. I preached in Womelsdorf Sunday forenoon. In the evening, Bro. C. Hummel, the minister in charge of Womelsdorf Circuit, delivered a forceful missionary sermon, on Ps. 67, 1-2.

Monday morning Bro. Hummel and I left by private conveyance for conference session in Pottsville. On the way we were kindly entertained over night at Bro. John Reed's home, near Schuylkill Haven. About a foot of snow fell during that night. At noon the following day we

arrived at Pottsville. On Wednesday morning, the session was begun in the usual way. Bishop Seybert presided during the session in his kindly, simple and fatherly manner. His sermon on Sunday was a masterpiece of grand simplicity. The Brethren George Knerr, A. Ziegenfus, Christian Gingrich, D. Hambright and S. G. Rhoads were ordained elders, and E. Ely, Jesse Yeakel, and Jer. Rhoads, as deacons. The brethren Plattenberger, Kester, R. Yeakel, James O. Lehr, E. B. Miller and Moses Dissinger were received into the itinerancy as probationers. Three of these latter came from Northampton Circuit. I was appointed to Carbon Circuit, with Bro. G. T. Haines as preacher in charge.

Carbon Circuit was able to support two men, one married and the other single. One, however, by strict attention to business, could have done all the necessary labor. Bro. Haines being seriously afflicted in body, could do but little, so the work devolved almost wholly on me. The arrangement was agreeable. Bro. Haines had been my Presiding Elder during the year just passed, and I had learned to esteem and love him.

At conference on Sunday evening, considerable amusement was created at Bishop Seybert's expense. He had just been made a life member of the Missionary Society. A good brother then

proposed that we proceed to extend the same honor to the Bishop's wife. The brother who had advanced the proposition, upon being informed that the Bishop was wifeless, exclaimed. "But, surely, he ought to have one." All this time Bishop Seybert, being greatly perturbed, had been wriggling uneasily in his chair.

At the close of the session, I returned to Womelsdorf. I preached there the morning and evening of Sunday, March 5th. On the Wednesday evening following, we held a blessed prayer-meeting in my father's house. Attending once again such a gracious season of prayer in my old home, was a cause of much joy to me. It had been a house of prayer since my infant days, and it was my desire that it might continue to be such for years to come.

Thursday morning, March 9th, I left Womelsdorf for my new field of labor. I was entertained over that night at Bro. Rohn's, ten miles north of Reading. The weather at the time was exceedingly disagreeable. Rain was falling, the snow was melting, and the frost coming out of the ground. The journey was a duplicate of the trip to my first circuit a year before.

I took dinner with Bro. Wm. Dreher in Schuylkill County, and from there proceeded to Bro. John Zuber's house in West Penn Valley.

Here I remained over night. On Saturday I arrived at Weissport, and was cordially received by Bro. Lewis Weiss and family. Bro. Weiss was a prominent merchant of the place.

Sunday morning I preached my introductory sermon in Weissport. A large audience attended. This was the most prominent appointment of the circuit. The work was well-established, and the prospects auspicious. What was greatly needed was a new and more commodious house of worship.

In the afternoon I met Bro. Haines at Bro. Snyder's. He had come from his home in Allentown to greet his young assistant, and give him proper advice and instructions.

In the evening I preached in the Snyder Church. We had a precious season of waiting before the Lord.

On Monday and Tuesday I visited the friends in the neighborhood, and sang and prayed with them. Especially did I enjoy my visit to Grandmother Snyder, an aged saint, who was waiting patiently and cheerfully for the coming of the Heavenly Bridegroom.

On Wednesday evening, I led Bro. George Horn's class-meeting in Weissport. It was a source of encouragement to me, and a spiritual

up-lift, to note the earnestness and devotedness of these friends.

The service in Kemmery's schoolhouse, on Thursday evening, was not without interest. There was a settlement of Low Germans not far from here, in the woods of the high plateau. They were engaged in clearing small farms for themselves, and burning charcoal. They were very poor in this world's goods, but rich in Christ, pious, industrious and frugal.

Bro. Herbel, a good lay-member, accompanied me on Friday to Bro. George Smith's, in the back woods of Monroe County, near the Pocono Mountain. It is a wild and rugged country. We had a small class of earnest members here, who must be served, if at all, by the preachers of Carbon Circuit. Bro. Smith was the leader of the class, and services were held in his house. I preached here as regularly as circumstances permitted.

At the close of the service, while greeting the friends, and shaking hands with them, I remarked that I was a total stranger to them, and that they were strangers to me. A brother, who happened to be one of those uncouth, free spoken, Pennsylvania-Dutchman, exclaimed: "Oh, no, Bro. Yost, you are no stranger. We've heard of you. Bro. Jake Snyder, the local preacher, was here last



Sunday. He said he knew you well; that he had assisted you in holding a protracted meeting last winter at Nazareth. He said you was just about a smart young man, and would make a big preacher, if the devil didn't get you. He said he was afraid you might get proud." This was quite a practical sermon, and I resolved to take it to myself, and be on my guard. The dear old Fathers! How afraid they were that we youngsters might "get proud." They of course, had become immune to pride—quite beyond the danger of it. And yet, to my own knowledge, some of them, after having preached at camp-meeting, were accustomed to afterwards go among the friends, inquiring with a good deal of assurance what was thought of the sermon: *fishing for compliments*: Such is human nature!

North of Mahoning Valley, across a steep mountain, there is a small, stony valley nestling down amidst the rocky ledges. Here a few families eked out a scanty livelihood. Some of them were members of our church. On account of its isolated and inconvenient location, the neighborhood was difficult of access, the road leading to it over the mountain, exceedingly stony and hard to travel. Some of the brethren of the circuit were of the opinion that I ought to drop this appointment; that the journey was precarious to

my horse, and liable to work injury to my buggy, and, moreover, would not pay in the end. The congregations were exceedingly small, consisting of seven or eight hearers, of whom three were deaf and dumb people. I filled an appointment here, and upon that occasion a German, who had been an earnest seeker after pardon, had come seven miles across the mountain to attend. He was gloriously saved, and returned to his home rejoicing. I decided, thereupon, that these isolated ones of God's children ought not to be neglected, whatever the consequences to myself might be.

The next day I drove over the mountains to Summit Hill, where are situated the oldest developed coal mines in the United States. In the afternoon a snow storm set in, and continued until midnight. Consequently I had but few hearers in the evening. We had no organization here as yet, but I hoped that one might soon be formed, and resolved to visit the place as often as circumstances permitted.

What a romantic country this is,—properly called, “The Switzerland of America.” I shall not endeavor to describe the magnificent scenery that unfolds before one's vision. Here, for untold ages, nature, the Creator's agent, had been silently at work turning the forests and vegeta-

tion of preceding ages into coal for the use of man.

After I had made the round of the appointments, and had visited most of the members in their homes, I was able to estimate the amount of work that was expected of me. As the afflicted Bro. Haines could not give me much assistance, I clearly perceived that every waking moment of my time would be occupied. Carbon Circuit promised to be an interesting and fruitful field of labor. The spiritual conditions were admirable. The Evangelical circuit riders had done splendid and faithful work here in the past.

There were ten regular appointments, each place of which had to have services at least once in two weeks, and several irregular ones where I preached whenever circumstances allowed. Weissport, the leading appointment, desired one service every Sunday. We had five meeting-houses of humble pretensions, and ten classes; in all comprising some two hundred members. Some of the most successful business men of Carbon County were identified with our denomination, giving us prestige and social standing. I was compelled, therefore, to fill not less than six appointments every week, besides officiating at funerals, visiting the people, and administering to the sick and dying. In order to conscientiously

carry on the work I was compelled to study a good deal, prepare both English and German sermons, and be ready for the examination at conference. Fortunately those examinations were not very exacting.

Friday, April 14th. Crucifixion Day. Thanks be to Thee, Thou blessed Christ, for the redemption procured for us sinners and rebels through Thine atonement on Calvary. Thou hast become poor that we might be rich; Thou hast died that we may live.

“Death, hell and sin are now subdued;  
All grace is now to sinners given;  
And lo! I plead th’ atoning blood,  
And in Thy right I claim my Heaven.”

After the service at Berlinsville on Sunday morning, April 16th, I proceeded to Catasauqua, where I preached in the evening in the unpretentious meeting-house, on the words: “Behold the Lamb of God.” Notwithstanding the snow storm which then prevailed, we had a good attendance. The people were earnest and progressive in God’s service, and, since the town was growing rapidly, on account of the immense iron works which had recently located here, the prospects were propitious for a large society.

This Spring was a remarkable season, featured by cold and many severe snow storms. The par-

ticular storm referred to above had begun Saturday at noon and continued until Monday morning. It seemed more like the middle of January than the middle of April.

From Catasauqua I proceeded in the afternoon to Bro. L. Keim's house, near Bethlehem, where I had had so comfortable a home during the preceding conference year. The journey was attended with great difficulties. The snow, which had drifted as high as the top of the fences, blocked the roads, and I could hardly get through. I arrived safely, however, and the dear family was rejoiced to see me again, as I was rejoiced to meet its members. By request I preached in Bethlehem on Thursday evening. We had a delightful service. The blessings in which we had shared during the preceding year had not been forgotten, and formed the subjects of reminiscent conversation.

Friday morning, I left Bethlehem for my own circuit. I desired to take dinner with young Christian Bliem, living on a farm near Howertown. When I arrived in the neighborhood, I inquired of a blacksmith, who had a shop by the wayside, if he could direct me to Christian Bliem's. In a stentorian voice he retorted: "Which Christian? There are two Christian Bliems in the neighborhood. Is it the 'Strawler' Bliem you want to see?"

I answered in the affirmative, was given the proper directions, and presently arrived at the farmhouse where I was cordially received, and entertained at dinner. Bro. Bliem was an intelligent and lovable young man whom the Lord called afterwards away from the plough, and sent into the gospel field.

On Sunday, April 30, I had rather a hazardous trip while going from Snyder Church, where I had preached in the morning, to Berlinsville, where I expected to fill an appointment in the afternoon. Incessant rains, and the melting snows on the surrounding mountain slopes had swelled the Lehigh River to so great an extent that the road paralleling the river, running through Lehigh Gap, was flooded to the depth of three and more feet for a distance of half a mile. As I did not wish to disappoint the good people of Berlinsville, I ventured into the flood. I concluded that the path of duty was the path of safety. I got through all right, but had great difficulty in preventing my horse and buggy from being swept away in the swift current.

We had a neighbor family in Womelsdorf by the name of Deininger. The members of the family belonged to our church. The Deininger boys and the Yost boys had been friends, playmates and cronies. The Deiningers, however, left

Womelsdorf in 1840, and finally located at Millheim, Center County. Feeling a strong desire to visit them, I left Weissport on Monday morning, May 8th, and proceeded across the mountains as far as the home of Bro. Sager, near the Susquehanna River, where I was entertained for the night. The next day I drove to Milton, and remained there with a cousin until Thursday morning, and then continued on to Millheim. The journey was a most enjoyable one. The weather was delightful—the air balmy, and fields and meadows reflected the glory of God.

On the road through Union County, I met a man on horseback. He greeted me respectfully, and inquired if I was a minister. I answered that I was. He then inquired, what denomination. I informed him that I was an Evangelical. He exclaimed: "This is providential. We have a charge consisting of four churches in this neighborhood, in one of which I am an elder. We are without a pastor." He urged me to accompany him to his home, remain over the Sabbath, and conduct at least two services by way of trial. I inferred that he took me for an Evangelical Lutheran, and did not correct that impression. But I informed him that I had a good charge in Carbon County, and did not desire to make a change. I expressed doubt that I would suit the people here at any

rate, because I was in favor of revivals and prayer-meeting, and an advocate of experimental religion; moreover, that I insisted upon my members living the lives of true Christians. He replied with animation, that I was the man they were looking for, and was sure that I would be acceptable; that the trouble with them was, they would sometimes have a pastor who was in favor of revivals and prayer-meetings, and he would be succeeded by one who was opposed to anything of the kind. Thus, they had been continually swinging, as it were, between life and death in spiritual matters. He again strongly urged me to remain over Sunday, but I informed him that such a course was impossible. Thereupon we parted, wishing each other God's blessing.

The meeting with the dear Deininger family was productive of pleasurable emotion; I came upon them unexpectedly and unannounced. Good mother Deininger did not recognize me at first. I was but ten years of age when she had last seen me. When I made myself known, she was overwhelmed with emotion. Her son, Rev. C. F. Deininger was a useful member of the Central Pennsylvania Conference.

There is an interesting as well as a rather sad incident connected with Father Deininger's conversion. He was an intelligent man, and had



been educated at a prominent institution of learning in Germany. At the time of his conversion he was organist, chorister and German school teacher in the Union Lutheran Reformed Church at Womelsdorf. Through the preaching of Evangelical itinerants he had been convinced of the necessity of a new birth about the same time that my parents had been converted. He determined to wholly follow Christ. In pursuance of this resolve the family altar was erected in his home, and morning and evening they knelt in prayer. It was soon voiced abroad that Deininger had fallen from the faith; that he had begun kneeling in prayer along with his family—had become a “strawler,” in fact. A man might swear, profane the Sabbath, get drunk and lead a godless life in general all through the year, and yet be regarded as a Christian and an acceptable member of the church; but as soon as he fell upon his knees in prayer, and endeavored to lead a god-fearing life, that was unmistakable evidence that he had fallen from the faith—had become a fanatic.

A number of the leading members of the church called on the pastor, and protested against having a “strawler” for their organist, and school teacher of their children. The pastor accompanied the protestants to the Seltzer Tavern where they partook of several rounds of whiskey.

Having imbibed sufficient courage, they proceeded to the school house, and dismissed Bro. Deininger. After that he united with the Evangelical Association.

To the credit of these Lutheran and Reformed members it must be recorded that they afterwards regretted their course, and after a time urged Bro. Deininger to resume his former positions in their church. He complied, and was organist and school-master as long as he resided in Womelsdorf, though he remained a faithful member of our church.

On Sunday, May 14th, I preached at Millheim to a large congregation. I was living in a heavenly atmosphere, it seemed to me. I felt like shouting all through the day: "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless His holy name."

Monday morning, May 15th, I parted from the dear Deininger family, with the blessed assurance that we would meet again in Heaven, if not again on earth. I drove to New Berlin, a place prominent in the history of our church. I was cordially received, and heartily entertained by Bro. Miller and family. For a number of years this place was the acknowledged headquarters of our church. Here was located the Publishing House before its removal to Cleveland, Ohio. The first

church erected by our denomination, a very humble and unpretentious building, as well as the first Publishing House, were objects of intense interest to me. Those were the days of small things.

From New Berlin I continued my journey, and arrived at the home of my brother, John Yost, in Lebanon, during a heavy down-pour of rain. Here I unexpectedly met my dear father. He was present on an important mission.

After the death of my affectionate mother, father had tried to paddle his life-canoe alone; but he eventually became convinced of the truth of the Creator's edict, that it was not good for man to be alone. So, after prayer-meeting in the evening, he was united in marriage to Magdalena Spangler, a godly widow. Bro. F. Kreckler, Presiding Elder of this district, officiated. That I happened to be present at this important event was a matter for mutual congratulations. The Lord gave his blessing to the union!

On the following Tuesday, May 23rd, I arrived on my field of labor, refreshed and strengthened in mind and body.

Thursday, the 25th, was Ascension Day—a day of precious and intimate communion with my God. It is very comforting to be thoroughly assured that we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, who is the propitiation for

our sins; and not ours only, but for the sins of the whole world,

“Great Advocate, almighty Friend!  
On Thee our humble hopes depend;  
Our cause can never, never fail,  
For Jesus pleads and must prevail.”

Our second quarterly meeting was held in the Snyder Church, during Saturday and Sunday, June 3rd and 4th. Bro. F. Hoffman, the presiding elder, was present. His sermon on Sunday morning, from Matt. 3, 11: “He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire,” was one of marvelous power. It was Pentecost, a day long to be remembered. We were baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, especially while receiving the Sacrament. We sat together in Heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Thank God for such seasons of refreshing!

Thursday, the 29th. This day I was requested to assist at the funeral ceremonies of Mother Brug. Her son and family were members of the Baptist denomination; but since that church had no organization in the neighborhood, their custom had been to worship with us. Mother Brug herself had been a member of the Lutheran Church. It was, therefore, considered proper that a Lutheran minister have charge of the funeral, that the services be held in the Lutheran church, and the

body be interred in the Lutheran cemetery. Rev. W. Rath, a minister of that denomination, was called upon to take charge, and to preach the funeral sermon in the German language. Before transferring the body to the church, it had been arranged that I deliver a brief address in English at the home for the special benefit of some of the family who were not conversant with the German language.

When Mr. R. arrived at the house, and learned of the arrangements, he became very indignant. He declared, excitedly, that he would not allow me to speak. "What?" exclaimed Bro. Brug. "Not allow him to speak in my own house? Have I not that much privilege in my own affairs? Is not this a land of religious liberty?" Still further enraged, Mr. R. declared: "I shall positively not allow him to take part in this funeral." With that he withdrew to the outside. Bro. Brug was intensely grieved and indignant at the minister's conduct. He was on the point of sending word out to Mr. Rath, dismissing him summarily. He declared that he would have a new grave prepared in the Evangelical cemetery, and have the service held in the Evangelical church. I earnestly advised against such a course, not only on account of the scandal which must ensue, but also because a complete change of arrangements would neces-

sitate a postponement of the funeral. Such a change would make it very inconvenient for many who had come from a distance. I said that I would willingly, eagerly, withdraw under the circumstances. Bro. Brug, however, was very stubborn in the matter, and would not yield to my advice, until his wife had entreated him with tears to do so. So Mr. R. was notified to proceed with the services.

The excitement on account of this incident was intense though suppressed. One of Mr. R.'s elders, a leading citizen of the neighborhood, approached me, and said that he was ashamed to be compelled to own up to such a minister; and that I must not think evil of the members on account of their preacher's disgraceful conduct. He urged me to go along to the burial, and to the services in the church. I did so.

After delivering a short address concerning the character and standing of the decedent, Mr. R. gave vent to the following remarkable speech: "Today a thing happened which I trust will never happen again. As you all know, there are two denominations in this place. One of them has its gatherings in a house not far from here, and the other worships in this church. We of this church have no fellowship whatsoever with those people, and do not desire to have; for they are greatly in

error, as I could prove at some future time. Whenever you have a funeral in this neighborhood, and desire to have the so-called preacher of those people take part, then leave me out. I did not allow their preacher to intrude in this instance because I do not consider him a Christian minister, according to the teachings of the New Testament and the Holy Lutheran Church."

When service was ended, and we were yet inside the church, I walked up to Mr. R., and extended my hand. He took it reluctantly, and held it for but a moment. I placed my hand on his arm, and walked with him outside of the church. I said: "Mr. R., you declared that we were in error. Kindly show us wherein we err, that we may come to the light." Much agitated, he muttered: "Not now; some other time." "Again, Mr. R.," I continued, "you charged that I was not a Christian minister." He stayed not to hear more, but tore from my grasp on his arm, sprang into his buggy, and drove rapidly away. Quite a crowd of people had congregated, as if they anticipated a fistic encounter. I turned to them and said: "My good people, you now perceive to what ends prejudice and bigotry can force a man, even though he be your pastor. The Lord have pity upon him, for he is wholly out of time and place in this age of religious freedom."

Father Jacob Bowman, at whose house I had my home, was greatly aroused by this exhibition by Mr. R. He exclaimed: "Just wait. We'll get hold of him sometime; for he frequently stops in the neighborhood at the house of a neighbor of mine. When he comes again we will give him such a dressing down as he has never had before." Mr. R., however, shunned this place during the remainder of the year. So he did not receive the dressing-down.

I had the privilege of attending four camp-meetings during this summer. One was held at McKeansburg, our own near Weissport, one between Orwigsburg and Schuylkill Haven, and one on Lykens Circuit, near Berrysburg, in Bro. Klinger's grove. I was called upon to preach at least once at every one. They were all seasons of quickening, converting and sanctifying grace. The one on Lykens Circuit was of marvelous power,—perhaps the best I had so far attended. Many sinners were converted. The grove resounded constantly with shouts of victory. By God's blessing I had unusual liberty in preaching one afternoon at the meeting between Orwigsburg and Schuylkill Haven. My text was, "Awake, O north wind; and come thou, south wind: blow upon my garden that the spices thereof may flow out."



I also spent a few days at a camp-meeting conducted by the United Brethren, in Millcreek Township, Lebanon County, and, upon invitation, assisted in the services. It was a successful meeting. The ministers and people of this denomination possess the same spirit, and work by the same methods that we employ, and we should be one.

I conducted seven protracted meetings during the winter, besides attending to my regular appointments. My time was wholly occupied those days. The Lord granted me health and strength, and a fair measure of success in winning souls for Christ, so that I was happy in the work. At Berlinsville and Weissport about sixty persons professed religion, of which number about fifty united with us in church fellowship. Bro. Haines was enabled to give me some assistance, as well as Bro. Jacob Snyder, our active and zealous local preacher.

Our third and fourth quarterly meetings were seasons of heart-quickenings. Bro. Hoffman, presiding elder, was present, and delivered several grand, finely arranged and eminently practical sermons. He was an eloquent speaker, and blessed with a splendid voice.

A member of the circuit was tried for unchristian conduct, and expelled. It was my

disagreeable duty to announce his expulsion in public. He was present at the time. When the service was ended, he came to me, held out his hand and declared that I had done the proper thing; that he had not been fit to be a member for some time past. But he entreated me not to avoid him or cast him off. He begged me to visit him and pray with him, insisting that he would "get right with God and man again." He soon was accepted back in the fold. Such a return to grace after expulsion is an unusual experience in the life of a minister, when he is compelled to so severely discipline a member.

A number of our good people were called up higher during the year. Among them were Father Solt, Father Kuntz, Sister Witmeyer, David Strauss, Sister Mary Weiss, Sister Keen, wife of George Keen. Every one had a triumphant end. Sister Weiss was compelled to undergo terrible suffering, her affliction being the dreaded cancer. She had been racked with paroxysms of pain such as words cannot describe. But I always found her cheerful in the Lord. She endured the excruciating agony with Christian fortitude and resignation.

I visited Sister Keen frequently during her long illness. Whenever I prayed with her, her heart was filled with divine ecstasy, and she

shouted the praises of God. It was her earnest desire that her youngest child, a babe of three months, might follow her. A few days after her demise, the wish was granted. What inexpressible joy was hers, when angels on snowy wings brought the soul of the child to her in Heaven!

The death of Bro. Strauss was a very sad ending. He was deaf and dumb, and had been run over by the cars while walking along the railroad, his body being fearfully mangled. His conversion, a short time before his death, had been remarkable. Though unable to hear and understand, he nevertheless was constant in his attendance at meetings, and was always accompanied by his two sisters who were also deaf mutes. All this time the Spirit of God had been speaking to him. At a protracted meeting in Weissport he presented himself at the altar, seeming to be deeply penitent. None of us could say a word of comfort or advice; but the Great Teacher who had said, "Come unto me all ye that labor,—" had him in hand. After a short season of weeping and groaning, he was gloriously saved. He rose from his knees, and, with a countenance illuminated with celestial joy, pointed upwards, then smote himself upon the chest. We understood what he meant, and rejoiced with him.

Sunday, Feb. 11, was my last Sunday on the circuit. The service in the morning at Berlinsville, the one in the afternoon at Bowman's, and the one in the evening at Weissport, were in the nature of farewell meetings.

Another conference year, and my second in the itinerancy, had drawn to a close. By God's grace I had not missed a single appointment on account of sickness. It had been a year of arduous labor involving heavy responsibilities, but was also fraught with many blessings. It had been a great joy and delight to travel Carbon Circuit. The friends had treated me with unstinted kindness.

Shortly after I had arrived on the circuit, good Sister Jacob Bowman, one of the kindest souls I have ever met, insisted that I make my home at their house. I most cheerfully accepted, and was treated thereafter like a member of the family. As was the case at the end of my first year of service, these dear people absolutely refused to even think about accepting remuneration for the accommodation given me and my horse, Jerry.

I, a young preacher, without wife or mother, was indeed fortunate in finding a home such as this.

The son of Mrs. Bowman, a vivacious lad of eighteen years of age, who was a clerk in his

father's store, was one of the liveliest chaps I had ever met. He was not wicked, but simply brimfull of youthful fun and exuberance. He had requested the privilege of taking care of my horse. Out of kindness of heart, he fed Jerry almost to death.

I shall never forget the intense solicitude Mother Bowman showed for the eternal welfare of her son. Often did she say to me: "O, if my Thomas would only give his heart to God! I am firmly convinced that he would make a successful worker for the Lord."

In the West Penn Valley lived a man who was not only well-to-do, but also one of the most prominent in the vicinity. He owned a large farm, a store, and ran a tavern. One day, while I was passing down the Valley to my circuit, as I approached his place, he came out to the road and gave me the signal to stop. He inquired if I was an Evangelical minister. Upon hearing that I was, he invited me, indeed fairly pressed me, to put up my horse and remain for dinner, saying, that it was nearly noon, and that both myself and my horse needed food. It was not the habit of Evangelical ministers to refuse such an invitation, so I climbed down from my buggy, and followed him up to the house.

When we were seated on the porch, he opened his heart to me. He showed that his soul was grievously burdened. "I am in great distress," he said. "I was baptized, confirmed, and went to communion. My pastor, and the people about here, consider me a Christian, yet I have lived for many years a godless life, without prayer, and wholly ignorant of experimental religion. Besides, I have been a bitter enemy of your church, and did everything in my power to keep your people away from the Valley. Sometime ago, a neighbor, who lives about a mile from here, was converted, as he called it, and opened his house to the Evangelical preachers. I was displeased beyond measure, and resolved to have that stopped, if possible. To persecute in the way of using rough measures was against my inclination. I decided that the better plan would be to attend every meeting at my neighbor's house, have paper and pencil with me, and take down the text, the passages quoted from scripture, and some of the arguments advanced. Then at home I could take the Bible, compare passage with passage, and thus be thoroughly prepared to show my neighbor wherein he and his pastor erred,—for I firmly believed they were in error. I could then confront them with my evidence, convince them that they were wrong, and in that way break up their meet-

ings. My pastor called around and informing him that your preachers had an opening in the Valley he said, "This is unfortunate. Now we will have trouble, for where those people come they divide families and turn neighbors against each other," and admonished me not to go near, that it was very contagious. But informing him of the purpose of my attending, said, "That's right. May you be successful." In pursuance of this course, I searched the Bible sometimes until long after midnight. The more I searched the more my eyes were opened. To my consternation and dismay I discovered that I was the one who was in error, that I was the one who was unsaved. My sins began to mount up before me, and often I was constrained to cry out: 'Can there be salvation for me? Can I yet be saved?'

I prayed for him, and gave him such instructions as the spirit of God prompted. Then he declared that there would be soon a better state of affairs in the Valley; that his children, who lived on farms near by, would be converted, and ended by prophesying that an Evangelical church would be built there before long. He proceeded immediately to follow up his declarations. The tavern sign-post was cut down, liquor was banished and the bar closed forever. The room which had known scenes of drunkenness, profanity and re-

velling was turned into a place of prayer, and resounded to the voice of the preacher.

O, that all men might be as sincere concerning the eternal interests of their souls! I stand firmly and squarely on this assertion: An honest and sincere man can not be lost. God in His infinite wisdom will find some way by which to bring him to a saving knowledge of the truth.

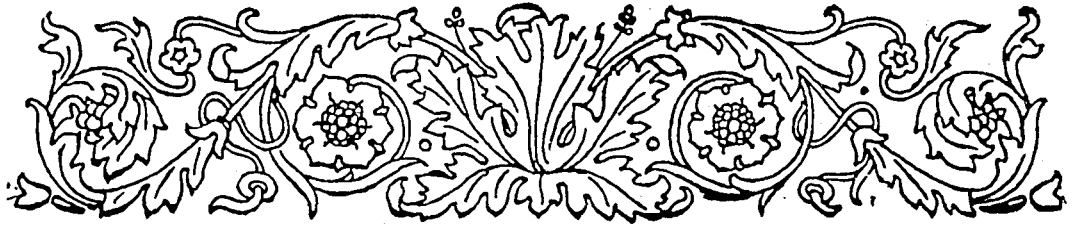
One of my members on Carbon Circuit was an inveterate sleeper during meetings. Hardly would I announce my text when he would be off to the Land of Nod. One Sunday morning after the service, during which he had slept every moment, he came to me, and said: "I am surprised, Bro. Yost, at your remarkable growth. Every Sunday you preach better than the Sunday before." Looking at him with surprise, I said, curtly: "What do you know about my preaching. You sleep all the time." He answered: "What, sleeping? Do you think that because I have my eyes closed during meeting I am sleeping? No, no. I can hear much better, and get greater benefit out of the sermon when my eyes are closed." This, I presume, explains why we see occasionally so many hearers in Church with their eyes closed! They are listening—attentively!

On Tuesday morning, Feb. 13th, I took leave of the dear friends at Weissport, and began my



journey home to Womelsdorf, where I had decided to wait the few days intervening before conference. But what a journey! Again I encountered the Spring snows, the melting rains, the terrible roads. I did not arrive at Womelsdorf until Thursday evening.

While abiding at father's, I lost my noble Jerry horse. The hired man, who possessed an ungovernable temper, became angered for some reason at the horse. He struck the poor beast so maliciously with a heavy hammer that it died a few days afterward from the injury. What harm may not the unrestrained anger of a wicked man work? I grieved over the loss of my horse as I might over the loss of a faithful friend; for that is what the animal was to me. Father comforted me as best he could, and promised, that in case I needed a horse during the coming year, he would give me one. But no horse can ever be another Jerry!



## Chapter IV.

Conference Session—A Powerful Ordination Sermon—Bishop Long for Room-Mate—A Unique Character—Examination in Theology—Pine Grove Circuit—Taken a Wife—Successor to the Eloquent S. Neitz—Lessons in House-Keeping—Increase in Spirituality—Camp-Meetings—A Question Unanswered—Corner-Stone Laying at Weissport—Conversion of a Butcher—An Ungodly Father's Attempt—General Conference Session in 1855—Intensely Interested—Earnest Debates—Successful Year—Returned to Pine Grove—Bishop Seybert's Remarkable Sermon—Three Successful Camp-Meetings—Successful Revivals—Converted the Wife of a Tailor—A Prevailing Prayer.

This Spring, conference convened in Emanuel Church, Philadelphia, Feb. 28th. Bishop Long presided. It was an interesting but also very tedious session, lasting eight days. Our kind-hearted Bishops allowed the brethren to talk, talk, talk, interminably.

The ordination sermon on Sunday morning, was one of marvelous power. What a mighty man in the pulpit was the venerable Bishop Long! By hearing him, one got a conception of the beauty of Holy Writ such as he had never had before. Passage after passage was woven into

sermons of irresistible force and indescribable grandeur.

The Bishop and I roomed together during this session, and, therefore, I became more intimately acquainted with him. Closer acquaintance ripened the love and esteem I felt towards him. Beneath his rough, rugged and seemingly uncouth exterior a kind, sympathetic and fatherly heart throbbed.

Eight of us young men were ordained Deacons: T. G. Clewell, S. P. Reinoehl, F. P. Lehr, R. Yeakel, Joshua Frey and myself, as itinerant deacons, and Adam Hinkel and P. H. Lehr as local deacons. It was a responsible trust committed to us by God and the church. I earnestly prayed that I might be granted humility, discretion and steadfastness so that I might faithfully discharge my duties. I besought God to give me a ready will for the observance of all spiritual discipline, and that I might always so conduct myself that the constant testimony of a clear conscience would be mine. I desired to furnish, by my life and work, a good example.

It was the custom at this time to examine applicants for deacon's orders in theology. Our examiner preferred to examine each one separately and privately, instead of having the entire class before him. He instructed me to meet him

on a certain morning in a class-room, in the basement of the church. I met him there according to instructions, and he delivered the following by way of examination: "Well, Bro. Yost, I heard you preach last night before the conference, and you performed splendidly; everyone was pleased. It is a source of satisfaction to me when our young men get along so well. You had a good deal of theology in your sermon, from which I infer that you are pretty well up in that branch. I shall so inform conference. You may go." Go I did! Thus I passed the examination without a single question having been propounded to me, and hence it is not known what I know in theology.

Pinegrove Circuit was my appointment, and since I was to serve without the assistance of a colleague, I was going to be "monarch of all I surveyed."

Friday, March 9th. On the morning of this day I was united in holy wedlock with Maria H. Gish, daughter of Abram Gish, Esq., of Berlinsville, Northampton County. Bro. Haines officiated. I had saved from my salary of one hundred dollars a year, during the past two years, the sum of twenty-five dollars. With this sum I ventured upon the sea of matrimony. Quite an undertaking!

On Sunday, March 19th, I entered upon my new field of labor. Bro. Solomon Neitz, my predecessor, accompanied me to Tremont, where I preached my inauguration sermon, from the words: "Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified, even as it is with you." 2nd Thes. 3, 1. In the evening, at Pinegrove my text was: "Therefore, seeing that we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not; but have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." Both my audiences were large and apparently appreciative.

My heart went out in earnest prayer for success on this field of labor. I trusted that God would use me to the glory of His name, and the salvation of many souls.

I admit that I entered upon the work here with considerable trepidation and diffidence; for my predecessor, Bro. S. Neitz, was acknowledged to be the finest German pulpit orator in our church at that time. To follow him, and prove acceptable to the people, was a matter of no small moment to me. He was a wonderfully gifted man. But how essential it is that so great tal-

ents as he possessed should be wholly consecrated to God. I prayed for courage, and determined that whatever gifts I possessed would be unreservedly dedicated to the service of God and man.

I had four regular appointments on this circuit: Pinegrove, Tremont, Donaldson, and Manbeck's. There were several irregular places where I proposed to hold services when circumstances permitted. On account of not having so many appointments as I had been compelled to fill during the two years past, I was enabled to study more—to spend more time in systematic search of the Scriptures. I longed to become better equipped for my work.

Pinegrove was my principal appointment. I preached there twice on every other Sunday, and once the remaining Sundays. It was the only place on the circuit where we had a meeting-house.

The friends had received me very cordially, and soon led me to perceive that my coming had been acceptable to them. This encouraged me greatly, and I labored among them with delight.

On Wednesday, April 23rd, teams conveyed our household effects, which my father-in-law had so magnificently furnished, to Pinegrove. We soon had our rooms in order, and began learning

the lessons of house-keeping. My beloved companion had been received with every mark of affection, and she felt "at home" from her first appearance.

Soon I had the satisfaction of noting that the congregations were gradually increasing in attendance, and that the members in general seemed inclined to a more earnest spirituality. This was cheering, and gave me added confidence.

During the month of August, I attended four camp-meetings. They were held on the Mohontongo Circuit, at McKeansburg, in Bro. Snyder's grove on Carbon Circuit, and at Nazareth. Preaching at the Mohontongo meeting, on the text, "Then shall the righteous shine as the sun in their Father's kingdom," I endeavored to illustrate that the Father's kingdom was the promised new Heaven and new earth in which dwelt righteousness, and was to be the eternal home of the people of God, after the purifying, conclusive processes of the last day. Father Bohner, in whose grove the meeting was held, inquired whether, in that new and purified world, we would still have to contend with these surrounding high and rocky hills. The neighborhood was indeed a section composed of stony places. I could not answer the question. Who can?

I have not forgotten how marvelously the Lord assisted me one evening while preaching at the McKeansburg meeting, held in Father Seltzer's woods. I had so strong an impression that God was then using me for some special purpose that it was not to be controverted.

At this camp, while an experience meeting was being held and the friends were relating what the Lord had done for them, an aged brother arose and said, "Brethren and Sisters, I would like to tell what Jesus has done for my soul. I have tried to do so for the past 49 years but have not yet accomplished it." This brought me to my feet and I said, "Father, you will not accomplish it in eternity."

On Aug. 26th, I assisted, by invitation, at the cornerstone-laying for the new church then in process of erection at Weissport. The friends there meant business in their project. While I was the pastor, the year previously, we held a few congregational meetings to inaugurate measures which might consummate in the building of a new church. The plan upon which we finally united was unique—anyhow, I do not know that it had been tried before in any place. It was agreed that the tax valuation of each individual's property, less the liabilities, should be taken as a basis for raising the necessary funds; and those



who possessed no property were expected to contribute as much as was in their power. Since the heaviest real estate owners of the church advocated this plan, it was not difficult to make it effective. The result, up to this time of the laying of the corner-stone, was the prospect of a brick structure, forty by sixty feet in dimensions, with steeple and bell, a basement for the Sunday-school gatherings and prayer-meetings, the whole to cost in the neighborhood of six thousand dollars. Labor and building material being cheap at that time.

The conversion of a prominent member of this congregation (Weissport) and the incidents connected therewith, are very interesting. Bro. L. was a butcher, and, before his conversion, a member of another church. He had become a slave to intoxicating drink. Whenever he returned from the market in Mauch Chunk, he was intoxicated to such an extent that he had to be assisted from the wagon into the house. He was fast plunging down-grade. An interested friend finally persuaded him to attend a few of our meetings. Through the earnest preaching he heard, he came under conviction, and was an earnest seeker after a new heart. When his own pastor heard of this, he called on Bro. L., and reprimanded him for being absent from his

customary seat in church. He expressed the hope that Bro. L. would not fall from his faith, nor sever his church connection. Bro. L. thereupon sprang to his feet. "Pastor," he began with animation, "you knew for years what kind of a life I led. You knew that I was on the rapid road to spiritual and temporal ruin, and that I was bringing more and more sorrow upon my family; yet you never visited me to remonstrate with me. Now, when I am determined to break myself of my evil habits, reform, and live a sober life, you visit me and upbraid me. I want you to tell me what I shall do," Bro. L. continued. "Shall I remain in your spiritually dead church, keep on drinking and serving the devil, or shall I become an earnest Christian, and cast my lot along with these praying people?" The pastor took his hat, and, muttering: "Do what you think best," left the house.

The protracted meetings held at Pinegrove and Tremont were blessed with the gracious visitations of the Holy Spirit.

At the latter place, a citizen, whose daughter had become an earnest seeker for religion, determined to take her away from the altar. In the evening, before the meeting, he went to the tavern to fill up on whiskey. He informed the proprietor of what he intended to do. The proprietor remon-

strated with the man; begged that he do nothing so rash. He continued: "You must remember that those people have the Almighty God, and the laws of the land on their side, while you have nothing but the whiskey bottle to back you. You will come out at the short end of the horn."

The father of the girl persisted, however. As soon as his daughter, with others, had presented herself at the altar, he sprang to his feet, and started to rush down the aisle. Some of the brethren were on the watch, for we had been warned by the proprietor of the tavern, and they hustled the man outside of the church with but little ceremony.

He prosecuted us for assault and battery. The true state of affairs having been made known to the Court in Pottsville by witnesses, among whom was the proprietor of the tavern, the judge not only decided the case in our favor but also sharply reprimanded the complainant, and fined him the costs. He was remanded to jail until the costs were paid. The misguided man begged for forgiveness with tears. We thereupon raised the money, paid the costs, and had him released from custody. It was a lesson he never forgot. Shortly afterwards he refunded the money, stopped drinking, attended our meeting quite regularly, and I trust that his soul was eventually saved. The

daughter became an earnest and exemplary Christian.

#### GENERAL CONFERENCE SESSION IN 1855.

General Conference convened this year in Lebanon, Pa., for its quadrennial session. The meetings began on Sept., 19th, and continued for twelve days, not including Sundays. Sixty-eight delegates were present.

Pinegrove being only twenty miles distant, I had the great privilege of attending as a visitor. To see, hear and become personally acquainted with the fathers of the church, about whom I had heard and read so much, and who, as Evangelical champions, had for years been fighting the battles of the Lord, and gained many notable victories, was a most highly enjoyable privilege for me, a young preacher who was just winning his spurs.

Here was that grand old patriarch, six feet tall, straight as an arrow, with a step as elastic as that of a young man, highly esteemed and almost worshipped by everyone: Father John Dreisbach, a co-laborer of the sainted Jacob Albright, and the first presiding elder in the Evangelical Association. How great an honor I deemed it to make his acquaintance, and hear him relate his remarkable experiences during the first years of our church's history in Pennsylvania. The severe

persecution and strong opposition he was compelled to endure would have cowed and wholly discouraged a weaker man. When he entered upon active work in 1807, the church consisted of only three itinerants, four local preachers and less than three hundred members. When, therefore, at this present session, the committee on statistics reported that we had at this time four hundred and seventy-four travelling and local preachers, and a membership of twenty-seven thousand six hundred and seventy, he was usually affected, and offered thanks to the great Head of the Church for thus blessing our denomination. "The Lord has done great things for us whereof we are glad," he exclaimed with heart overflowing with joy and praise.

Here was the brilliant and talented J. J. Esher, from the West, a man about thirty years of age, perhaps the youngest man in attendance as a delegate, but nevertheless the efficient secretary of that august body.

To see, hear and know such men as J. G. Zinser, J. G. Wollpert, W. W. Orwig, Charles Hammer, C. G. Koch, Jacob Boas, Philip Wagner, who was a giant in stature and in aggressiveness, A. B. Schaefer, the youthful H. J. Carothers, a valiant debater and the fighting cock of the conference,

was indeed an interesting and memorable experience.

W. W. Orwig, it appeared to me, was the leading and most dominant spirit, always alert, wide-awake, and constantly prepared for any emergency. He stood in the front of all aggressive movements—in publishing interests, mission enterprises and educational projects. He had many antagonists both in that conference and throughout the whole church. It seemed to me that he was too far in advance of the time, too persistent in the matter of reforms to suit some of our well-meaning and decidedly conservative fathers who were greatly alarmed lest progress in educational matters, and along other lines, would cause a worldly spirit in the church, and drive out spirituality.

Bro. Orwig introduced a motion for the inauguration of measures leading towards higher educational institutions to be established by one or more of our annual conferences. The motion was carried after some sharp debates pro and con. The matter was referred to a special committee which was to formulate rules for the conduct of such proposed schools. The committee was composed of one delegate from each annual conference, and the two bishops. A report was submitted as follows: "Any one, or more, of our

annual conferences shall be permitted to have erected within its boundaries higher, *but not theological schools.*" The report also contained a number of restrictions and rules under which such schools must be conducted. So it was finally agreed, after considerable cross-firing, that we, as a church, might have higher educational institutions, but that in them no theology must be taught.

I listened attentively to the arguments, but for the life of me I could not understand nor comprehend why there was so strenuous an opposition to theological schools. I had conceived the idea that the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and the plan of human redemption *was* theology, pure and simple. Those who were opposed to such schools spoke very earnestly about worldly-mindedness, superficiality, pride, unbelief, and so forth; but I could not perceive in what way those undesirable things were connected with theology, except that they were wholly antagonistic to it. To be sure I was young and inexperienced—not an epitome of wisdom. However, I felt quite sure that none of these ultra-conservative brethren would feel inclined or satisfied to employ, as a physician, a man who had no medical training or learning; neither would they employ a lawyer who was not

well versed in law. Then why not theological training for preachers?

W. W. Orwig also introduced a motion, that a Tract Society should be formed for the issuing of tracts by our publishing house, and that the functionaries in said publishing house working in conjunction with the congregation in Cleveland, be requested to form a tract society, draft a constitution, and so forth. After some discussion the motion prevailed.

The most animated debate, however, was upon the question of increase in preachers' salaries. The delegates from the East, where the work was largely in cities and towns, insisted that an increase ought to be granted. Many delegates from the West, where the work was mostly in rural districts, were unable to see the necessity for increase, which was not surprising; since the farmers, from the abundance of their products, supplied those western brethren with almost everything needful.

After Bro. Jacob Keiper, a delegate from the West, had delivered a strong speech for the opposition, Bro. Joseph Saylor took the matter in hand, and in his biting, sarcastic manner said: "That brother can talk. Did I not, only yesterday, hear him boast that he was getting from the farmers on his field, all the flour, meat, butter,



lard, eggs, milk, needful for his family? Such men can talk! Here in the East we are differently situated. We are compelled to *buy* on the market everything we need, and at high prices. When I go to market in Philadelphia it is almost necessary to carry the money in a basket; but a pocket-book will be sufficiently large to hold the things I carry home."

By request Bishop Long, who was in the chair, made some sharp and cutting remarks in opposition to an increase in salary. None answered him, it being custom at that time that after the chair had expressed his opinion by request that that should end the discussion on that subject. The good Bishop apparently did not take the fact into consideration that but few, if any, of the brethren were in such favorable temporal circumstances as he, who could have served even without any salary and yet lay considerable by from the proceeds of his good farm in Ohio. He never made the experience what it costs a preacher with family to live, especially in cities, who has no other income but his small salary.

At last it was agreed that preachers should receive an increase; but even with the increase the remuneration was little enough.

It was a great treat to hear a number of the fathers preach. Bro. D. N. Long delivered a ser-

mon one evening on the transforming power of the grace of God—the change wrought in the character, life and disposition of men. To emphasize this point he raised his voice to a high pitch, and with immense enthusiasm declared: “Brethren, the grace of God does wonders: *it changes a lion into a bear!*”

This slip of the tongue convulsed the large congregation. The roars of laughter which ensued naturally discomposed the speaker.

What elicited great joy, and thrilled the hearts of the fathers, was the development in missionary activity and the increase in mission funds. During the past year the sum of eleven thousand five hundred and thirty-three dollars and seventy cents had been raised by the church for mission purposes, which amount included bequests: about forty-one and one half cents per member. This was considered a wonderful achievement. Of the amount raised, seven hundred and seventy-seven dollars and two cents was for mission work in Germany, and five hundred and eighteen dollars and fifty-six cents was for a heathen mission.

It was resolved that the Board of Missions should search without delay for promising young men, with the end in view of having them properly trained for mission service in foreign lands. This was the first movement in our church for a

Mission in heathen lands. The corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society, C. G. Koch, was instructed to act with the board, in the meantime, in ascertaining where, in heathen lands, the most promising field was. Monthly missionary prayer-meetings were to be held by all our societies, and a missionary sermon was to be preached annually to each congregation, and contributions solicited. These forward movements in the activities of the church were advocated by a large majority of the delegates.

I returned to my field of labor with my vision greatly enlarged, and my heart filled with gratitude that I had been permitted to attend this memorable General Conference. I wondered if I should ever again be so fortunate as to attend such an assembly of noted fathers of the church.

At our quarterly meetings on Pinegrove Circuit, Bro. F. Hoffman, the presiding elder, was at his post, and delivered edifying and soul-uplifting sermons.

Sunday, Feb. 17th. This was my last day for this conference year on this circuit. I had had now the glorious privilege of laboring for three years in my blessed Master's vineyard. O, what a heavenly privilege, to preach the everlasting gospel of Christ to one's fellow men, and teach

them how to become acquainted with Jesus and his undying love!

The conference session this Spring was held in Allentown, (1856). The venerable Bishop Seybert presided in his usually patient and fatherly manner. His ordination sermon on Sunday morning was a masterpiece of gospel simplicity, and yet unusual in its power. While listening to his unpretentious style of delivery one could not help but wonder at the effectiveness of his sermons. During his ordination sermon, while urging the necessity of a preacher being endowed with the power of the Holy Ghost, he said: "Look at that locomotive standing on the railroad track, It cannot move. It has the appearance of strength, but in reality a cat has more power. But put fire into it, and let the steam arise: what a marvelous exhibition of power now! Thus it is with the preacher. He may have all intellectual and educational endowments possible; but if he is not baptized with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, he is like sounding brass, like a tinkling cymbal."

It was very agreeable both to my wife and myself to be returned to Pinegrove for another year: for we had learned to feel "at home" among the good people of the place. Our satisfaction was augmented by the knowledge that the friends

hailed our return with equal pleasure. It was my sincere and earnest prayer that my efforts during this coming year might be crowned with greater success than had attended any previous year.

In the name of my Divine Master I pushed the work throughout the year. I labored with vigor and delight. The services were seasons of abundant blessings. The congregations gradually increased in attendance and in spirituality. So I had an incentive for renewed energy.

During August I attended three camp-meetings. One was held at Wiconisco, on Lykens Circuit, one on the Mohontongo Circuit, and the other at Weissport. All were largely attended by our people, and were meetings of extraordinary success. As far as we could ascertain, about eighty persons were saved.

The four quarterly meetings were also times of spiritual rejoicings. The Lord was present at every one. Bro. Solomon Neitz, the presiding elder, was in charge at three of the meetings, and preached some of his marvelous sermons which could not be described nor imitated. Bro. J. P. Leib was his substitute at the fourth meeting, and rendered efficient service.

Late in the Fall, a malignant scarlet fever epidemic prevailed in Tremont. The result was disastrous. Many children, and some adults,

were swept into eternity. There was hardly a family in the town that was not stricken. For more than a week, during the height of the scourge, I had from one to three funerals every day. This, along with trying to comfort the afflicted and performing my regular duties, pushed my physical endurance to the limit.

The protracted meetings during the Winter, in Pinegrove and Tremont, were crowned with unusual success, and far-reaching results. Wonderful manifestations they were of God's converting power. Night after night waves of salvation rolled over the congregations, and showers of the Grace of God descended upon us. The children of the Lord were graciously revived and established, and many souls were the happy recipients of redeeming love. Over one hundred persons professed salvation at these revival meetings, and I had the pleasure of receiving eighty-one into church-fellowship.

It is wonderful—marvelous, that God saw fit to use a weak, human instrument for the accomplishment of so great a work! To Him be all the glory. At the last service I conducted in Tremont, before leaving for conference, seventeen seekers for the light were at the altar. A number of them succeeded in finding the light of salvation.

While the revival at Tremont was in progress, the wife of a tailor was sweetly saved. I called on him soon after, at his place of business. Among other things, he said: "O, pastor Yost, how glad I am that *you converted my wife*. You have brought peace and quiet into the family. Before *you had converted her*, she was discontented, peevish, cross; she scolded about the house all the day. Life was almost unendurable. But now, *since you converted her*, she is the best wife in the world,—so happy, so cheerful, so contented. O, how thankful I am *to you*."

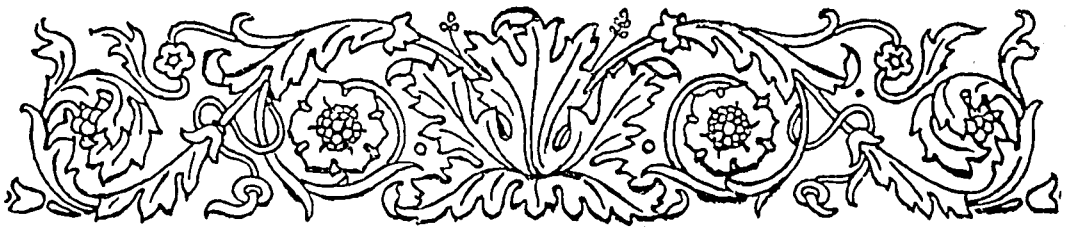
At the revival in Pinegrove, among the converts was the daughter of a man who was a bitter enemy of our church. When she returned home on the night of her conversion, her father met her. He was greatly enraged, and informed her that she was no longer recognized by him as his daughter, and that she could not remain at home, but would have to leave the parental roof without delay. She begged to be allowed to remain over the night. Consent was reluctantly granted. The following morning her father had not in the slightest degree relented. So she packed her things preparatory to her departure. She concluded, however, to offer up one more prayer under her father's roof. While she was engaged in supplication, heaven opened and the power of

God came down upon her in so pronounced a manner that she leaped about the room, and shouted aloud the praises of her Redeemer. The commotion filled the people down-stairs with fear. The father tried to prevail upon the mother to go above, and order the girl to be quiet. The mother was afraid to go. So the father was compelled to go himself. He ordered the girl to be quiet—said that she was causing an uproar among the neighbors. He ended by declaring that she might attend all the meetings she wished,—might even remain there at home, provided she kept quiet. Thus, like Jacob of old, as a Prince she had power with God and with men, and prevailed.

One day stepping into Bro. H. Heil's store in Tremont, I found quite a number of men gathered and engaged in an animated discussion on religious topics. One of them was ridiculing infant baptism, alleging that immersion was the only true mode and that when he was immersed in the Swatava, a stream flowing by the town—all his sins were washed away. I stepped up to him saying: "My friend, this clears up a mystery. I am fond of fishing, but could not understand why there are no fish in the Swatava, but now see when your sins were washed away they killed all the fish."



My second year on Pinegrove Circuit ended in a flush of prosperity. We had been royally treated and munificently supported. We had had everything needful in abundance. Under the strictly economical rules of the church, at this time, a deacon, even though married, had to serve for two years for an unmarried preacher's remuneration, that being the princely sum of one hundred dollars a year. The kind-hearted friends at Pinegrove and Tremont took this fact into account, and loaded us with provisions, and gave us money donations to the extent that at the end of the two years, though I had received only my salary of two hundred dollars, I still had *three hundred* dollars left. Quite a unique bit of financiering!



## Chapter V.

A Visit to Easton—Prosperous Outlook—Conference Session in New York City—Diagnosed as Pennsylvania Farmers—Bishop Long's Powerful Sermon—Revival During Session—Appointed to Wiconisco Station—A Rugged Place—Hearers and Spirituality Increasing—An almost Continuous Revival—Spiritually Neglected People in "The Kettle"—Chapel Built—Great Revival—Why Philip became a Backslider—Typhoid Fever Epidemic—A Terrible Result of Procrastination—A Little Boy's Achievement—Father Thomas Harper's Remarkable Conversion, as well as that of His Brother—Gratifying Result of Two Years' Labor—Membership Increased Threefold.

The conference session this Spring, 1857, was held for the first time in New York City. This was quite a treat, as most of us had never been to the Metropolis.

On my way, I remained in Easton over night, and preached to a large congregation in the new church. An invitation having been given at the close of the sermon, quite a number presented themselves at the altar. Nearly every one received the blessed assurance that their sins had been washed away by the cleansing blood of Jesus.

How my heart rejoiced in meeting the dear

people of Easton again! Some old friends I missed. They had been called up Higher.

Four years before, when Bro. Kreckler and I came here, Easton was an appointment on Northampton Circuit. We worshipped then in a small private room, and had only few members. Now I found a commodious church building to which belonged over one hundred members. The Lord had done great things at this place. The self-sacrificing efforts of the brethren Jesse and R. Yeakel during the past three years had been crowned with commendable success.

When Bro. R. Yeakel and I boarded the train, the next morning, we found the cars filled with Evangelical preachers bound for conference. The railroad being finished only so far as Elizabeth City, New Jersey, we took steamer there for New York. It was a very interesting trip. Arriving in New York, we marched up Broadway, two by two, to the church on Twenty-fourth Street. Bishop Long, with his old, worn itinerant saddlebag thrown over his shoulder, and the venerable umbrella which had seen better days firmly grasped in his hand, headed the procession. Two men who were engaged in conversation in front of a business house regarded us with curiosity. I heard one of them say: "Look here! What do you suppose this means? Where are all these

Pennsylvania farmers going?" He "sized us up" as Pennsylvanians all right, but evidently did not imagine that we were all "men of the cloth." We were too seedy a looking lot for him to conceive the idea that we were ministers.

The session opened on Wednesday, Feb. 25th, with Bishop Long in the chair. In the evening he delivered a sermon on justification and its concomitants, from Rom. 5, 1, with telling effect. At least thirty seekers for salvation came forward to the altar. Every evening during the session, the rail was crowded with penitents. It was not only a business session but also one of great spiritual power. Should it not be so at every conference session?

Bro. Marquardt, one of the most indefatigable workers in this, or any other conference, was the pastor here, and was conducting at the time a revival which was far-reaching in its results. I was called upon to preach on Friday evening.

The ordination sermon on Sunday morning by the Bishop I shall not attempt to describe. It was one of overwhelming power. There was not a dry eye in that large congregation. I can never forget the fatherly exhortation given to those of us who were applicants for ordination.

I was ordained as elder in a class of five. Six probationers were ordained deacons. It was an hour of the deepest solemnity.

Wiconisco Station was the place to which I was appointed. This formerly belonged to Lykens Circuit. It was situated among the mountains on which bears were still roaming and where the Lykens Coal Company's mines were located,—the whole region being commonly known as Bear Gap. The work here had developed to such an extent that the members, liberal though not numerous, had petitioned conference to be formed into a station, and obligated themselves to support a preacher.

Our household effects were conveyed to Wiconisco over the mountains by teams. My wife, baby and I went via Tremont by stage. We arrived at night time, and were received and cordially entertained by Father and Mother Thomas Harper. We remained with the Harpers until our rooms could be put in order for our occupation.

The morning after our arrival, my wife stepped out on the porch and surveyed the wild and mountainous surroundings with dismay. She burst into tears, exclaiming: "Is it possible that we must live in a place like this?" Indeed the prospect was not inviting. There was no vacant

house in Wiconisco, so we were compelled to accommodate ourselves to the small limit of two rooms, in a dilapidated shack swarming with bugs and vermin. It was a most disagreeable situation. After a determined and incessant onslaught, lasting about two weeks, we were enabled to rest during the nights in peace. A few new dwellings were erected during the Summer, one of which was rented. Thereafter we had a comfortable home.

Most of the men belonging to the church were either miners, or connected in some way with the mines. They were uncouth in outward appearance, but generous-hearted, and very zealous in the service of the Lord.

Soon I had the satisfaction of seeing an increase in the number of hearers. There were a number of seekers, also, in public services and prayer-meetings right from the beginning. The Lord blessed us with almost a continuous revival during the two years I remained here. The membership of the church was increased three fold. Notwithstanding a depressing panic prevailed throughout the country the two years, mines being shut down and factories closed and many people out of employment, yet we were well supported, members being willing in their poverty to share their last piece of bread with us.

About a distance of ten miles up the Wiconisco Valley there was a kettle-shaped neighborhood surrounded by mountains, where some sixty families eked out a scanty and meager living from the unresponsive and sterile soil. They were a spiritually neglected people, having no church, no Sunday-school, and religious services but seldom. An aged Reformed Minister would come occasionally across the mountain from a neighboring valley and hold two or three services in the year in an old school house standing at the foot of a mountain, baptize some children and collect a few dollars. Having services one Sunday, a man sitting at the window saw a fox coming through the woods and passing the school house. He jumped to his feet and accompanied with an oath loudly exclaimed, "A fox", and rushed out the door. Every man, woman and child followed, leaving the preacher alone in the house. He had good reasons for not joining in the fox chase—he was lame. I felt solicitous in their behalf. I presented the matter of holding meetings there before my official board. Two of the members—class-leaders—were men who loved to spread themselves. Since my absence occasionally from Wiconisco would give them the opportunity to do what they loved to do, I was granted the privilege of preaching to the neglected ones every second

Sunday. Bro. Miller, a good Methodist brother, offered me the use of his horse for making the journey up into the "kettle."

It was not long before I recognized the need of a chapel for these people. I purchased a piece of land on the mountain side, and began the solicitation of funds throughout the Valley, and elsewhere, for the erection of a building. I met with encouraging responses. So I engaged masons, carpenters, plasterers and laborers, purchased provisions for their sustenance, and lodgings provided for them. In about three weeks, by working from early morning until late in the evening, during which time I myself lent a constant and willing hand, the chapel was completed and ready for dedication. We immediately began holding services, and I protracted the meeting for two weeks. The Lord granted us a marvelous work of grace. The leading families of the neighborhood were brought to Christ. Many persons broke down in meeting, and cried out aloud for pardon and peace. The entire vicinity felt the impulse towards righteousness.

One night, after the invitation had been given, a woman jumped up, and rushed over to the men's side where her husband was seated. She grasped him by the arm, exclaiming in a loud voice: "Mike, Mike; come, come; we must



git religion, or the divil will git us sure!" Both kneeled at the altar, and were soundly converted.

One of the converts at this place I shall call Philip. Soon after his professed reformation, the class-leader informed me that Philip had back-slidden—had given up serving the Lord. I remarked that that would never do; that he was too good a man to fall into the hands of Satan. I thereupon called at his house. I found him much discouraged. He said that he possessed an uncontrollable temper; that it would obtain the mastery of him on the slightest provocation. I learned that he had undertaken to do a little ploughing in a field where there were large rocks projecting above the ground. At one moment the horse shied at a rock and threw the plow out of the furrow. This so enraged Philip that he ran around to the front and bit the horse on the nose. On account of that he had lost his religion. I said: "Well, Philip, any man ought to lose his religion on account of biting an innocent, faithful horse on the nose; but you must not give up trying to conquer your temper. Make a new start. Pray, and keep your failing constantly in your mind. By God's grace you will come out victorious." He took my advice, and succeeded in regaining his station as a member.

While on this charge, a distressing typhoid fever epidemic prevailed. Many robust men and women were swept into eternity. The entire population was terror-stricken, which was the means of turning many towards God. I had a revival meeting in progress at the time, and a number embraced religion.

One evening, three young men, closely related, attended the meeting, and were almost persuaded to decide for Christ. I urged them to come forward. Two of them were willing to come, and those two endeavored to persuade the third to accompany them. One said, "Pete, we have been serving the devil, and living in sin together, now let us together serve the Lord." Pete replied: "If you want to go, do so; but let me alone. I am man enough to look out for myself." The two came forward, and were happily saved. The following day I heard that Pete was down with typhoid, and was raging in delirium. Then, about midnight, there came a knock at my door. I answered the summons. A friend of Pete was there and urged me to go to the sick man; that he had become more rational, and that his mother, a good woman, desired that I should pray with him. I hurriedly dressed, and hastened on the way. I had gone only a short distance when I met

a friend coming from Pete's house. He informed me that I was too late, for Pete was dead.

Those terrible words, "Too late!" How they still ring in my ears!

I returned home, but could not sleep. I could not get poor Pete out of my mind. The following morning I went to the house. O, the indescribable sorrow and anguish of his parents and his young wife, who were members of my church! The wife wrung her hands constantly, exclaiming: "How shall I endure the thought that my husband must be lost?" When Pete became partly conscious before his death, his mother urged him to pray but he shook his head, whispering, "Too late, mother, I cannot pray. Heaven is as brass, don't know where to take hold."

Pete's father, while engaging me for the funeral service, said: "We have no hopes for Pete, and I want you to use plain language at the funeral as a warning for others."

It was the saddest funeral I had had up to this time.

That evening we had a memorable meeting. About fifteen young men presented themselves in deep contrition at the altar. At eleven o'clock all had found peace except one. He was a younger brother of Pete's, Washington by name. I was about to bring the meeting to a close for that

night, when he called out in deepest agony: "For God's sake, don't close, and send me home without having found salvation. I can't go home, when I think of Pete." We kept on, therefore, and about midnight the light of God's pardoning love broke in upon his soul. He departed for his home, rejoicing.

The next day I called at the house, and, to my surprise, found Washington's mother weeping bitterly. "My boy is very sick," she sobbed. "The doctor has just been here, and he said that Washington can live but a short time. He has typhoid fever in its most malignant form."

I entered the sick-room. Never can I forget the shout of victory which greeted me. How he rejoiced that we did not send him away the night before, unsaved. His end was glorious.

Who can fully comprehend the difference in the condition of those two brothers in eternity? "Then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked; between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not" Mal. 3, 18.

There resided here in Wiconisco a young married couple who had a little boy three years old. The husband was a carpenter. While he was absent in the country, engaged in building a barn, the wife was converted. As soon as this blessed change had taken place, she felt it her duty to

teach the little son to pray. Before he retired for the night he would kneel at his mother's knee and lisp his childish petition; or, before a meal, he would fold his hands and offer up his sweet little prayer. The father returned home, ignorant of the change that had taken place. He took his accustomed seat at the dinner table, and immediately began eating. The little fellow sat with hands folded, waiting. Finally he called out: "Papa, papa, why don't you pray?" The sudden and startling question so affected the man that he laid aside knife and fork, went into a side room, fell upon his knees, and then and there decided for Christ. What I and others could not do, this little boy had done. What weak and insignificant instruments God occasionally chooses to accomplish a great work! He uses the weak things of this world to confound the mighty.

About four miles up the Valley from Wisconsin there lived a man who was bitterly opposed to our church. He persecuted our people, lived a godless life, and had threatened to kick me out of his house if I ever presented myself there. He became afflicted with consumption, and his strength gradually wasted. Beholding eternity staring him in the face, he became concerned about his soul's welfare. He sent word that I was to visit him. I went to his house and found him

deeply penitent, and longing for salvation. I prayed with him, and gave him necessary instructions. A short time afterwards I called upon him again. I found him nearing the end, but not yet sure of his acceptance with God. After prayer, and the administering of the Lord's supper, which he earnestly desired, he confessed to having found saving faith in Christ, and died in peace. What a narrow escape!

I was called upon to officiate at the funeral. While preaching the sermon in our Wiconisco church, the man's aged mother, who was yet unsaved, and who had been greatly prejudiced against us, became deeply penitent. She agonized in prayer for a few moments, then sank to the floor unconscious. Some of the friends thought she had fainted from stress of grief. One of the brethren hastened to the pump outside for water to sprinkle upon her face; but when he approached, she exclaimed: "I don't need that water. The Lord has given me living water, and washed my sins away. Hallelujah to His name!" Some of my people became overwhelmed with joyful emotions and shouted aloud the praises of God. The hour of mourning was turned into an hour of rejoicing.

Father Thomas Harper, a man of great influence in the neighborhood, was the most promi-

ment member of my Wiconisco charge. He was a great help to his pastor, especially during revival meetings when he would speak to people, lead young and old to the altar, and there weep and rejoice with them. He was a very liberal giver, and attended to the raising of the preacher's salary. He was always concerned lest the preacher's family be not well supported. He told me the very interesting story of his conversion.

He was an intelligent man, and had been, during his younger years, sheriff of the county and general of the state militia. While a moral man, of unsullied character and highly respected, he nevertheless was greatly prejudiced against our church and experimental, Holy Ghost religion. When our preacher obtained an opening in his neighborhood, he forbade any of his family to attend the meetings. One of his boys, a chap about twelve years old, attended notwithstanding his father's opposition, and one night was sweetly saved. The boy hastened home, entered his father's bedroom, and informed his father that he had been to the meeting. He stated that he had given his heart to Jesus, and was very happy. He begged his father not to be angry, and declared that he would be an obedient boy thereafter.

Father Harper was naturally displeased on account of the son's breaking his command; but he

could not quite make up his mind to punish the boy. He reasoned that there might some good come of this reformation, and concluded to let the boy have his own way in the matter. One day, upon entering the barn, he heard the sound of a voice, as if some one were talking. He quietly approached the spot from whence the sound came, and discovered the boy on his knees in the hay, praying. He drew still closer, and heard that the boy was praying for him; that the Lord should give him a new heart, and make him an earnest Christian. This was too much for the father. He took the boy in his arms, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, said: "My dear son, your papa will go with you." The Lord used this boy to bring salvation to that family.

Father Harper also related to me the circumstances attending the conversion of his brother. The brother was under deep conviction, and an earnest seeker for peace and pardon. His pastor had announced a Harvest Home service. He attended, hoping that he might find some comfort and rest. As the services commenced, his distress of soul became so poignant that he cried aloud: "Pastor, pray for me, for I am so great a sinner!" The pastor was startled. He declared: "I am come to preach a Harvest Home sermon, and I do not wish to be disturbed."



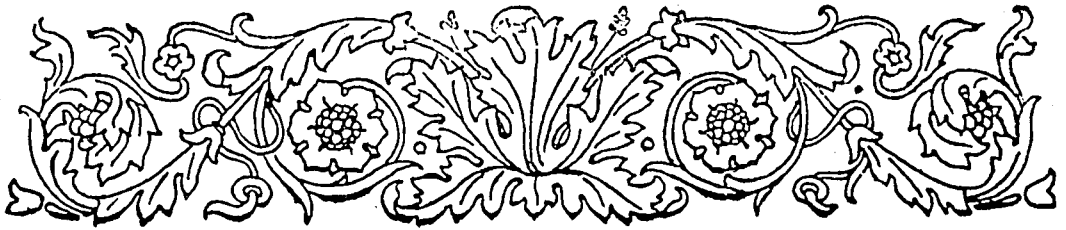
In a few minutes, the man called out again in yet greater distress: "Pastor, pray for me. I am lost!" The pastor was considerably agitated, and again replied: "I have come to preach a Harvest Home sermon, and I don't want any further disturbance."

Then a neighbor of the penitent man, who knew something about prayer and experimental religion, arose and said: "Pastor, we must pray with this man. He is in great distress."

The old pastor, very nervous and confused by this time, answered: "You pray with him. I can't." Thereupon he picked up his manuscript and left.

The few praying people who were in the congregation surrounded the penitent man. After a short season of supplication he broke through triumphantly into eternal life.

The pastor was unable to preach his sermon, but a sinner was gloriously converted.



## Chapter VI.

Visit of a Committee—A Unique Agreement—Appointed to Lykens Circuit—Heartache—Would Not Submit to Dissection—A Bonnet Maker—Campmeeting—The Angel Would Not Fly—A Provoked Husband—Far-Reaching Revivals—Labors Abundant—Presidential Election—Beginning of Rebellion—Appointed to Schuylkill Haven—Appointment to Germany Not Accepted—Marvelous Revival—Happy Wives—An Octogenarian Saved—Appointed to Pottsville—Discouraging Condition—Change for the Better—Good Revival—Strange Actions of a Lutheran Minister—Civil War Continues with Terrible Slaughter—Drafted—Exempted.

Near the close of my successful labors on Wisconsin station, a committee consisting of some of the official members of Lykens Circuit, the adjoining charge, called on me for the purpose of gaining my consent to become their pastor during the ensuing year. They had procured the consent of the presiding elder, and the decision, therefore, rested with me. They said that a conveyance would be necessary on the circuit, and they knew I had no horse and buggy. They declared that that matter would be satisfactorily arranged, and that they had already started subscription lists

for the purpose of raising funds to purchase for me a horse and buggy. They also wished me to understand that I must remain for two years, the full limit at that time.

I yielded to their wish, and at the next conference session, held in the city of Lancaster, I was appointed to Lykens circuit as preacher in charge, with Bro. M. Sindlinger, a preacher somewhat advanced in years, as my assistant. We moved to Berrysburg, and took possession of the parsonage there.

My assistant and I worked together in peace and harmony, and the Lord gave us a successful year in the blessed work of soul-winning. Over one hundred professed religion, and the majority of these united with the church.

What gave me much heart-ache during this year was the unfavorable reports which reached me from my former charge, Wiconisco station. I had left it in a flourishing condition, but my successor proved to be utterly unsuited to the place. He did not like the people, and took pains both in public and private to acquaint them with that fact. So, of course, the people did not like him. Soon the six flourishing classes had dwindled to two, and those two barely existed. The Sunday-school was much diminished, and the church comparatively empty. At the end of the conference

year the work was in a deplorable condition. This illustrates what devastation can be brought about in the Lord's vineyard by an arbitrary, self-willed and ungentlemanly preacher in the short period of one year.

For the redemption of the work at Wiconisco, conference, at its session in the Spring of 1860, detached the upper portion of Lykens circuit and formed it into a mission. Wiconisco was attached to Lykens circuit, my field of labor, and I was given Bro. Jacob Zern as my assistant. I spent a good part of my time at Wiconisco in the beginning of the year in trying to re-build the broken walls. I called from house to house to rally the scattered forces, and soon had the work in fair condition again. To my sorrow I found that the injury which had been done could not be wholly healed.

At conference, following the close of my first year on Lykens circuit, a presiding elder was to be elected. According to the custom at this time, when such an occasion arose, two or three men were selected as candidates. They were then sent from the room so that conference might have the opportunity to dissect them, body, soul and spirit. In this way an understanding was reached as to the man for whom the ballots ought to be cast. It so happened that I was selected as one of the

candidates. I thereupon positively refused to be dissected, or stand for election. The brethren desired to know the reason for my obstinacy. I informed them that I could not serve even if elected, as I had entered into an agreement with the friends of Lykens circuit to remain there the full limit of two years. In consideration of this agreement, they had provided me with a horse and buggy. Since they had fulfilled their part of the contract I was morally bound to fulfil my part. The fact that I had *hired* myself out for two years in spite of Bishop, stationing committee and discipline, caused a good deal of amusement among the brethren.

At this session, complaints were brought before conference that a young brother had married a wife who was a bonnet maker; and that it was altogether unbecoming for a preacher's wife to make fashionable bonnets, and thereby foster pride. There was considerable time wasted in sharp debates over this *very important* subject. At last Bro. Jacob Adams, a blunt, out-spoken man, addressed the chair as follows: "Bro. Bishop, I am surprised at the brethren. To make bonnets is that good sister's business; and to do business she must make bonnets as her customers desire. Any man possessing a thimbleful of common sense can see that. Before I entered the ministry,

I was a blacksmith and wagon-maker. If a man had come to me and said, 'Adams, I want you to make me a wagon with five wheels', I would have made him a wagon with five wheels." This settled the profound question. The sister was allowed to continue in her business of making bonnets.

We held a camp-meeting during the Summer near the village of Berrysburg. It was well attended by the members of the circuit, and was of considerable spiritual power. The friends desired to have it extended over the Sabbath. This was unusual at this time on account of the great crowds which might be expected, and the probabilities of a disturbance. It was decided that a deputy police officer should be sworn in for the purpose of giving us the direct protection of the law, and to preserve order. Where could the proper man for the place be found?

There was a young fellow of the neighborhood, very strong physically, who was the ring-leader among the rowdies—a fighting bully of undoubted courage. I called on him, and addressed him in the following strain: "See here; we propose holding a camp-meeting, and it is to continue over Sunday. You are aware that there are a number of young fellows in the neighborhood who do not know how to behave at such a time. We must

have a deputy police officer to preserve order, and I don't know of anyone in this vicinity who is better fitted for the position than yourself. You would be a terror to evil-doers. Will you serve?" This tickled his pride. He answered eagerly: "I'm the man for you. You can depend upon it that I will make the boys toe the mark."

We had the fellow qualified. He took a position at the upper end of the camp, and stalked back and forth in his dignity swinging a formidable club. He seemed to possess the instincts of a police officer, for whenever two or three persons congregated at one place he would order them to disperse. He even pointed them to seats in the audience. We had the best of order.

The corresponding secretary of our Missionary Society canvassed the conference this summer. I had made arrangements with him to be present at the camp-meeting on Sunday afternoon, preach a missionary sermon and solicit contributions. He was on hand. I had announced the meeting a number of times and urged all the people to be present to hear the distinguished divine from Cleveland. The weather was charming and an immense audience had assembled. He took for his text, "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, etc." Rev. 14, 6. After a laborious effort of two hours and ten minutes to get the

angel to fly, but who would not fly and nearly all the people had flown, the meeting was a failure. Next day a prominent citizen of the neighborhood walked up to me and with a twinkle in his eye said, "Say, pastor Yost, that big man from Cleveland about whom you made so much ado, does he preach by the day?"

Not only corresponding secretaries, but men higher up will sometimes forget their Amen. Would it be improper to serve them as an old sister served her pastor who had the infirmity to make his sermons too lengthy at both ends? On Sunday morning after elucidating the first, second, third, fourth and fifth point, said, "And what more should I say?" exclaimed, "say Amen!"

While engaged at a revival meeting in Gratz, I visited a German woman lately from the old country, who was sorely afflicted. I found her longing for salvation. At the close of my prayer, with the warm tears flowing out of her eyes, she exclaimed "O, if I only could pray like that I would soon be a better woman." When her husband returned from his work late in the evening she lamented that she could not go to meeting. He became provoked, placed her on his rugged shoulders and proceeded to church. Just as I had given the invitation the door opened and to the utmost surprise of all present in came the man with the



wife on his shoulders, proceeded down the aisle, laid her down at the altar, saying aloud in his provocation, "Now pray till you have got enough, then shut your mouth" and left. She was gloriously saved that evening and sisters carried her home all shouting the praises of God.

One Sunday morning I had an appointment in Powell Valley and in the evening in Millersburg. As I had it settled in my mind to put up at Samuel Miller's for the night in Millersburg I gave the matter no further thought. When driving into town in the afternoon and coming to the cross-road where the right would take me to Miller's, and had my horse already turned that direction, it appeared to me like hearing a voice "Go to Rathvon." I immediately turned my horse to the left and went to Rathvon. Next morning the town was all excitement. Some burglars struck the town during the night, broke in and rifled a number of homes and among them the Miller home. In the room in which I would generally sleep every drawer of the bureau was emptied on the floor. As the weather was very warm and the night sultry I would undoubtedly have left the door open. What the result might have been who can tell? Is there not a Providence watching over us and shaping our destiny?

My second year on Lykens circuit was blessed with successful and far-reaching revivals. The marvelous out-pouring of God's converting and sanctifying power can never be forgotten so long as life and memory last. Nearly two hundred persons professed a saving interest in Christ's atoning merits, and most of them united with the church.

It was a year of strenuous labor. We had the church at Berrysburg remodeled, and new edifices erected at Oakdale and Millersburg. The one at the last mentioned place was the finest and best at this time in the conference. Soliciting the necessary funds for the consummation of these projects, attending to the many appointments, holding protracted meetings, officiating at numerous funerals, visiting the people, comforting the sick and administering to the dying, made this decidedly the busiest year I so far had in the ministry. The Lord blessed me with physical and mental strength; my heart was flooded with sunshine all through the year. Praise His name!

During my second year on Lykens circuit there occurred a presidential election. On account of the strained feeling between the South and the North, which had been increasing in bitterness for a number of years, the excitement throughout the country was intense.

The superficial cultivation of the soil in the South by slave labor had caused that section to become largely unproductive, and the people more or less impoverished. The slaveholders perceived that a new region, where the soil was fertile, must be opened up in order to preserve slavery. They cast wistful and longing eyes towards the immense virgin tracts of the West and Northwest.

The people of the North, in general, were not then in favor of the abolition of slavery; they had no thought of interfering with the South in that direction. But they were determined that the system should be limited to the region where it was then in vogue. "No further Extension of Slavery", was the rallying cry of the newly formed Republican Party.

The Democratic Party was dominated by the slave-holders of the South, who numbered only 348,214 of a population of 40 million. From them came the leading politicians and statesmen of the party. Most of the northern democrats were not wholly in sympathy with the views and policies of the southern branch of their party, and this divergence of opinion caused a split. Each of the two factions, the radical, pro-slavery wing of the extreme South, and the conservative faction of the northern and border states, nominated a presidential candidate. By this division the election

of the Republican candidate, Abraham Lincoln, was made possible.

The South refused to submit to the domination of a Republican president. The question of seceding was extensively advocated, resulting in the attempted withdrawal of a number of southern states. A disruption of the Union was not to be allowed, and the result was the War of the Rebellion.

The general government issued a call for seventy-five thousand volunteers, for a three-months service, with the expectation that the uprising would be subdued in that time. It seemed, however, that the North had no idea of the extent of the secession project. It is evident, also, that the South had been planning for a rupture and the possibility of a conflict. Moreover, the people of that section were practically unanimous in their approval of the movement, while the North was honey-combed by southern sympathizers, copperheads, as they were called, who threw every obstacle possible in the way of the general government in its attempts to crush the uprising. The turmoil that ensued was beyond description. Neighbor turned against neighbor; friends became the bitterest enemies.

At the conference session held in Schuylkill Haven, in the Spring of 1861, I was appointed to

the charge in that town. The appointment was generally satisfactory to our people there, for they had endeavored for several years previously to have me appointed to this charge.

About two months after I had entered upon my labors in Schuylkill Haven, I was notified by the Executive Committee of the Missionary Society at Cleveland that I had been chosen as missionary to Stuttgart, Germany, that I was expected to accept the imperative call and enter upon the work in that important city as soon as possible.

The appointment was wholly unexpected, and caused me considerable mental struggle and unrest. After much thought, and many prayers concerning the matter, I became convinced that the Lord had work for me to do here in Schuylkill Haven. Besides, the delicate state of my dear wife's health had to be taken into account. I felt constrained, therefore, to decline the appointment, though I appreciated highly the confidence reposed in me, and thus expressed, by the general officials of the church. Bro. J. P. Schnatz was thereupon chosen for the place. He accepted.

The two years spent on this charge can never be forgotten. It was a period of marvelous success. At the great revival held during the Winter of the first year over two hundred persons pro-

fessed a saving interest in Christ's redeeming grace, and over one hundred and fifty united with the church. The membership was more than doubled. A number of the converts were married men whose wives were already members, and who had been praying for years that their husbands might be converted. The joy of those wives knew no bounds. Many remarkable demonstrations of God's power characterized this revival. The whole town received an impetus God-ward.

Five miles southwest of Schuylkill Haven, nestling in the midst of the foothills of the Blue Mountains, we had a chapel and a small class of consistent members connected with my charge. I held service here every other Sunday afternoon. While a protracted meeting was in progress, I was informed one evening that an aged man resided in the neighborhood who, in former years, had attended meetings, and had been a seeker for salvation. Apparently he had been near to the Kingdom, but somehow had become discouraged, and for a number of years now had lived wholly unconcerned about his soul's salvation. The information made so deep an impression on my mind that I could not sleep that night. I spent most of the time in praying for him, and every minute the sad news oppressed me. The following morning I visited him. I entreated him to

come to our meetings, and decide for Christ. He shook his head, saying: "Once, a long time ago, I was almost a Christian. But I did not continue seeking until I had received the evidence that God accepted me, and now, at my age, it is too late. I have no conveyance and how can I, an old man of eighty-two, walk the distance of two miles over these high hills to the church? Anyhow, all feeling is gone from me, and I have settled down to the fact that my case is hopeless."

After earnestly pleading with him for a while, I begged him to kneel with me in prayer.

If I have ever felt an incentive for prayer it was at that moment, in behalf of this old man. Intensely I yearned over him. On the wings of deep emotion I carried him up to the Throne of God.

When we arose, it appeared that he was profoundly moved, and was in tears. I took him by the hand. "Father," I said, "I can not leave you until you promise to come to meeting this evening; for I am convinced that it is now or never for you." With his dim eyes suffused in tears, and trembling in body, he replied: "I will come." "That's enough," I exclaimed. "You are a man of your word. You'll be there."

The evening came, and time for meeting. The chapel was crowded: every seat occupied and

every bit of standing room taken. In the middle of the house sat the old man.

When the invitation was extended, and a number of seekers had come forward to the altar, I forced my way through the crowd to where he was sitting.

“Father,” I said, “Jesus will save you right here in your seat—at this very moment. Kneel, and I will kneel with you.”

He fell upon his knees, and in great distress prayed for salvation. In half an hour the glorious stream of God’s forgiving grace flooded his soul. He struggled to his feet, his countenance beaming with divine joy. “Where am I?” he exclaimed. “Everything looks different. I am in a new world!” An eleventh hour victory! Old things had passed away and all things had become new. But how sad that so many years had been wasted!

During my stay in Schuylkill Haven the War continued with unabated severity and with the attending fearful slaughter. Many men—husbands, sons, lovers,—connected with my charge, were in the army. The state of constant anxiety, doubt and terrible forebodings in the hearts and minds of those who remained at home, beggars description. There was always news of the wounding and maiming of loved ones on the field



of battle, of death in the hospitals, of perishing from hunger and want in the terrible prisons of the South. Even those who had no loved ones at the front were filled with dismay and apprehension of horrible disaster. Those first two years of almost continual reverses were a nightmare of suffering and mental and physical anguish. There were sounds of weeping and lamenting in whichever direction one turned. The country was becoming filled with widows and orphans. Well may we, who passed through that furnace of fire and affliction, corroborate the words of the famous northern general, "War is Hell!"

At the conference session in the Spring of 1863, held in Millersburg, I was assigned to the Pottsville charge. I found church affairs here in a discouraging condition, for which my predecessor was not accountable. At a business meeting a year before, a majority of the congregation voted that services on Sunday evening should be held in the English language. This displeased a number of the older and prominent members who preferred to have all the services held in the German language. Quite a number withdrew from the church, and urged others to a like course. Notwithstanding this obstacle, I entered upon my work with zeal and enthusiasm. I visited from house to house, encouraging and rally-

ing the members, and by the blessing of God I soon had the current changed for the better, and the church well filled with attentive hearers.

In the Winter the Lord blessed us with a good revival. The German Lutheran Church in town had had for some years a spiritual Pastor who had prayer-meetings and revivals and a number of earnest Christians among his members. He left, and his successor was just the opposite, consorting more with brewers and saloon-keepers than with the godly portion of his members. In a conversation with him he gave vent to the following: "You confess to be what you are and are what you confess to be and as such I respect you, but for a man to confess to be a Lutheran like my predecessor when he is a Methodist out and out, I despise. When I came here Methodistic fanaticism ran wild in my church. Some of my members held weekly prayer-meetings in private houses without asking permission of their pastor and at such meetings *even women would pray in public*. Just think of such a state of affairs in a Lutheran Church! Being determined to free the church from all fanaticism and bring it back to old established Lutheran principles, I forbade the holding of such meetings, and if any are to be held, it can only be by my permission and in my presence. But these men and women being ob-

durate and paying no attention to my remonstrance, I, one Sunday morning excommunicated every one of them. I understand some of them attend your services now. I have no objection; they are where they belong but do not fit into a Lutheran Church."

These in addition to those who were converted at our revival in the winter joining with us in church fellowship gave our cause here quite an uplift.

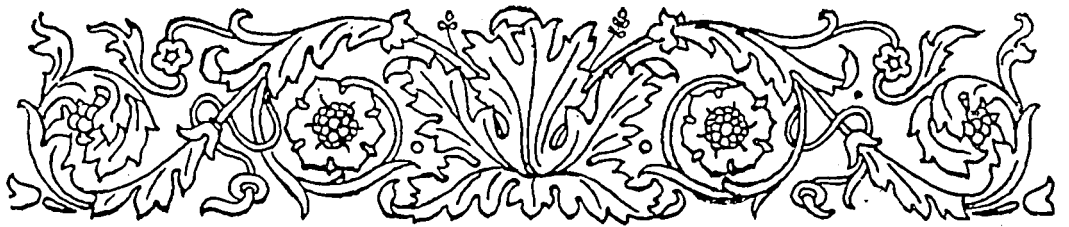
The Civil War still continued in all its devastating fury. Frequently there were funerals of young men who had been slain on the field of battle, or died in hospitals, and whose bodies had been shipped home for burial. The bloody battle of Gettysburg was fought during the first few days of July of this year. Up to the time of this great victory the people of the North had been harassed by doubt and fear, and felt somewhat apprehensive as to the ultimate success of the Union army; but this decisive battle thrilled them with joy and hope, and grounded them still more steadfastly in the determination to uphold the union of the states at all hazards. General Lee of the southern army was driven out of Pennsylvania, and the inhabitants of those towns which had been threatened by his raiders, breathed again.

In the Summer, the Government ordered a general draft of men for the purpose of recuperating and strengthening the depleted forces of our armies. Ministers were not exempt, and my name was called among those who were drafted. I was present while the names were publicly announced. I hastened home, and informed my wife that I would be compelled to go to war. My son, then five years of age, overheard the remark. He jumped up and exclaimed with tremendous enthusiasm: "Papa, I go too. I can shoot rebels!" The martial spirit of the times had communicated itself even to little boys.

Within an hour, the sheriff of the county, and other officials called at our house and comforted my wife who had become almost distracted by my announcement. They said that she should feel no concern; that it was tacitly understood that I was not to go to the front; that ministers were needed at home to look after the members who remained. They declared that if the examining surgeons could not exempt me on the ground of physical disability, arrangements would be made to secure a substitute. It was evident that I had a "pull" with the authorities. I had at various times delivered addresses in public meetings strongly upholding the government in its desperate struggle. I had also written and translated

articles of like tenor for the German papers. Perhaps these facts were taken into consideration.

In a few days I was cited to appear before the surgeons of the district for examination. They declared that, after a careful search, they found me perfectly sound in body, that all my vital organs were unimpaired, but that it was their opinion that I was *too weak in constitution* to endure the strain of military service, and was therefore exempted on that ground. So I remained with my flock.



## Chapter VII.

Eleven Years in the East Pennsylvania Conference—Elected Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society by General Conference—Resignation Not Accepted—A Severe Struggle—Accepted the Responsible Office—Moved to Cleveland—Fell in Love with the Work—Cheered with Commendable Success—End of the Civil War—Indescribable Enthusiasm—Bishop Seybert's Remarkable Prophecy—Marvelous Display of Saving Power at a Campmeeting in Wisconsin—Canvassing Canada and New York Conferences—Successful Meetings—A Surprise in Michigan—Lack of Missionary Intelligence—Death of Bishop Long.

Eleven years was I now permitted to prosecute my fond calling on various charges in the East Pennsylvania conference, and my imperfect endeavors were blessed of God with grand success. About *one thousand*, according to their profession, were led to Christ, and it was my happy lot to receive over *eight hundred* into the church. I felt in my element and looked for, and expected nothing else than to continue in the blessed work of "turning many unto righteousness." Then, like a stroke of lightning from a cloudless sky, came my election to the Corresponding Secretaryship of our Missionary Society, by the General

Conference convened in Buffalo, N. Y., in the Fall of 1863. The last office at the disposal of the Church, which I would have selected, or for which I considered myself adapted. The thought of being taken out of the pastoral activity in which I enjoyed such inexpressible happiness, and had such encouraging success, and severing my connections with the annual conference which was dearer to me than the apple of my eye,—where my cradle had stood, my aged parents had resided, where Grace found me,—and moving with my loved ones to Cleveland, undergoing the necessity of being most of the time absent from home, inasmuch as my beloved companion was then already a physical sufferer, was almost unendurable.

Rev. R. Yaekel, a former conference associate and an intimate friend, who was the incumbent of the office during the quadrennium then closing, and whose broken health would not allow him to continue longer therein, was, according to reliable information, principally responsible for this wholly unexpected change in my ministerial activity. As that conference had some trouble to procure a brother who was willing to accept the position, and as such as had been elected forthwith resigned, then by Bro. Y.'s highly seasoned recommendation and undeserved encomiums, the majority of the delegates were influenced to en-

trust this arduous and responsible office to me, an almost unknown and untried quantity, not being a delegate and not being present.

My election to this office was not imparted to me till one week after the adjournment of the session, and gave me unspeakable mental anguish and sleepless nights. Without delay I forwarded my resignation to the Executive Committee at Cleveland, pleading my utter inadaptability for the position, the delicate condition of the health of my wife, etc., etc., and for about six weeks endeavored to persuade the Committee to relieve me. But all in vain. The inexorable Committee could not be moved. The answer to all my pleadings invariably was: "It is the call of the highest tribunal of the Church and obedience is better than sacrifice." Desiring to avoid the impression that I was an obstinate and disobedient son of the Church, having three years before positively declined the appointment as missionary to Germany, there remained nothing else for me to do than to submit to the inevitable and subordinate my will to the will of the Church and that of my divine Lord and Master.

Having accepted the responsible office of corresponding secretary, I moved, with my family, consisting of wife and three children, to Cleveland, the headquarters of our missionary society.



I entered upon the performance of my new duties with the consciousness that the call of the church is the call of God, and, cheered by the precious, uplifting promises of God's Word, I soon felt at home in the work. It became very dear to my heart, and I enjoyed great contentment of mind.

I visited as many of the annual conferences as possible, canvassed many charges, and attended a number of camp-meetings during this, my first quadrennium. Fired with missionary zeal, I threw my whole soul into the work with all the enthusiasm of an impulsive nature, and consecrated body, soul and spirit to this godly enterprise.

Traveling in those times in the West, especially in the Northwest, was connected with peculiar difficulties and great deprivations. The railroads were few, the appointments far apart, and had to be reached mostly by private conveyances, which were often heavy, uncomfortable farm wagons, sometimes drawn by slow-footed and obstinate oxen. Many a day, in Summer and Winter, from early morn to night, was spent in this way, under a scorching sun, enveloped in dust, or through rain and snow and in the bitterness of Winter, when the temperature stood from 15 to 20 degrees below zero. In the sparsely settled neighborhoods the home conveniences were very limited. In the

severity of the Winter, nights were spent in bed with shoes and stockings, overcoat and all belongings on, and yet one could not succeed in getting sufficient warmth to be comfortable. On awakening in the morning the bed quilts were frozen fast to my beard. I should not have ventured into such parts in the middle of Winter, but cheered by the thought that I was doing it "for the glory of God and the good of man," I pushed ahead, fearless of all consequences, with zeal and fervor.

The camp-meeting which I attended at Honey Creek, Sauk Circuit, during the first Summer of this quadrennium can not be forgotten, on account of the marvelous display of God's saving power. Many were made the happy recipients of redeeming grace.

One afternoon, while I was preaching, a middle-aged man stood at the upper end of the grounds, listening attentively. Suddenly, he rushed down the path, and in great agony of soul prostrated himself at the mourner's bench. Many others, young and old, followed. He had been what the people here called a humanist, meaning, an infidel.

The meeting held here in the interests of the missionary cause was remarkably successful. It could not be otherwise.

Bro. August Huelster, at that time the youngest presiding elder in our church, had charge of the meetings. His brother Frederick was preacher in charge of this circuit. Two noble men of God!

Many nights, during the heat of the summers, I spent the time in conducting a defensive warfare against an innumerable army of three different species of pesky little imps. One kind would sing and sting, another hop and pinch, and the third make a play-ground of my body, and bite.

The enthusiastic meetings, and the unselfish liberality of the good people—many of whom brought their gifts with shouts and praises—withstanding their humble circumstances,—especially the people of the West, Northwest and Canada,—thrilled my heart, and enabled me to endure every discomfort without complaining. I was constantly cheered by the knowledge that I was enduring discomfort for the glory of God and the good of mankind. My success in soliciting funds for our important and ever-widening missionary activities, exceeded my fondest expectations. I soon learned also that if I wanted money, I had to go West; but if I wanted good eating, East was the direction to go.

I came to a circuit in the East Pennsylvania conference where the stewards had met to ap-

portion the preachers' claims to the various classes. When a certain class was called the steward who had that class, with some others, in his financial care, interceded in their behalf, alleging that the members were so poor that he really felt reluctant to demand anything from them; that whenever he would go there he felt more like bringing them some instead of taking quarterage away from them. The question was asked, how many members the class had; 49 was the answer. What amount did they raise the past year, was next asked; \$19 was the answer. "They certainly ought to do more than that, however poor they may be, for we have two married preachers this year to support", said one of the stewards. Having quite a discussion on this point, I asked whether I could say a word. The privilege was readily granted. "Well, brethren," I said, "I do not know those people, but have heard of them and venture the assertion that they spend at least *three* times the amount for tobacco that they pay for quarterage!" "That is certainly true," said the kind hearted steward, "for every man, woman or child uses tobacco," and then gave us the following humorous bit of information: "One time when I went there one of the leading members had just hitched up to drive to town. The wife had given him a list of things to bring. When he drove out

of the yard she called after him in a loud voice, 'Jake, what you do, don't forgit the 'bacca.'

Our mission work in Europe entered upon a more prosperous epoch during this quadrennium. The episcopal visit of Bishop Esher, and the organization of the first conference in the old, Jewish synagogue at Stuttgart, proved a great blessing, a strong incentive, and a great encouragement to the brethren. The conference was small, consisting of only six men, of whom three were from America, viz.: J. G. Wollpert, J. P. Schnatz and J. Walz; but we believed if the work were properly fostered and sufficiently supplied with funds and efficient men, it would undoubtedly develop. What was there to hinder? Wherever the brethren went, the people spoke the same tongue. There was not the conglomeration of languages and dialects such as hinders our mission work in America.

The Civil War still continued, though the South was becoming desperate. Its cause was waning. The capitulation of Vicksburg, the battle of Gettysburg, and Sherman's triumphant march from Atlanta to the sea, broke the backbone of the rebellion.

In the second year of this quadrennium, in the Spring of 1865, I happened to be in Philadelphia when the news of Lee's surrender was

flashed over the country. The excitement in the city, as evidenced by the firing of guns and cannon, the display of fireworks, the ringing of bells, the blowing of whistles and horns, the rolling of drums, and the shouts of the people, intoxicated with unbounded enthusiasm, beggars description. I do not expect ever again to witness such a demonstration. The devastating war was at an end; the rebellion subdued; this magnificent government preserved. God, in His omnipotence, had taken the country by its four corners, and had shaken it until the shackles fell from four million of slaves. We praise God for a united country,

“Where freedom spreads its banners wide  
And cast her soft and hallowed ray!”

But in a few days afterwards the country was plunged into the deepest sorrow by the assassination of our noble President Lincoln.

When this disastrous conflict commenced the loyal people of the North, as well as the President of the United States, were of the opinion that in a few months the uprising would be subdued. The battle of Bull Run was an eye opener and convinced the Government that it had a desperate conflict on hand.

It continued for four years with unabated intensity during which time 2,859,132 men entered the federal army; of these 67,058 were killed on

the battle fields and 292,410 died in Hospitals or prisons in the South. The cost of the war to the federal Government amounted to the enormous sum of \$6,189,929,900. The South had to bring the same sacrifice, or even more. It left the South in a deplorable condition. Railroads torn up, factories destroyed, bridges burned, the flower of the southern population slain or maimed, and the country impoverished.

I distinctly remember that our sainted Bishop Seybert, while speaking to a number of Evangelical preachers on the subject of slavery, a few years before the breaking out of the Rebellion, predicted that this heinous, national crime to which our Government had shut its eye, would be the cause of the most destructive civil war the world has ever known; that the whole country would be baptized with blood, thousands upon thousands of young men slain; and parts of the nation, especially the South, be devastated, for the sin of upholding, allowing, and perpetuating the system of slavery. He predicted this terrible conflict would result in the abolition of slavery, and ended by remarking: "Brethren, I shall not live to witness all this; but you will."

About the end of the war I was in the city of Reading. While I was walking down Penn Street a man stepped up to me. "Aren't you Brother

Yost?" he inquired. I answered in the affirmative. He seized hold of both my hands, and while vigorously shaking them, continued: "You do not know me, but I know you. About twelve years ago you preached one evening at a camp-meeting in Father Seltzer's woods, in Schuylkill County. I attended the meeting, not for any good, but for the purpose of raising a disturbance. I had come five miles just for that. While approaching the woods, I filled my pockets with stones to throw at the worshippers. You were preaching when I arrived on the ground. I took a position behind a big tree, and listened for a few moments. Suddenly, the arrows of conviction pierced my heart. The stones in my pocket became very heavy, and I dropped them, one after another on the ground until my pockets were empty. But O, the heavy weight of sin upon my soul! On my way home that night, I wept throughout the entire distance. For two weeks I prayed, in the house, in the barn, out in the woods, when the Lord had mercy upon me. He took my sins away, and gave me peace. Since then, others in my neighborhood have been converted. We have now a class, and God's work is prospering with us. (See page 114 for an account of this meeting.)

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many years." The unspeak-



able pleasure in winning souls for Christ! "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, for ever and ever."

I passed through Canada during this quadrennium, canvassing the various charges in the interest of our mission projects. As Canada was one of our first home mission fields, I was intensely interested in hearing the friends speak about the beginning of the work. They told of opposition and persecution, of the lamentable spiritual condition of the German churches throughout the Province, and of the glorious victories achieved by our first missionaries. In one neighborhood they had a pastor who frequently came to hold service while in an intoxicated condition. One Sunday morning, it was apparent, he had looked too often into the glass. When he arrived at the church, one elder took him by one arm, and another elder by the other, and thus he was led up into the pulpit. He managed to get along all right with the introductory services, but when he announced his text, "Then said Jesus unto His disciples: If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross *and follow me,*" he lost his equilibrium, and rolled down the pulpit steps. One of the elders arose and said: "No, neighbors; we will *not* follow our pastor!"

This first trip through Canada was one of grand success and signal victories. Never shall I forget in what cheerful spirit the friends placed their liberal offerings on the Lord's altar.

At a certain place, there was a sister present who, upon being asked for a contribution, shook her head. The following morning, while I was seated at breakfast, she came to my lodging place, deeply penitent, and said: "Brother Yost, I was in the missionary meeting yesterday evening. I felt that it was my duty to give something, but when asked I shook my head. Here is my gift. The devil shall never catch me like that again." And a liberal gift it was.

I also canvassed the New York conference this quadrennium, the victorious meetings and some of the incidents connected therewith will ever be remembered. Being at the parsonage in Rochester, a brother from the country called and brought the information that his daughter, eleven years old, died during the night, and he engaged the pastor for the funeral. He said that his little daughter was a fervent lover of Jesus, an attentive Sunday-school scholar and deeply interested in the cause of missions; that she had saved *nine dollars* and shortly before her end requested that it should be given for that purpose. She then became unconscious and they were expecting her end any

moment, when all at once she opened her eyes, lifted herself up and face lit up with heavenly joy pointed out into the room, joyfully exclaiming, "Mamma, Mamma, look. O the beautiful angels! The room is getting full of them!" sank back in her pillow and was gone. The father then paid me the money she had saved. This was an inspiration to me in all my addresses through this conference and the Lord used it to the glory of His name and the furtherance of His cause.

The number of missions in the homeland was largely increased during this quadrennium, and, to my great satisfaction, I also noted an encouraging development in the spirit, as well as in the amount, of giving. It was a great uplift, to keep on in the prosecution of the work.

I accepted the office of corresponding secretary with the expectation of serving for one term only. I hoped to return again to the East and again take up the delightful, pastoral work. A number of the brethren, one of whom was the venerable Father John Dreisbach, insisted that I ought to serve in my present capacity for a longer time. I yielded to the pressure, and was re-elected at the general conference session held in Pittsburg, in the Fall of 1867.

The session on the whole was an interesting one, though some of the transactions were of an

unpleasant nature. Rev. S. Neitz, one of the most prominent delegates, a man of unusual eloquence in the pulpit, who had been boomed for bishop, during the past few quadrenniums, had made the mistake of attacking and criticising, in private and in public, in print and from the pulpit, the doctrine of our church concerning entire sanctification—especially the article in our discipline on that subject—with the end in view of having said doctrine changed, and said article of the discipline either brought in harmony with his own opinions, or expunged. He had persisted in this course for the past ten or twelve years.

He had been my presiding elder for some years, and we had been brought closely together. He had repeatedly declared to me, that the doctrine of entire sanctification was founded *only* on the expressed wishes of the Apostle Paul, (see 1. Thess. 5-23,) and not upon his distinct confession of having attained to such a state of grace; and, perhaps, on the experiences of a few of God's especially favored ones, like the Wesleys, Fletcher, and a few others; but that, in his opinion, they were simply mistaken; and that for ordinary persons, as were the general run of professing Christians, to look for or expect such an experience was fanaticism.

These views having been declared erroneous by the general conference held in Naperville, Ills., in 1859, and being declared contradictory to the doctrine of the Evangelical Association, it was naturally presumed that he would refrain from promulgating them in the future. However, he did not refrain, but reiterated his opinions in print and in the pulpit, causing thereby considerable unrest throughout the church. Therefore, Rev. W. W. Orwig felt constrained by a sense of duty to prefer charges against him, during this general conference session.

A sharp discussion followed the charges. The matter, however, was amicably adjusted finally, by a majority vote—almost unanimous, in fact—that we, as a church, would stand by and uphold the doctrine of full salvation as taught by our fathers, and as contained in our discipline.

Upon the final settlement of the question, many of the delegates exclaimed: "Praise the Lord!" For it was generally supposed that this important matter had now been settled for all time, and that by the settlement all misunderstandings and deviations from the doctrine would be avoided in the future. I am sorry to record, that this general expectation was doomed to painful disappointment.

An amusing incident occurred during this session, which convulsed the delegates. While the probationary system was being discussed, Rev. C. G. Koch inquired of the Bishop in the chair, Rev. Jos. Long, what the difference was between a person taken into the church on probation, or one put on probation. The Bishop arose, and with a twinkle in his eye, replied: "That question is easily answered. Both probationers hang on the fence; with this difference, however: the one received on probation with the head in, and the one put on probation with the head out."

From my memoranda of the general conference proceedings in 1855, it will be perceived that a resolution had been adopted stating that higher educational institutions might be organized by the annual conferences—even this was formerly forbidden—but that those institutions must not be *theological schools*. To allay the fears of some of the good fathers who were so strongly opposed to "preacher factories", as they called theological institutions, the prohibition was embodied in our discipline. When, however, a mission among the heathen was advocated, it became apparent that missionaries must have a scientific and theological training. The lack of such a school of our own was keenly felt. So, during this session, the committee on heathen missions presented in its

report the following: "Your committee most sorrowfully reports that there has been no forward movement in the establishment of a heathen mission, and we are of the opinion that it would not be expedient at the present time to go forward in the matter, not on account of lack of means, but rather on account of the lack of a mission institute for the education and preparation of missionaries."

Right there a mountain confronted the conference, viz: the prohibitory clause in the discipline. Since conference could not cross above the obstacle, nor yet creep under it, the necessity of its entire removal became apparent. Consequently the committee on schools brought in their report with the following:

*Resolved*, That we recommend that a biblical or mission institute be introduced in each of our existing high schools, as soon as practicable.

*Resolved*, That the rules in our discipline, and all general conference resolutions in conflict with such schools, be repealed."

After quite a spirited discussion, conference adopted both the report and the resolutions, thereby removing the obstacle, and opening the way for the inauguration of theological schools; for mission institutes must of necessity be largely theological.

I distinctly remember, that when the subject of mission institutes was under discussion by the East Pennsylvania conference, about this time, Rev. S. Neitz, who was one of the leading members of that conference, and of the church at large, opposed the inauguration of such schools during a long and vehement address. He alleged that there was no need for them in our church. At the close of his address he remarked: "But do what we will, oppose the project as strongly as we may, they are bound to come, and the church will live notwithstanding. So then, in the meantime, let us be contented, and sing:

*'Nun ruhen alle Waelder,  
Pfarrschulen kommen baelder  
Als unsere Vaeter dachten!'* "

I entered upon my second term in good cheer, and with the firm determination to consecrate myself yet more fully and completely to the furtherance of the missionary cause, which I have come to estimate as the grandest cause under the sun,—a movement by which the world is to be won for Christ. I was blessed during the term with health, was almost constantly on the wing, and toiled unremittingly. The missionary meetings held at the different conferences, at camp-meetings and on the various charges throughout the church, were seasons of great encouragement



to me. In copious showers the blessings of God descended, and the people brought their liberal gifts with shouts of praises. It is not possible to forget such times, nor is it possible to adequately describe them. The camp-meetings held near Naperville, Ills., on Grand Prairie, Ills., near Preston, Neb., and on Swede Creek circuit, Kans., were marvelously blessed, not only in the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers, but also in the amount of missionary money contributed.

At the camp-meeting near Preston, Neb., I had unusual liberty in preaching. An aged brother and prominent member who appeared to be especially well pleased and had invited me to his tent for dinner, said, "Bro. Yost, I must tell you something, but you must not get proud. All our Bishops have preached here in the past but you have exceeded them all. Now I am surprised that the church has not yet made you a Bishop." "Well, Father V.," I answered, "at the last General Conference session I would have been made Bishop, but one thing was in the way." What may that have been?" he inquired earnestly. "I did not get votes enough," I answered!

I held a meeting in a country church in Michigan. In the congregation was an elderly woman dressed very plainly and humbly. I took her to

be very poor and hesitated to ask her for a contribution. I did so, however. She handed me a slip of paper saying in a blunt manner, "Here you have a little paper." To my great surprise it was a check on the bank for \$500. I published this delightful occurrence in our church papers with considerable ado. A few weeks afterwards I received a letter from Western Minnesota with the following contents: "Dear Bro. in Christ. You will find one dollar in this letter for our Mission in Germany. I saved quite awhile till I had this much together. I am a poor widow, living in a sodhouse on a homestead with my five children. I was going to send it sometime ago, but when I read in the *Botschafter* that a widow in Michigan had given \$500, I was discouraged, fearing that my small gift would scarcely be acceptable. But it belongs to the Lord and will send it anyhow whether acceptable or not."

I am confident that this poor widow stood higher in the approbation of God than the other who gave out of her abundance; for the Lord does not look to the largeness of the gift but to the circumstances and willingness of the giver. This is comfort for such as are poor in this world's goods

In canvassing Central Pennsylvania Conference, I found a small German class among the

rugged hills of Sullivan County, who have had no preaching in German for quite a time. Their joy was boundless to hear the precious Gospel in their own tongue. Nowhere had I up to this time found a happier people and more cheerful and liberal givers. The seven or eight families contributed almost as much as the entire Presiding Elder District.

When I gave the opportunity to have themselves enrolled as Life Members of the Missionary Society, they quickly responded. But one brother sat very quiet, looking neither to the right nor to the left, nor at me. I noticed that his wife on the other side of the house endeavored to get his attention but not succeeding, she jumped to her feet, exclaiming, "Hannes, my Hannes, for God's sake speak, I can't stand it any longer." When her Hannes lifted his head and nodded she exclaimed, "If my Hannes can do it, I can do it also," and thus both became Life Members.

Next day being at the parsonage in Dushore a brother from the country called at the parsonage. The pastor informed him that next Sunday would be quarterly meeting, Presiding Elder would be present and he should inform the friends in his neighborhood. He promised to do so and then said, "Say, brother, why don't the *Upside Elder*

ever come to our place? I am sure we could give him a good *superscription*.

In the Central Pennsylvania and Pittsburg Conferences I found a lamentable lack of missionary intelligence among our people and no proper conception of the demands of the holy cause and of the crying needs of the peoples who have not the Gospel. How could it be otherwise when our church periodicals were read by scarcely one fourth of the families? In reprimanding a brother in Pittsburg Conference for bringing only a little over *three* dollars missionary money to conference, he gave me the following history by way of excuse: "You have no idea what conception many of our people have in reference to the missionary cause. When I entered upon my work on my circuit last spring and filled an appointment in a classleader's home, a quite well-to-do farmer, he gave me an account of the former preacher's doings, and that he also preached a missionary sermon in his house and said some very interesting things; then they passed the hat around and he had put five cents into it and then said, quite earnestly, 'Now just think, brother, if every member of the Evangelical Association would put five cents in the hat what a big sum that would make!'"

Another brother who had also brought but a few dollars, said, "I have some wealthy members,

but the great majority are very poor. The rich will not give and the poor cannot;" and then made the following humorous remark: "Some of my members would saddle a toad and ride it the seventy-five miles to Pittsburg if they could sell it there on the market for five cents!"

It gave me unspeakable pleasure to note during this quadrennium the large increase not only in funds but also in the number of missions at home and abroad. The remarkable success of our missions in Germany and Switzerland was a great incentive to our people, and gave them assurance that their gifts were blessed of God to the salvation of thousands of precious souls in the Old Fatherland and homeland. It was a signal help for me in the solicitation of contributions.

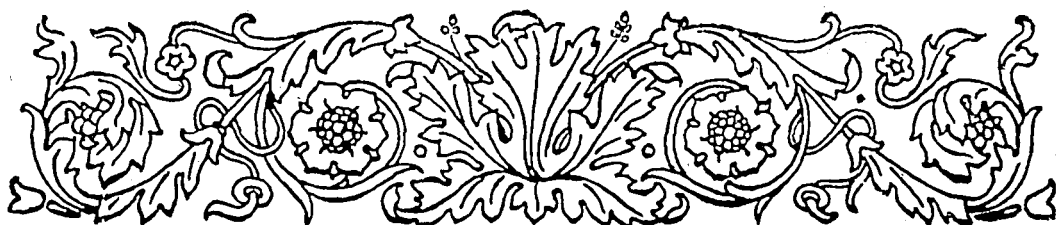
It was during this quadrennium that Bishop Long was relieved from all his sufferings, and called from labor to reward. His demise occurred on June 23rd, 1869. By this death a prince and great man in Israel had fallen. It is doubtful if the Evangelical Association will ever know his like again.

Those of us who were his intimates both in personal friendship and in the association of church work, had learned to appreciate his sterling worthiness. We were filled with keenest sorrow at his departure. Having contracted chills

and fever in his travels during the early years of his ministry through the miasmatic parts of Ohio, he made use of powerful medicines such as it was customary to apply in those days, and by both the malady and the remedies his nerves and vital organs were thrown into abnormal conditions, and eventually brought to an end his earthly career. I had often met him at conference sessions, board meetings, etc., when he was in such a suffering condition that he ought to have been at home and in bed, under the care of a physician; and notwithstanding his suffering he would preach with overwhelming power. His brusqueness of manner, cutting words, contemptuous gestures and apparent lack of sociability were largely caused by his physical and psychological condition, and on account of those traits he was frequently misjudged and often misunderstood.

During the last three years of his life he had been sorely distressed by unpleasant events which occurred in the church, which greatly aggravated his extreme physical suffering. Because he stood so fearlessly as a champion for the integrity and honor of the church, and so persistently upheld our doctrine, he had to endure slander and calumny. He showed me anonymous post cards and letters which he had received, the contents of which were hatched in the bottomless pit, so in-

describably nasty were they. To feel assured that they were the products not only of laymen, but even of Evangelical ministers, overwhelmed him with shame and grief. I am pained to only touch on these things.



## Chapter VIII.

At General Conference Session at Naperville, Ill., in 1871; a Resolution Passed to Elect Two Publishers—Refusing to be one of them—Resolution Rescinded—Laconic Remarks of Rev. M. J. Carothers—Union of Our Church with Methodist Episcopal Church Agitated—Dr. W. Nast Much Disappointed—Re-elected Corresponding Secretary—Remarkable Growth of the Work in Europe—Incomparable Sermon by Rev. M. Dissinger—At Board Meetings in 1872, 1873 and 1874, the Location of a Mission in Heathen Lands Agitated—Afflicted With Chills and Fevers—A Delirious Imagination—Elected Treasurer of the Missionary Society and Orphan Home at General Conference Session in Philadelphia in 1875—Rev. Jacob Young Elected Corresponding Secretary, but not Meeting with Success, Resigned—Was Elected to Fill the Vacancy—Memorable General Conference Session in Philadelphia in 1875—The First Mission in Heathen Lands Authorized and Established—Japan Selected—Great Enthusiasm in Conference—Shouts of Praises—How the Suitable Persons for this Mission Were Secured—A Dilapidated Church Building—An Obstinate Class-leader Brought to Terms—A Memorable Experience—Cain's Wife.

At the general conference session at Naperville, Ills., in 1871, a motion was introduced, and adopted, to have two publishers for the Publishing House instead of only one. Rev. W. F. Schneider was in poor health, and it was decided that he



ought to have assistance. A motion was made to elect me by acclamation as the other publisher. I protested, and stated to the conference that I could not, and would not, serve. I informed conference that the publisher, W. F. Schneider, had stated, while the subject had been under discussion, that he would resign if another publisher were appointed as his associate. The resolution to have two publishers was thereupon rescinded. Some of the brethren protested. Rev. M. J. Carothers of the Central Pennsylvania conference, made the following laconic remark: "Have we made a nest for only one goose? And if that goose doesn't want to sit in it, must the nest be destroyed? We can easily find another goose who would be willing to sit in the nest." The motion to rescind, however, prevailed, and no other goose was needed.

Doctor William Nast, and other prominent members of the Methodist Episcopal church, appeared before this session, and strongly urged organic union between his church and ours. After a lengthy and animated discussion of this important subject, it was decided that it was the better plan, at least for the time being, for us to preserve our church identity. This refusal to combine was a great disappointment to Doctor Nast. He had advocated the union of churches on ac-

count of his profound interest in the mission work in Germany and Switzerland. It was his opinion, in which he was undoubtedly correct, that a union of our mission work with that of the Methodist Episcopal church, and the Wesleyan church of England, would make so strong a combination as to demand the respect of the authorities in the Fatherland, and be a mighty lever by which the State Church would be lifted from out the slough of rationalism and formalism unto a higher plane of Christian life and activity.

Having refused the position of Publisher, I was elected for the third time as Corresponding Secretary. This was agreeable to me, for I was in love with the work.

I prosecuted my labors during this third term with still greater zeal and devotion, if that were possible. I enjoyed the favor of God's boundless grace to a remarkable degree. I had the pleasure of beholding the missionary spirit, and the spirit of liberal giving, develop throughout the church in a way which was soul-cheering. The growth of our work in Germany and Switzerland was especially encouraging. Notwithstanding determined opposition and malicious persecution which some of our missionaries were compelled to endure—even to the extent of endangering their

lives—and the many serious obstacles thrown in their way by the hostile authorities, and the pastors of the State churches, their efforts were attended by extraordinary success. They were favored by the Lord with extensive revivals, far-reaching in their influence, and the work grew continually in stability and influence.

At the close of the former quadrennium we had a membership in Europe of 3071; at the close of the past, 6083.

This was a marvelous achievement in four years, and was a sure proof that the Lord had opened up unto us a wide and effectual door in the Old Country.

The missionary contributions during this quadrennium totalled the sum of \$255,154.91. We had not yet reached the goal of *One Dollar* per member, but hoped, through the blessing of God, to attain that amount before long.

It was during the General conference session of 1871 that Rev. Moses Dissinger, a unique and eccentric Pennsylvania-German character, preached one evening an incomparable sermon with tremendous enthusiasm and power, and teeming with Pennsylvania German idioms, sledgehammer phrases, and home-spun illustrations. The like of that sermon had probably never been heard before any General Conference. Those who

were present will never forget it. Doctor William Nast was one of the congregation. At the close of the service he thanked me heartily for having persuaded him to attend. He said: "What a wonderful man you have! I never heard his equal. Certainly we have no man in our church like him."

I was in the pulpit with Bro. Dissinger at the time, to close the service. After his opening prayer of overwhelming power and pathos, which had already caused many shouts of praises all through the congregation, just before the sermon, he turned to me. "William," he said, "look at this large audience. What an immense congregation! While I am preaching, *keep at it pushing wood under the kettle*". Then he sighed: "O Lord, help this poor potsherd." The excitement and enthusiasm during his preaching beggars description.

At the annual meeting of the Missionary Society and the Board of Missions held at Warren, Pa., in Oct. 1872, I stated in my annual address, as Corresponding Secretary, that we had now 220 missionaries, an increase of forty new missions during the past year, and that the aggregate amount of receipts—that for Europe not included—had reached \$55,607.89. I announced that several thousand souls had been saved on these mis-

sion fields, and then, with a heart overflowing with gratitude to God, I said that the Evangelical Association had now attained to the unique and commendable position of having more missionaries, in proportion to temporal conditions and number of membership, than any other Christian denomination in this, or any other, country. With an eye for the future, I exclaimed: "He who has done so much for us intends to do yet greater things."

At the annual meeting held in 1873 the proposed mission among the heathen, which had been discussed during previous meetings, was again considered. It was shown by the report of the treasurer, W. W. Orwig, that the voluntary contributions for such a mission now amounted to the respectable sum of \$22,460.30; and that gifts still continued to flow into the treasury from cheerful and expectant givers.

The united opinion of those present was, that a heathen mission ought to be established without further delay, and the following preamble and resolution were thereupon adopted:

"Since we, as a church, consider it our sacred duty to co-operate in the work of converting the heathen, and as the time to go forward, in the name of God, with this important enterprise seems

to be approaching ever nearer, and as a large sum of contributions is already in hand, therefore

*Resolved*, That our respected Bishops, and the corresponding secretary, shall constitute a committee for the purpose of taking the initial steps with regard to men to be sent, the place, etc.”

Notwithstanding the resolution, neither the bishops nor the corresponding secretary found it feasible or practicable to take the initiative steps at that time.

At the annual meeting held in Cleveland, in 1874, an important forward step was taken in the matter, by the adoption of the following items in the report of the committee on said subject:

1. That Japan be selected as our field for foreign mission work.

2. That both bishops, with the corresponding secretary, be continued as a committee for the purpose of securing suitable men for the work.

3. That General Conference be requested, respectfully, to send without unnecessary delay two or three missionaries to that country.

These suggestions, however, were subject to whatever action General Conference might take in regard to them. What action that body did take will be recorded later,

While pursuing my labors, during the last year of the quadrennium just ended, in southern In-

diana and Illinois, that region being at the time much impregnated with chills and fever, my system became thoroughly poisoned by malaria, which hindered me greatly in my work, and reduced my strength to a considerable degree.

One night, in one of these delirious spells, I imagined I had come to Philadelphia, and walked out to the Park where the Centennial Exposition was to be held two years later. I found the main building, an immense structure, already completed, but yet empty. I walked into it a good way, and all at once I came to a place where there were six men, dressed in clerical coats, sitting around a centre table, smoking the long German pipes and guzzling beer. I walked up to them, and in an imperious manner, asked, "Sirs, what is your profession? They said, "We are ministers of the Gospel." In great indignation, I replied, "What! You tobacco eaters and beer guzzlers, preachers of the Gospel? Never!" I up and with both feet at the same time gave them such a tremendous kick, that the six pastors, their coat-tails flapping in the wind, with chairs and tables, flew out of the second story window. One year after, when General Conference was held in Philadelphia, I walked out to the Park. There I saw the immense building exactly as I saw it in my delirium, and partly filled. I walked into it a good

ways, but the six beer guzzlers had not yet returned from the effects of that tremendous kick.

During the session of General Conference, held in Philadelphia in Oct. 1875, I was sick and in bed a portion of the time, with fever. Consequently it was rendering me a favor, though I confess it was not apparent to me at the time, that conference relieved me of the heavy work and responsibility attending the office of corresponding secretary, and elected Rev. Jacob Young to the position. I was elected to the position of treasurer of the Missionary Society, and the Ebenezer Orphan Home, with the understanding that I was to assist Bro. Young in the solicitation of mission funds, as much as time, health and circumstances permitted.

The arrangement proved fortunate, so far as I was concerned personally. It gave me the desired privilege of remaining at home with my loved ones, and the much needed opportunity for recuperating my broken health. Undoubtedly my life was prolonged by the change.

Bro. Young, though a pious man, and an exceptionally good preacher, proved himself to be wholly unadapted for the position to which he had been elected. Not only the church at large perceived this fact but he himself was thoroughly convinced that he was out of his element. He



therefore resigned the position, and returned to pastoral work. The authorities, upon whom it devolved to fill the vacancy, prevailed upon me to take up the work again. My health having improved considerably, I judged that it was my duty to comply. So, during the remainder of the quadrennium—about three years—I not only served as corresponding secretary, but also performed the duties of treasurer of the Missionary Society and the Orphan Home. This certainly gave me enough work and financial responsibility for any mortal man. But the Lord granted me strength of body and mind, and success attended my efforts in the assumption of these various responsibilities. All glory and praise to His name! The trust and confidence reposed in me by my beloved church affected me deeply.

The General Conference session in 1875 was a memorable one, and always will stand out prominently in the history of our church. For it was at this session that the first heathen mission of the Evangelical Association was authorized and established, in accordance with the desire of the Board; and the recommendation that the inaugural work be begun in Japan was also concurred in.

The inauguration of this forward movement in mission work, after twenty-five or thirty years

of agitation, made a profound impression upon the delegates and the many visitors present. At the suggestion of Rev. C. F. Deininger, we fell to our knees, and in silent, solemn prayer supplicated God for divine blessing upon the enterprise. Then Bishop Esher prayed aloud, offering up a fervid petition to the Throne of Grace.

When the motion to establish the mission was adopted, by a unanimous, standing vote, the Doxology was sung both in the German and English languages. Profound emotion and intense feeling attended the event. There was not a dry eye in the house, and from all parts of the assembly arose shouts of praises to God. The occasion can never be forgotten by those who were present, so long as time and memory endure. We were thrilled by the pleasant hope that our church would become a factor in evangelizing the world.

The next thing considered was, suitable persons for the prosecution of the work. Rev. A. Halmhuber, a young man of good education, a member of the Germany Conference, had offered his services, and he was accepted as one of the party. It was considered necessary that the other brother, besides being a minister and possessed of the acceptable qualifications, be a practising physician, or, at any rate, have a medical education. Where was such a man to be found? I was

delegated by the Executive Committee of the Missionary Society to search for him.

In the early Spring of 1876, while on my way to the East Pennsylvania Conference, which was to be held at Schuylkill Haven, I stopped at Lebanon for a brief visit with my brother John. A member of our church in that city happened to be at the station when I stepped from the train. After greetings had been exchanged, he informed me of the death of Mother Kreckler, the estimable wife of Bro. Fr. Kreckler, which had occurred the day before at the home of her son, Frederick, who was a prominent physician in the city. I called at the house without delay. Father Kreckler met me at the door, and was greatly pleased at my unexpected arrival. He requested that I be one of the speakers at the funeral which was to be held the following day. Father Kreckler had been my colleague, and the preacher in charge, during my first year in the ministry, and the departed wife, of blessed memory, had been to me truly a mother during that time, my own mother having died the year before. He informed me that his son, Frederick, had consecrated himself to the service of God and to the ministry, and that he would be an applicant for the itinerancy at the coming conference session. Knowing that her son had arrived at this decision, Mother Kreckler's last

words had been: "My dear Frederick, don't think that you can ever do too much for Jesus."

Following this touching information, the firm conviction impressed itself upon my mind, that here was the very man for whom the church had been searching; a man in the prime of early manhood, possessed of more than ordinary education, a physician of acknowledged reputation, who had consecrated himself to the ministry; the son of a noble father and mother, and, besides all these favorable qualifications, blessed with possessing a godly wife who was suitable in every way to be the wife of a missionary to the heathen. I did not at that time make known my conclusion that the man had been found.

A few days afterwards, when the East Pennsylvania Conference was in session, and when Bro. and Sister Kreckler had arrived, and were seated in the rear of the members, I went up to them. I placed one hand on the Doctor's shoulder, and the other on the shoulder of his wife. "Brother and Sister Kreckler," I said; "Jesus wants you in Japan." The announcement came to them wholly unexpected, and was a great shock at first. They said, with the tears in their eyes, and being profoundly moved: "O, Brother Yost; what are you saying? This completely overwhelms us. How could we think of taking our three small children

to a foreign land, and having them reared among the heathen?"

"If it is the will of the Lord," I responded, "He will show you the way. We shall say nothing further about it now, but will make the matter a subject for earnest prayer. Then if you feel convinced that my impression is in accordance with the will of God, let it be understood that your appointment is sure."

After some correspondence, they gave their consent, and thereupon were appointed by the Executive Committee as missionaries to Japan. It was deemed expedient that sister Kreckler have a consecrated sister for a companion and associate. So Miss Rachel Hudson, a teacher at the time in the state Normal School at Millersville, was appointed, and accepted.

The entire party, consisting of Doctor and sister Kreckler, and their three children, Bro. Halmhuber and Miss Hudson, on the journey to the distant field of their labors, stopped over at Cleveland for the purpose of receiving a few necessary and final instructions, and also for a farewell meeting, which was held in our Calvary church one Sunday afternoon. The large auditorium was crowded to the doors, and the addresses of the missionaries were listened to by the immense audience, and created a deep impression. I had

charge of the meeting, and after the exercises were about to be brought to a close, I remarked that we had supposed all along that four missionaries were to be sent abroad to heathen lands; that I now desired to correct that general impression. The party in reality consisted of seven, and that three had not yet been introduced to the people. I summoned the three children, and had them stand before the congregation. The feeling throughout the audience was intense. There was hardly a dry eye among the people as they viewed these three little missionaries. Many audible exclamations arose, such as: "God bless the children."

The party began their long and tedious journey accompanied by the prayers of God's people. They finally arrived at their destination. They were the first to plant the banner of our beloved church upon heathen soil.

I conducted a missionary meeting during this quadrennium in a church which was in a deplorable state of dilapidation. The structure had been a stranger to paint for years, the roof leaked badly, and portions of the plaster had fallen from the ceiling. The members of the congregation were in comfortable circumstances—abundantly able to have a new church. After I had finished soliciting funds for missionary purposes, and be-

fore bringing the meeting to a close, in order to give the people a hint that a new church edifice was sorely needed, I related the following occurrence:

A congregation worshipped in an old, tumbled-down building which was hardly more than a dilapidated shack. The necessity for a new church had been apparent for a number of years, but whenever the pastor made an effort in that direction, the class-leader, who was, financially, the ablest man of the congregation, opposed the proposition. It was his custom to state that, "My grandfather and grandmother, my father and mother worshipped in this church, and if it was good enough for them why isn't it good enough for me? Anyhow, it will last as long as I shall."

One pastor after another made the attempt to have a new church built, but the old class-leader, with his grandfather and grandmother story, frustrated every effort. The situation finally became so desperate that conference took the matter in hand. A preacher was appointed to the charge who was known as being the most successful church builder in the conference. This preacher did not immediately begin pushing the project, but craftily waited for a favorable opportunity—the psychological moment.

One Sunday morning the Lord blessed him in his preaching in a singular manner. The congregation was moved to tears, so deeply had the sermon affected the people. Believing that the Lord had appointed this moment for the starting of the project long desired, he began by saying, "You all know the urgent necessity for a new church; and I feel assured that this is the proper time to take a united stand towards the consummation of the project." Whereupon, behold, the old class leader was on his feet. With the grandfather and grandmother story he succeeded in forcing the congregation to accept his view, and again the project was frustrated.

The pastor was deeply chagrined, grieved,—completely non-plussed. For a moment he knew not what to say, or what course to pursue. Then he said: "Let us pray", and called upon the old class leader to offer the petition. The old fellow began his usual, stereotyped prayer which he had repeated hundreds of times before, when suddenly a large piece of plaster which had been hanging loose in the ceiling dropped and struck him on his bald head. He cut his prayer short, jumped up, and exclaimed: "Pastor, we must have a new church. Put my name down for one hundred dollars." The pastor, delighted and surprised,



rubbed his hands together, and shouted: "*Amen! Good Lord, give him another hit!*"

I am glad to state that the hint was taken in good spirit. Within a year's time, another church edifice occupied the place where the old had stood.

While canvassing the Wisconsin Conference field, during the past quadrennium, I had felt for some time an unusual soul-hunger after God. I wished to know more of Him; and to realize a greater measure of His love and saving power. My heart panted after God as the hart panted after the water brooks. My soul thirsted for God, for the living God. While in this state of longing desire, I happened to call upon a brother who was a jeweller. I was seated in his store when a young man came in, produced from his pocket a wedding ring and requested that it be enlarged. After he had gone, I expressed surprise that such a thing could be done without injuring or breaking the ring. The jeweller said he would show me how it was done. He thereupon placed the ring upon a piece of charcoal, lighted an alcohol lamp, and with a blow-pipe directed the flame against the ring. I soon observed how the fire penetrated the metal through and through until it was all aglow, and then the enlargement was easily accomplished.

This was an object lesson. I took it all in. It became as obvious to me as daylight, that Jesus

Christ, my blessed Redeemer, was the altar that sanctifies the gift; I myself was like the ring. If I lay myself fully, completely upon the altar, without reservation, the fire of the Holy Ghost would penetrate my entire being, filling my soul, body and spirit with the power and glory of God's love. It was the best and clearest commentary I had yet experienced of Paul's words: "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly" or "*through and through*", as the German version has it,—“and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

This new experience did not come upon me as a mighty, overwhelming cyclone, with thunder and lightning, but as a precious, mysterious influence, calm like an evening zephyr. Glory to God in time and throughout eternity for this wonderful experience!

In travelling through the country, one meets with all kinds of curious and peculiar characters. It is true that, "It takes all kinds of people to make a world." While canvassing Wisconsin, I happened to take dinner at a certain place where from ten to twelve men were at the table. There was a fellow among them whose boast it was that he had "stalled" a number of preachers by questions he had selected from the Bible. No preacher had yet been able to answer them. He eyed me for

a moment, and then inquired if I were a preacher. "Yes, I preach occasionally", I answered. "Then will you allow me to ask you, as a preacher, a question?" he inquired. "Certainly", I responded. "Well, then", he continued, "can you tell me where Cain got his wife?" This question of tremendous and overwhelming importance amused me not a little. I returned his fixed gaze, and demanded: "Can you tell me from where you got your wife?" "Yes, sir, I certainly can", he answered. I thereupon remarked, "Then you ought to feel satisfied. Doesn't it look a little suspicious for you to show so great interest in another man's wife?" That quieted him.

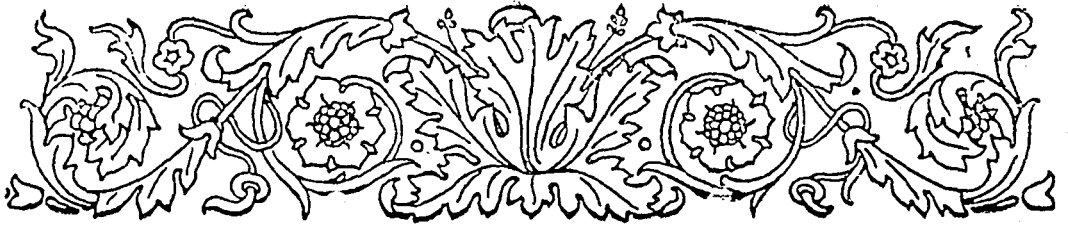
I heard an eminent preacher relate that in his travels he took supper at a hotel and there happened to be at the table a sceptic. After observing the preacher for awhile he addressed him as follows: "Excuse me sir, if I am not mistaken you are a preacher." "You are correct", replied the preacher. Then inquired the sceptic, "I suppose you believe all that there is in the Bible?" "Certainly I do", answered the preacher. "But do you understand all the Bible contains?" inquired the sceptic. "Certainly not. The Bible contains many things I do not understand," replied the preacher. "Well, what do you do with those things you don't understand," further inquired the sceptic. "Just

what I am doing now," replied the preacher. "You see we have fish for our supper. The meat I eat, the bones I lay aside."

At a western conference session complaint was advanced against a brother for having married a few days previous to the time when he was to be ordained as deacon. The bishop was requested to administer to the brother a reprimand for such flagrant violation of a rule in our discipline. The bishop performed the duty with all due solemnity, and gave unto the erring brother about the severest reprimand I had ever heard delivered. When he had finished, the brother arose and, assuming an air of deep penitence, said: "Dear Bishop and brethren, I can assure you that it *will never happen again.*" The members of the conference were convulsed, but the bishop was filled with intense indignation.

In canvassing Canada Conference this quadrennium I held a missionary meeting in a certain church when the preacher in charge of the circuit had a protracted meeting in progress and had some seekers. After I had attended to the soliciting of mission funds I gave a short invitation and prayed with penitents. The son-in-law of the brother where we lodged for the night was under deep conviction but would not yield that evening, promised, however, he would do so next

evening. This gave considerable satisfaction to the folks and especially his pious young wife. Next morning when we left for my next appointment we saw him with axe on his shoulder going into the woods nearby to fell trees. We had arrived at the place of my destination but a short time when the sad news came that the young man was dead—was found under a tree he had felled, crushed to death. For him the harvest was passed, the summer ended and he was not saved.



## Chapter IX.

General Conference Session in Chicago in 1879—Relieved of the Corresponding Secretaryship—Elected Publisher and Re-elected Treasurer of the Missionary Society and Orphan Home—Home and Foreign Missions Prospering—Death of Dr. Kreckler in Japan—Death of Beloved Wife—Deep Waters—Re-elected Publisher at General Conference Session in Allentown, Pa., in 1883—Prosperity of the Publishing House—Large Increase in Missionary Contributions—Work Prospering Along All Lines—Organization of Woman's Missionary Society Permitted—A Grand Movement—Relieved of the Duties as Publisher at General Conference Session in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1887—Elected Treasurer of Missionary Society and Orphan Home—The One Dollar Mark Reached—An Unpleasant Session—Much Ill-Feeling—What Will the End Be?—Experiences as Publisher.

At the General Conference session, held in Chicago in 1879, I was relieved of the duties attending the position of corresponding secretary. Rev. S. L. Wiest, a young and able man, was appointed to the office. I was elected as one of the publishers and managers of the Publishing House, besides being re-elected as treasurer of the Missionary Society, and treasurer of the Orphan Home. It seems that I was still to have sufficient work to

keep me from growing rusty. Rev. M. Lauer, who had been editor of the *Botschafter* during the previous quadrennium, was elected senior publisher.

Rev. W. F. Schneider, who had been publisher and manager of the Publishing House for nearly ten years, as well as president of the Missionary Society, and who had conducted the business of the House with consummate tact and acknowledged ability, had been called from labor to reward a few weeks previous to the convening of this General Conference session, while in the prime of life. According to human estimate, his demise came altogether too soon. Inscrutable are the ways of Providence.

The Home Mission work had met with commendable success during the past quadrennium. Our missionaries in Europe, fired with holy zeal, were pushing onward victoriously, entering one city and neighborhood after another, making glorious conquests for Christ. The membership in Europe at this time amounted to 7477.

Our missionaries in Japan had succeeded in gaining a foothold in that interesting country. They had been compelled to devote most of their time at first to acquiring a knowledge of the intricate and difficult language, and had so far suc-

ceeded that they could make themselves understood by the natives.

The Lord blessed me with physical and mental strength, so that I was enabled, besides attending to the duties of the Publishing House, and the two treasurerships, to make a number of collecting tours into different parts of the country. I travelled 49,500 miles, had successful meetings, and secured the respectable sum of \$30,867.03, special missionary contributions. The total amount of missionary contributions, during the past quadrennium, was \$280,681.70.

As I before stated, the finances of the Orphan Home had been placed in my hands. To my dismay I found affairs in a deplorable condition. The home had become seriously involved. The former treasurer had been not only careless, but dishonest. Charges were preferred against him, and he was compelled to stand trial. He was found guilty, deposed from the ministry, and expelled from the church. Taking the finances of the Home out of his hands saved the Asylum from irretrievable ruin. By the end of the quadrennium matters were in better shape, and the Home was proving a blessing to many a poor orphan.

On the 26th of April, 1883, our highly esteemed and greatly beloved Doctor Kreckler, after having labored for seven years unremittingly upon the



Japan field, died of typhoid fever which he had contracted while ministering unto others. His mortal remains rest in that distant land, awaiting a glorious resurrection, when Jesus comes to gather His jewels. The entire church lamented the untimely death of this noble man of God. His memory will be held sacred in this country and in Japan. The Lord comforted the sorrowing ones, and sanctified this death to the furtherance of the work which Doctor Kreckler had been permitted to inaugurate. This was one of the dispensations of Providence which can not be understood. For the Doctor had just fairly entered upon the work—had acquired the knowledge of the language necessary, and stood in the midst of a blessed activity which promised brightest prospects for a successful life in the service of God among the gentiles.

During this quadrennium, on June 2nd, 1883, my beloved wife, mother of my five children, was by death relieved of all her many and painful sufferings and taken into rest. She had been a patient sufferer for years. Rest was sweet and welcome. For more than twenty-seven years she had shared with me the joys and sorrows of married life. The Lord, by His grace, gave her soul, sanctified by the precious blood of Jesus, a triumphant entrance into a higher and purer life.

Tenderly we laid away her body in the beautiful Lake View Cemetery, in Cleveland, where I had purchased a lot. At her side my mortal remains shall rest when God calls me, and there remain until the resurrection morning, when Jesus will quicken our mortal bodies that they may be fashioned like unto His glorified body.

This was an experience which could only be felt and not described. I was comforted by the assurance that "earth has no sorrow which Heaven can not heal."

The General Conference Session in 1883 was held in Allentown, Pa., one of the cleanest cities in the country and not far from the section where our church had its humble origin.

The senior bishop, J. J. Esher, delivered a remarkable address in opening the session. I will here record a few of the striking utterances:

"God speaks in His Word; He lives in His church. Through His Word, God begets the church in which He lives—brings her into spiritual life. His church contains Him, for she is His temple, the body and bride of the God-man, in whom the begetting divine and the begotten human are united. In this way the Evangelical Association originated—begotten by the Gospel of God through repentance, and through the faith that unites to God. She is not a child of Prov-

idence only, but a child of grace,—an offspring, of God. Thus she has been legitimized, born not of the will of man, but of God. Her right to existence is of God, and, therefore, eternally established. She lives through God, and so lives for Him and with Him. This is her origin, this her end.—”

“The Evangelical Association is no longer confined to a few counties in Pennsylvania, but is already in three of the great divisions of the Globe, and in five of the most advanced nations of the earth: the United States, Canada—the territory of the well-beloved Queen—Germany, Switzerland and Japan.

“What a difference between this assemblage and that at Muehlbach in 1803! What a difference, also, between the Association then and now! At that time we had three preachers and forty members, with not a single book, no Sunday-school, no church building, no conference, no missionary society, no publishing house, no money; hardly a human friend, but many enemies. Everything appeared to be against her: only God was with her. Today, she has over 1500 ministers, 120,000 members, 1622 churches, 2131 Sunday-schools, two publishing houses in two divisions of the Globe, a flourishing literature, a strong missionary society, etc. Then she barely touched a

few counties in Pennsylvania; today she extends, on this continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the British Dominions to the Gulf. Thus far has the Lord brought us. Thanks be to Him."

Bishop T. Bowman followed with an address sparkling with humor and Pennsylvania-mother wit. He informed the delegates that the first ministers of our church had been received by a colored family residing in this city, no other family being willing to open its doors. Now the members of the four churches in this city numbered over 1000. He also assured the delegates that they would find here enough to eat; for the Pennsylvania-German women were the best cooks in the world, and that, during the services, they would be treated with the old-fashioned kind of Evangelical singing, with choruses and hallelujahs, with shouts and amens, provided they preached Holy-Ghost sermons, and not *too long*. A timely hint for some of the brethren.

I was re-elected to the position I had filled during the past quadrennium—junior publisher. I was relieved of the responsible duties of missionary treasurer, and Rev. S. L. Wiest elected to that position. I retained, however, the treasurer-ship of the Orphan Home.

Being relieved of the complex duties of missionary treasurer, more time was allowed me for

closer attention to the affairs of the publishing house, and to the finances of the Orphan Asylum.

The publishing house, by economical management and the active support of its many agents and the church in general, had, during the past four years enjoyed great and constantly increasing prosperity, had sustained its reputation in the business world, and was in a flourishing condition. The receipts, which, in the four years preceding the former general conference session, had amounted to \$594,909.91, had, during the past four years, increased to \$764,007.

Our Mission work had increased steadily during the quadrennium just ended. The total receipts of the preceding four years had amounted to \$280,681.70; in the past four years to \$384,086.67.

This commendable increase in the voluntary contributions for mission work was a gratifying proof of the disposition of our ministers and people to support the holy cause.

A goodly number of Home Missions had been favored with encouraging revivals, and quite a number where changed into self-supporting charges. The number of new missions was considerably increased.

Soon after the preceding General Conference, Bishop Esher had made a tour of inspec-

tion through the great state of Texas. This resulted in the establishment of a few missions in that almost boundless and rapidly developing state.

The work on the Pacific Coast—California, Oregon and Washington,—had been prosecuted with gratifying success, though it was evidently a difficult field. Many people who had located there were on the quest of gold that perishes, and not seeking salvation.

The enthusiastic predictions which I had frequently made in my reports to the Society and the Board, that soon our mission field would extend from coast to coast, from British America to the Gulf of Mexico, were now literally fulfilled. Praise the Lord!

In reference to our interesting work in Europe, the bishops had the following to report:

“Since the last General Conference, our work in Europe had to pass through the severest persecutions in its history. The persecution was inaugurated in church-councils. Eminent ecclesiastics, as well as lesser servants of the established church, took part in it with great zeal. It consisted of a determined and powerful effort, by well-planned measures against us, defamatory publications, attacks from pulpits, and other means, to destroy our Sunday-schools, societies,

influence and work. But the fierce attacks only the more nerved our laborers, so well tried by former experiences of a like nature, to still greater firmness, devotion, and trust in Him whose is the cause in which we are engaged. At nearly all points the losses are more than retrieved, and our work is more firmly rooted, and has gained greater strength than ever before. Everywhere doors are wide open, and the need for mission work, is as great as ever. As the most important work of our church in foreign lands, our mission work in Europe not only needs, but also highly deserves the hearty support of the entire Church."

Notwithstanding the back-sets, the membership in Germany and Switzerland had increased to 8400.

Soon after the last session of the General Conference, our Japan Mission was re-inforced by the appointment of Rev. Jacob Hartzler as superintendent, and seemingly enjoyed reasonable prosperity when the health of Bro. Halmhuber, our missionary at Osaka, failed, and it was necessary for him to return to his home in Germany. The promising mission at Osaka was thereupon discontinued by the superintendent. This was very unfortunate, but perhaps could not be avoided.

But the death of our missionary in Tokio, Dr. Kreckler, was yet a heavier visitation of misfor-

tune. The great sacrifice of our two first missionaries among the heathen should bring the work still closer to our hearts, and impel us to greater effort.

To supply the vacancies thus occasioned, Rev. W. E. Walz was appointed by the Board of Missions, in Oct. 1882, and Rev. F. W. Voegelein by the Executive Committee, in June 1883.

The membership in Japan numbered then 147. It was a handful of corn in the earth, upon the top of the mountains; but "the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon; and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth." Psa. 72, 16.

One of the most important transactions of this General Conference—1883—was the permission granted the women of our church to organize a "Woman's Missionary Society." Finally, a number of our godly women, through persistent effort and earnest appeal had obtained *permission* to inaugurate such a movement, though under certain restrictions. At first their appeals had met with obstinate opposition by the leading men of the church, with but few exceptions, and the expressions used in furthering the opposition grieved the good women beyond measure, and caused them tears of mortification. In general terms the ordinary expression of opinion of those who opposed may be given as follows:



“This movement is only desired by such women as are more masculine than feminine. Our good wives have their mission in their own homes. It would be only a dress parade, anyhow. There is no need whatever for such an organization. The sisters have all the opportunity necessary to express their zeal by working for the interests of the organization we already have.”

Being firmly convinced that the movement was fostered by God, I encouraged the women to perseverance, and I myself advocated the movement with all the means at hand—by word and pen, upon every favorable occasion. I was convinced that a “Woman’s Missionary Society” would prove to be one of the most potent factors in the development and prosecution of our mission work.

It seems strange that nearly all of the movements of our church, which had for their aim and object the uplift of humanity, and the furtherance of God’s kingdom among men, had to be born out of difficulties and determined opposition,—such as the publishing interests, Sunday-schools, the Missionary Society, colleges and theological institutions. The “Woman’s Missionary Society” had to come to life by the same difficult processes. Continued success to this movement—one of the grandest in the history of our church!

What strikes me as peculiar and absurd, is the expression of General Conference in reference to the inauguration of the movement: "*permission granted.*" There was no wishing the women God's speed; no extending to them of a helping hand; no rejoicing at the self-sacrifice implied, and the intense devotion indicated; no recognition of their profound interest in the work, as indicated by the desire for co-operation in the great project of bringing the world to Christ; but "*permission granted!*" And it was almost adding insult to injury for conference to throw a number of restrictions and "safe-guards" about the movement, as if the good sisters would of necessity run wild in their endeavors.

As treasurer of the Orphan Home, it gave me great pleasure to report to general conference that the heavy debt which had rested upon the Asylum when its finances were placed in my hands, eight years before, and which had threatened its very existence, was now all paid, and the institution about to enter upon a time of prosperity and usefulness.

The nineteenth session of general conference was held in the city of Buffalo, N. Y., in 1887.

Twenty-four years previously, the thirteenth session was held here, at which I was elected, for the first time, corresponding secre-

tary of the Missionary Society, and J. J. Esher was elected for the first time, bishop.

At this present session I was relieved of the position of junior publisher, and Rev. H. Mattill selected as my successor. The management of the finances of the Missionary Society and the Orphan Asylum were again entrusted to my hands. Our home and foreign mission work had developed to so great an extent that the whole attention of one man was demanded for management of the financial end, safely and efficiently.

A very pleasant impression was made upon conference when I informed the members that we had now reached the mark at which we had been aiming for years: the average contribution of one dollar per member, for missionary purposes. This was an achievement of which no other denomination could boast.

At the session twenty-four years ago, our membership numbered 47,674; at this present session, 138,130. Then the missionary receipts amounted to \$27,924.86; now, \$139,448.50. Even this commendable increase was not adequate, I am sorry to say, for the pressing demands from all directions. Though expenses had been curtailed to the lowest possible limit, an increase in the debt could not be avoided. It had more than doubled during the past four years, and now amounted to about

\$44,000. The total receipts during the four preceding years had amounted to \$384,086.67, and during the last four years to \$496,673.64.

Our mission work in Germany and Switzerland was in a state of increasing prosperity, and was proving more and more, in manifold ways, a real institution of blessing to both countries. We had at that time a membership in Europe of 9613. The work in Japan had encountered many peculiar difficulties and adversities, though constantly gaining in influence.

The publishing house had enjoyed the benign blessing and favor of God during the past quadrennium. The total receipts for the last three years and eleven months amounted to \$804,319.62, an increase of \$40,311.84. During the last quadrennium the new addition was completed, and the combined structure presented an imposing appearance. The plant was entirely free from debt. May it always remain thus!

Through the liberal support of the church, and under the careful management of the superintendent, Rev. D. Strawman, our Orphan Home was in a splendid condition in every way, and now wholly free from debt. The devise of the departed Bro. Engel, of fifty acres of very productive farm land, added to the facility of providing for the inmates of the Home. At this session of

conference the erection of a large addition to the building was authorized,—an improvement urgently needed, and which affords the opportunity of taking care of an increased number of poor orphaned children.

The *Missionary Messenger*, published by a Committee, in the interests of our missionary work, was offered to the church by said committee, and was received by this conference as property of the church. I was elected editor, with Rev. S. Heininger, the corresponding secretary, as my associate, and with my daughter, Mrs. E. J. Y. Preyer, as editor of the women's department. It certainly ought to boom having three renowned editors! Besides, I was elected as secretary of statistics. So during the coming quadrennium, I was to be treasurer of the Missionary Society, treasurer of the Orphan Home, one of the editors of the *Missionary Messenger*, and general secretary of statistics. The prospects were excellent for my being a busy man during the approaching four years.

This session was in the main a most unpleasant one. The charges preferred against the editor of the *Evangelical Messenger*—not affecting his moral character whatever—upon which he was found guilty by a small majority—and deposed from his position, caused feelings of intense bit-

terness. The large minority which sustained him in his course felt intensely grieved, and occasionally threatened further transaction of business. The seed of discord, and unrest, sown years before, was bringing a disastrous harvest. It seemed to me at the time, that only by special dispensation of Providence could a serious rupture in our church be avoided.

I looked forward to the coming quadrennium with fear and trembling.

As one of the publishers and managers of our Publishing House for the past eight years my experiences were of a varied nature—pleasant, humorous and unpleasant. I realized that it was easier for a cook to satisfy all the tastes of his guests than for a publisher to gratify all the whims and notions of his patrons. In ordering goods, or sending in subscribers an agent would think one thing and write differently. This is one of the strange freaks of the human mind. One Agent gave an order for twelve dozen German Baptismal Certificates, plainly and accurately written. We filled the order. In a few days we received from him one of the most caustic letters ever before received, accusing us of either having lost all common sense or standing on our heads for sending him such a mass of certificates; that he had ordered one dozen and not twelve; whether we had

an idea that he was under contract to baptize all the children in the conference and as he was not willing to pay extra postage for our senseless blunder, he returned them at our expense. We informed him we had filled his order as he had directed. He strongly denied this, saying he could not have given such a senseless order. We forwarded him his letter containing the order. This settled the dispute. The brother was evidently thinking that twelve make a dozen, and thus wrote twelve dozen instead of one. Instead of being gentlemanly enough to apologize for his unwarranted rudeness, he expressed his surprise that we had not common sense enough to know that he had made a blunder.

Formerly the names of the subscribers were written by clerks on the periodicals. When the stamping machine was invented we introduced it. As this instrument affixes the names transposed, giving the generic names first, this gave rise to much dissatisfaction. Many insisted on having their names placed correctly on their papers, or they would throw them out of the house. A good sister appealed to me personally by letter to see that her husband's name was given correctly; that she had already written three times about it but that no attention was given to her demands. She said her husband's name was Peter

Long, but the *Botschafter* came every week with the name on it, Long Peter; that his name was not Long Peter, but Peter Long.

An Agent discontinued a subscription for 6 months. For this he received a credit card, but taking it for a debit card wrote to me personally about this blunder, as he supposed it to be, using very rude expressions and intimating that we had a clerk in the House who was evidently a creature with long ears and demanded to have him dismissed forthwith. Looking into the matter and finding all correct, we so informed him and also assured him that this should convince him that that creature with long ears was not to be looked for in Cleveland but was braying around the country somewhere else. He humbly acknowledged his error and admitted that I had given him the most deserved reprimand he had ever received.

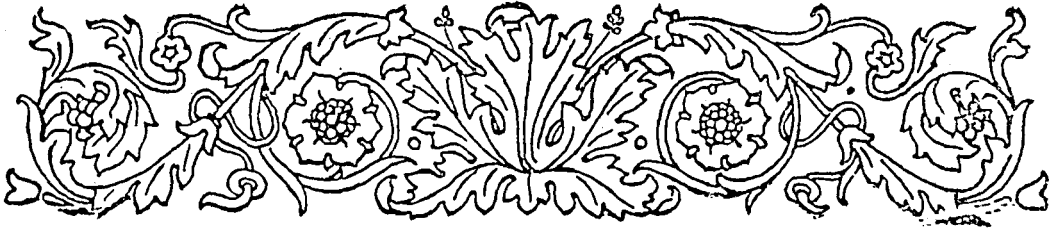
It is remarkable what a change a letter will produce in a word or sentence, either by the addition of a letter, or dropping one out, or by changing one for another. It was about this time that the Indiana Conference at one of its sessions passed strong resolutions in favor of Northwestern College, advising the friends of Indiana to send their children to the College to acquire a good educational outfit. The English resolutions came out correctly, but in the German resolutions,



the compositor placed an "R", instead of a "K", to the word Kinder (children) saying that the friends of Indiana should send their "Rinder" (Heifers) to the college. This humorous mistake was discovered and corrected just before the *Botschafter* went to the press.

A Publishing House in Philadelphia published an extra issue of three thousand New Testaments for a special purpose. It was not discovered until the entire issue had left the press, was bound and ready for the market, that one letter had dropped out of a word changing the sense to such an extent that the entire issue had to be sent to the paper mill. Where the apostle Paul says to the Corinthians, "We shall not all sleep but shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," the first letter to the word changed had dropped out, making the Apostle say, "We shall all be *hanged* in a moment."

Where men are, blunders will occur. Is not man the only being among all God's creatures who is endowed with the ability of making errors? The man who never blundered has not yet been born. If he was, he must have died right away.



## Chapter X.

Rev. Moses Dissinger—A Unique Character—A Ruffian in Youth—Education Neglected—Could Not Read Nor Write—His Conversion—A Surprising Change—Learning to Read—His Unbounded Zeal and Enthusiasm—Gifted with Physical Endurance—Class-Leader—Reluctantly Admitted into the Itinerancy—Surprising Success—Hurled Divine Truth with the Force of a Titan—Bold as a Lion and Knew no Fear—Gifted with a Remarkable Memory—Indescribable Effects Under His Preaching—Marvelous Gift in Prayer—Specimens of His Telling Witticisms, Inimitable Drolleries and Marvelous Eccentricities.

### REV. MOSES DISSINGER.

On the 25th of January 1883 the companion of my youth, intimate friend, quarterly and annual conference associate, the widely known and eccentric preacher, Moses Dissinger, was called from labor to his reward.

I consider it proper to remember this remarkable man in my Reminiscences. He was a very unique character, an extraordinary man both in body and mind, gifted with tireless energy, an original, peculiar personage, the like of which our church had never had and never will again have in its ministry. Before his conversion he loved to be where there was dancing, fighting and



Rev. Moses Bissinger

where whisky flowed freely. He had acquired the fame among the ruffians, as the fighting "bully" of the neighborhood. But "where sin abounds the grace of God does the more abound." Attending services in the Evangelical church in Schaeffers-town, his home, he felt himself hit from all sides and the light and power of the Divine Word pierced his soul. Following the light of God's Word, acknowledging himself a sinner worthy of condemnation, he began in all earnestness to pray to God for grace and forgiveness and did not cease until he had passed from death unto life and received the testimony of having become a child of God. While he was an earnest seeker for salvation he was employed in digging a foundation for a dwelling to be erected; with every shovelful of soil he threw up, he loudly ejaculated: "O God, grant me grace. O God, be merciful to me a sinner!" Ring fights, card playing, cursing and swearing, dancing, whisky drinking and all ungodliness had forever come to an end with him in his conversion. The lion was changed into a lamb, the great sinner into a happy child of God. It was a marvelous transformation and a great surprise to all who knew his former life and conduct.

I knew him well. Our cradles stood only a few miles apart and we were intimately acquainted

and close friends especially from the time of our conversion. At quarterly meeting and revival meetings in my home church, he would always make my father's house his stopping place. His education having been greatly neglected, he could neither read nor write. After his conversion, he recognized the necessity of learning to read the Word of God. He at once resolved to use all the time he could spare from his daily work, in learning to read. When stopping at my father's house I would instruct him for hours in the art of reading the German Bible, he being very eager to be able to read the blessed Word of God. In a short time he could read tolerably well. At writing, he never made much progress. I doubt that he ever wrote a letter.

His enthusiasm at revival meetings and camp-meetings knew no bounds. Without any intermission, he kept on singing, praying, shouting and working with penitents at camp-meetings and quarterly meetings, from morning till night, and during the night till the sun arose, being gifted with unusual physical endurance. At that time at camp-meetings and quarterly meetings the work went on till the break of the morning. Those wonderful manifestations of divine power cannot be forgotten. After serving several years as class-leader and local preacher, he was admit-

ted into the itinerancy of the East Pennsylvania conference in the Spring of 1854, one year after my admittance. At the previous session he was refused admittance. On account of his peculiar eccentricities, overzealousness, unbounded enthusiasm and want of proper literary culture and because of his rough demeanor, conference seriously questioned the propriety of receiving him into the itinerancy. It was soon manifest, however, that he was a chosen instrument in the hands of God for the accomplishment of a great work and his success, to the surprise of all, was almost without a parallel in the conference. He preached the Word of God in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power. He soon became known throughout the church as a very singular man and everywhere people came in crowds to see and hear this marvelous preacher. He hurled divine truth with the force of a Titan. He was as bold as a lion and knew no fear. He was gifted with a marvelous memory; what he read and heard his memory retained and he could use the knowledge acquired in his own peculiar manner. He did not merely produce the thoughts of others. What he learned from others was so mingled up with the product of his own mind that it seemed to come from its native mint.

Though scarcely able in the first years of his ministry to read his text correctly yet he would preach with such fluency, originality, pathos and power that it was a marvel to all who heard him. The effect of his preaching was often indescribable. His homespun phrases and apt illustrations, taken from the life and peculiarities of the Pennsylvania Germans, took remarkably well among the people. His preaching was very plain, intensely practical and at times very rough, adapted to the conduct and comprehension of the people among whom he labored.

He was given much to prayer, spending hours on his knees reading the Bible and studying his sermons. Wherever he was staying when the time for going to the service had arrived, he would withdraw for secret prayer, saying, "I must talk with the Father before going to meeting." It was his custom to call prayer, talking with the Father. He had a marvelous gift in prayer. I doubt whether I ever heard the like of his prayers. I heard him pray in houses of worship and at camp-meetings until the place was shaken and the people simultaneously sprang to their feet while shouts of joy and cries for mercy filled the place.

At family worship, where he had lodged for the night, he would pray till every converted member of the family was either leaping for joy or

shouting aloud the praises of God, and such as were not converted were crying for mercy. He frequently made the remark "The devil must be whipped before breakfast. He will then easily stay whipped all day." In company with him at camp-meetings, when the time approached that he was to preach he would say to me, "Let us go out in the woods, we must talk with the Father. I am to preach and you know, I am only one of the Lord's sprinkling cans, if He don't fill it with living water fresh from under the Throne I am walking around the garden endeavoring to water the Lord's plants with an empty can and the devil would just laugh at me, I can only give to the people what the Lord gives me."

Brother Dissinger's sermons on regeneration and on the necessity of man making preparations for his eternal salvation were always of a solemn nature, more free from his humorous and rude expressions. They were clear, plain, pointed and attended by the blessing of the Spirit in such a measure that the whole assemblage was carried away by them and scarcely a dry eye could be found. Powerful outpourings from heaven would accompany such sermons, causing mighty shouting and a general chorus of praise among God's people, as well as earnest crying and bitter weeping among the penitents seeking salvation. I saw



a number of such scenes under his preaching which cannot be described. I heard him preach on these subjects in which he would quote from ninety to one hundred and thirty passages of Scripture, to substantiate his assertions, mentioning book, chapter and verse, and reciting them word for word, without using any notes. His talent in this direction was extraordinary. I never heard the like of it from any other man.

I will here give a few specimens of his eccentric sayings in his preaching, but as they were delivered in the Pennsylvania German Dialect it is not possible to render them perfectly in English in their native peculiarities.

At one of the principal appointments on W. circuit when at the close of the year his salary was considerably short, he preached from the words: "But whosoever hearkeneth unto me shall dwell in safety, and shall be sufficiently supplied," according to the German version, "and fear no evil" Prov. 1, 33. When he came to speak of his own experience, how well the Lord had supplied all his wants, he said, "The conference year is now at an end and there is considerable of a shortage in my salary, but that don't trouble me. I don't lose any sleep over that; the Father has always cared for his Mose, and will do so also at this time. Sometimes the pasture has been

rather scant but at other times I have been in clover up to my knees. Now when I am done preaching it is an easy thing for father K. to step up like a man and lay \$10 on the table, his son John will put \$5 on top of that, and his son Jake, who never was afraid of a dead snake, will fork out \$5 also and others will follow suit." At the close when \$77 was deposited on the table, rolling up the money and pocketing it, he exclaimed, "Praise the Lord, brethren, the Father always cares for his Mose."

Preaching at a camp-meeting, where, as he well knew, the friends were very much down on pride and fashion, but very close fisted, he took for his text the words: "Deliver us from evil." He said the following: "You will observe that these words do not apply to the ungodly who are as full of evils as a dog is full of fleas, but to the Christian and teach conclusively that they have yet evils from which they are to be delivered. Here is pride by which some, especially women, so transform themselves that they look like anything else than human beings and frighten horses on the road." He hammered unmercifully on pride and aroused great enthusiasm among the friends, who shouted lustily, "Amen! God bless the truth!" When through with this point he said: "Here is another evil. The greatest of all and the root of

all evil. It is stinginess." When going after this evil rough shod all calmed down. No shouts of Amen. Down went the heads lower and lower when all at once he exclaimed, "Brethren, what's the matter? Why don't you shout, Amen? When I preached about pride you shouted Amen as if your throats would split, but now when I preach about stinginess, the ugliest of all evils, you hang your heads and pinch your lips so closely together that a man could not drive a hog bristle through with a sledgehammer. Are you stingy? If so, pray to get delivered from it!"

At another place a set of rowdies came to disturb the meeting and commenced to talk aloud while he was preaching; he gave them a severe "lecture," as he called it, and said, "Listen now you fellows back there; you are all dogs, every part of you except the skin, you must keep quiet, or I will come down and throw you out of doors, that you break your necks. I can lick a half dozen such Gadarenes and stuck up chaps as you are before breakfast. Do you hear? Dissinger is my name. There are some orderly people here who have come to hear the Word of God. Such I would advise to secure their hog stables; for if the devils ever should leave those Gadarenes and enter their hogs it would be certain death to every one of them."

At one time Bro. Dissinger listened to a funeral sermon preached by a graceless minister, on the text: "Because I live ye shall live also," but the preacher spent most of the time in making a bitter and venomous attack on the Evangelical Association and its method of working, charging its members with all manner of excesses, warning his people against seduction and fanaticism. Our Mose was very much incensed and announced that next Sunday he would preach from that text so that justice might be done to it. This became known and before the appointed time came many more people had assembled than the church could hold. He preached an incomparable sermon of one hour and fifteen minutes in his own peculiar manner and style and cited more than eighty passages of scripture to prove his assertions. At the opening of this remarkable sermon he said: "Now I am going to preach on the text which that priest of Baal has chewed up so badly. God in heaven knows how much pity I had felt for this text. It has seemed to me exactly as if you had thrown a bag full of oats before a hog and left the bag tied up. The hog will sniff about it and smell there is something in it, but it cannot get at it. Just so that godless priest went around this text, smelling that there is something in it. He sniffed it over and chewed it all up and yet failed to find

the grain. But this day justice shall be done to this text. God's eternal truth contained in this important text shall now be preached."

Our Mose holding a protracted meeting at Emaus, Lehigh circuit, a young man came to the altar to pray for the grace of God and forgiveness of sins. He encountered strong opposition and persecution, especially from his ungodly friends. One evening Mose spoke on this circumstance as follows:

"Here in Emaus is a particular kind of devils: such devils as are found here I have not met in all my life. Here, if a man seeks to be converted, the Devil certainly will set half a dozen dogs on him, to drive him off. Up there in yonder rum-hole they can lounge about and go on drinking day and night, and he don't care; but if any one wishes to be converted, you can see him run about town, carrying a cane and wearing gloves, and almost wearing off his legs to the knees, trying to lead that soul away. It comes to pass as Luther said: When a herd of swine is eating in the stable, and you take out one and cut its throat, the rest will eat on and not even look around to see the fate of the one that is being killed. So it is here; they drink on and don't look around until they are down in hell. This is the truth, and I am not afraid to tell the truth, though the Devil

should come walking on stilts as high as a three story house.”

In preaching of the marvelous power of God's grace to save even the most degraded sinners and restore them to honor and respectability I will here recite one example of many on the vice of drunkenness:—

“Just look at the drunkards. These the Devil has ruined so fearfully that one might think they could not be restored. Many of them have not only drunken away all human sense of honor, but have also guzzled away their understanding. There is scarcely anything of a real man left of them. The devil has made them his shoe-cleaning rags and made them crazy and mad. Many of them have almost drunken away soul and body and will drink on until Satan drags them down to the bottomless pit whither all drunkards go. Now just take a good look at them as they come out of the saloons. They have noses like red peppers, ears like doughnuts, bellies like barrels, and make faces like foxes eating wasps or like cats when it thunders, but in spite of it all they go on drinking, and jump for the rum bottle like bullfrogs at red rags. If we did not know that Jesus Christ has received such degraded subjects and made honorable men of them we could not hope that such drunken rumrats could ever be delivered from the

demon of drink. But Jesus Christ has obtained grace for all sinners and even those who are most deeply sunken in the mire are not excluded. By the power of God's grace the most wretched drunkard can be saved and endued with power that he could swim in a stream of rum reaching to his mouth without any desire to drink of it."

In one of his sermons he compared the Gospel to a battery as follows: "When the gospel is proclaimed by converted and spirit-filled ministers it is just like a battery by which fortifications are shot down. With this battery we can batter in the gable end of hell so that all the dark spirits of the lower regions tremble for fear and terror, and the hairs of old Lucifer himself stand on end. But it must be preached by men whom God has called and equipped with the power and unction of the Holy Spirit; men who are not afraid to preach the pure truth, that sinners may be converted to God and God's kingdom be extended; that devils may be driven out and their kingdom destroyed. Men of this sort are our good Lord's sharpshooters.

"But there are such bandbox boys with honey tongues and kid gloves on their hands and silken stovepipe hats on their swelled heads, and whose lips are basted with silk velvet, who know nothing of conversion, who come with paper guns and

paper bullets brought out of school, who think they too could fire on the Devil and do great deeds. When they have fired off their paper battery a few times they imagine they have shot the Devil dead, when they have not even touched a hair on his back, or on his tail. Shooting like this is fun for the Devil and where such shooting is done, he will lay himself down at the foot of the pulpit and go to sleep and snore, but as soon as the rifle guns thunder the eternal truth of God like fiery balls into the filthy, sinful camp of Satan, his sleep is at an end and like an insane one almost runs his legs off to save his tattered reign."

Once, as he was sharply denouncing the lifeless formalities of the churches two men arose and went out. Moses called after them: "I have seen dogs before this, who were lying around the stove, jump up and run out, when boiling water was squirted on them."

During the civil war our Mose was intensely loyal to the cause of the Union, and like many other ministers, delivered a number of lectures, or Union sermons, as they were called. One of those sermons was delivered in the Court House in Lebanon, Pa., to a very large audience and cannot be forgotten by such as heard it. During the delivery of this sermon he made the following striking comparison: "Do you know of what this Rebel



administration in the South reminds me? Why, it is just like an old ruined farm, whose fences are all broken down while everything is overgrown with bushes, thorns and weeds; where the barn has no doors left and nothing within, and everything looks empty and miserable. At the house all the window-panes are broken, and nobody can live there now. No living creature can be found, except a half-starved ox on the dung-hill, who pulls dirty straws out of the dung and eats them to save himself from dying of hunger, and bellows dolefully through his empty belly: 'I am a-hungered! I am a-hungered!' Near by is an old pigsty with an old, long-snouted sow in it, and when she hears the ox, she grunts, with her snout in the dirt: 'Hoo-goo! Hoo-goo!' Now just look and see whether it is not exactly the same in Rebeldom. When the people in the South, just like the half-starved ox cry out: 'We are a-hungered! We are a-hungered!' Jeff the old hog grunts, with his pig snout in the dirt: 'Hoo-goo! Hoo-goo!' "

At this point all the people in the Court House jumped to their feet. The men threw up their hats, the women tossed aloft their handkerchiefs amid a general cheering and indescribable excitement that lasted a long time and the storm would break out again and again.

Later on in this inimitable address, he said: The Copperheads here in the North, who sympathize with the Rebels in the South, say: "This war must cease, it is a failure, the North can never subdue the South. Lincoln must be downed and McClellan made President, and if we cannot do it with ballots, we will do it by bullets. But we are not afraid of such fellows, they are all cowards. When Huber, the General of the Copperheads of Berks Co., crept around cow stables and other places at night to swear the Copperheads into the Golden Circle, and was arrested and put in Jail in Reading, the Captain of the Heidelberg brigade, from the ignorant corner, marched with his company to Reading with the cry, 'Huber must be taken out of Jail' and when they arrived at the Harrisburg bridge and the Firemen of Reading found what they were after, took a few fire-engines out and blowing their horns went after them, these patriots of the Golden Circle being overwhelmed with fear and crying aloud, 'The Canons are coming, boys. God in heaven, there are some men going to be killed,' they scattered, some losing their hats, others crept under wagons and skinned their heads and hastened home as fast as their legs could carry them. Of such cowards we are not afraid who are going to make McClellan president by bullets, who have their

hearts in their pockets and their courage hanging on their heels,

In one of the circuits travelled by Bro. Dissinger a degenerate Lutheran preacher who stood independent, not connected with any organization, had located and obtained quite a following, who was often intoxicated and guilty of unchristian conduct. Dissinger directed his battery on him. In one of his sermons when quite a number of the followers of this man were present, he said, "If you were not such a low and ungodly people you would feel ashamed to have such a drunken vagabond for your preacher. I will take a rag, dip it in whisky and drag it in on the road for ten miles and I will bet you anything that your drunken priest will soon get the scent of it and will chase after it like a hound after a fox and you fellows all after him, for you all would like to suck at the whisky rag." In a short time Dissinger had driven the impostor out of the neighborhood.

At Bishop Esher's first visit to the East Pennsylvania conference session where he preached in his accustomed sedate and deliberate manner, Bro. Neitz asked Bro. Dissinger what he thought of our new Bishop. He gave promptly the characteristic answer, "Well Neitz, the cow gives good milk but lets it down rather slowly."

The appointment of Bro. Dissinger to the intelligent European German congregation in Philadelphia caused considerable commotion in conference session when it was announced by the Bishop. No one looked for anything of the kind, much less Bro. Dissinger. He was sitting at my side within the altar railing and when his name and appointment were announced, after a short pause he inquired, "Does that mean me?" "Yes, that means you," answered the Bishop. "All right," he exclaimed, leaped over the altar railing and took a seat at the side of his Presiding Elder.

As I was to canvass the conference that summer in the interest of our missionary cause and after Bro. Dissinger had entered upon his work about five or six weeks and I attended to appointments near the city over Sunday, I went into the city Monday morning being desirous to see how our Mose was doing. I called at the parsonage and found him at home and in good spirits, expressing himself well pleased with the outlook. Being desirous to see some of the prominent members we went to the business part of the city and called on Bro. T. in his business place. He greeted us very cordially and pointed us to seats and immediately expressed himself as highly pleased with the outlook in church affairs; that Bro. Dis-

singer was doing remarkably well, giving general satisfaction and having the church already crowded with hearers; that yesterday they had to place chairs and benches into the aisles to accommodate all the people; that the services were very spiritual and edifying and that the outlook for a prosperous year was very encouraging. He then turned to Bro. Dissinger and said, "But Bro. Dissinger, you must clothe yourself differently. Your clothing will do among the farmers in the country but not for the city. It is expected that a city pastor should clothe himself accordingly. You shall, however, have no concern about this, it is all arranged. Next Sunday is Palm Sunday and we then expect a good sermon from you appropriate to the festal day and for this occasion you shall have a good new suit of clothing. I am glad you have come, for we will now go to Bro. Von G.'s clothing establishment, have the cloth selected and the suit measured." After this was attended to, he took us to a hat store and selected one of the best silk stovepipe hats. Having returned to the parsonage, he exclaimed, "My, my, what a suit. I never expected to wear such a suit and I never had such a hat on my head before." He then inquired quite earnestly, "What did Bro. T. say that next Sunday was?" "Palm Sunday" I answered. "Palm Sunday. Palm Sunday," he ex-

claimed. "What kind of a Sunday is that? They must have curious Sundays here in Philadelphia. I never heard of such a Sunday. I am to preach a Palm Sunday sermon and don't know what it means. I am completely lost. Can you help me out?" Bro. Mose, I said, you must remember you are now pastor of an intelligent German congregation; that you must not only study the Bible but also the Almanac and pay attention to the festival days, and then I explained to him to what important occurrence in the life of Jesus the day refers. Handing me the Bible he desired that I should give him a text suitable for the occasion to study during the week. I gave him Zechariah 9, 9. but said that in his preaching he should bring the first part last. He took the Bible, looked at the text intently for a short time and exclaimed, "But that is a bully text—that will go." I then left the city to attend to my appointments during the week and over Sunday. On Monday morning I hastened into the city being anxious to know how our Mose succeeded with his Palm-sunday sermon in his new suit. I found him at home and remarkably pleased over his success; that I should have seen the commotion in the church, the shouting, weeping, laughing, clapping of hands and the many hallelujahs and then said, "Never in my life did I preach better. The words

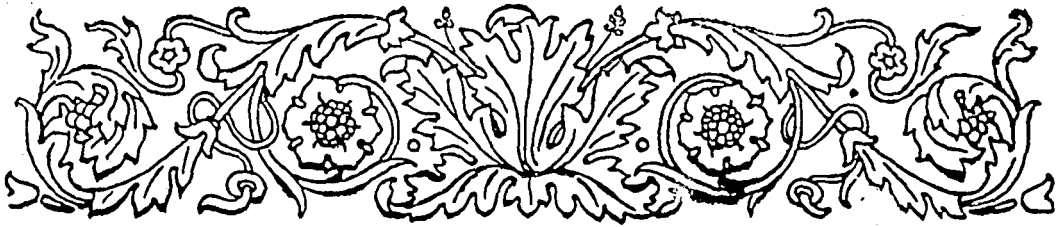
could not get out fast enough, they had to strike somersault over each other and at the close Bro. T. came, drying the tears, saying, "Thank God Bro. Dissinger, such a Palm Sunday sermon was never preached in Philadelphia before. Come to my store tomorrow, you shall also have a dozen white pocket handkerchiefs." When Bro. Dissinger had served the limit and I met him at the conference session and inquired how it went to the end, his significant answer was "The Devil is whipped, over one hundred sinners converted and I have \$1200 in my pocket."

We do not hold these things up for imitation, nor can they be imitated. They are more or less of questionable propriety. We would be far from saying to any other, "Go thou and do likewise." But it must be remembered that Bro. Dissinger was a peculiar man, endowed with singular powers and he felt at liberty to use them. He was himself always and everywhere and he never lost his individuality—as one of the most humorous, witty, earnest and successful preachers of his day. I frequently heard him say, "I cannot preach like my brethren. When a carpenter I used to hew close to the line and so I must do in my preaching whatever knots there are in the way. I once tried to preach like my brethren, but my experience was that of little David when he thought he would

have to fight the big mouthed blasphemer in Saul's armor. He soon found out if he were to fight in Saul's armor, instead of slaying the giant, he would cut off his own head. But with the weapon to which he was adapted he knocked in the gable-end of the big sinner. Only with the weapons the Lord has given me can I whip the devil, even if he does come upon me on stilts as high as a three story house."

Bro. Dissinger after having served on circuits and stations in the East Pennsylvania Conference for 25 years where he had extensive and far-reaching revivals and turned many unto righteousness, moved with his family to Kansas in the Spring of 1879. After three years of very successful service in the Kansas Conference the Father called him from labor to reward at Eudora, Kansas. Rest in peace, my dear brother, we shall meet in heaven.





## Chapter XI.

A Peaceful General Conference Session at Indianapolis in 1891—The Past—Quadrennium One of Unrest and Turmoil—Our Church Divided in Two Factions—Notwithstanding, an Increase in Missionary Contributions—Four Bishops Elected—Good Men and True—Re-elected Treasurer of Missionary Society and of Orphan Home and as General Statistician—Slandered as Lazy and Squandering Missionary Money—A Painful Experience—Death of Ex-Bishop W. W. Orwig—Prominent Man in the Church for Many Years—Organization of the Young People's Alliance—A Movement of Great Importance—Re-elected at the General Conference Session in Elgin, Ill., in 1895—Our Church Upheld by the Civil Courts—Prosperous Condition of the Work in Europe and Japan—An Encouraging Experience—Onslaught on the Publishing House not Successful—Debt Increasing—Measures Adopted to Liquidate the Debt—Lay Representation Introduced—Cordial Recognition of the Woman's Missionary Society—Harmonious General Conference Session in St. Paul, Minn., in 1899—Missionary Debt Liquidated—Great Joy—Providential Assistance—Large Increase in Mission Funds—All Organized Activities Prosperous—Re-elected for Another Term.

The General Conference Session held in Indianapolis, Indiana in 1891 was a remarkable event. Some of the prominent members of the church had deemed it proper to prefer charges against one of the Bishops within the past qua-

drennum. He was tried, declared guilty and deposed from his office as Bishop and preacher. This transaction greatly intensified the dissatisfied element. In retaliation charges were brought against the other two Bishops, who, however, paid no attention to this transaction and continued to attend to their official duties as before alleging that they had been examined on the same matters in a disciplinary way before by a committee of three who were of the opinion that no cause for further action was found. Such annual conferences as were mostly under the influence of the dissatisfied element refused to recognize Esher and Bowman as Bishops and prevented them from presiding at the sessions of such conferences. Assuming to be the Evangelical Association, this element held a General Conference of its own, appointing and restored the deposed Bishop to the episcopacy. This gave rise to a long and bitter contest in the courts, a great waste of money and inexpressible scandal.

At last the fateful day had come and our beloved church was rent in two. The past quadrennium was one of great unrest and bitter turmoil. An unfortunate state of affairs, which should have been prevented, if possible.

It was feared that on account of the ruptured condition of the church—about one third of the

membership and ministry having seceded—our missionary receipts would in proportion decrease and the missionary society be brought to the verge of bankruptcy. But what do we behold? It is marvelous how grandly God came to our assistance in pouring out upon our people so abundantly the spirit of liberal giving. From the pulpit and the pew, from the class-room and the family altar and the secret closet had gone the intercession of saints to Him who gave His life for the church, that He would incline the hearts of the people towards our missionary treasury. Our prayers were graciously answered. Instead of a decrease the contributions increased in the past quadrennium to the amount of \$52,302.07. The past year, the year of the severest trials of our church since her existence, our receipts amounted to \$156,000. Considerably larger than in any preceding year. The coming years will speak more mightily still. The love of Christ is constraining, the Spirit of Life operating.

Though the Publishing House had to contend with serious adversities during the past quadrennium, for such ministers and congregations as had seceded from the church withdrew their patronage and induced others to do so, yet it prospered beyond all expectations. The business prospered and now prospers beyond precedent. The

increase in total cash receipts the past quadrennium over the preceding one amounted to \$136,906.72. A most gratifying showing under the circumstances.

The mission work in Europe progressed quite satisfactorily under the visible and abundant favor of God, gaining in membership and in the power of the inner life. We have now a membership there of 10,132.

The mission in Japan enjoyed considerable prosperity under the blessings of God during the past four years. There is a real thorough divine work of grace in progress; genuine conversion of sinners, and sanctification of believers are taking place, establishing in the mission field of the Sunrise kingdom true experimental and practical Christianity.

The blessings of God rested in a visible manner upon our Orphan Home in the past four years and prospered as never before under the tactful and circumspect management of the efficient Superintendent Rev. C. K. Fehr, and was liberally supported by the church. The building was enlarged as ordered by the last General Conference.

Four Bishops were elected at this session: J. J. Esher and Thomas Bowman were reelected and

S. C. Breyfogel and Wm. Horn were newly elected. A board of true, stalwart men.

I was re-elected Treasurer of the Missionary Society and of the Orphan Home and General Statistician. The past quadrennium has been a very busy one, for the trust funds are becoming quite large and require much thought and attention. Besides managing the finances of the Missionary Society and Orphan Home, compiling the General Statistics and serving as one of the Editors of the *Missionary Messenger*, I succeeded in a private and unassuming way in securing considerable sums for the Annuity Fund, nevertheless during the latter part of the quadrennium I was slandered and branded in an unbrotherly manner, as leading a life of laziness and squandering missionary funds in a reckless manner, by one who was aspiring for my position and who by his misrepresentations had succeeded in influencing a number of the leading men of the church and delegates, that my defeat was almost accomplished. The facts just related constitute the most painful experience of my life.

The Rev. W. H. Bucks was elected Corresponding Secretary. Bro. Bucks has acknowledged ability, his energy and devotion are just the qualities needed for this important office and if his health will allow him to serve he will make

an efficient and successful Corresponding Secretary.

#### DEATH OF W. W. ORWIG.

Since the last General Conference Ex-Bishop W. W. Orwig passed into his eternal rest after having served his Master and the church for many years as an itinerant and in the highest offices of the church, with faithfulness and distinction. For many years he occupied a prominent position among the leading men of the church, acquitting himself well in every position he occupied and in all the important trusts committed to him:

He was one of the principal founders and leaders of our church institutions and a strong advocate of all advance movements in the different departments of church work. Through his determined and earnest efforts the publication of the *Christliche Botschafter*, the first German protestant religious church organ in America, was begun in 1836 and also the Publishing House was founded in 1836. He strongly advocated the formation of the Missionary Society of the Evangelical Association; did much to begin mission work in Germany and was an earnest advocate of a mission among the heathen.

The organization of the Young People's Alliance of the Evangelical Association was perhaps

the most important and far reaching transaction of this session. A movement among our young people for their special interest has been going on for some time. A number of our brethren who evinced a commendable concern for the welfare of our young people, were deeply moved in view of the large and constantly increasing number of young people in our church, were persuaded that something special should be undertaken whereby the splendid talents with which these young people are so munificently endowed, might be retained, nurtured and utilized. It will afford them the opportunity for acts of sympathy and relief, secure the cultivation of the mind and the development of the life of God in the soul. In order that this blessed work, promising so much for the intellectual and spiritual uplift of the young people of the church, might be successfully carried on, the Conference passed resolutions calling upon all our preachers to identify themselves with this movement and to espouse heartily this highly important cause. The reader will observe the striking difference in the transaction of this session in reference to the Young People's Alliance and that of the session in 1883 in reference to the organization of the Woman's Missionary Society. Then only *permission* was granted the devout sisters to organize such a society, but here

all the preachers are urged to identify themselves with this movement and make it a success. Great reforms move slowly *but they move!*

At the General Conference Session held in Elgin, Ill., in 1895 I was retained in my official position. It was a peaceable and spiritually blessed session. The dissatisfied element having withdrawn from the church peace and brotherly love characterized all the transaction. And this is the case now with all the sessions of the various activities of the church. However, through the withdrawal of the dissatisfied party we have suffered a considerable loss in numbers, particularly in Pennsylvania.

In the lawsuits which the minority instituted, both before the last General Conference and since, to obtain possession of the property of the church, the courts have decided that the majority party in the case is the Evangelical Association and as such holds the property. The contest was extensive, severe and expensive, but was decisively victorious for the majority and the period of conflict has practically come to a close. The government and authority of the church have been severely tested and fully recognized by the civil courts and her system of government and ecclesiastical administration triumphantly vindicated. Failing to accomplish their purpose in the



civil courts, the minority called a special General Conference session at Naperville, Ill., and organized themselves into a separate and distinct denomination and adopted the name "The United Evangelical Church" and thus we have the sorrowful spectacle of seeing the followers of Jacob Albright divided into two bodies.

The work of our church in Germany and Switzerland is in a prosperous condition and these two annual conferences under the blessings of God are growing to rank among the strongest of our annual conferences. Besides the precious immediate fruitage, it has already accomplished significant results through its wholesome influence upon the life of the people as well as upon church affairs in general. The membership in Europe now number 11,789. The disturbance in the home church has not affected our work in Europe whatever. This is very gratifying.

Our work in Japan likewise is in a prosperous condition. In accord with the provision of the last General Conference, the Japan Conference was organized under the strong manifestations of the good pleasure and approbation of God on the 15th of June 1893 in the Kreckler Memorial church. Thus the Evangelical Association has now an organized annual conference in a non-Christian land and will not be the last. We have

now a membership of 727 in that interesting country.

The Publishing House had to pass through a severe contest during the past quadrennium. The minority made a determined and desperate attempt to wrest this valuable property from the church and to possess themselves of it, contending and no doubt believing they were the Evangelical Association, but decisively failed in their onslaught through the decisions of the lower and higher courts to which they had appealed, and it, as well as the branch house in Stuttgart, Germany, is growing in strength and efficiency. The increase in gross receipts over the former quadrennium were \$213,119.02. The total gross receipts amounted to \$948,301.95.

The Missionary Society, notwithstanding the manifold difficulties in certain parts of the church, the withdrawal of nearly one-third of our members and ministers and the general financial depression in the country, had but \$5,141.28 less receipts than in the former quadrennium. This was a gratifying showing and thrilled all hearts with devout thanksgiving and praise to God.

But, as the expansion of our missionary operations both at home and abroad and the conditions arising out of the disturbances in our church, conferences and congregations having been di-

vided and greatly weakened, necessitating enlarged demands upon the treasury, and as a number of annual conferences who formerly paid considerable sums into the general Treasury are now under the painful necessity of drawing out of the general treasury, the accumulation of a heavy debt, now amounting to \$111,178.52 could not be avoided. A serious condition confronted the Conference. Either the appropriations to home and foreign missions must be reduced to an alarming extent, or earnest measures must be inaugurated to liquidate this depressing encumbrance. As a decrease in appropriation would have seriously interfered with our missionary operations, yea, would have jeopardized the very existence of some of the annual conferences and of many congregations, the Conference could not consent to a curtailment of our missionary operations. Hence there was no alternative but to adopt earnest measures for the liquidation of the debt. General Conference took hold of the laudable project with a determination that presaged ultimate success. The Conference had the confidence that abundant means were at the command of our preachers and members and that a proper realization and estimation of this part of the Christian calling would abundantly meet these financial requirements of the missionary cause.

The following resolutions were adopted:—

“1. That a united effort be made, during the coming quadrennium on the part of the ministry and membership throughout the Church to liquidate the debt.

2. The debt shall be paid according to the following plan:

(a) At the present session of the General Conference subscriptions shall be taken to be paid during the coming four years. If desired subscriptions may be paid in four installments.

(b) It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary, upon consultation with the Executive Committee, to secure from our preachers and people, as soon as possible, large subscriptions against the debt. The Bishops are requested to aid the Corresponding Secretary in this work.

(c) It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer to correspond with the pastors, and where circumstances require, to give them necessary information that there may be a united, harmonious co-operation of all forces.”

Steps were immediately taken to put the plan into effect. Nearly \$11,000 were at once pledged by officers and delegates. This was a highly gratifying beginning and an omen of ultimate success. Rev. W. R. Wieand presented additional

resolutions concerning the liquidation of the debt, which were adopted as follows:

*“Whereas,* The delegates to this General Conference, comprising less than one-tenth of the ministry of our church have subscribed between ten and eleven thousand dollars toward liquidating our missionary debt, and,

*Whereas,* The hearty co-operation of every minister, itinerant and local, of the church is essential to the success of our purpose and plan of wiping out the entire indebtedness; and

*Whereas,* We are also very confident that if our ministry throughout the church will take the lead in this matter as the members of the General Conference have taken the lead, we cannot fail, with the aid of our devoted and liberal-hearted lay membership, in carrying this laudable project to a grand and successful issue; therefore

*Resolved,* 1. That we request our bishops to bring this matter to the attention of the annual conferences at their first ensuing session, and if possible, secure a subscription from every preacher of our church.

2. That a list of the subscriptions of the various conferences be placed into the hands of the Treasurer of the Missionary Society, not only for reference, but that due credit may be given the

subscribers whenever their subscription, or any portion of it, is paid.”

The indefatigable Corresponding Secretary, Rev. T. C. Meckel, threw himself into the project in all the enthusiasm of his impulsive nature and the bishops nobly fulfilled their mission at the ensuing annual conference sessions.

One of the most important and far-reaching transactions of this session was the introduction of lay representatives into our General Conference sessions, though to a very limited and contracted extent. It is however, an auspicious beginning and the time will come when there will be larger lay representation in all our annual and general conference sessions. It is the trend of the age. Does anyone know any tangible reason why it shall not be so?

In reference to the Woman's Missionary Society this conference gave the following expression: (a) "That we are gratified because of the zeal and activity of the Woman's Missionary Society in the cause of Missions, and trust that these good sisters will continue in their earnest labors. (b) That we urge upon our preachers the organization of auxiliaries in every congregation where such organization does not come into serious conflict with any loyal Woman's Aid Society."

This is the first cordial recognition of the disinterested labors of the Woman's Missionary Society at the hands of a General Conference. The devout sisters are coming to their own by and by.

Notwithstanding the many and exacting official duties the past quadrennium, I succeeded in a secret and private way, with the aid of the corresponding secretary and some of the brethren, in securing the commendable sum of \$33,790.00 for the Annuity Fund of our Missionary Society. A gratifying achievement which has given me much pleasure.

The past quadrennium was for me a very strenuous one; the constant accumulation of the debt of the Missionary Society giving me much apprehension and concern, and I was frequently at an utter loss as to where to apply for the needed funds; but also had some very encouraging experiences. One day I was notified by the Bank that a draft on the treasury had arrived to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars that it must be honored next day, or be protested. I left the office for home with a heavy heart, the treasury empty, money borrowed in all directions and the debt constantly increasing. I spent a restless night with much prayer. Next morning, when the mail carrier brought my mail, the first letter I opened contained a draft for \$1550, in payment of a be-

quest. Overwhelmed with profoundest emotions and eyes filled with tears I sank on my knees praising God for this opportune and marvelous relief. Here I had my \$1500 and fifty dollars for a nest egg.

The 22nd General Conference Session held in the City of St. Paul, Minn., in 1899 was throughout characterized with peace, harmony, kindly forbearance and brotherly love. The religious services during the session, were a great spiritual uplift to the Conference and all the people.

What thrilled the conference with joy and profound thankfulness to God was the information that the burdensome debt on the missionary treasury which had swelled to about \$135,000 was now practically liquidated. By the providence of God a number of things helped in the achievement of this splendid result. The bishops at the annual conferences endeavored to procure a good subscription from every preacher and succeeded admirably; the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. T. C. Meckel, threw himself into the work with all the enthusiasm of his impulsive nature, laboring with untiring diligence, shunning no hardships, and his efforts were eminently successful; by the transfer of over \$18,000 bequests from the Permanent Fund to the Current Fund and by the passing out of this life to the better life beyond



of Father Henry Rotermund of Illinois, by whom a bequest of \$44,600 came into the treasury the past quadrennium, the debt which for years had caused us so much anxiety was removed. Had not the treasurer discovered that over \$18,000 bequests were credited erroneously to the Permanent Fund by former treasurers and were transferred to the Current Fund, and had it not been for the demise of father Rotermund, notwithstanding all the strenuous efforts made in the past quadrennium, a debt of at least \$60,000 would still have confronted us at this session and would have filled us with dismay.

Will we in the future avoid the accumulation of a debt? It can be done only by confining the appropriations to the actual income, which was not done in the past, and that the annual conferences will under no circumstances permit their missionary expenses to exceed the receipts. As treasurer of our mission funds I had for years earnestly advocated such procedure as the only safe course at the meetings of the Board and at the annual conference sessions, but unfortunately found but little attention, and hence the bitter experience. There is positively no other way to avoid the accumulation of a debt than to confine the appropriations for the ensuing year to the actual receipts of the past year and I trust this

principle and practice will always be strictly observed.

It was very gratifying that during the past quadrennium the missionary contributions were much larger than in any previous quadrennium and that for the first time in 32 years the treasury was free of debt. There was a gain of \$139,995.10 over the preceding quadrennium. On the debt plan alone \$135,000 in round numbers was secured in subscriptions and cash. The total receipts of the past quadrennium amounted to \$683,769.53. The past year's contribution amounted to the encouraging sum of \$199,673.67 or \$1.70 per member and \$1.45 for the quadrennium. It will not be long before our generous-hearted people will give \$2 per member missionary contributions. The trend is forward and upward. The co-operation of our faithful constituency, pastors and members, many of whom make great sacrifice of love in coming to the help of the church in her needs, is to be highly appreciated.

The pledges secured to liquidate the debt were mostly made by subscriptions and secured by notes on the four years installment plan. To credit the payments on the books and on the notes, besides the other numerous official duties, gave me an immense amount of work, the performance of which required many an hour in the night which

I needed for rest and sleep. It was decidedly the busiest quadrennium in my long career. The Lord, giving me strength of body and mind, and a cheerful heart and flooding my soul with heavenly sunshine, enabled me to perform the manifold duties with pleasure and delight. And in addition to all these requirements I had the satisfaction of securing in the past quadrennium the sum of \$31,920 for the Annuity Fund. However numerous or exacting my duties were I would not leave this project which speaks so much for the future development of our mission work—out of sight.

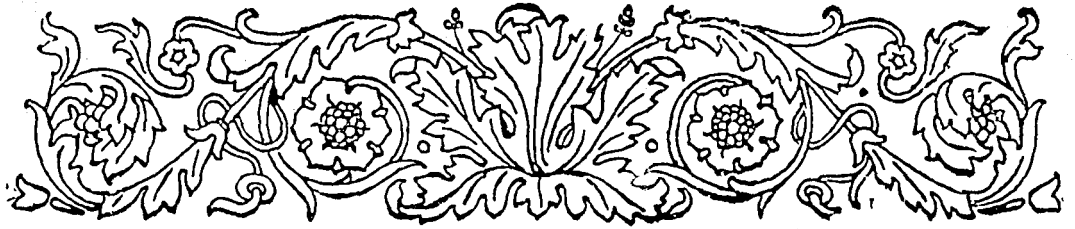
All the organized activities of the church, such as the Publishing House in Cleveland and Branch House in Stuttgart, Germany, the Sunday-school and Tract Union, the Charitable Society, the Orphan Home, the Woman's Missionary Society, the Young People's Alliance, etc., enjoyed the benign blessings of God during the past quadrennium and developed in efficiency and usefulness.

Perhaps the most important transaction of this session was the organization of "The Church Extension Society," persistently recommended and strongly urged by Bishop Breyfogel, and by whose untiring efforts it will develop into a strong organization and will assist many needy congregations in the erection of houses of worship. It being so closely allied to our missionary opera-

tions will prove a potent factor in the development of our church.

At this session I was again re-elected Treasurer of the Missionary Society, Treasurer of the Orphan Home and General Secretary of the Statistics. That my beloved church should commit these important interests into my hands for so many quadrenniums overwhelms me with profoundest emotions. In God I trust for the future, who in the past has assisted me so graciously in the performance of all my official duties.

I knew an old class leader who was an admirer of big words whether he knew what they meant, or not; and he would weave them into his exhortation. One day he heard a man say "geography," so the next time when he held prayer-meeting, he said, "Brethren and sisters, let us earnestly serve the Lord. Let us by singing and praying work ourselves deeply into geography, and the good Lord will give us a pomeranian blessing."



## Chapter XII.

First General Conference Session Outside of the Jurisdiction of the United States in 1903—An Interesting Event—Missionary Debt not Only Paid but Surplus in Treasury—The Unprecedented Sum of \$105,321.03 Secured for the Annuity Fund in Past Quadrennium—Mission in China Authorized—Re-elected for Another Quadrennium, Also Elected Treasurer of the Old People's Home—Death of Bishop John Jacob Esher—Relieved of the Missionary Treasurership—A Wise and Opportune Act—Rev. George Johnson Elected to the Responsible Office—A Good Choice—Unprecedented Increase in Missionary Contributions—Over *Two Dollars* per Member Raised—An Interesting Table—Encouraging Development in All Church Activities—Significant Occurrences—Growth of Work in Europe Since 1864—Inauguration of the Annuity Fund in 1877—A Marvelous Success—Served 44 Years in Various Official Capacities—A Trust beyond All Desserts—Celebration of the 80th Birthday—Serving as Treasurer of the Orphan Home and Old People's Home this Quodrennium—The Evening of Life has Come and the Bright, Eternal Morning not Far Off—Only a Sinner Saved by Grace.

For the first time in the history of our church, a General Conference Session was held outside of the jurisdiction of the United States and that in the cozy City of Berlin, Ontario in 1903. The delegates from the United States, from Germany, from Switzerland and the delegate of Japan

mingled with the delegates and many other loyal Evangelicals of Canada, in peace and in the spirit of brotherly love.

It had been reported to the last General Conference that the burdensome debt had been equaled by pledges and funds from other sources, for its liquidation. Since then, these pledges given by our preachers and members were redeemed, by which, together with bequests and income from other sources the entire indebtedness was cancelled. For the first time in 32 years, the treasury was now not only free from debt but had an encouraging surplus. This was highly gratifying to the conference. And it might be stated here that this result was not accomplished by the reduction of the appropriations but by the liberal contributions of our people, and the appropriations for the home and foreign work could even be considerably increased. The blessings of God have been resting in a signal measure upon the efforts of our Missionary Society organized more than 60 years ago and its influence has been made manifest not only in this land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf, but also in Germany, Switzerland and Japan. Glorious victories have been achieved and many thousand souls have been brought to a saving knowledge of the grace of God by this blessed organiza-

tion. Its blessings and usefulness are not diminishing but constantly increasing from one quadrennium to another.

The total missionary contributions for the past quadrennium amounted to \$696,536.61 being \$12,767.08 more than that of the previous quadrennium, notwithstanding that the contributions the previous quadrennium were unusually large on account of the efforts made to liquidate the debt.

It was a source of great satisfaction to me and gave me unbounded joy that in the past quadrennium, with the assistance of some of the brethren, I succeeded in securing the unprecedented sum of \$105,321.03 for the Annuity Fund, besides attending to the numerous other official duties. Bro. Baehren of the North Germany Conference canvassed the majority of our annual conferences in the interest of the church building project in Berlin, Germany, during the past quadrennium. His success was beyond our fondest expectations. He secured \$75,000 for this laudable purpose. This materially increased my work, as I had to take care of this fund and credit the payments on the books and notes. The Lord gave strength and ability.

Our work in Europe is moving triumphantly forward. Opposition and persecution have ceased to a great extent and the work can be prosecuted

under much more favorable circumstances than formerly. Our membership in the three European conferences, is now reported at 16,022.

The Japan Mission has been strengthened by the appointment of Brother and Sister J. P. Hauch, Susan M. Bauernfeind and Anna Kammerer, and is making encouraging progress. The Woman's Missionary Society has assumed the support of these two sisters and the erection of a home for them, as well as the establishment of a Bible Woman's Training School in Tokyo for the training of Bible Women. The services of efficient Bible Women are an urgent necessity in that Mission field. We have now a membership of 1022 in that interesting country.

Our Woman's Missionary Society has received the gracious recognition of our Bishops as never before in their able address to this General Conference, as follows: "The Woman's Missionary Society, as an auxiliary, is doing a good work and has exceeded our expectations. We cannot understand why there should still be a spirit of indifference, if not opposition, in some localities, to the organization of Woman's Missionary Societies, when all the facts and results prove the excellent aid they are rendering the cause. There ought to be a forward movement all along the line on this question." The consecrated sisterhood of our



church are coming gradually to their own, as I predicted long ago. They have now not only *permission* to organize but are receiving the helping hands of "the lords of creation."

The other connectional institutions, such as the Orphan Home, the Charitable Society, the Deaconess cause, the Publishing interests, the Young People's Alliance and schools, have enjoyed the blessings of God and have made encouraging progress.

The Church Extension Board, though but four years old, has already developed considerable vigor and financial strength. That a number of mission churches were erected during the past four years, which could not have been built without its aid, speaks volumes as to the efficiency and timeliness of this movement. It is proving to be a strong ally of the Missionary Society.

Authorizing the Board of Missions to establish a Mission in the great Empire of China was undoubtedly the most important forward movement of this session. China is recognized as the largest and most important mission field in the world. Providence is preparing the way and opening the hearts of our people to assist in bringing the Gospel of our glorified Lord to these benighted millions. It will cost money and may cost precious lives, but it is the Lord's work and will suc-

ceed. He has given unto his Son the heathen for his inheritance and the utmost parts of the earth for His possession.

The Old People's Home, established by the New York conference some years ago, at Ebenezer, Erie Co., N. Y., was at this session elevated to the dignity of a General Church Institution. I was re-elected as Treasurer of the Missionary Society and the Orphan Home, General Secretary of Statistics and Treasurer of the Old People's Home. As no other person seemed available for the treasurership of the last named Institution it was saddled on me, increasing my responsibility and work, which without this, was already more than any human being should carry; but the good brethren could not see it—they will hereafter.

#### DEATH OF BISHOP JOHN JACOB ESHER.

On April 16, 1901, the great and good man, Bishop J. J. Esher, died, aged 78 years, after a life of extraordinary labors, successes, vicissitudes and trials. For more than half a century he was overshadowingly prominent in the councils of the church, a member of each of the past thirteen successive General Conferences, which is without a parallel in the history of our church. During the 37 years of his episcopal incumbency he performed the most important functions of this highest office in the church with dignity, skill, circum-

spection and fidelity and was throughout a conspicuous example of noble and exalted Christian manhood. Converted at the age of eight years, he began preaching at the age of 22 years and was exceedingly active in the ministry for 56 years, without interruption.

He was a wise and safe counselor and his voice was eloquent in behalf of the diversified interests of the church, both as to her spiritual life and her temporal economy. He was a veritable tower of strength and as a leader safe and circumspect.

As a preacher of the Gospel he was pre-eminent. He preached the Word with fervency and power. He had an extraordinary grasp of the truths of the plan of salvation. He was a theologian of the highest order. His ordination sermons were masterpieces of eloquence and spiritual power and will not be forgotten by such as had the blessed privilege of hearing them. "He hurled divine truth with the force of a Titan." I have heard many an eloquent man preach and felt like exclaiming, "What a man! What a man." In hearing Bishop Esher, especially when he would rise to heights of extraordinary eloquence, with his great soul all aglow with the majesty of his theme, which invariably was Jesus, His atonement and power to save to the uttermost, I was moved to exclaim: "What a Christ!

What a Christ!" The human was lost sight of and Jesus was all in all.

He was elected to the Episcopacy for the first time at the General Conference in Buffalo in 1863, where I was for the first time elected Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society and from that date to the time of his death I was very closely associated with him in church work and church councils; we traveled together, lodged together at Board meeting, and annual and general conference sessions, were close and confidential friends in Christ; and in all our long and intimate acquaintance and many consultations in reference to church work, men and methods, I never found him guilty of an unbecoming act, nor utter an unbrotherly expression. Whenever I would call his attention to the conduct of some men and their political scheming in church affairs, he would invariably say, "O Bro. Yost, let us only do right. Let us see to it that we do no wrong, then will God be with us." How keenly I felt the departure of this holy man, constant friend and eminent minister of Christ. No one could be with him for even an hour without noting the deep spirituality of the man. Where shall I find words to express the feelings of my heart for this loved servant of God? To me he was a father and counselor, as well as a brother beloved.

At last the time came, in my long and active career in the church, when the brethren in General Conference assembled in Milwaukee, in October 1907, considered it proper to relieve me of the heavy burden of managing our constantly increasing missionary finances and the duties connected therewith, the evening of life having come. Cheerfully did I acquiesce in their mature and sanctified judgment, feeling convinced that it was God's will. This heavy responsibility was committed into the hands of a younger brother, who is in every way fully qualified for the important position. By God's blessings, the Rev. Geo. Johnson, is making us an acceptable and efficient Treasurer. May his bow abide in strength!

This was the 12th General Conference Session which it was my pleasure to attend, either as visitor, delegate or in my official capacities. A privilege enjoyed hitherto by but few, if any, in the history of the church. It was also the first session in the history of our church at which Lay Representatives were present in the capacity of delegates and it was an interesting epoch and not only brought no harm to the church but proved a blessing.

The very favorable Finance Report for the past quadrennium which I, as treasurer, had the pleasure of presenting, filled all hearts with pro-

found gratitude to God. The total Receipts for the past quadrennium amounted to the magnificent sum of \$977,064.61. An increase over the previous four years of \$280,528.06. The contributions of the last year of the past quadrennium amounted to over *two dollars* per member. When we had reached the one dollar line, not many years ago, it was considered a marvelous achievement and so it was, for it placed us as a church at the head of all the denominations in this country; but now we have passed the two dollar line and are hastening on towards higher and greater achievements. Some of the annual conferences and the Woman's Missionary Society, have already passed the *three dollar* line. God in his goodness has given us a noble ministry and membership,—none better under the sun. There has been a marvelous development in the spirit of cheerful and liberal giving since the time when I became officially identified with our mission work in 1864, and it gives me great pleasure to feel assured that by the grace of God I had done my humble part in bringing it about. The following table gives an idea of the constant steady increase in missionary contributions since the organization of our Missionary Society in 1838 and will be of intense interest to all friends and patrons of the cause:—

SEPT.	RECEIPTS	PER MEMBER
1838—1839	\$ 444.33	\$ .05
1839—1843	4,897.77	.10
1843—1847	8,700.00	.14
1847—1851	18,035.95	.28
1851—1855	34,639.14	.34
1855—1859	68,167.40	.44
1859—1863	106,800.07	.60
1863—1867	154,563.42	.66
1867—1871	211,589.00	.68
1871—1875	255,154.91	.67
1875—1879	278,920.54	.64
1879—1883	370,351.27	.77
1883—1887	484,876.00	.89
1887—1891	548,915.71	.90
1891—1895	543,774.43	1.23
1895—1899	683,769.53	1.45
1899—1903	696,536.61	1.42
1903—1907	977,064.61	1.93

There has been an encouraging development in all our various church activities in the past, especially in our Home and Foreign Mission work, as the foregoing table conclusively demonstrates. And yet, it must be conceded, that many of our members, especially such as are most able, do not measure up to their responsibilities and do not honor God with their substance as they should. I have often propounded the question to

myself, Why is it thus? They are pious and manifest considerable zeal in God's service, and yet fall far short in the support of the various benevolent activities of the church. Is it for want of grace? I feel inclined to think it is not that. What is it? Close and general observation has convinced me that it is mostly for want of knowledge. Not having sufficient information and adequate conception of their obligations to God and the church. As knowledge increases, contributions increase. This is an uncontrovertible fact. They go hand in hand. Our noble Woman's Missionary Society has the proper conception of this important fact, for one of its main endeavors is "the dissemination of missionary intelligence and the culture of the missionary spirit in the family and the church;" and yet it had to contend with obstinate opposition which however, is gradually diminishing.

I will illustrate this by some significant occurrences. In a missionary meeting there sat two sisters side by side; one the wife of a wealthy business man, the other a poor washer-woman. The wealthy wife gave *one* dollar; the poor woman, and a widow at that, gave *five* dollars. At another meeting the wealthiest member of the congregation and neighborhood, having three farms and money besides gave *one* dollar, and, as



his demeanor indicated, gave that very reluctantly. One of his renters cheerfully gave *twenty-five* dollars. A preacher in the West sent me a letter with the following contents: "Enclosed you will find 25 cents from a well to do brother on my charge, as a special thankoffering to God for blessing him with a good harvest. Do not neglect to publish his name and his contribution in the church papers, as this is the earnest desire of the brother." Who can have any adequate conception how happy and delighted this brother felt when he saw his name in the papers telling what a grand thing he had done? Undoubtedly he felt that God and the church were under special obligations to him! A week or so afterwards, I received a letter from another of our western ministers with the following contents: "It gives me pleasure to forward to you the enclosed *twenty-five dollars*. It is a gift from a widow, living yet in a sod house, as a thankoffering to God for giving her a good harvest and thereby her daily bread for herself and her five children. But you are *not* to publish her name, only state that it is from a widow." Why this difference? Want of grace or knowledge, or both? If all our members were sufficiently informed of the great needs of the nations of the earth and the important duty of the church to bring to them the Gospel of Christ, it would be

an easy matter to average annually *five* dollars per member for the cause of missions, and I predict that that time will come within the life-time of some of my readers.

One more case. My predecessor in the mission work, Rev. R. Yeakel, held a meeting in a church in Ohio, of which quite a wealthy brother, a Local Preacher, by the way, was a member. He was present, but when Bro. Yeakel spoke of our duty and obligations in reference to the cause of missions, the brother became offended, took his hat and left the service, saying indignantly; "He talks as if we should give everything." Four years after this occurrence, I held a meeting there. That man was present and gave *five* dollars. He prevailed on me to go with him for dinner and on the way said: "I must congratulate you, Bro. Yost. You understand your business. You know how to get the money. I felt so good that I gave \$5. If you had gone about it like the other man did, when he was here, I would not have given you anything." I felt sure it was not my better preaching or more efficient way of collecting, but the brother had, to this extent, grown in knowledge. Five years afterwards I was there again and the same man cheerfully gave *one hundred and fifty* dollars. A few years after, when on his death bed, he instructed his wife and children

to pay *three thousand dollars*, soon after his death, into the missionary treasury. Had this brother, to this extent grown in grace or in knowledge?

When I entered upon my duties as Corresponding Secretary, in the Spring of 1864, our work in Europe was in its infancy and was not yet organized into an annual conference. In the Fall of that year, Bishop Esher made his first Episcopal visit to this mission field and organized the work into an annual conference consisting of *six* Missionaries. Now we have *three* large annual conferences in Europe consisting of about 150 men in active service and a membership of nearly 17,000. The work has spread from Strassburg in the Southeast to Tilsit in the Northwest and from the Rhine to the borders of Switzerland. Already the standard of the Evangelical Association has been erected in the domain of the Czar of Russia. I feel convinced that the Lord has a work for us as a church among the two millions who speak the German language in that extensive Empire, inasmuch as there is now more religious liberty than formerly. Who can have any proper conception of the extent and influence to which the work will develop in Europe in the future?

When the finances of our Missionary Society were placed into my hands, I soon became con-

vinced that some different arrangement ought to be made in reference to the bequests given in favor of our mission work. Most every will containing a bequest for the church, was contested in the civil courts either by the children of the donors, or by other relatives, to prevent payment to the church. There were almost constantly such suits pending, eating up a good part of such gifts. How was such waste of sacred missionary money to be avoided? In consultation with the officials of the Missionary Society and leading jurists I decided to inaugurate the so called "Annuity Fund," and having done so, endeavored to prevail on such as felt inclined to give our mission work a bequest to pay the money into this Fund at once. Such monies would then be loaned out on first class securities, the interest collected and promptly paid to the donors in annual or semi-annual payments as the donors might decree, for their maintenance during life; and after their death such funds would be available for mission purposes. I entered into correspondence with many of our people and visited others and in my addresses at the annual conferences urged the brethren to assist in whatever way they could to make this project a success. The success was beyond all anticipation. From the time of the inauguration of this Fund in June 1877 up to

this session, the large sum of \$335,811.48 had been secured and of this the sum of \$155,587.59 had become available by the death of the donors and no expenses by litigation or taxes. It has saved the treasury many thousand dollars. But who can have any adequate conception of the amount of additional work it gave the Treasurer, or the sleepless hours it required? I felt, however, richly rewarded by the unspeakable joy it brought me. I shall always look upon the inception of this project as of God. The other benevolent organizations of the church have since also adopted the same plan and are meeting with commendable success. If my successors in the mission work carefully and enthusiastically advocate and foster this project, it will be a potent factor and mighty lever in our missionary operations for all time to come.

Up to this session I had served in the various official capacities committed to me by the highest tribunal of our church for the period of *forty-four years*, as follows: *Fourteen and one half years* as Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society; *twenty-eight years* as Treasurer of the Missionary Society; *thirty-two years* as Treasurer of our Orphan Home; *eight years* as one of the Publishers and Managers of the Publishing House, *twelve years* as General Secretary of the

Statistics, *four years* as one of the Editors of the the *Missionary Messenger* and *four years* as Treasurer of the Old People's Home. A manifold trust which has so far not been committed into the hands of any other servant of the Evangelical Association, and an honor far beyond all deserts. The contemplation of the patience and forbearance of my brethren, the great confidence placed in me and the loving kindness of my divine Master in all my shortcomings and failings, which have indeed been many, bows me into the dust and stirs within me the profoundest emotion of inexpressible gratitude. It is a fact of which I am very sensibly conscious that in many instances I have not measured up to the expectations of my brethren, and have fallen far short of the goal of my ambitious endeavors; but my conscience bears me witness that in all my labors, imperfect as they have been, it was my constant and prayerful anticipation ultimately to receive the plaudits of my glorified and coming Lord and not those of men.

In my protracted career I have seen many changes. When I entered the ministry, many of our preachers were addicted to the use of tobacco in one form or another. I was, however, one of the free ones, having abandoned the use of the filthy weed before my conversion and I had no need to

trouble our good Lord for help, but did it simply by the strength of my own will power. But when I entered upon my labors as Corresponding Secretary of our Missionary Society and, as such, visited the annual conference sessions and various charges throughout the church, I was shocked and mortified to observe that in some of the conferences nearly all the preachers were addicted to the filthy habit and found spittoons on many pulpit platforms partly filled with tobacco quids and the nauseous juice. At one of the sessions I had a prominent member of the conference for my room-mate and bed-associate who was such a slave to the habit that he would rise after midnight, smoke his pipe or a cigar and creep into bed again. By the time the session was over I was so thoroughly smoked that for weeks I was not quite in the clear whether I had become dried beef or smoked herring!

By the strong resolutions of the General Conference and annual conferences against the use of the weed and by annual conferences adopting the rule not to receive into the itinerancy any who were indulging in the habit, our ministry by this time has become free, with but few exceptions. Of such may be said what the Prophet Hosea said of Ephraim, "He is joined to idols, let him alone." Hosea 4, 17.

Once in my travels, stopping with a prominent family, the wife gave me a sad history. She had three sons. It was her earnest endeavor to bring them to manhood free from the use of tobacco, and flattered herself in having succeeded, when the annual conference session came around. She had four of the preachers lodging at her house and to her painful mortification found that they were all smokers, and that other preachers walked the streets, smoking either pipes or cigars. After meals, or before retiring for the night, her lodgers filled the house with the abhorrent stench which made her so sick that she could with difficulty perform her duties, and it was weeks before she had her house pure and sweet again; and then, with her eyes filled with tears, she exclaimed, "Would to God the conference session had not been here and those men had never come under our roof. Now all my influence with my boys is given to the wind and when I remonstrate with them they point me to our preachers, saying, 'They are good men—holy men, and if they can use tobacco why can not we?'"

At one of the sessions strong resolutions against tobacco were passed. A prominent Lay member, at whose home four of us lodged and who was an extensive dealer in the weed was present. He expressed himself in strong lan-



guage concerning this action of conference, saying, "Conference is only too glad to receive my money but very free in condemning my business;" and then directed the pointed question to me, "Now Brother Yost, do you believe my business will keep me out of heaven?" I answered him as follows:

"Well, Bro. L., it will be something like this: An old Quaker lady who was an inveterate smoker, dreamed one night she had died and knocked at heaven's gate to be admitted. The angel came and inquired who was there and where from. Receiving the desired information the angel retired and soon returned with the startling information that she could not be admitted, that her name was not recorded in the Lamb's book of life. The old Lady was much perturbed and insisted her name must be there. The angel looked again and returned with the same information. The old Lady, overwhelmed with grief, insisted that her name must be there; that she was a lover of the Lord, serving him these many years and was doing much good to the poor. 'Well,' answered the angel, 'to please you I will look again.' After a good while he returned, opened the gate, saying, 'Yes, you can come in. We found the name but it is so smoked over that it was very difficult to find.'"

A great change has also taken place in reference to church buildings. We are now erecting church edifices with all the modern improvements, floors carpeted, seats cushioned, lighted by electricity, and artistic choir singing accompanied by an organ. And yet I feel quite sure there is not as yet a church in our entire connection where it would be out of order to seek or get religion. It is said that in one of the fashionable churches of the South it was announced that a certain famous and noted divine was to preach. There lived an elderly colored woman in the city called Aunt Nancy. She was one of those happy, bubbling over, shouting Christians. She, with other colored persons went to hear the famous preacher and sitting up in the negro gallery listened attentively. As the preacher warmed up to his theme old Nancy warmed up also. At last she shouted lustily, "Bress de Lord. Hallelujah. Bress de Lord!" Four or five men rushed up to the gallery saying "Hush, hush. This is not allowed here. You must keep quiet." "Can't help it. I's got 'ligion. Hallelujah. I's got 'ligion," she exclaimed. "But you must keep quiet," said the men, "*this is no place to get religion.*"

And who does not observe the remarkable change in conducting Sunday-schools? Formerly we had not the appliances we now have. No lesson

helps, no music books suited to children, no illustrations. However, much care must be exercised, or the children will get no further than the illustrations and not grasp or comprehend the important lesson they are to teach. A superintendent one Sunday gave his school a lesson on faith, saying, "Now children, I will give you a lesson on faith. Faith is to believe what one says. God speaks to us in the Bible. We believe what He says, that is faith. You believe your parents and your superintendent." Don't you? "Yes sir," they exclaimed. "If I tell you that I was down town yesterday and saw a monkey climb up a tree you would believe me. Would you not?" "Yes sir," answered the children. "Well you see that is faith; to believe what one says." The Sunday following he desired to see whether the children had understood his lesson on faith, so he said, "Last Sunday I gave you a lesson on faith. Can you now tell me what faith is?" Immediately a little fellow called out quite lustily, "A monkey climbing up a tree."

Formerly if a member was not present two or three successive times in prayer-meeting, unless sick or aged, he was considered a backslider. If that would be the criterion to-day how many backsliders would be connected with the church? Formerly it was expected that every member of

the church should kneel in prayer, unless prevented by some infirmity, but now bowing the head is considered sufficient. And if any would shout a warm Amen in the service in some of our churches would not some be ready to fall into hysterics?

At the close of the last General Conference session the Trustees of the Orphan Home and of the Old People's Home desired that I should continue to serve as treasurer of these institutions. I consented and by God's blessing expect to fill out another quadrennium in these official capacities and to have the great pleasure of seeing and attending the next General Conference which is to convene in Cleveland in October, 1911, which would be the *thirteenth* that I have seen and attended and undoubtedly the last one I shall see.

In June 1883, my dear wife Maria, Mother of my five children was relieved of her great bodily suffering and taken to a better and happier life. In June 1885 I was married again and found in Mrs. Mary Schultz, widow of the Rev. Abraham Schultz, formerly of the East Pennsylvania Conference as noble, pure and affectionate a wife as God in his goodness has ever given to man. She has been a great comfort to my heart, tenderly nursed me in all my afflictions, an affectionate

mother to all of my children and filled the home with constant sunshine.

December 25, 1910. Today I had the extreme pleasure of celebrating my 80th birthday in the presence of all my children, some grandchildren and friends. Words utterly fail me to express the profound feelings of gratitude that thrill my entire being. In a few weeks in January, 1911, it will be 60 years since my first attempt to preach the blessed Gospel of Christ, and in February, 1911, it will be 58 years since I was admitted into the itinerancy.

The movement to unite the two divisions of Jacob Albright's family into one organization again gives me untold pleasure and should be prosecuted to a successful issue as soon as practicable. In the hearts of a great majority of the people in both divisions there is an intense longing for their organic union and the glorious consummation will come sooner or later in God's own way, when we shall be a solid union for the world's redemption and when the last traces of the late unpleasantness shall have disappeared and when we can sing again in truth:

"We are not divided, All one body we."

The unfortunate disturbance culminating in the division of the Church should have been avoid-

ed and would not have occurred had all the members and especially the ministers of both sides been sanctified wholly instead of in spots.

And now the evening has come and I am not far from home. Standing under the foregleams of eternity and casting a glance over the past, I have many things to regret. My pathway seems strewn with the wrecks of disappointed hopes and frustrated ambitions, yet, I feel not the least regret for having spent so many precious years in the grandest work in which man can be engaged, and sincerely wish they could be duplicated.

I am conscious of the fact that all my achievements, the many millions of dollars of benevolent funds that I have either solicited or managed, the souls that I have been instrumental in leading to a better and purer life, all the good I may have done, has not secured for me a clear title to eternal Life.

“My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness.”

I am only a sinner saved by grace.

Had I wrought upon marble, it would perish;  
had I worked upon brass, time would efface it;  
had I reared magnificent temples and splendid  
palaces, they would crumble into dust; but hav-

ing wrought upon immortal minds and imbued them with sacred principles, with the fear of God, I have engraven upon their tablets something which time can not efface, but which will brighten to all eternity. And now unto Him that loved me and washed me from my sins in His own blood, and hath made me a king and priest unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for evermore. Amen.