

FOUR SCORE
AND
MORE



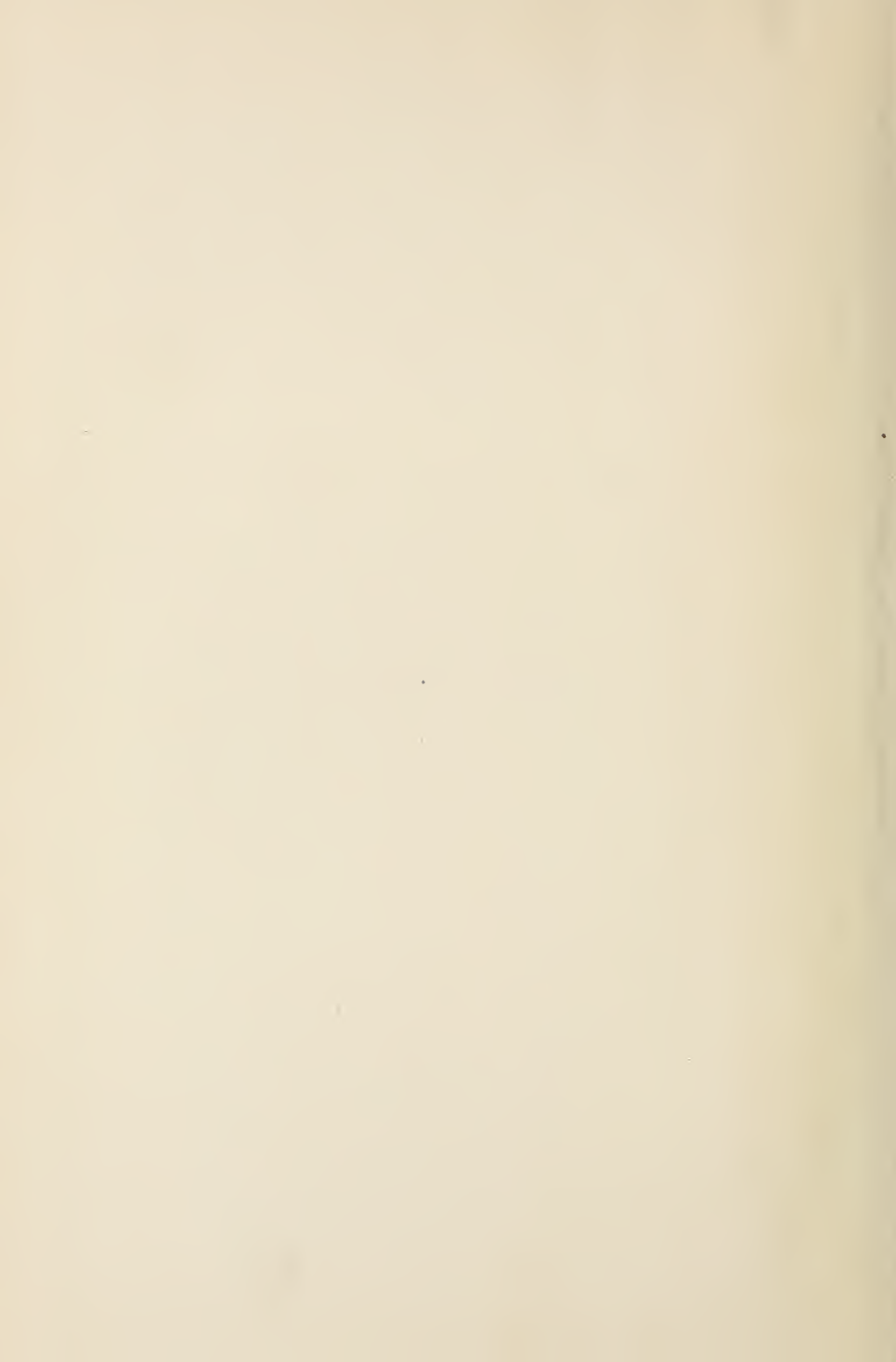
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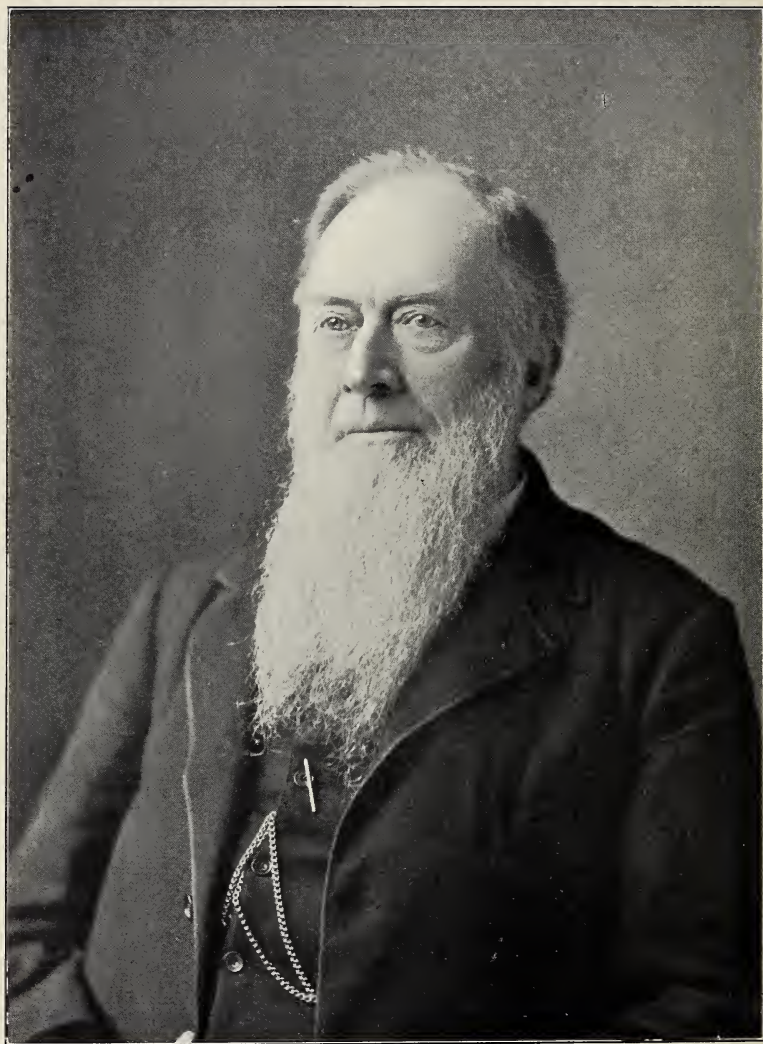
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EIGHTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY.

Four Score and More

Memorabilia quorum magna pars fui

PREPARED BY REQUEST
OF MY FAMILY

Geo. B. Russell, A.M., D.D., LL.D.

AUTHOR OF

"CREED AND CUSTOM OF THE REFORMED CHURCH," "JESUS IN THE
FAMILY, SAVING THE CHILDREN," "THE RIPE HARVEST," "REV.
N. P. HACKE'S WORK IN THE GREENSBURG CHARGE FOR
58 YEARS," AND MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

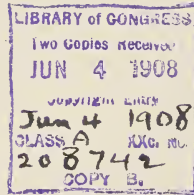
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

PHILADELPHIA.
THE HEIDELBERG PRESS

1908.

185 : 1770

BX9593
R85 A3



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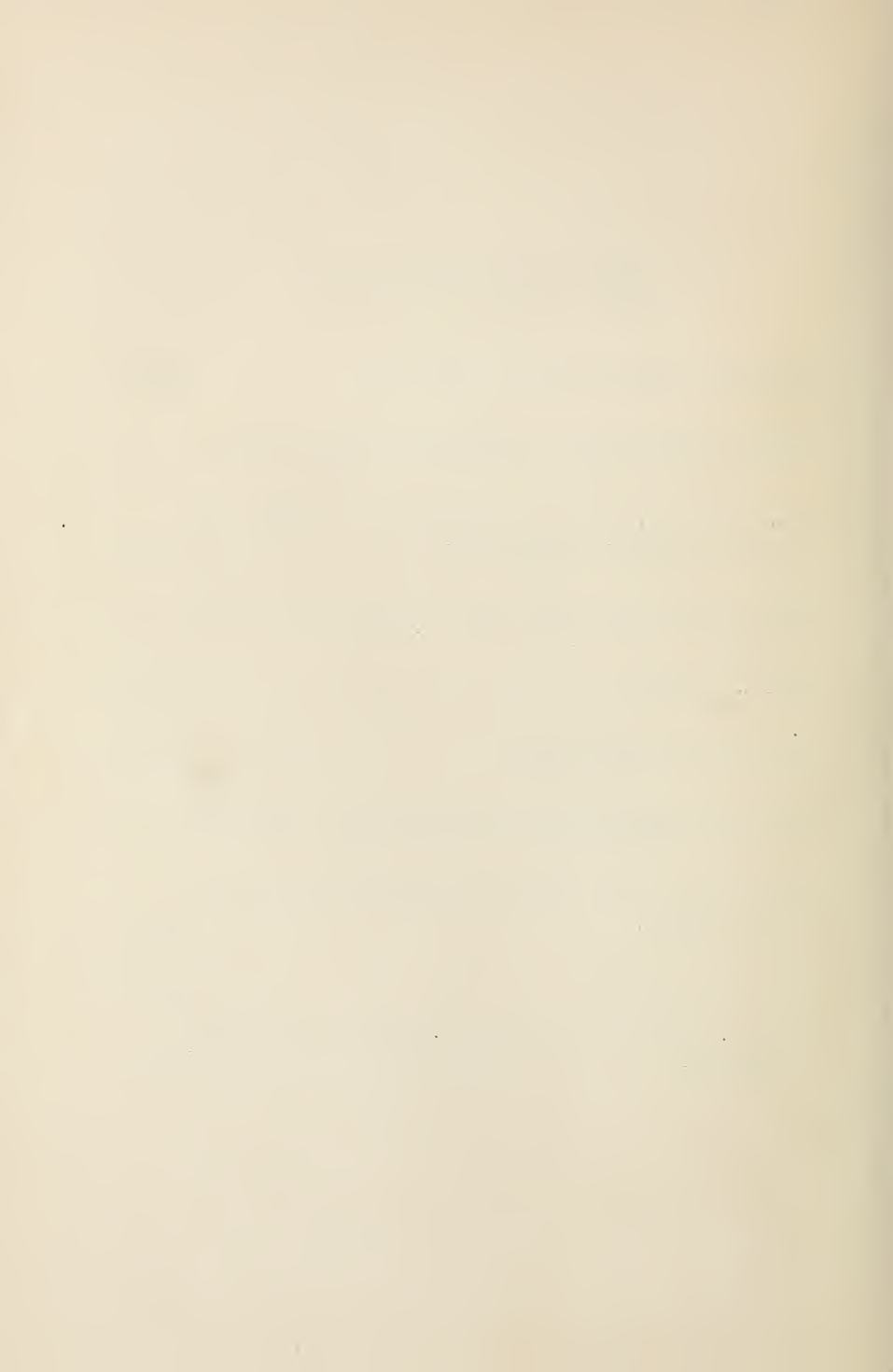
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INTRODUCTION

The author of this book was called to his eternal reward January 5, 1908. The funeral services were held on Tuesday, January 7, 1908. Addresses were made by Rev. Edward O. Keen, pastor of St. Paul's Reformed Church, Waynesboro; Rev. A. C. Whitmer, D.D., Superintendent of Missions in the Reformed Church, Waynesboro, and the writer. Rev. F. F. Bahner, Pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Waynesboro, and Rev. I. N. Peightel, Pastor of Grace Reformed Church, Greencastle, Pa., assisted in the services. The pall-bearers were: George A. Wood, Chambersburg; John H. Shook, Greencastle; J. J. Oller, W. T. Omwake, Esq., J. H. Stoner, N. H. Gelbach, Daniel M. Heefner and Frank E. Grove, Waynesboro. The addresses of Rev. Mr. Keen and Rev. Dr. Whitmer are given at the close of this foreword.

The manuscript copy of this book was placed in the hands of the printers in the Fall of 1907. Shortly afterwards Dr. Russell was taken sick and remained in such a condition that it was deemed unadvisable to have him see the proofs from the printers. But the life-long habits of the author were shown in his arrangements for the publication of this volume; every detail as relates to the form and contents, the binding, and general appearance of the book, was provided for, in his usual careful and methodical way.

The subject matter is a valuable contribution to the history of the Reformed Church and affords interesting glimpses of the conditions of life during the last three quarters of the Nineteenth Century. The style is unusually clear and vivid, and the diction is peculiarly characteristic of the author.

The writer in his funeral address emphasized the fact that Dr. Russell was a man with a creed, a man with a conscience, and that he was a man of courage. These features of his personality are noticeable throughout the book. Men may differ from Dr. Russell in the interpretation of the facts as he presents them, but all must give him credit for his sincerity, honesty and courage.

It is the concensus of opinion on the part of educators, that the first fifteen years of one's life largely shape the future. As one reads the picture of the author of this book, depicted by himself, as to the conditions surrounding him in childhood, we see him a friendless little fellow, amid pinching poverty, with the fear of death thrust upon him at the age of four, and with elderly people who totally misunderstood him and mistreated him in the critical years between nine and twelve, when he was, as he expressed it, "enduring the yoke." The impress of these unfortunate experiences made its mark upon him for life, and explains his keen sense of justice, his stout maintenance of his rights, and at the same time his obedience to the commands of his Church.

Throughout life there was the manifestation of what Dr. Nevin phrased in criticism of his Senior oration—"bold, free, correct and independent thinking."

The happy home life of Dr. Russell, following upon his marriage, is a beautiful tribute to the devotion and affection of a wife and loving daughter, and affords a glimpse of the real man.

This is a book well worth the reading. It contains lessons of wisdom and instruction for young and old. It is entertaining. It is inspiring. It breathes the spirit of faith and resignation.

The life of Dr. Russell, as here set forth, is a splendid illustration of what a boy and a man, with meagre resources at hand, but with indomitable will and unwearied industry, and faith in God can accomplish.

The mystic longings of the soul, awakened in Dr. Russell at the age of twelve, by hearing a weaver's apprentice sing:

"Strive, get learning before you get old
For wisdom is better than silver or gold."

were crystallized in life long action and purpose of will.

Dr. George Besore Russell was a great man. The Church which he served faithfully for so many years, and his friends, can be grateful that he has given in this permanent form, the record of a life lived in the fear of God and the service of men.

RUFUS W. MILLER.

Rev. E. O. Keen's Address

Rev. Edward O. Keen, pastor of the St. Paul Reformed church, made the first address, using as his text, II Samuel 19:30: "Thy servant will go a little way over Jordan with the king." He said in part:

If a comparison be not drawn too closely, these words and the person who spoke them will be found to be very suggestive at this time. Like David's friend, Dr. Russell lived to a ripe old age. Four-score years and three were the years of his life. It was a long life and it was, at the same time, an active, a useful, and a happy life. There were sorrows and trials, difficulties and dangers, struggles and hardships, disappointments and defeats, but these never discouraged him. He never allowed his life to be overshadowed by vain regrets. Dr. Russell was an optimist. He did his duty as he saw it and to the best of his ability and then committed himself, his life and his work to God, assured that He would overrule that wherein he had erred and bless abundantly that wherein he had acted wisely and well.

Therefore, the years of his life brought him many pleasures and joys, much peace and contentment. Even in old age we knew him as a bright, cheerful, happy man, old in years but young and vigorous in spirit.

This friend of David was, as we have good reason to think, a strong man. His very name carries with it the idea of strength. Perhaps one of the things which most impressed even the casual acquaintance of Dr. Russell was his great strength. He was strong physically. Even in death he looked strong. His physical vitality was remarkable. He

rejoiced in his strength. His was, however, not a vain joy. It was rather a joy tempered by grateful appreciation.

Dr. Russell was strong intellectually. He was a man of parts. He was richly endowed mentally. The powers of mind which God gave him, he trained and developed by careful and vigorous and constant use. He might have fitted himself for almost any walk in life. He would have made a capable business man. He might have qualified himself for any of the professions. His impressive physical makeup, his great mental power, his interest in the human body, his sympathy with suffering humanity, the innate tenderness of his heart, would have served him well in the great and noble profession of medicine. He would have made an able and learned lawyer. He had a legal mind. He was one of the best and ablest interpreters and defenders of the constitution of his Church. He was particularly interested in the late revision of the constitution. If he had not been prevented, by physical disability, from attending the late meeting of the General Synod at Allentown, when the committee on constitution presented its report, his voice undoubtedly would have been heard with power.

Those who heard him knew him to be an able and strong preacher of the truth. Even in old age he preached with seemingly unabated vigor and power. The last sermon which he preached from the pulpit of the church in which in these last years he was accustomed to worship, was an able and forceful presentation of the truth. The worshiping congregation could not fail to have been highly edified.

Dr. Russell was strong spiritually. Two things, especially, served to develop his spiritual nature—prayer and the word of God. He had unquestioning faith in the power of prayer. It was the daily habit of his life. The Bible was his constant companion. His delight was in the law of the Lord and on His law did he meditate day and night. It was not, however, merely as a critic that he studied the Word of God; not simply as an exeget or a theologian or a literary scholar. These he was. It was, however, rather as a child of God, that he studied the sacred Scriptures, eager to know the will of the Lord. As he read the Holy Book he heard the voice of the Lord speaking to him, telling him what he needed to know in order to happiness and usefulness in this life and blessedness in the life to come. I know of no family in which the sacred Scriptures were studied more faithfully and regularly, more systematically and continuously, than in his family. One of the most precious memories which this widow and daughter will cherish throughout life, is the many happy and blessed hours spent around the family altar in the study of God's Word and in pouring out their souls' longings to God in prayer and in song.

Dr. Russell throughout the whole of his long life served faithfully his King, the Lord Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords. As a child, a youth and a man, as a son, a brother, a husband, and a father, as a minister of the gospel, an author, publisher, an editor, a contributor to religious periodicals, a teacher, a college professor and president, a delegate to the various judicatory of the Church, on the floor of Classis, of Synod and General Synod, the representative of his Church at different ecclesiastical assemblies, denominational and inter-denominational, preacher and missionary pastor, he was faithful in the service of his King, using the great powers of body, mind and soul of which God had made his steward.

It is not my part at this time to dwell at length upon these aspects of life. I simply mention them and desire to refer to one thing which characterized him and determined his attitude in all these varied relations and responsibilities of life. Dr. Russell was a man, who had convictions; but more, he also had the courage of his convictions. He was, therefore, a fearless preacher of the truth. He, indeed, portrayed the love of God with tenderness, he offered salvation to men in Jesus Christ with urgency, he presented the cardinal doctrines of our Christian faith and life with power but at times he was also a stern, a severe prophet of God, hurling his thunderbolts against sin and wickedness. Like Elijah, like John the Baptist, he was bold to rebuke the sins and vices of the day. But those who knew him best, knew that in all his severe and fearless denunciations of evil he was determined by his zeal for the truth and spoke from a heart filled with love, yearning for the salvation of immortal souls.

Like the friend of David he was ready to go over Jordan to be with his King; unlike him, never more to return, but to abide in His presence forever. Though his years were many, Dr. Russell was not weary of life, he enjoyed life; neither did he fear death; it was not to him the end of life, but rather the beginning of a brighter and a better life. He had a clear and positive conception of the reality of the spirit world. He had a true appreciation of its blessedness, of its joy, its peace and its glory and, therefore, when, on Sunday morning, the day of the Saviour's resurrection, bright with the sunshine from heaven, the call came to him, he was ready and his spirit gladly and willingly took its flight to that realm of glory made radiant and glorious by the presence of the eternal Son of Righteousness.

Rev. Dr. A. C. Whitmer's Address

The address of Rev. A. C. Whitmer, D.D., was of particular interest from the fact that he had known Dr. Russell in his boyhood days; "owed much to him," as he said, "for his first definite call to the holy ministry," and knew him well for many years as a fellow-worker in the ministry.

Dr. Whitmer said:

Eighty-three years of earthly life almost cover a century; and seventy-five years of activity and usefulness are allotted to few men. But this, in a word, is Dr. Russell's history.

Growing up in a poverty of which he never was ashamed, he rose from obscurity to prominence in the church by virtue of real merit, for he was a man of unusual mental strength, of great force of character, of scholarly tastes and sincerely devoted to his particular work; and it may be truly said that in reference to the general work of the Church, he often saw farther and deeper than most men of his day.

Waynesboro, Pa., with its immediate vicinity, is noted for the remarkably large number of young men whom it has sent into the Christian ministry; but let me remind you of the further interesting fact, that a large number of these men reached the ministry only through long self-denials and real hardships which year after year tried their faith and patience, while at the same time they helped to make them the strong men they afterward became.

For example: George Besore Russell as a youth had before him the encouraging example of young Henry Harbaugh, and he was followed, not only by his own brother, Christian C. Russell, but also by men like the noble and lamented Joseph H. Johnston; and the story of these earnest lives should be an inspiration to all young men of the present day whose way into the ministry is hard.

The story of the early struggle of Dr. Russell in getting an education cannot here be given in detail, and indeed the most painful features of it probably will never be written, but you can readily read between the lines and appreciate the reference.

Perhaps it was this in part which always gave him great interest in young people, in their wants and struggles. He not only called young men to enter the ministry, but he also encouraged and helped them in their onward way.

And also his writings were largely in the interest of the young. Many a helpful article he wrote for Dr. Harbaugh's monthly, *The Guardian*; and it was he who in the face of great hindrance in 1859 gave us our first child's paper, *The Pastor's Helper*, afterward called *The Child's*

Treasury, which some years ago was merged into the western Sunday-school paper, *Leaves of Light*.

Dr. Russell was a man of large and varied experience in the work of the Church and always gave himself heartily to the work in hand. In earlier life he was a teacher in the preparatory school at Lancaster, Pa., and then later he was a pastor; but perhaps his largest field was that of editor and author. He was a ready writer.

In 1867 the office of book editor was created by the publication board, to secure a distinctively Reformed Sunday-school literature, and Dr. Russell was the first and only incumbent. His service in this experimental station was short, but active and fruitful, and afterward, for several years, his whole time was devoted to the weekly church paper, *The Messenger*.

During this period he published a number of Sunday-school books, most of them translations, and in 1868 he published his own, "*The Ripe Harvest*," which was an earnest appeal for more ministers.

Then a year later followed his "*Creed and Customs*," a valuable addition to our literature of that day, teaching our people what the Church is and especially what the Reformed Church is, a book which did much in developing our denominational consciousness, for it showed our people what a rich inheritance we have.

And only a few years ago, out of the leisure of retirement, came "*Jesus in the Home*," a plea for godly family life in order to save the children.

Then, too, through these many years of public life, he wrote not only hundreds of practical articles for the church papers, but also his weightier articles for the *Mercersburg Quarterly Review*, in which he discussed the deeper things of theology and of church government.

But his largest and in some respects his most valuable book was finished just a short time before his last illness, a book to which he gave much time and strength during several years and which he fondly hoped he might himself see through the press. Its title is, "*From Four to Four Score*." On the surface it is a biography, but in fact it is far more. It is an outline of the leading events in the history of our Church during his long and active life, with his own valuable comments. He was a close observer of men and methods and principles and results, and he had a retentive memory and he himself took a leading part in much that was done during that specially important period of thirty years from 1860 to 1890; and so in this latest volume he was well qualified by large experience and by a ripe judgment to state historical facts and to discuss the issues involved, as well as to tell us many interesting and important

details concerning the leading men in these great events, the preliminary steps and the final outcome of movements which at the time gave earnest men great concern for what might come to pass. And while it is true that with the death of Dr. Russell there passes away a great deal of church history, no doubt he has in this book recorded and saved for us much that is valuable, especially many personal recollections of the men and the work of the church of a generation long gone.

But his busy life has ended, his work is done, the Lord has given him the rest that remaineth, and now it is for us to cherish his memory and to carry forward the work to which he gave so much of his life.

Let me tell you yet one thing more, how a good man dies. When a man has lived a Christian life for eighty-three years, it is beautiful to go to heaven on a bright Sunday morning.

Without a doubt the last three months of his illness were a real ripening for his departure. Realizing that the end was near he often spoke of it with the greatest composure, indeed with joyful hope. It was as interesting then as it is comforting now, to notice how his mind and heart rested on the simple facts of the Gospel. He did not discuss the deep and difficult and perhaps doubtful things in theology, but his soul firmly grasped the articles of our catholic, undoubted Christian faith; and one day, after we all had joined in the Apostles Creed, he slowly and thoughtfully quoted the leading articles and briefly unfolded each one, apparently for his own comfort rather than for our instruction. And almost his last utterance of faith was,

"A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they."

—in which he was reaching for and laying hold of the soul's only hope, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; for, let me tell you, dying men do not and living men should not try to find comfort in abstruse uncertainties, but only in the clear assurance of Christian faith.

So he died. So may we all die. Amen.

FOUR SCORE AND MORE

I.

A Tribute to My Family

TREASURES of memory, like tried friends, are good for the use made of them. Gathered by a sort of dragnet through more than fourscore years and strung like beads on a thread, an exact memory holds the gems mainly in the order of their collection, as to varied size, color, shade, shape, attractiveness and common place fitness. From my store of such, this record is made, a loving tribute to my dear wife and daughter, the promoters of my health, happiness and home life peace. It may fall also into other hands and strike a spark to mellow their shaded way.

This book as such, is in no need of preface or fore-word. It makes no apology for its appearance; and its existence is its own plea for being here. It is not for pecuniary profit or speculation—nor is it foisted on an unwilling public as a tax. But yielding in sheer good nature to their requests, it were indeed rude to have refused the wishes of my friends. It is therefore simply made the occasion for grouping together for their reference, without art, plan, or scheme, some gossip and history; and making some needful corrections of other people's mistakes; while also tenderly affording perhaps sweet recollections along with snatches of story in homely picture of the boy, the youth, the man, the worker and the old servant not yet called to his sunset rest.

Room was of course intended to be left in this old style carry-all for stowing away a few bits of fossil, or packing in

a childhood's withered flower, or some nuts taken from the boy's native woods and storing occasional historical pictures kodaked here and there for keeps. But far too many old, quaint and curious things were calling to be crowded in, until a goodly portion had to be forcibly dropped by the way. Others perhaps had better found no place at all. In the "Potomac conglomerate," which at the "Point of Rocks" furnishes the rock for the homemade columns in the Statuary Hall of the Capitol at Washington, the polished surface reveals to the appreciative eye all sorts of ideal human figures and aesthetic designs. So may these "men and things" bring out delights for home reading. The results, perchance, may be like my mother's selection of river-bottom pebbles. In her old age, while visiting us at Pittsburgh she went out at low stage of the river and saw in the water-washed bed where the Allegheny and Monongahela form the Ohio, many curious, smooth-worn stones, pebbles of various sizes, colors and forms. One after another chosen for beauty or oddity was taken into her collection; some were rejected afterwards for what in others seemed preferable. When the whole mass of the many that were retained was finally brought in and spread out to view, some of the collection were thought to be no better than many specimens that had been left in the river bed. Thus it may be found here, that what is laid up is only common and hardly worth the keeping. Of these records perchance some which appear worthless should have been stricken out along with much else, instead of what you might wish had not been ousted or left for burial in kindly forgetfulness. If that be an error of judgment, the fault is mine and not misstated facts.

Perhaps this book is something like grandmother's pie, made of course for the whole family, rather than for any individual taste. She had a full dozen children to satisfy, and her chosen ingredients were so mixed that the result would have to be suitable for the average taste—not for the single preference of each—and all would alike share in the family compound. What was put in and what was left out, made a fair and happy

compromise. Now, if such successful judgment rules in what has here been used, it will in so far be to me satisfactory.

This family offering, while intended mainly as a private tribute, may also incidentally serve as recording some data for the use of the Church some day in making up history.

These memorabilia are supposed to have indeed general value. And though all is meant in kindest mention of fact and anecdote, perhaps some of it rubs the cat's fur the wrong way. Yet there could not be found as true to life, the same facts in any other known authentic reference book. Much pity it is that other real historical matter of this living period, is not found preserved in better shape as showing our last century's life and growth. What was planted then is now growing for faith to reap.

Grand controversial periods were in those eighty years, within and without the Church. The German language in the public worship changed largely to English, a hard trial. The Anxious Bench fell before the restored Catechism. Creed and Sacraments were examined and affirmed. Cultus, general people worship, came to the front, customs and laws upheld in the Church, missions, institutions planted and fostered. All these felt the healthful results of the late bitter ecclesiastical wars. The Church, through these rose to fuller mastery and steady consciousness of its life. It produced distinguished men, preachers, teachers, elders and people of heroic mould. Let the historical material of every form be embodied in records well digested, or chiseled in enduring marble.

FOUR SCORE AND MORE.

Four score years, sweeping back in vigorous memory with clear vision, join me to the child of four. Undimmed twilight of declining day holds yet for me the far reaching cord of living associations binding the present to the receding years, in an unbroken span that touches the horizon of both my morning and evening sky, at this point of age and at childhood's conscious dawn. Grace, mercy and peace find me at this

eighty-fourth birthday red-headed still; not indeed as once to the boy a mocking reproach, a deep affliction, with the abundant freckles which have long since faded out. Now among old people, the narrowing circle is fast thinning out. Life's work still incomplete is proof of "vanity." Valued friends often requested me to set out in order some memories running from early days and connecting the approaching end. This takes in "men and things" in the long pathway. Sentiments, facts and experiences, ingrained in boy and man—since the first quarter of the preceding century, can thus be given as history with only small personal reference.

These memorabilia, gathered and crudely clothed in homely garb of common story, shall have at least one merit; that of being actual rather than ideal. Thus, in so far, better than fine fiction. To have some one else to speak for you, telling of things good and true, were much better than to be called to do it yourself, like some vain person blowing his own horn. Necessity here is my excuse.

Job's friends, though meaning well, did not minister much to his advantage, because they did not fully know his case. So they fell far short, and rather helped to increase his misery. Hence, he had to take his own case in hand and speak for himself, wishing finally that his enemy had written the book. Recorded facts by a third party are generally lifted above personal feeling. The man however without such a helper, must do the next best thing. Sure of the third party, there are usually enemies enough to tell the other side of the story; and there is a woe divinely pronounced against you when "all men speak well of you." Even David found antagonists in great plenty who were "lively" compassing him about as buzzing bees—but that only held him up to the task of making a good mark for the test of his life.

An enemy's book may perhaps lack the accuracy of statements, and its unfriendly animus is likely to give a wrong bias requiring material correction of both gloss and facts. But most of all beware of unrecorded reports and damaging rumors.

In history no personal story should be put astraddle even when correcting what enmity, prejudice and falsehood has warped. Writing a book, however, about one's self, the same in spirit and in truth as for your nearest friend, when the points are far enough away from the present by more than half a hundred years—if softened by the mellowing effect of time, may be almost as free from personal unfitness, as if it had been written by a third person. That is intended to be the case here.

Many of the small matters thus set down may be devoid of interest to others. But the little things and common incidents as accessories in art will show at least to family friends, what were the moving powers moulding a small boy's early life, and intoning manhood's years. Take these away and give something else of different kind—then the character and history would be changed. Education in social relations, politics, religion, study of "men and things" tinges the whole story. Telling of long ago, too, makes it seem as if belonging to some other person rather than to the narrator.

Hence it must not be offensive to speak of one's self in such connection as is here necessary to give what lies far back in the former century; which softens objectionable personal references. Some avoid the personal pronoun, mentioning only "the writer." This seems far-fetched and is not more modest. What is therefore here recorded in the first person, you may set down to the old man's privilege. It is not possible even in this way, to cure all slipshod history. Correction of a few cases was offered once to be made in our church paper, where the falsehood wronged history decidedly. But the astute editor refused on the plea that it would lead to confusion to upset the record and destroy confidence in the "organ." As if there were any real confidence to destroy. Who can in future make authentic history out of untrustworthy data? One Board officially goes wrong five years about my first church. A special publication prepared at an editor's request belies the record of my work ten years. More than a fourth was cut

out of my personal labor in building Grace church, the first; which made it possible to sell at a large profit, and then build a prouder second one—and a whole lot of such false records.

A church historian, for instance, tells you in his book that my brother died in the State of New Jersey, when the fact is he had never spent a whole day in that State, actually dying in our house in Philadelphia, and he was buried in the Glenwood cemetery, near the main entrance and nearly opposite to the upper gate of the Laurel Hill cemetery of that city. Also as delegate to the General Synod in the official minutes the fact is entirely omitted, and the stated clerk begged privately to let it lie. Likewise many other false records could be mentioned.

Our story will try to justify its own records, as if made by a disinterested person. This will give you perhaps a sort of miscellany. Probably you never saw such unclassified statements in a printed book. It all stands without studied scheme or plan; only aiming to give the raw material rather than a fancy-drawn picture. It has no plot, follows no model, and just runs on in its own way. If it be after no known type, it yet seeks to be natural and true to life. Any one reading here, if not finding what is liked, is at liberty and welcome at any point to lay down the tale. But if some valuable facts and data be wanted, which are not found elsewhere of record, then "look within." No man can write any part of good history of our Church in the last century, without large reference to what is herein set down.

Though not now in the active pastorate, scores of occasional sermons and other ministerial services fill up the later years; besides frequent contributions to the several church papers and years also in the Frick directory reshaping its finances, etc., whose annual business is over a million dollars,—all lie this side of the "deadline."

As to general health, or the lack of it, nothing reminds him scarcely of a heart, or lungs, or liver, or kidneys, or nerves. Hale and hearty, yet with not a wrinkle in the face due to age,

body of full weight, nearing one hundred and eighty pounds, all traces of boyhood's freckles faded out, complexion clear, appetite moderate, digestion good; he is often taken at a dozen years short of the right number for a "well preserved man for his age." Hair originally real red, still mainly showing plain tinges of color, except that the beard is more bleached so that the town children at Christmas cry, "Here comes Santa Claus!" Eyes, with aid of good glasses, are equal to a full day's reading. Voice clear and ringing in the pulpit and with power to speak and read aloud for hours and sing heartily in worship, as when young. A majority of the teeth are held by natural inheritance, not bought in store lots. Taste is keen, smell accurate, hearing somewhat dulled, touch sensitive. Muscles vigorous, limbs free from extra aches, walking capacity for miles, sleep regular in a good night's rest. For these and manifold other blessings, known and unknown, and for the assurance of Eternal Life, thanks be to Almighty God, in Jesus our Lord!

THE NARRATIVE.

This story begins here with what concerned a friendless little fellow who had early to learn enough in hard experience amid pinching poverty, to bear with stoic fortitude, pluckily, the ills and sorrows that fell to his lot. We become what we are by the plastic power at work already in childhood and youth, while forming types of habit for the man. Later adverse circumstances can be somewhat held in check and modified. What seems all unmeaning now, was perhaps of fullest force to turn the life course, fix the mode of thought, set the bent of will and form the rule of action for practical results in the outcome of one's life. To bear the yoke and learn to endure hardness in youth makes the after man.

Both of my grandfathers had large families. On the one side were eight children, and the eldest of the two boys was the father of this subject. The mother's side was a family consisting of twelve children, nine sons and three daughters.

Of these, mother was next to the eldest, born February 23, 1794. Her father's name now written Besore, was earlier Basore, Basehore, Bayshore, Bashaar—just as the ship captain or English neighbors pronounced or wrote it. Originally of Huguenot family, it was doubtless Basieur. They were long lived people, mostly running over the Bible age of threescore and ten, reaching fourscore and upwards—to 81, 83, 85, 88 and 92, which last was my mother's age, within six weeks, at the time of her death.

My parents, married in 1817, were Christian Russell and Catharine Besore. Her grandfather gave name to the Besore's Church (now Salem) three miles west of Waynesboro, Pa., where his remains lie buried in the adjoining graveyard—not to be dug up as our grandfather's were by Trinity congregation, Waynesboro, for mere speculation by the consistory for making town lots. Our paternal grandfather lies buried safely for the last 100 years at Hagerstown. He died 1807. The family were members of the Reformed Church in past generations and generally remain true to the calling.

There were six children in our family: three sons and three daughters. My younger brother was early intended for the ministry. He became Rev. C. Russell, ordained 1858, died of smallpox at our house in Philadelphia, November 17, 1871, and was buried in Glenwood cemetery on a nice lot near the main entrance from Ridge avenue. The older brother was to have been a farmer, but he learned the tinning and copper-smith trade. By the same family plan, the second son should have become a lawyer—for which others also have judged him to be best fitted by nature. He was baptized in infancy by Rev. F. A. Scholl, and at seventeen was confirmed by Rev. Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger, Waynesboro, Pa. The candidates for that rite were first put through a union "revival meeting" and then attended three or four lectures on the Heidelberg Catechism. This was in the days of "New Measureism," when some Reformed ministers were carried along with the popular tide.

Grandfather John Russell, tanner, removed 1796 from Ber-

lin, Somerset county, Pa., where our father was born, two years before, to Hagerstown, Md., having exchanged his tannery in Berlin with Baltzer Knoll for a similar property in the suburbs of what was then called Elizabethtown. Thence he removed 1807 to a farm and mill property on the Antietam at Leitersburg, Md. This homestead was a part of the "Well Taught" tract, so called in the old deed. There he soon after died suddenly from pneumonia. His oldest son, my father, after reaching his majority, bought the paternal place from the other heirs; and in a few years attained reasonable competency. He was considered a man of fair business parts; but too soft-hearted and impulsive to be financially successful. His good nature was taken advantage of, and he was imposed upon by parasitic friends and relatives who obtained from him besides gifts of value, also heavy endorsements, which in not many years stripped him of all his earthly possessions.

Born at the old red mill, now called "Strite's," on the west bank of the Antietam opposite Leitersburg, Washington county, Md., August 18, 1824, my earliest recollections are still vivid of that once happy home. My childhood's sweetest memories are of that stream's beautiful winding course around the meadow fringed with willows, and its limpid waters reflecting the trees and sky. The brightest clouds floated leisurely towards the east, the sunsets were the most glorious, and the clear evening starlight gave placid peace to the heart. The waters of this stream twenty odd miles further on, in the Civil War times, were crimsoned with blood, where General McClellan won a turning Union victory at the battle of the Antietam. The headwaters flow from thirteen springs in the Mount Alto Park in the South Mountain of the Blue Ridge, now a State forestry reserve, not many miles north from my early home. Near the park with the several streamlets joined, I have with one long stride stepped across the baby stream; which however soon grows from other mountain and valley affluents to quite respectable magnitude, before its waters above Harper's Ferry join the Potomac.

Dating from my fourth year, among other things clearly remembered of the now historic Antietam, are the boatings with an uncle around the meadow bends in the dam above the mill; and net fishing parties, in one of which, mounted on a man's shoulders the little red head was ducked quite under the water. At the breast of the dam once a crippled uncle "fell head over heels" into the deep water below, and sank out of sight. My alarmed cries for help brought an aunt from the house who asked, "Is he drowned?" and the answer was, "Not quite—one foot was the last of him that went under the water." Soon, to our great joy, we saw him alive clinging to the logs below the water fall at the overflow of the dam.

While playing one day in the meadow, we children heard the warning cry of "Mad dog," and all ran for the house, while the frothing beast was heading in our direction. The crack of "Jim Nofford's rifle" stopped the dog and quelled our fears. The melon patch and orchard were tender places in those years. Of Leitersburg itself, a poor little straggling town, even yet memory has some distinct pictures. One of these is the Union church built in 1826 and held for years peacefully in common by the builders, Lutherans and Reformed. Since then it was gobbled by the Lutherans and claimed entirely by them "because, though built for a union church, yet at the cornerstone laying only one Reformed minister took part while three others were Lutherans"; and no original writings were found to show the "union" ownership.

There our family attended divine service, which before this union house of worship was built, had been at the Besore's in Pennsylvania, or at the Beard's church, in Maryland. My first remembered funeral was of a Sunday-school scholar. He was a little boy, not much larger than myself. "As young as we he died," they sang; and the awful mystery of death while we were at the grave became a terror from that day forward for long years.

One day the little red head went with other children to the old log school house at the foot of the hill below the town on

the Hagerstown road. There was close by a frozen over pond and the "school master," a savage looking man, forbade the boys and girls going on the ice to *slide*—they had at that day no skates. During the noon recess the pond was crowded with hilarious sliders, so that when the teacher was seen coming down the hill, they all broke pell-mell for the school house door. Jostled back by the stronger ones, the only safe thing for the little stranger to do was to strike off for home in a blind fright along the path leading over the dangerous "foot log" crossing of the Antietam—without falling into the water. The searchers sent after the much scared four-year old school visitor found him secure enough beside his mother in the family room at home. That first day at school was not a brilliant educational success, but a sample of the times.

Another thing remembered of that same fourth year's experience was an impressive lesson of "mine and thine." Mother had taken the little chap along in visiting a friend in the village, where the afternoon was pleasantly spent in company. On the way home she heard something rattling in his new pocket of which he was so proud in his first pants. Investigation brought to light her friend's bright steel needle case which had been handed him as a plaything to entertain him in the tedious hours of the matron's friendly visit. A plain explanation followed, and a decided reprimand for taking anything that was not given him for "keeps." This is not always apparent to children until taught some nice distinctions as to ownership of property.

He was told of the wrong to take what is not given for one's very own, a point in morals not known before, and then and there the lesson of instruction was sealed in a manner never to be forgotten, by requiring an immediate return to restore the property and asking pardon. Ignorant transgression must however suffer as the Master says, though it be with few stripes; while willful disobedience shall be beaten with many. The little boy's mistake was made with no intention whatever to do wrong.

Those early years at the mill brought also sickness, and mine, "the yellow janders," was nigh unto death. Many times since, it was my regret that it had not been my time then to have died. But it was not, and it had its lesson. The first "Old" Dr. Oellig, of Waynesboro, was the family physician, a popular and successful cure-all. He had among other sharp intuitions, successful ways of humoring children. In order to induce me to take his unpleasant medicines regularly, he promised to give me, if soon made well, "a nice little hoss," a most desirable thing, and the repulsive doses were bravely taken. But no nice little "hoss" came. When the doctor again came to treat another of the family, he was promptly challenged to make good his previous promise. Assuming a sorrowful air, he said "a big katz" had eaten my little horse; and then producing a battered *fi' penny bit*, the smallest silver coin then in use, which was chewed and eaten, that was all that remained after an examination had been made of the defunct big cat. This was to be kept in memory of the promise. Children, till deceived, take people at their word. God grafts on that power of faith.

Most little folks wish to grow big at short notice. This at least is a harmless common weakness. When the boy Joe was ordered to take a certain piece of iron to the smithshop to have it "stretched," the little redhead set up a strong plea to be taken along. As it did not suit at the time to grant this, the refusal nearly broke his heart. Questioned as to the fretting cause it came out that his desire was to have the blacksmith treat him as he was to do with the iron, and "stretch out" the little fat legs till they would be as big as a man's. It was a nice piece of instruction that followed from a patient mother to show that a boy's legs must have their own time to grow, and that the fires of the blacksmith and his hard-hitting hammer, even if it could do for me what he did with the iron, would bring great pain and suffering; which was not necessary if a boy only waits patiently God's time to make one big. That truth, though obvious, was a disappointment then, but its les-

son has since been of much service for enduring faith, in many things that try our hearts while waiting the Lord's time. Jacob and his mother mistook this in hastening to possess the birthright.

Another experience by the end of that year—something gratifying to many a boy, was the first ride on horseback. Ours was on a gentle family horse. High spirited indeed, and of the proudest blood. When an unskilled rough rider mounted her and handled her unkindly, there was likely to be a contest between the horse and the rider for the will mastery, in which the sorrel not always came off second. But it was said, if a woman or a child were in the saddle, she was generally docile enough and with her proud neck arched, her silky ears alert, and her quick eyes set like faithful sentinels, with unerring step, she could be trusted like a pet dog. That was "Baldie the Beautiful." They put my older brother and me on her bare back once to go to the pasture field after a rain shower, to bring in the cows. Just then, however, the mare cared more for her foal left in the stable than for the bundle of two such green boys; and the very next thing to notice, by a sudden side turn, were two surprised children tumbled all on a heap in the straw of the barnyard, where she quietly dumped them to regain the stable door. The older brother of course had charge of the reins. Many times afterwards it was my good fortune to ride her alone. Another experience was to ride "on behind" a hunter who usually shot squirrels on the high trees from his seat in the saddle, while the little chap snuggled closely to the coattails, or to the croup of the saddle.

Some of the most delightful rides on horseback for us in those years were behind our mother when she took occasional trips to grandfather's place about five or six miles away. To incline backwards in an almost horizontal line while holding to the saddle cloth, and looking up see the clouds, the fields, the fences and the trees seem flying by, was a most wonderful fascination—the illusion that we were not the objects in mo-

tion was most complete. The same thing can be occasionally noticed from a gliding boat.

A lone, long ride on horseback once was made in my ninth year. A young horse was to be delivered to an uncle, a singing school teacher, some twenty odd miles distant, over a strange and unfrequented back country road. It was to me an unknown way in a strange land; riding one horse and leading another. A recent freshet had swollen the streams and the ford of "back creek" was deep, the current rushing wildly, the horses had to swim, while the young rider's feet were drawn up and crossed on the horse's back. It was a blind venture, but happily the crossing was safely made, with no accident, else this might not now be written. Carriages were not in general use in this country in the early part of the last century. Distant trips to the far west, and also rides for pleasure nearer home, or for general business were usually made on horseback. Our parents went to church in that way. The father had a pillow or a pad in front of his saddle, on each side of him he held one of the children, while the mother held the babe in her arms, and the largest boy clung to her from behind the saddle. Thus six of them went to church on Sunday, or to visit friends. At a wedding where mother was bride's maid, she used to tell us, twenty-three couples on horseback went to the "infair."

In the fall of 1828 hard misfortune befell the family, and we had to leave our early happy Antietam home. Everything was swept away by the ruinous losses of "bail money" for which the sheriff's sale was made. In utter poverty, we were removed then to a small house, or primitive cabin, rented temporarily for a lodging. It was along the road crossing the "Mason and Dixon" State line a few miles from the old home. Even here stern officers followed the broken-hearted debtor and dragged him to the courts again for debts not made for himself. The dark cloud of adversity began to thicken and settle down upon us, till the early morning of prosperity was obscured and entirely hidden. The old place has long been in

other hands. The kind providence permitting the change has not yet revealed all that was in the disaster, though it was surely a well meant blessing. But the Lord has not withheld His mercy and kindness from those who sought to know and do the divine will. We have been kept alive and our bread and water, at times none too plentiful, rather scanty indeed, were always sure.

II.

New Surroundings

THE primitive log cabin into which the family moved sheltered us for the following winter. In the spring, the family took charge of a public house on the great "National Pike." This was also near the Antietam, which is here much wider than where we had known it before; but its banks were not nearly so lovely and charming to us children, who were required to keep away from possible danger in the bigger stream. This was, in a sense, another world for us, with many less inviting sides than the old home.

The main reason for making the change, was that it needed far less capital to set up business—like most people of scanty means who begin new ventures on small capital, and many try a grocery store. It seemed to promise larger cash returns than almost any other business needing ready money. It was not at that time thought to be fraught with moral wrong, and many public houses were respectable and useful along the great highway of travel for the accommodation of those going east or west. But it was a questionable calling at best, with but little moral tone, and it brought no lasting good to a Christian family. At that place we first saw whiskey sold by the glass and drunk off-hand at the public bar. Lager beer was then unknown. Perhaps it was not then an evidence of such low down shame and sure evil habit to drink for the sake of drinking as in this age. It always must have had, however, the same general demoralizing tendency—though not to the same extent and degree as drinking the vile liquors of these later years.

There also, the small boy had his first sight of a cock-pit, where the Southern sports of the neighborhood thought it good fun to form an inclosed ring and make the game cocks fight to the death, as now in Cuba. They were armed with

sharp steel "gaffs," their own spurs having been cut off. The bird that "turned tail" to run away was sure to be instantly killed outright by its owner. The victor of one contest usually had to fight two, three or more successive battles—perhaps to die at last from sheer exhaustion, while, as true game contending with a new antagonist, fresh in wind and strength. This was deemed fine sport, and money was staked on each contest waged, amid profanity and drinking—much in the fashion of the semi-barbarous Filipinos, who, it is said, delight in this game of cruelty. The dead cocks, as fast as they were vanquished and killed, were carried away and stacked on a heap in the manure yard. This heartless scene made a child's flesh creep.

On a Christmas day there was a grand skating tournament on the frozen Antietam. Youngsters in large numbers came and participated with the men. One poor fellow broke through the ice and slid quite under till he was out of sight, which terrified us greatly. The accident occurred fortunately near the bank of the stream; and by good engineering and favoring providence, a hole was made in the ice a little farther down the current, and when the submerged man came floating by, they grappled him and he was drawn out before he was quite drowned. Soon his clothes were frozen stiff upon him while they scraped off the dripping wet; and then they carried him to the house, where with due attention and persistent efforts he revived, so escaping the consequences of his chilling accident.

The great "National Turnpike," as it was called, relatively more important then than the P. R. R. now, passed in front of the house. This was the first improved thoroughfare between the east and the west. It was once the bone of contention, that for a time caused the bitter division between the main political parties of that day as to the expenditures of public moneys for "internal improvements." The millions since voted for river and harbor benefits and other political jobs, throw the costs of that highway far in the rear in these later years, just as that

means of travel then has in proportion fallen behind modern systems. But before the day of railroads and fast transportation trains, the lines of stage coaches ran day and night each way on this national road and were crowded with travelers. The stages made what was thought high rates of speed, some of them regularly eight to ten miles an hour. Some had four horses each, and some had six. The teams were frequently changed by relays of horses kept along the road at proper intervals of distances, so as to relieve the tired animals. Henry Clay, Thomas H. Benton, and other such prominent Western men passed to and fro, time and again, on that main line from their homes to Washington and Baltimore or return. They stopped here and there to "refresh." There was also, of course, much other travel. Numerous conveyances of private traveling parties, as well as riders on horse back, or in gig, or carry-all, or coach, along with many cumbersome freight wagons, made the road a busy highway. Drove of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, going eastward, were often seen in those days, lining and covering the road at short intervals between. And yet the half of what is now taken by a single freight train on the multiplied through railroad lines between the east and west could not possibly have been crowded upon the national pike.

A special "pony post" in that year was put upon the road. Its object doubtless was to carry as speedily as could be done before the days of steam or the magnetic telegraph, a message from Washington to some point in the "far west," perhaps to Wheeling, or to Cincinnati, and also possibly to see what could be done for fast post routes. Relays of trained saddle horses were provided at so many miles apart along the way. The saddles were light and easy for horse and rider. At each relay station, about such an hour as was expected, all was to be in perfect readiness for the coming messenger. The horse at our place was put in the best possible condition for the service, and was to be brought fittingly to the stand and ready at the door. At the appointed time, up came the racing rider, or

courier, waving his little flag and winding his horn, as he rounded the turn in the road. His horse was swathed in foamy sweat and the red nostrils distended seemed ready to shoot forth flame. Reining in his still willing, faithful steed, the uniformed postboy, like a fresh jaunty jockey, dismounted from the panting horse, and with the exchange of but a few words he was right on his new mount and away with a dash, soon rising up over the further hill—he was out of sight like a flash. It was a sight to stir the blood of small boys, who had early learned in some such fashion to split the wind on a fleet horseback ride. Beyond this, he was not concerned to learn of the success or results of the pony post to the sundown country.

Sick, weak and weary, a poor, disheartened, footsore wayfarer came to the door one day towards evening and craved shelter. He was taken in, possibly without much thought of rendering such service spoken of in Scripture. He lingered for weeks and then died. He was buried in a neighboring private graveyard. No name on the headstone tells any story to such as may have gone into that quiet resting place of mortals. Every unknown grave is well known by our Lord as are the more pretentious tombs of friends. Some take it as a pious act, when on occasion they go to visit the resting places of their own remembered dead. The stranger did not reveal his name or country or friends; and all the fortune found in his possession when the breath had left his body, was a worn leathern purse containing a quarter of a Spanish dollar. His funeral as well as the weeks of care and keeping, was at the expense of "mine host," who kept the country hostelry—for which things sake no doubt he or his family have in unknown ways received the reward of the Friend of the Stranger, who being sick was taken in. That burial, almost four score years ago, made a lasting impression on a shrinking young heart, and opened a place for sympathy towards the friendless sufferer.

Quite a different thing was also witnessed one summer morning on that same national turnpike. Perhaps twenty-five

or thirty, or more negroes, men, women and children, two by two coupled together were driven down along the highway, "hand-cuffed," and their manacles fastened to a long cable; on either side of which they shambled along like oxen in yokes. It was a weary gang in charge of a "soul-driver" on horseback, who was taking these slaves from the upper counties of the State, to some place farther south. Georgia was then the traditional destination of such slaves sold for any cause, to be used in the cane or cotton fields; and this fate was the common terror of such as were thus liable to be sold and bought for the far South. Slaves, as a rule, love their old homes. Among these so driven was a mother with a stout babe in her arms. She seemed the most worthy of pity of all the motly muster. Years afterwards, but before the Civil War, we learned that there were heartless men along the margin of the Mason and Dixon line, especially on the northern side, who kidnapped free negroes in those borders and ran them across the State line and sold them to other wicked men—dealers who doubtless knew them to have been stolen from freedom; and then, for a money profit resold them into hopeless slavery in the cotton States. At a later day I saw in a Virginia town one young "man well formed with good teeth, firm muscles, sound limbs, twenty-four years old," as the bills described him, on an auction block and sold to settle an estate. The last bid for him was fourteen hundred and twenty-five dollars. This brought out a remark from an old colored man standing near: "Golly! but niggah meat is high this mohnin'." When we were quite small children our family had held a few slaves. Basil and Ben, old "Suckey's" two boys, were our early playmates in the yard. They somehow got to the land of the free, and we heard of them as free men years afterwards, still before the war, living in the North Mountain, west of Mercersburg; but they never came on my kindly meant invitation sent them, to see me while a student at college. Their knowledge of other white folks, who are "mighty unsartin," made them cautious even as to trusting any one. They did not know

whether sympathy was more likely to help than to hinder their freedom. As a matter of fact, I was once a sort of conductor myself on the underground railroad, to help to safety and freedom a Maryland fugitive (who appealed to me in Pittsburg, because he heard I was a democrat who had been born in the South).

Brutal fights were not uncommon occurrences in those early years of the late century. At public houses or in harvest fields, or at militia trainings, or at elections and at other such times and places personal fisticuffs and riotous violence by whole sets of men came to the sight of young and old. About the end of my fifth year came the first sad sight of such a revolting, bloody affray. On a beautiful Sunday morning, in a ripening wheat field, under a large mulberry tree, rich with luscious fruit, not far from our house, two sets or gangs of white neighbor boys and youth met, and a quarrel soon followed. The leader of either side then, as was the custom, selected the champion to "fight it out" with the other. One was a handsome youth, well grown, ruddy, muscular, and with a rather kindly, innocent face, expressing anything but cruelty. The other was more angular, loose-jointed, nervous, stern and meat-ax looking. Without either one having wronged the other personally, they two were "hisst on" by their respective partisans and nagged by the opposite set, till like ferocious wild beasts they glared and rushed at each other. Soon bloody noses, bruised faces, damaged eyes, and hair torn out by the handful, filled up the horrible picture. The bad work had to be done to a finish, amid cheers, yells, and applause of the young roughs and the cries and lamentations of us little fellows helplessly looking on. Torn clothes, trampled wheat, and ghastly looks made a sad and debasing picture for a Sunday morning, never to be effaced from memory. There was no Sunday-school within reach then for our attendance.

About this time too, the little chap felt the first cruel wrong of a false charge against his honesty, while doing a well meant kindness. A silver thimble belonging to a sponging visitor

in the family, who had overstayed her welcome was lost. For some days fruitless search for it about the house had been made. One day while playing under an inaccessible part of the porch, the lost silver trinket suddenly shone before a boy's startled eyes. It had doubtless fallen through a crack or crevice from above. Snatching it up eagerly and greatly elated, the lucky finder, without telling any one of the family, ran hastily, intending gladly to surprise the woman who had met with the loss, and cheerfully placed the found thimble in her own hand. But instead of receiving it from him in any proper grateful spirit, as was reasonably to have been expected, she began savagely to upbraid him as a "young thief, who had stolen and secreted all these days her silver treasure." The injured feelings of a five-year-old child may not be just equal to those of grown up people; but his sufferings at the false charge and its disgrace were most intense. It has made him careful not to similarly "offend one of these little ones." Such treatment were well nigh enough to make some children dishonest, because of wrong charges.

Next year after this came our family's removal from the Antietam to Frederick City. There was at that time a public house at the head of Market street, and this became our new abode. But neither was this a good place to raise baptized children. Many rough and sinful things came before the young eyes to mar the forming moral life. If only following everyday example set before the young by the coarse life of men be bad for children, it goes very far toward familiarizing one with evil habits damaging to character. Better never, were it for man or child, to see and learn to do a bad thing even once. And to be safer, it is always best to keep children from seeing and hearing and experimentally learning to do a wicked thing "but once"; rather than to have to flog them afterwards ever so hard for the practice of what has been set before them by evil and vicious example in word or act. Happy the child who is saved from sinful beginnings.

During our first year in Frederick, I saw repeatedly the

prisoners in the county jail. Among them was one Markley, a condemned murderer. To me he was a kindly man, always speaking with pleasant voice, and having fondling ways. He was publicly hanged for the murder of the Hughey family. The town was full of people from all the country around far and near on the day of his execution. It was a gross and degrading public exhibition witnessed from the top of a hill, which at the distance from our house could be but indistinctly seen. The occasion was altogether coarse, and many drowned the feeling it awakened by intoxicating drinks. In those days a hanging, or putting a man to death by the forms of law for his crimes, stirred the public sentiment to its profoundest depths. Life seems, however since the war, much cheaper now, and private executions even in jail yards are not as many in our land as perhaps they should be, for the numerous murders (10,000 a year) now committed. The life of man was then held dear and even the suicide mania was also comparatively unknown. I felt a profound childish pity for the doomed Markley, the gallows victim, before he was hung. One day in the jail, he had held my hands kindly till his mild blue eyes filled with tears, and then he tenderly patted my head. Perhaps he was thinking of some time past when he was a free little boy not clogged with heavy clanking chains on his fettered limbs. Or, possibly he had a son somewhere, to whose name the father's sin and disgrace would attach. Indeed, the way of the transgressor is hard, for himself and others.

An insolvent debtor, another prisoner there, without chains, one Moreland, engaged my older brother to carry a bundle from the jail to another part of the city. On the street we fell in with some rough, idle children playing. They engaged us also, and while our attention was thereby taken up, they stole the entrusted package which we had thoughtlessly left lying unguarded; and when we came back after the loss was discovered to look for it, both that and the children were gone. This to our mind was about as bad as that for which the other man was executed. It was the breaking of another commandment.

I have since then attended as spiritual adviser two condemned murderers, one of whom I think was sincerely penitent; but the other, who seemed for a while in earnest, was reprieved only a few days before the time set for his execution, and in a very short interval he lost all interest in religious instruction, the creed and commandments as well as penitent prayers. Had he been hung on the day appointed for him to have died, I probably to this hour might have thought his repentance was genuine. After his release from prison, he never came to church, and I never saw him but once. He was careless and indifferent then.

Times grew hard again for the family in Frederick. The business ran down finally and utterly failed. The place was closed, and the head of the family went to the West in quest of better fortune. Sore want followed for the common necessities of life. The mother alone with no income for the time, had hard work to provide food for the children. Some of them went to live with friends in Pennsylvania. Myself, as the largest one left, was sent out with a small basket of early apples grown on our lot, to sell or peddle them at retail on the street. This was an unusual thing to be seen in Frederick at that early day. The venture of so young a merchant was however a moderate success. Many and oft repeated trips of the "apple boy" brought some money for the tin box used for a bank and the mayor bought "schmere kase," cottage cheese, at our house, so there was something for our need. These were "the days of unleavened bread," flap-jacks made of "middlings," not of finest white flour. A keen appetite thankfully accepted that fare.

Meanwhile the family attended the "Evangelical Reformed" Church and Sunday-school, where the teacher told us about hell; whether of heaven is not remembered. Rev. John H. Schmaltz was pastor there then, immediately preceding the pastorate of Rev. Dr. D. Zacharias. On a Sunday morning, my parents on the way to divine service mutually resolved, whatever else came, they would lead a Christian life. What

that was, as overheard by me at their side, seemed a deep mystery unexplained. Through a long life of toils and trials, my mother's walk and conversation were in the faith; and only terminated within sight of her ninety-second birthday, when she was called to rest—many years after her husband had been taken from his family. His time and place and manner of death is to us unknown. The pastor's blessing, with his hands on our heads, in a pastoral call, went with the little ones in the years following.

My first regular day at school for five weeks was at Mrs. Elder's, a private house in Frederick. She had a sort of Kindergarten, before the days of that sort of school for small children. Dr. Lewis H. Steiner once exulted in having first learned good English there. She was a Roman Catholic, and would never chide us for listening to the sweet harmonies of the bells daily on the near by sisterhood's place of worship and confinement. The tones of those bells were more sweet to our ears than the ironish clanging sounds that are so often heard from the more modernly mixed patent cheap bell metal. The church bell ought to make an impression of its own peculiar sacred call to come and worship. It should be intrinsically different from and better than that of the shop, locomotive or steam boat. Let the church bells charm. I have heard those same Frederick bells in later years and they are still the same.

One of our uncles from Pennsylvania came on horseback to visit the family at Frederick. His horse was a young Selim. The Irish boy thought a ride down to the Monocacy would be fine exercise. Neglecting the use of a saddle and bridle, he only rode with the halter. Mounted "bareback" without guiding rein, away like an arrow shot the young racer, down the main city streets at will. Then back and around again, repeating the dashing run three times. John was arrested for fast riding in the streets and his plea before the mayor was, that "the fool of a horse the first round ran like a wild baste to his own plasemint; and the second toime it was

rather an undecided run; for it was partly the horse's own notion and only part that of the rider's; but in the third round the rider had it his own way entirely." It was perhaps better than John Gilpin's experience, for this son of Erin rode bare-back, clinging to the mane and digging in his knees while with stroke of fist, first right, then left, he turned the course whichever way the rider wished.

Late in the summer of 1831 we left Frederick, and did not return for twenty years, which was at the dedication of the new church. Dr. Alfred Nevin, of Chambersburg, and Dr. C. F. McCauley, of Middletown, assisted the pastor on that occasion, 1850. Some time also in the fall of 1864, on invitation of Dr. Zacharias, I preached there a special sermon in the interest of the Orphan Home which he expected soon to found at Frederick. This visit was during the Civil War, and the Confederate cavalry gave me a hard chase before we got through Hagerstown on the return to Waynesboro.

What became of the Orphan Home is not clear to me. In 1870, December 28, one of my editorials in the Messenger makes the following reference in part to the effort, as though it were a settled work:

The Frederick Orphan Home has come into actual existence. We heartily thank God, that another such real practical Christian work has been thus begun. And not the least remarkable feature in the enterprise is the mode and manner of its being. Pious thought and purpose projected it, and the children of the Church at Frederick have labored, with the pastor and friends these for years, until their annual offerings have come to be counted by thousands, with which they have the means to buy the property now needed for the Home.

It is started on the broadest ground of simple Christian faith. No Synod, or State, or county, is especially to patronize and support it. A single pastor, whose devout heart is in this work, is supported by his consistory and individual Christians, desiring to honor our Lord in taking charge of the poor orphan, left as a legacy to the Church. The Sunday-school, the congregation, and many friends in the community generally, are fully enlisted as to their Christian sympathies and material aid in behalf of this noble enterprise. This we know to be no sudden and unsettled whim. Years ago already they had resolved on

this good plan; and they have been therefore all along untiringly and steadily working towards this end. Now that it is so happily reached, we offer sincerely to rejoice with them—along with the whole Church.

The property purchased for the use of the Home is adjoining that of the new church. It is 62 ft. by 200 ft., abundantly large for the purpose intended. But if there should be need for more, the lot in the rear of the Church, 50 ft. by 90 ft., fortunately adjoining, could also be devoted to the same purpose. The large buildings on the property can be arranged to meet the present wants of the Home. The Trustees may well feel satisfied with their purchase.

There is no Christian effort more practical than that which takes the orphans into the warm bosom of the Church, and nurtures them for Christ.

The charity of the Church has no more ready flow than when it pours its offerings into these treasuries of the Lord. Alms offered to the orphan cause seem to go right to the relief of the Lord's own. And Christian charity in this form shall in no wise lose its reward.

III.

At the Cove Gap

OUR removal from Frederick took us to a new home at the Cove Gap, three miles west of Mercersburg, at the foot of the North Mountain, quite near to President Buchanan's birthplace in "Stony Batter." Brother Hannabery once said in a society debate: "No wonder this mountain 'gapped' when such a man as Mr. Buchanan was born there." Here, for us, there seemed for a time good promise for a return of family prosperity. All the stages from east and west stopped to "water and refresh." Freight wagons covered the yard at night. Drove of all sorts passed and some tarried for the night—need was for hay, oats, corn—and meals for the men. Prices were low, but rent, produce and labor were cheap.

With anything like good management and divine favor there were profits in store. But in the main, something went wrong again with this business; and no blessing seemed to follow from the Lord, as far as then visible. Prosperity in material things might have led to the ruination in the habits of some of the children. At the end of one year's trial, another blessed failure followed.

This place too has for us its varied remembrances, at least of personal interest. There was a small paper mill directly opposite our house. It had its wonders for us children. There were in it a number of boys and girls assorting, cutting and bleaching rags. Then came the grinding, pulping and final sifting of this ground mass, caught from the tanks of watered mixture on the sieve frames to make the sheets, and then turned down on blankets. Then the new crude pieces were piled up between the layers of woolen cloths; afterwards came pressing, sizing, drying, trimming, folding, ruling and reaming the finished fabric. This was a world of interest to see. Writing paper, coarse, common, uncallandered, wrapping pa-



THE BOY EIGHTY YEARS AGO.
PAINTING THE RED HAIR AND FRECKLES.
THE ARTIST SAID: SIT UP ERECT, YOU LITTLE RASCAL!

per, bonnet board paper—blue on one side, gray on the other—made what was called paste-board, for colors of two kinds were matted or put together. These were the several varieties of the rather primitive manufacture.

Then, in the pure stream flowing from the nearby mountain springs were speckled trout and other fish. One day twenty years later, a fellow student at college, John S. Boyle, and I caught one hundred and three of the bright beauties with hook and line. At evening the "whip-poor-wills" called to each other plaintively from dooryard to dell. Rattlesnakes were killed within a few hundred yards of the front door. Deer were run down and taken not far from the house. Bears were seen in daytime prowling in the neighborhood. Wolves howled at winter nights from either knob of the mountain. Foxes, coons, opossums, squirrels, rabbits and minks were lively. Wild turkeys, pheasants, and partridges were among the game of the woods. Of all these and others, birds, beasts, reptiles and fishes, I have seen free and wild in the mountain or roaming at will; and some I helped to kill or capture before I was much above eight years old.

We children, together or alone, were free to range at will in the nearby mountain, and make such discoveries and captures as fell in our path. It was not thought a great thing for us boys to kill a rattler, a copperhead, or black-racer; or to find curious things happening or to be met with in our way. Once a large snake, actually seemed to have charmed our younger brother, while he was playing alone at some little distance from the rest of us; so that he seemed unable to move away from the place. Noticing something queer in his manner, he was called to come over to us, or go to the house. His indistinct reply induced me to go nearer to see what was wrong. The large spotted reptile with alluring eyes intently set on him did not seem to notice my approach till it was struck with a stone and killed, not more than a few yards away from his little bare feet. The seeming spell was broken and he was relieved and free. Some people doubt the power of

snakes to charm. I have noticed birds in the wild woods in great alarm evidently under some binding spell, till the charm was lifted and then they flew away in rapturous joy.

There is something peculiar in the eye of a rattler. In a contest with a rattle snake at close range even a long-barreled muzzle loading flint lock shot gun is a rather vain weapon for defence, and not much to count on for close attack. One, however, in our youth, once served me right well. A lot of us boys were out with such an old style armory, shared by all of us, which was not always sure to be primed in the pan when wanted for firing; but this time was the favorable exception. The only gun of the party just then was in my hands, and we were climbing an old stake and rider fence partly down, to reach an open field from the woods. With one foot on an inclined rail and the other in the act of swinging over the low top, attention fell on the other side where was a grand coil of glittering brown, black and yellow, about the size of the old style bread basket. It had two active ends. One was raised from near the center of the coil with two blazing eyes and a darting tongue; the other end turned up about two finger lengths was vibrating industriously and emitting furiously a monotoned sound of warning and threatening. It was a rattler for sure, and he meant aggressive business.

Too late to retreat, and unstable on my base of rickety fence—too risky to get down on the further side, the next best thing was to bring the gun into use. Swinging it quickly forward in general direction of the double ended round heap of spotted enmity to man, the trigger was sprung, the pan flashed fortunately this time, and “bang” went the blunderbuss. With what result? If it were a miss, the very next moment through the smoke would be a stinging strike of the mad reptile. Breath came quick, but no pain was felt. The recoil of the gun was awful; with its forward end so near the ground the discharge was terrific.

When the smoke cleared away, there was a bare place in the grass and leaves where the snake had been making ready for

active hostile operations. All was clean blown away, while ornamental fragments of the scattered enemy were dangling in artistic pendants from the adjoining shrubbery. Though relieved from the undesirable situation, it seemed to me nevertheless on reflection that a couple of handy stones, or a stout club would suit me much better for the next close encounter with a fighting mad rattler. A long gun at short range in such a close business matter is rather a vain thing for war or battle, when the enemy in readiness is a wrathful rattlesnake and has all the advantage for work at close quarters in the death dealing engagement. Of all the rattlers and copperheads we ever fought to the death, this one scared us the worst.

Runaway negro slaves congregated near the Gap in a little hamlet known as New Africa at the base of North Mountain. An old mulatto in the pay of the slave catchers from Hagerstown and Mercersburg, gave notice to the "soul-drivers" of any new-comers; and then soon the poor refugees were captured and remanded across the Mason and Dixon line. On a warm Sunday morning, a number of negroes were gathered on the long porch at the front of the house. The old pimp, Andy Vaney, was among them whetting a razor and noisily pretending to try it on the cheeks of those about him. Finally he turned to one young fellow, a stranger, and said: "Joe, le' me staht a bea'd on your han'"—at which they all joined in a hearty laugh. Just then two strange men inside the window looking out at the affair of seeming fun, quickly rushed out the front door. The betrayer had taken spittle on his finger and rubbed it on the back of Joe's hand and next pretended to shave it off. While this arrested the crowd's attention, suddenly as a flash the two strange men grappled Joe, sprung the handcuffs on him and were openly showing dirks and pistols to prevent any attempt at rescue. Quickly placing him behind one of these men, hastily mounted on horseback, the poor fellow was bound to the saddle girth; thus fettered and manacled, he made an effort to steady himself in his seat on the horse's bare back. This was taken as an attempt to escape from the

captors. Suddenly the slave catcher struck and plunged his dirk knife into the back of the captive's hand. Then, without any care of the bleeding wound, they rode off with the man they now called "Bill," the unsuspecting young fellow who had sought freedom among his colored friends; but who had been so cruelly betrayed by one of his own race while pretending to be a friend. That horrifying incident, witnessed in my early boyhood remains in memory as a dark deed of cruelty, done for a paltry money reward. Such heartless acts leave deep marks scarred on the soul's first tenderness, and show man's inhumanity to man.

DOGS.

One evening a man having over the cantle of his saddle a sack or saddle bags containing two hound pups, with a head protruding on either side from a slit ripped in the seam, made two of us boys happy in the ownership of the young dogs. One was for my older brother, and he named him Rattler; the other was for me, and to be called Belman. Mine became the more active, and quickly learned by scent to pick up a trail and follow it faithfully, on which he "gave tongue," and made fine dog music. But the game once started, or brought from cover, Rattler was the swifter dog. When the town huntsmen therefore brought their trained pack at long tongue down the ravine of the Gap at Buchanan's birth-place, between the mountains, after a startled deer, our dogs generally were unleashed, and in short chase along the stream the deer would likely be taken. For this sometimes as reward came a fine piece of venison. No wonder Isaac wished to bless Esau for the goodly mess brought in from the hunt for his father's savory meal. On one occasion an elderly neighbor seeing the deer coming, set on his farm dog to overtake the well run down deer. But in a short chase the common dog was winded so that, though running awhile side by side with the stag, he had not the extra power to seize and hold him. In passing near the old farmer himself at a turn in the chase tried to lay

hold, but he too failing in this could only beat the exhausted animal's side with his hat as he passed. Before they turned the bend of the stream, up came Rattler and Belman in hot foot on the trail and at the first hillside the game was taken. It was a beautiful sight and withal exciting, though pitiful enough too, to witness such a wild bounding chase. The hunters glad for the easy capture, sent home with us as usual a share of the slaughtered venison.

Another dog that made a part of some incidents in our home life calls for special honorable mention. For very many real services he deserves thankful record. A gaunt wild puppy somewhat like a half-grown wolf, was noticed at times around the yards, where he occasionally found scraps to eat or a bone. By kindly throwing him repeatedly a piece, he first would watch at long distance, and then if left alone, would come furtively and claim the morsel. Thus in course of time he became more and more trusting, and finally would take at once what was thrown towards him. In course of time he was domesticated; but he would not allow any hand to caress him further back than his head or perhaps part way on the neck towards the point of his shoulders. He was of a darkish color, but not black. Pointed ears, erect, always set forward on the alert, broad at the jowel, vivid piercing eyes above a rather small nose, heavy shoulders and thin flanks; this altogether gave him a peculiar appearance, which called for remark from many strangers. While not willing to be fondled, he became strongly attached to the smaller children, over whom he was proud to keep guard. His name was therefore "Watch," and he became a family pet. We always felt safe in the woods when this dog was along. If a coat, or any piece of clothing were left off or forgotten, he would stay by it in watchfulness till it was called for, even if he had to wait hours, a day or night. If a snake came in our way, he would quickly attack and kill it by sudden shakes and lancing snaps of his sharp teeth, thus saving himself from its poisonous strike. This we repeatedly witnessed. Though only of medium size,

he was master of about every dog that he ever tackled; which was uniformly every strange one that he met, no matter of what breed, size or weight. Even two ordinary antagonists, to this one did not make much difference to him; as his steel-spring like jaws worked fully equal to any two pairs of others. His method was not to bite and hold, but to snap quick, sharp and often, with clean cut.

He could never be enticed to stay away from home or follow any other master. Once he was tied with rope, and taken away on a wager, and confined in the town, in a light board covered building. After some days he gnawed a hole through solid inch boards and crept out and soon reported himself at home, where his joyful capers and low yelps showed his great delight and intelligent expressions of dog pleasure. He defended our father once in a night attack of a panther on the mountain road and vanquished the beast. In a bear hunt when bruin would sit on his haunches and defend himself right and left from all the other dogs in front by crushing their skulls or breaking their ribs with single stroke of his awful paw, Watch would make electric assaults on the bear's rear, nipping him in his hams, and then as suddenly retreating' before the great, heavy beast could turn on him; till the hunters came up to end the contest with the deadly rifles. He could keep the cattle pens safe from wolves often heard howling at night near by in the mountain. When he got older he became as gray as a wolf. He was probably a halfbreed and so had a side that could be domesticated, though always half savage.

Irish immigrants in great numbers traveled on this road in the direction of Johnstown as their destination, where they then all expected to work on the "canal." Some had large families, to whom whiskey and raw eggs seemed their chief solace. When the cholera scare of that year, 1832, was upon them, they were in great terror of the possible danger. Their general manner and habits did not win much of our sympathy, except for their often ailing and crying children. Numerous

Irish fights and shindies we had to see. If two or three of them happened to turn upon the landlord, it was "Watch" who quickly interfered to balance the inequality. German immigrants too, in large numbers traveled in wagon loads over the mountain from Baltimore westward. These were in the main of a very different sort from the irritable Patlanders. Sturdy men and solid boys, with healthy women and stout girls in short skirts, made up the general company. They would camp near their wagons, buy a few necessary supplies, cook their frugal meals; and the next morning refreshed, start to climb the Cove Mountain in cheerful mood towards their unknown future homes in the West. We often pitied them and their little ones, because they were going further than our home.

A great desire for the farther west seemed inwardly urging the father towards the setting sun. But mother had too much already of these trials. She wished especially to save her growing family from what must inevitably be a still greater danger morally. She had thus far received but little encouragement, however, from her family friends who were still at grandfather's home. Most of her people were in condition to have afforded sympathetic aid and material relief, in so far as called for in behalf of herself and covenant offspring. All she could herself do, therefore, was to refuse stoutly to be made partaker in any more ventures or westward removes. This much was certain: the unwelcome traffic must end here. It was for her a hard, but a safe course to take.

IN THE COVE.

What followed then, the next year, was a removal to a retired and much secluded place in the "Little Cove," on a worn out, abandoned and neglected farm wedged in between the two mountains, with dilapidated buildings, straggling fences, and fields overrun with weeds, and briars. We had not the means, the tools, the stock nor the labor strength to improve the place, subdue the wild grounds and compel them to re-

turn a fair living. It seemed like another move of the frog in the well, jumping from bad down to worse, materially; and the hopeless outlook depressed all the family. Two of the larger children again went to live with relatives and the head of the house went West to look for something that never came. His hard fortune financially here, he said, had broken his spirit. That year for us also witnessed a still further depression and stringency at home. It was the autumn of the year that the stars fell from the heavens, and ours fell from their hopeful sky too. People in the Cove thought the end of the world was come, and while they prayed or read the Bible, some wished such portent were true.

That part of Franklin county, Pa., was then to us what seemed the most sequestered portion of the land. Lying in between two ranges of the North Mountain, with its upper entrance by a rough roadway from the Gap, coming in near the uncleared top of the South Knob, it is at first only a high stretch leading to a sort of broken, narrow gulch; with short days between the mountain tops, of late sunrises and early sunsets, until towards the south it widens further down. Agriculture, except buckwheat and rye, was not its fort then. At that time only three habitable places were within perhaps three or four miles of us. If any articles for family use were needed, a long rough way up by the Gap road had to be taken on foot by us to Mercersburg. An indistinct foot trail eastward directly across the mountain towards the sunrising would however shorten the long miles distance. This path, more than half a dozen times, I trod alone when eight years old, going occasionally for a few necessities. Panthers screamed, wolves howled and bears roamed and by daylight even were known to be in that mountain. But with "Watch" along, there was felt some sense of protection and security. Once with mother and my smaller brother, they on horseback and I on foot, along the Cove road leading to the Gap, in broad daylight a bear's cub half the size of a common dog shambled across the roadway just in front of us. The old

bear did not put in an appearance, but we feared to pursue the awkward youngster, lest the old one might reveal herself and interview us, if the little one would set up a cry. Usually for our long walk to town, we got a few groceries in trade for berries or fox-grapes, or perhaps some eggs, or a small roll of butter. Once the wild grapes found no sale at all, and after lugging them about the streets to find a purchaser, we were at last compelled to dump them into a fence corner, and go home empty-handed.

FISHING.

Foxes stole the young chickens, bears sometimes spoiled the corn patch, the nightly howling wolves came down in winter to terrify or tear the nearby sheep or cattle, if not protected; wild mountain hogs also damaged the vegetable plot; a rattlesnake bit the children's little pet Italian greyhound, and the potatoes and cabbages in the poor soil did not grow big nor plentiful. The next thing of help was fishing in the small stream, at which I became a sort of expert, and a panful of the finny tribe often refreshed and gratified our hungry mouths. When the water was too clear, there were but few bites even in the deeper eddies or "holes." But necessity sharpens invention for an eight year old boy. So recourse was had to strategem in the fishing. The waters must be "muddied" by stirring up the soft ooze above the fishing places. There was near our house by the stream, the remains of an old abandoned "forge and boring mill" where years before gun barrels had been made by crude machinery run with water power. The old ruins were not far from the garden fence, where the current just below was deflected by a hillside, and a dam for husbanding the water power had been built against its side. The structure was nearly all torn away by age and freshets, but drift had lodged in the head, and in the tail race, where were good places to make with little efforts muddy water any day in the week, except Sunday. Just a few hundred feet below was a ledge of rocks at the hill-

side on the opposite bank of the quiet stream near to the bend, under the shadow of which the fish were in hiding in the days when the water was clear. The riled water however quickly brought them out, and the baited hook then generally landed some of them. It was nearly as good a success as "bobbing or gigging."

Once I was permitted to go along in the night with a "gigging" party of men. The way they do it is to make torches of rich or fat resinous pine knots, split and tied in long spliced faggots. Held by one or more of the party, these lighted torches throw the glare into the stream. The torch bearers may be either in the water, or on the bank if not too much obstructed by undergrowth. Quietly the spearmen, with their gigs or sort of harpoons, move cautiously up stream in the water keeping a sharp outlook to note the places of resting for the finny tribe. Beside a stone, or shelving rock, or protecting over-hung bank, they find and spear the fish or eels. A skillful thrust of the three or four tined gig strikes the victim, and the reverse teeth along the prongs or tines haul home the catch to the basket or bag. The main danger of failure is that the refracting power of the water at greater or smaller depths, being so much greater than the air, the spearman's aim in deeper or in more shallow water, is not always correctly calculated and sure. Only in perpendicular thrust, it makes no difference as to the moderate depth of the water. Another way of fishing is to "bob" from a boat on a mill dam. But that is not half as exciting; it is more like fishing with hook and line. Boys who have never gone a "gigging" have missed something hugely enjoyable. It is safer too than for a boy of eight to follow without dog or gun, in the mountain snow a fresh track of a shambling bear; or to make too close an investigation of the much trodden element where the night before a wolf-concert, or corroboree has gathered the howling pack. Our next neighbor saw only half a mile from our place a big shaggy mountain wolf sitting in broad daylight in a rocky recess near the ridge road; and while he passed

close by, it did not move. He always was looked for in passing that shelving rock. I have never lost interest in fishing—love it more than hunting.

The glazed crust of the snow that winter was strong enough frozen to bear animals and men. In that day there had never been any coasting or tobogganning; but on a piece of board at least one run was made down a steep hillside. Philosophy of descending force in falling bodies had not been well studied. Very soon there was a limp boy doubled up among the trees at the foot of the icy slide. One trip was enough for that time; the lesson in momentum practically had been thoroughly learned.

Necessity too, had trained the boy thus early to chop fire wood. The only stove, an old "ten-plate," must be supplied with fuel. The wood to be cut was plenty and not far away; but there was no horse to draw it home. Such long light dry pieces as could be dragged over the frozen snow, were gathered and used. Mother preferred hickory, but it was hard to cut. It was a hard job for a little fellow, stout enough for some things; but it did not really hurt him then or since, to labor in keeping the house warm. Not much real work had as yet been learned or done by him for the family he loved, and it was one of the ways of learning to wear the yoke in his youth. The burden is always suited by the Lord to the back, and the back is generally made to fit its burden. With this turn, came the end of my first life period, in an eclipse of its home joys and freedom. Except the impress made upon the soul, it was to all else of early days, my childhood's last GOOD-BYE!

Enduring the Yoke.

THREE years next following the first leave of childhood's home, years of rigorous oppression, mental repression, physical suppression and general depression of body, mind, soul—the whole being—running from the ninth to the twelfth year in a poor boy's life—produced a marked effect in his condition. The physical, mental and moral endowments, tender and susceptible at that age, take on a type for future years. What otherwise "might have been" a life, free, cheerful, joyous, open and buoyant, the growth and development of natural powers under normal family sunshine, with favorable influences and right training, is now only a matter of guess work, as compared with an entirely different actual course.

Breaking in a colt is a high art in horse-trainers. So in men in charge is the training of a boy. There is a breaking that spoils. You can break a dish, and it is ruined forever as an article of family use. A fine mirror if broken, no longer reflects form and beauty with accuracy. Without breaking in, a spirited horse is well nigh useless and of not much value. But rightly subdued to the will of man and taught what is expected of the animal by wise, firm, gentle and thorough handling is what makes the well broken colt a grand possession. A boy needs somewhat similar treatment. Sympathetic, kind, gentle, intelligent, and withal firm, absolute authoritative training; subjecting the will to free and ready obedience to duty in useful service, thrifty industry and cheerful activity, is good for a growing boy. But harsh and brutal treatment by ignorant and tyrannical trainers spoils a self-willed boy and harms the coming man.

Misguided conscience, or lack of proper ability in the breaking in of a boy makes a vast difference as to what is brought out of him. It requires something of the sort of wisdom that

Solomon asked of the Lord to govern aright the great Jewish nation. Shortcoming here is inestimable loss and waste in the rising generation. Pity the boy who so much needs the right breaking in and yet gets so little of what would enrich his life.

When, therefor, the boy came to the new place to live under adverse conditions, there were of course real sore experiences, which affected all his youthful activities and had much to do in molding the personality ever since. The influence of early training settles what comes after.

“A pebble in the streamlet scant,
Has turned in course the mighty river ;
The rain drop on the baby plant,
May warp the giant oak for ever.”

Mother and the two younger children went back the next spring to take charge of grandfather's old home for her unmarried brother, just then beginning to farm, with scanty means, and who was entirely destitute of housekeeping fixtures. Along with mother's experience all her remaining earthly substance and personal labors were put to his use alone. Without estimated value for these, no pay for her services in carrying on his household operations for about ten years, she and two little children were fed—not even clothed. The rest of us were sent out to work for a living. Without much understanding or bargain either way, the subject of this story was taken by an aged couple, claiming relatives' right to make him their boy of all work, in stable, field, garden, kitchen and elsewhere. It may have been intended for their advantage, profit and convenience ; but it was not for the boy's liking, comfort, improvement, nor in the main for his benefit. His scanty bundle of clothes tied up in a blue-barred cotton handkerchief was put into his hands, and tearfully he started on the way down through the orchard towards the new place. The old people were soon found to be stern, unsympathetic, exacting and extremely narrow in notions. They were able to make but small allowance for a poor boy

who had not been brought under anything like their severe and morose way of thinking and habit of living. In looking at the case at this distance, after all these years, it does seem a pity, that his lot was not more free and congenial. The home link was broken; the boy was adrift in the world.

Before long the early ideal of kindred and relationship became a terror of severity, and the once cherished image of hoped for good fell, and turned into what seemed very coarse clay. We had nothing in common, feeling, sympathy, or confidence. I could not then appreciate their stern treatment of what they called a "good for nothing, untrained boy." They did not seem to know how to make the most and best of a very forlorn, heart-sick and more than orphaned child. Affection and loving trust, very useful on both sides if properly exercised, were entirely lost. For three whole years, this place was to me a cheerless slavery and an unmitigated hard lot of unrewarded service. It cultivated a stoical endurance of continual hardness, and at times it began to awaken willful stubbornness—which the severest chastisements, at times almost brutal, never subdued. Without any companionship of other children whatever, or sympathy of any kind, the oppressed soul only shrank into a smaller and harder shell. There was nothing to draw out the finer and better feelings, or warm the heart, or thaw out the coldness of self. It begat merely a sort of ox endurance, ass stubbornness, bull-dog resistance, and bear combativeness.

It is not the purpose to draw the lines by this reference in the darkest colors. This much of the truth may perhaps be given to throw light on what molded the boy. His sleeping place, for a long while, was on a poor bed in the unfinished garret of a large double brick house—in which there were then generally only two, or at times, three other occupants. Winter snows sifted through shingles and collected on the bed covers, or danced over the floor at getting up time. Summer heat through thin wooden roof, scorched the tattered and neglected bed, alive with multiplied pestering vermin. Thun-

der storms at night seemed to come very shockingly near to the bare roof covering, and their crashing sounds were fearfully alarming to the lonely occupant of the solitary garret—where long restlessness wore out the strength of the attenuated body, so that if at last repose would come late to drawn nerves he was liable to oversleep himself the next morning; only to be suddenly waked up perhaps with the lashing of a horsewhip. Then with coarse table fare, none too plentiful in allowance, which he was often too stubborn to eat, it is not to be wondered at, that the once stout boy grew thin. For what seemed long stretched weeks of homesickness, he was not permitted to see any of his family; and when once an older sister felt the bones of his shrunken arms, she wept. Clothing was of the commonest kind and scant at that; two cotton shirts and denim pants besides what his mother could perhaps make over from occasional old cast off materials. A pair of man's discarded heavy coarse boots of a former tenant of the house, found in the cellar and greased till soft enough to be worn, though much too large for a small boy, caused the town children many a time to jeer at him as "boots." Perhaps he did not earn more by not too carefully feeding the horse and cows and hogs; cleaning the stables, milking, churning, cutting fire wood, working in the garden, hoeing corn in the field, picking winter apples, cooking, washing dishes, running errands, filling an open stone quarry, or working for three years in the field.

In these years, from nine to twelve, as far as memory goes, not more than three months all told were given for school; one winter none at all; one year it was a little more than four weeks; and the third, less than two months. At home, the old patriarch indeed drilled him during the winter in the multiplication table and some simple exercises in arithmetic, set down on a slate—never in spelling; and that early neglect is still a felt loss. Reading had been previously picked up, but writing was an undiscovered art. The passionate old person, who in fury strikes a boy with a hickory broom, or a billet of wood

as thick as his arm, leaving blue, livid marks, or with his fist, or a napping hammer on the head, raising a lump on the skull as big as a walnut, is not likely to be successful in his discipline of a sturdy boy. Yet the mistaken old disciplinarian meant at times to be kind, and his training was at least methodical in habit, and saved the boy from bad associates and their evil influences. The seeming evil was in that respect overruled for good.

Earnestly pious himself in his own way, yet the old elder never tried to teach the boy to pray. He was sent regularly to Sunday-school, never having missed a Sunday while in that family. During this time much of the New Testament became familiar from frequent reading in private and considerable portions were committed to memory for each week's recitation in the class—and still live there. The library books of the Sunday-school Union were read with profit. This was his best company. The church papers received in the house were never thought the right thing to be read by children. As to church attendance, when the services were in English, each fourth Sunday, it was our privilege to be there. It became a fixed habit, which was a pleasure, with also a possible profit and lasting benefit. The old people often conversed together in Pennsylvania-German, and took it for granted however that this as well as German preaching was beyond the boy's comprehension. They even supposed that what was said between themselves in their language about this boy in his presence was not at all understood by him; and it was not for him to tell them that many words had already come to have meaning in his ears. Thus was often gathered the gist of what they discussed; and it quickened him to pick up "Pennsylvania-Dutch." They and other relatives there in general seemed to aim at keeping him "under cow," as it was styled, that is, in slavish subjection and to under-value uniformly and ridicule all that was in him in thought, word or deed.

In his sore trials he proposed to his mother, that as she was afraid to insist on better treatment for herself and him, he

would run away from the place. Where to? Ah, whither? Anywhere. Strangers, even if hard and cruel, would surely be better and deal more kindly. But she feared the dangers that are sure to beset a boy, who to escape unduly severe restraint wants too early to become his own master away from home. Better, she thought, bear the ills in patience, till the Lord makes a way of deliverance plain. The few oases of these tiresome years came in times of harvest, when for several weeks he could be with the other boys on the old farm, no matter how hard the work. And these short stays with mother were full of blessings. Besides, as the lonely child grew to be near twelve years old, the yoke seemed to become less fretting; and to his oppressors, his spirit became more defiant, which, strange to say, secured him measurable immunity from some of the earlier harsh usage. But this however in itself was not good for him. Had it continued in subsequent years, the boy might have grown more willful and possibly disobedient. The place, nevertheless, was not one where a proper check could be put upon a spirit, that while it needed friendly help and warming love, could also be trained to subjection in free obedience. But one cannot help thinking that, if the youth had been better managed and kindlier treated, his character then forming had been more symmetrical. The warped soul can never obliterate the marked effects of those sorrowful years.

Referring no further, however, in detail to those seeming grievances, it were better even at this late date to give God thanks for the safe way in which He has led us, preparing for what was to come after. It came in time to be the full conviction of those people that they could not bring me up to their idea of usefulness according to their notion; and that my future had no promise for good to the family. So they consented to let me be tried in some other place; and the subject of care, was anxious for a trial with any other people. At the very outset a good name for industry, obedience and proper character must rise above the bad taint they had given

it. To be often called a redheaded woodpecker, brick top, reproaches for his hair and freckles, was a charge and "an affliction" from which he could then make no escape. Another inherited cause for regret was the patronimic name, Russell, of which there was no other family in the whole community, and that was supposed by them to be in itself something to shrink from. Other little gnawing foxes among the vines, worse than these need not be named. In those early years all such things seemed a burden; worse than the grasshopper; and any change of place would be for me better. The poor soul therefore was joyful when a farmer desiring "a boy" offered three dollars a month for the summer, and in winter free boarding while attending school, for morning and evening work with cattle. The following winter was our first "free school" attendance. Dan Miller, a weaver's apprentice, on his way to school the last three months of his time, as he passed our place was heard singing to himself without knowing he had a listener:

"Strive to get learning before you get old,
For wisdom is better than silver and gold."

That awakened in the lonely boy the *mystic stirring of soul* that became a well-spring of life. Thanks for that simple singing!

At twelve years old accordingly my first wages began. Three dollars a month, or ten cents a day, made bright prospects. The first season's earnings were all carried and laid at once in my mother's lap. Working along with the men had seemed a new inspiration, making it easy and light. Helping at fence-making, picking stones, planting corn, feeding stock, driving cattle to and from pasture, riding to the mill with a bag of grain on horseback and returning with chopped feed, or flour, raking hay in the field or treading it in the mow, or harrowing with two horses; all this, working along with others, made industry for me a new thing.

With these conditions of better feeding and more cheerful

surroundings in the new place, came determination to be faithful to service, which gave satisfaction to the employer, and dispelled the ill-omened prophecies and reported previous worthlessness. The boy was somehow impressed that good character had to be made. In fact he felt that something was to be gained or lost, and this stirred his inmost soul to a heroism above his years, and the results fell on the right side. The spur to do well helped in covenant mercy to make public opinion for the obedient, industrious and reliable boy. From God and his mother's training came the truth that something depends on reputation well earned in virtue of faithfulness to duty. The energies consumed in athletics now, in dangerous contests, for football victories, had exercise enough in downright hard work with no less gain to the physical organs.

For the next summer season an increase of wages to four dollars a month made the case more like a man's share. Mowing grass with a scythe along with the men where the swarth was heavy; reaping with the old sickle and making a full hand with twelve harvesters; binding after a cradler, pitching sheaves in the mow, or husking a row of corn on the stalk not cut off, along with the men on frosty mornings, gave him a place among big farm hands. What was wanting in the size of the now almost fourteen year old youth, was fully made up in pluck and satisfaction of scoring a success. His rank was settled as a good sturdy worker; and for that, the farmer gave him an extra half dollar above the wages promised. It was a silent victory won. After that the way was easier by far.

Jacob had a long way to travel from home, and a hard term of service among his ancestral kindred; but it was of the Lord's appointment for good; suffering partly in return for his course towards his brother, and partly also in witness of the covenant promises made sure to one who learned by hard experience to endure, so as to fit him for the inheritance. Seeming evils are divinely overruled for good, in the lives of our Lord's humblest children. As nothing comes by chance, what our heavenly Father brings about or permits is always

the best. There are, however, some happenings which cannot be understood, except as received by faith. In the rough days of my early life, and many times through later years, there is much seeming contradiction in merely natural agents to the invisible rulings of divine love. Stoicism to bear ills, even in a child is no evidence of proper submission to the gracious dealings meant always for good. It is to be part of the hereafter to untangle the threads found in beneficent overruling providences. Highest happiness is to take all, in faith and patience.

My mother in her straitened condition, was much attached to her own household effects; some of them were dear by association. When we removed from the Little Cove, she had to leave on pledge with a neighbor among other stuff an old ten-plate stove. It was the first used in our family, and as stoves were rare articles in common families and of more relative value then than now, she was desirous to repossess that old family comforter. Accordingly when she had saved enough to pay the pledge, she sent back for "the things." It was a delightful trip for me then in the thirteenth year, to drive twenty odd miles in a springless old-fashioned one horse wagon, made in fac-simile style of the great Conestoga beds, to bring over the redeemed goods.

From the Marsh, the road through Greencastle, Mercersburg and the Gap was not strange; but it was a good day's travel for a farm horse, and though the start was made betimes in the morning, it was nearly night when Squire Tennally's house was reached. The road passed our former home in the Cove and stirred sorrow that the years of earlier tramps and plays in mountain and along stream were gone from me forever. It now seems, the articles for which this expedition was undertaken, were hardly worth the money and the long haul involved in their recovery. The stove which was the main item sent for, had by that time two plates broken and was otherwise in bad condition. But mended by a blacksmith, it was still serviceable. In fact it became my heating and

cooking fixture years afterwards when boarding myself and a fellow student at college.

Having in the evening settled the financial matters with the squire and engaged to come later for the cow, a sound sleep and early breakfast prepared "Old Bill" and me for our return. The horse was quite willing to bid good-bye to the mountain, instinctively starting at a better gait on the homeward trip. But while yet on the western slope and before reaching the top of the Knob, an accident occurred which might have been serious. The strap at the top of the hames broke, the traces fell loose, and the wagon began a rapid down hill backward run. The breeching drew the horse along, till his irregular struggles to free himself turned the front wheels the wrong way, and the hind wheels ran over the lower side of the road and began to descend the mountain side. This wrong course of things stopped by the tail end jamming against a sapling and one wheel striking an obstructing rock. The rearward runaway ended and the relief brought freer breath. I was saved, the horse was saved, and the wagon, little damaged, stood still.

How to recover now from the mishap, to regain the road and to draw the wagon up the steep grade was a problem for the boy driver. Far from any house and no passers by likely to come, it looked hopeless. Taking account of resources, a stiff piece of leather rather short was found looped to one of the bow staples, and that was all that could be utilized. Its slit end was fastened to the top of one of the hames and the other end just reached to the second; but its stiffness made it next to impossible to tie a good knot. The heavy pull in drawing the wagon up to the road might cause it to slip. By hand rubbing it became more pliable. The horse by this time was rested enough to do his best. With a decided tone of encouragement the word "Git up, Bill," was given for the hard pull. He was equal to the necessity and brought the wagon again into the road. A thankful heart for the deliverance we went on our way rejoicing. The horse in better kelter from rest made

up the time lost, so that before night our trip safely ended. A worthless piece of old strap, long unused was the means of relief from the mishap and further danger. Other places on the mountain road were more steep, where wagon, horse and driver might have been dashed to more serious harm. Thanks for mercies known and unknown, and escapes from dangers seen and unseen are due to our gracious Guardian.

One such escape from another near and fatal accident coming to memory, may be mentioned in this connection. It occurred one evening on a return trip from a collecting tour in behalf of Grace church, Pittsburg. The Clarion region up the Allegheny river could then only be reached conveniently by the Allegheny valley railroad to Kittanning. The West Penn was not yet made. At Terentum station on the east side of the river they crossed by ferry to a campmeeting. A car full of people was left on the siding ready for the return of passengers to the city and was soon coupled to our evening down going train. Rounding a sharp curve cut through a hill jutting out to the river at considerable height above the water, a sudden bump came—and looking back the rear car, containing campmeeting people was seen swerving outward until it toppled from the track, broke its connecting link with the train and went whirling over the rocky embankment, rolling over and over repeatedly till it reached the river brink. Our part of the train remained safe on the railroad track.

Immediately the train had been stopped. We ran back to the scene of the disaster. The momentum of speed and weight of the train at the point of the sharp curve had hurled the hindmost car and passengers from the rails, and the sudden twist broke the connecting link and detached that part of the train from us just in time to save all the other cars from the same terrible dash down upon the craggy fresh quarried rocks thrown over from the side of the cut. The fated car overturning a number of times in the descent, crushing its top off, breaking all its windows, and seats, spilling out every person in it, lodged itself empty and open topped with its bottom and

forward end in the river. Along the steep hillside scattered were thirty-one injured passengers, bruised, wounded and cut with limbs broken and one was already dead. After all these years, the eye can still see that car going over the brink to terrific destruction, from which we were saved; and that awful scream of the locomotive's warning has many times since gone through me like a knife, when such sounds reach me in the trains, calling for sudden stops. But in many thousands of miles of railroading, no other accident has come visibly nearer to me.

Another escape was mine. Returning from Boston on a Long Island Sound steamer, one night, the saloon became black with smoke, and the alarm of fire made it very threatening for an hour. But fortunately the fire was subdued and that near danger was averted, for which of course all gave thanks. In the country, such mishaps as falling from trees, or from a ladder, or thrown from a horse, or having one's skull bone split open with an axe have happened, but have not been fatal to me. Many times Israel could refer its special deliverance to the Lord. It is of His mercy. But I cannot account any more for these escapes from seen danger, than for the manifold unseen deliverances with which He has dotted life's way. Nor can it be settled why this divine care has been bestowed on one who has been of such small use in the great kingdom of Christ among men. It is a matter for regret and of disappointment, that he has not better understood or more wisely turned to account the manifold lessons set before him in the divine administration of providence, in which the dear Lord has made known His care.

Working Upward.

WELL, the work in the country served its purpose in giving vigor to the body and forming habits of attention to duty. It was, in fact, every way a great gain on the former place. Circumstances changed and brought no little advantage. Only boys cannot see the end from the beginning—no, nor men.

By the end of the second year's labor on the farm and the gain of a good reputation for industry and fidelity, a merchant began to think a lad of that sort might be made useful in his general store. That offer was therefore made and so the store was the next place for the following three years. During much of that time the latest underclerk was not outside the town, and seldom absent from the counter. Except for several months each winter, after sixteen or seventeen cords of dry hickory wood had been sawed into three or four pieces and split for the stoves and piled up in ranks in the cellar, requiring several weeks of extra hard work along with other duties, he was allowed a short term to attend free school, then recently established in Pennsylvania. When quitting time came at the end of one short term, on taking away his books, the teacher, a Lutheran, said it was "a dam pity" that no further opportunity were given such a boy.

The place at Sunday-school was regularly filled, but the teacher was not congenial, and the superintendent was continually carping and scolding. Among other regular weekday duties was the care of a horse and cow which in summer had to be taken daily to the pasture about a mile into the country. On these rides it was a boyish trick to stand at times on the horse's back; and once the old fox hunter vaulted unexpectedly over the bars, landed the rider clear over his head into the pasture field, without the least harm. A much surprised

unhorsed imitation circus rider! This apprenticeship to business was in some respects rigid, and yet not the best for a lad making his way in the world. There was no sympathy in the relation between the employer and myself. Business was his main object, and my necessity was to get on as far as possible without much plan, or wholesome advice. Youth must have its checks and balances. These are hard to find in fair equality except in a Christian family, where the warm side of life can be called into normal activity.

Always regarded as a "poor boy," that fact generally put the junior clerk at disadvantage with the others employed in the store, and the head of the house himself who was rather overbearing and snarling, which by no means relieved the situation. It became irksome to be so long the "under-strapper" among the rest. With purchasers the relations were always pleasant and agreeable. The owner even said he had a "knack" for business. Here was at least a good place also to study character and note the difference between people. Deception, dishonesty, lying, grasping and stealing, as well as honesty came to the surface from people. One of the rules of the house was that the less desirable bargains were first if possible to be put off, if poor and uninfluential customers were buying. We were not instructed or trained to tell falsehoods in order to effect a sale of the goods; but it was definitely taught that the defects and disadvantages of the articles were to be covered and as much as possible concealed from the eyes of the buyers. Correct weights and measures were of course to be the rule. All must seem open, honest and fair; but it was not perhaps on the whole in fullest sense done on the golden rule. The inwardness of these dealings had much to do generally in the methods with others. The civil law stops with the buyer's eyes; strict integrity looks at both sides of a business bargain.

Altogether the place and the business were not at that time attractive to me, and another calling was chosen, giving chiefly more personal freedom. Cabinet-making, or general furniture

building by hand was the trade selected, to which little influence outside of personal choice seemed to lead. It was indeed harder work for the day in some respects; but it had its free evenings for social intercourse with boys and men. Before long a bedstead, a cradle, a cupboard, a bureau or a coffin could be turned out by the hand labor of the new apprentice, in tolerable and satisfactory finish. For very common funerals, or in bad weather, it was appointed me to direct—some of which in the mountain district were exceedingly distasteful. A misunderstanding with the “boss” on a plain question of justice and right, terminated my apprenticeship in a year and a half, and dissolved the cabinet-making contract, which also cost me \$30 according to bargain—a whole year’s wages. Squire Flanegan said when asked: “You can collect that money, but it might be bad for you in after years; as you would be ever ready to rush into lawsuits. He that takes the sword shall perish by the sword.” On this advice the defrauded youth acted wisely.

The squire’s good counsel was followed then, and many times since. A new start empty-handed, however, had now to be made. For immediate use a temporary plan was adopted. A walking of fifteen miles to Chambersburg in order to buy a gallon of varnish, which was not kept on sale then in our town, and this along with a few fixtures set me up for repairing and dressing anew old furniture. Trips on foot through the country soliciting such work were hard and often discouraging. But it put money into the pocket; and in a few weeks there was enough earned to pay for the last year’s loss, and also for a winter’s school term. Hitherto my wages went to mother; now they were for personal use. The next spring a situation in a store was offered me by a sick partner to take his place at one hundred and fifty dollars and board. This seemed like a big thing in those times. But in the fall of that year and before the bargain had ended, a change in the business firm threw me out, by a new partner taking the place and the contract was broken with me to my loss. Left again at sea, it resulted in several months in a select school.

STARTING FOR MORE EDUCATION—COLLEGE.

Fifty-seven dollars saved from the remaining portion of the last year's salary and earnings, and some "chicken money" previously laid by from the product of a hen and two goslings given me by an aunt in the country made some available funds to be properly appropriated—and it was decided to spend it for educational use. The hen by the end of the second season had raised seven turkeys and two sets of chickens. The two geese had also multiplied. All were now sold at Hagerstown which helped to form a "nest egg" for a college fund. Persuaded mainly by my eldest sister in the spring of 1845, I started to take at least one term in the preparatory school of Marshall College. As yet no general plan for a better education was well formed. It grew larger after it was once begun. There was not much, however, within near reach. It would have staggered faith and perhaps stumped courage to have looked farther ahead. Nothing as yet foreshadowed a college course. The dream of such possibility came later, and even the "mystic stirrings" were not yet fully understood.

A college course in fact seemed then for me as far off as the stars. But an entrance to it came unexpectedly. It was by a short cut, a forced preparation of the *seventeen weeks* of that summer session, in order to arrange for a change to be then made in the college year. These seventeen weeks were devoted mainly to Latin and Greek, without much plan or systematic guidance. Method came as an after thought, with results perhaps fortunate or unfortunate, as you look at it. Without personal application or request on my part the faculty admitted me, on probation, or trial, from the Preparatory to the Freshman class of thirty-one fairly good students, all much better prepared than myself. It was an inviting bid for me, however, to come back in the fall.

This decided me; and the plunge was made into the college course. But it was a dark day for me to prepare on my own resources translations from Greek of thirty lines of Homer. That whole winter session was indeed a daily stumble. Much of

the first year was for me in the clouds, and it required plodding to reach the clear. My funds ran low too after buying needed books. Economy led me to preparing my own meals at a cost of sixty-nine cents a week, to eke out the necessary allowance. It was not just like the widow's meal barrel either.

Mentioning cheap boarding, this is how mine cost sixty odd cents a week during part of the college course. There were several "students' boarding clubs," that is, they rented a house, hired a woman to cook and keep things in order, while the members of the club out of a common treasury met the running expenses at a little over a dollar a week. My means, however, were too limited even to justify me taking membership in one of these, except later for about a year. A more private boarding scheme was at first provided for myself in my room. It cost me less than ten cents a day. Another student in an adjoining room, hearing of my success, asked to be taken into commons as a fellow boarder on equal shares. Then we two became a small club—I chief cook, and he did the errands, going out for the few things we could afford to buy, and also did the washing of the dishes. Mrs. Kreps, a good friend, baked bread for us weekly out of a barrel of flour bought by us. The sugar was rather neatly measured by the spoonful with jealous eyes on each other, in the daily use as the special luxury of the table. The meat, when there was any, the butter, the bread, the corn cakes made of coarse, unsifted meal mixed with water and salt, with a few potatoes baked on a ten plate stove, were all sparingly used. And one cord of hickory wood was made to last for the whole winter for heating and cooking. It was cut up, carried up to the fourth story, and stingily burned by the head cook.

Canned goods found on sale now in all the grocery stores were then entirely unknown. Tomatoes, corn, peas, beef, fish and fruits were not as now prepared and kept on sale. Few other things for our use and within purse reach could in that town be procured, and there was no market. There was no meat store and no vegetables now usually found at any of the

groceries. Once a man from the North Mountain brought potatoes by the bushel for sale to the college building. They looked nice, like the Neshannocks, the main variety then best known—except the Mercers. We bought a bushel and a half. But the perverse patlanders would not get done when cooked ever so much. Boil them and they remained hard and tough. Roast them in the stove, or on coals, or in ashes, and still they remained as unyielding as roots and almost as tasteless. My cooking skill and reputation suffered every time they were put upon the table. Only one way we reduced them so as to be able to masticate them. That was to cut them in round slices like silver dollars and bake them as cakes on the hot stove plate bare, first on one side till blistered, then turn them over and do the other side likewise, to be eaten with salt. My fellow boarder had a fondness for potatoes as well as for water and salt mixed corn cakes as a cure for dyspepsia. Thus fortunately the whole bad purchase of that lot of woody tubers was finally used up, for we were too economical to throw even the uncookable substance away.

My partner in this little club admitted and admired my genius and acquired skill for cooking, and to equal my services, he set out to learn the high art of washing dishes. He was in the class one year in advance of ours, and was known for his oddities. He invented an alarm clock to waken him early before the ringing of the rising bell. The basis of his design was an old English watch, with the face left open and a thread attached to the hour hand. This thread at the other end was tied through a hole in an old style large copper cent which was laid on the end of a billet of stove wood, so neatly adjusted on some other heavy sticks, and poised so that at the exact hour intended for his alarm call, the watch's hand pulled the cent off the equilibrium; then the top stick thus becoming unbalanced fell, and that knocked down all the other heavier parts of the works. All tumbling from the edge of the table to the floor made a rousing racket, awakening also the tired sleepers in the adjoining rooms—and nearly all others within

reach of the thundering thud and rattle got awake mad. Some of the lazier students, who did not care to be disturbed so early, complained to the faculty of the nuisance; but the machinery was not thrown out of gear, and they in time got used to the unseemly early music.

This same man, after he left college, tried to invent a patent pump. His device was to use a coil of lead pipe measuring a little more in length than would be required to reach the bottom of the well. Then once starting the flow of water raised first by suction, exhausting the air in the coiled pipe placed at the top of the ground near the well, it was intended, according to his idea of the syphon in hydrostatics, to continue to lift the equal weight column of the contents of the well from its lowest depth, for man's use and convenience above. Like many other patents, the flaw in the theory, violating nature's laws, prevented its success, and he switched off into other visionary ventures. He was also fully convinced that the Lord would send him a wife, in response to prayer. He soon in a vacation met a fine young lady answering his notions; and after repeatedly visiting her and holding prayer with her before the termination of each evening call, his ardent advances led him to kiss her and then suddenly were at last chilled by ascertaining that she was already another man's wife, a grass widow. She had been introduced as "my daughter." And then she proposed to get a divorce and marry him. On my earnest advice, he withdrew his suit and asked the Lord for another, and later married his aunt by law, not by blood.

The following vacation I painted a house and sold books, with a profit from this last work alone of forty-one dollars. Book peddling was a mean business, meeting with unkind treatment and even once having dogs set upon me. Next winter session, my class of forty fellow students in Phrenology lectures at one dollar each helped the purse. Salary as Hall Janitor for our literary society also brought aid to the income account. The following spring several months again were spent in a store. But that broke into the term time, which was

a loss to me, causing a slight falling behind in class standing. By this time too, the extra earnings and other scraps of help were all, when the junior class half advanced was reached.

My sister still the more urged me by all means to struggle on and "go through" the college course. But how? "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desire of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." Ps. 37:3-5. This was my stay and help in the darkest days, all through the trying years. It has also helped others.

Applying for a small loan, a relative argued against it on the uncertainties before a college boy; and advised him to spend no more time and money in expensive study. As a clincher, he offered me a partnership without capital in his paying business. To his surprise, the kindly meant advice and offer were respectfully declined. Finally on good security, a small loan from him, he said, might be obtained. If the student were to die before paying him, the note would still be good. So the first loan was not large, nor did others following grow big afterwards. In the last college year, along with holding my place in the senior class, a small salary and board were made by rendering service in a town store, besides reciting the remaining short term with the class. So that at graduation my standing was fair, taking the second honor in a good class. In another year and a half, by teaching a high school in Maryland, the whole loan was discharged. Help from our family in many ways, had enabled me to work my way through college. My laundry bill was saved by aid of sisters. Privation, self-denial and persecution for poverty's sake helped. Reward came too in college and literary society honors, worth it all. Our family triumphed in my success. Probationary admission on seventeen weeks' preparation was a spur for me to try hard the first year to make up for defects in a preparatory course. It is an achievement of no small merit for a friendless boy by

persevering efforts of his own to pass successfully through a college course with honor to himself and family. "Funds he had none," except earned or borrowed.

Recurring at this point of memory, let me say, the course was begun in the Preparatory in the spring of 1845, and in the fall of 1853 the Synod, after an examination on the course of the Seminary studies, not yet half finished, gave me license to preach. Altogether about eight years—seemingly fair time; but during the course, over three of these years had been devoted to teaching as tutor in the college and as high school principal, besides about one year and a half given in piecemeal to business employment to eke out stringent conditions of self-support. So that the broken and doubled up course was not much more than half what is usually taken to go through the required curriculum. No wonder there is yet felt lacking in some respects a full sense of mastery.

One beneficiary student, to my knowledge, received the usual annual aid for eleven years—almost three times as long as the crowded time for my consolidated term for that work. My short and crimped up course was certainly a great drawback to thoroughness nevertheless, and this handicapped me in the class, as well as did the other lost weeks by the several extended absences necessary for money getting, away to the end of college days. My few odd months in the common schools before coming to the college had been of service to me in English, but as to the classics and the rest needed for a good foundation, my entrance into college was a venture into the unknown. By the end of the Freshman year the probationary condition of my class standing was removed, and though my grade then was not high it was at least regular. In the Sophomore year, eight of us in the class stood in what was called the "first grade." That aroused of course some jealousy, envy and class trouble. Some charged that those marked higher than they had been mutually helped in preparing the lessons. That story was partly true, but it shut me up afterwards close alone thenceforward in my own locked room with the key-

hole stuffed; which threw me absolutely on my own resources in all class preparations—a sure way to advance one's standing still further each session—and the others could not now say that any credit for it was due to their help.

In mathematics the professor once said, only six of the juniors knew what they were doing in conic sections, and but two of us saw clearly through their studies in calculus. The professor in languages specially complimented me in a written certificate for "correct, clear, apt, and literal translations." Dr. Nevin himself criticised my senior oration before the faculty and students as "bold, free, correct and independent thinking." At graduation my final mark was said to be first for only the senior year; but the low grade in the early part of the course brought down my average standing so that another was rated higher on the whole course and took the first honor of the class. Hence, the second honor, the salutatory, therefore, fell to me. It was a glad, though an humble day for our whole family, when this successful ending came for them to share. It was more than was expected at the outset. In the senior year, the Anniversary Address of the Diagnothian Society, its first honor was awarded to me—possibly in part for the long service on the Building Committee of the new Hall. The two last years my society duty was on debate almost every week.

On our way home from the college at the end of a winter term along in the later "forties," as the stage was descending the hill on the turnpike west of the Conococheague, we noticed a procession of men and women marching around a barn situated on a farm east of the stream and to the northward of the road. These were the split off branch of the Mormons, who under the lead of Sidney Rigdon had come east to start anew after the break up of Navon. This section of the sect expected to rival the larger part that was finally settled at Salt Lake in Utah. They were at first perhaps several hundred strong, as seemed from the numbers there marching.

They had bought a large slate land farm about a mile west

of Greencastle. The price was \$14,000, and a good portion of the purchase money as reported had been paid over. They had at the start of course no means of income from the farm, and they huddled together as best they could in the house, the barn and other farm buildings, living on meagre fare. It must have been a crowded settlement even for the time being. Very soon the process of disintegration, however, began, and the numbers decreased gradually, leaving more room for those still remaining.

Much reorganizing work was needed to be projected in order to bring the disturbed swarm of the bee hive community into working condition for the expected success and growth like that which had been known for the whole body in the west. Once set agoing, the increase it was hoped from converts casting into the common treasury, whatever of this world's goods they could thus devote, would perhaps enable them to do better financially every year. First of all, family relationships were to be readjusted. New wives were to be selected. After daily devotional exercises, they were to march around the big barn in scanty undress, and in this act, we were told, the spirit of selection would indicate what particular wives to choose. That was the pious business they were at, when we noticed them in the unique procession as above told. What progress was made each day in that sort of religion it is not given us to tell. But as a matter of course much disappointment and dissatisfaction occurred and in what followed the control of the parts was lost by the leaders. In a short time the whole community fell to pieces, and the farm went back to the original owners; and Greencastle was saved from a religious and social pest. Nevertheless converts are still made in places near us, in our South mountains. My boarder and a converted Jew had a mission Sunday-school in New Africa, a negro hamlet at the base of the North mountain. They took me along one Sunday afternoon. In a walk of about three miles across the country we reached the place. A goodly number of colored people were assembled in a long log house. After the "exercises" were open-

ed, the two leaders went up the mountain further to visit a man who had been cut in a fight during the week before; and they left me in charge of the meeting. When the lessons were over and a short address given, in the absence of the two leaders, one of the older brethren asked me whether they might sing, while waiting the return of the leaders. Consent having been given, they waited for me to select a hymn and suggested that it had best be a long one. Then they also said, "But you must raise the tune." That was a new thing for me to do. It was, however, undertaken, to what was supposed to be a familiar "long meter." And then the singing began with many hearty voices in full swell of song.

Before the third line of the first stanza was reached they had switched me off and struck in on the track of something else; and thence forward every line seemed different and a "new measure" one. It was plain to me they had "ran away" entirely from my timid lead. But the glorious song or anthem, or chant, swelled on in full flow, no matter what new strain was struck; and so without my further aid it continued from verse to verse with ever varying melody rising to the hallelujah chorus in the finale. Then the old colored brother turned to me with a very pleased smile and said, "That was a beautiful new tune, brother." The missionary leaders just then returned, to my great relief.

It was my privilege also to attend an afternoon Sunday-school held by two students at the school house on the hill above Heister's mill. They edified the teachers and scholars by tackling each other in a widely contrary explanation of what was the exact mode of circumcision. One being of Jewish birth had the decided advantage, experimentally, of the Gentile in telling what the work was. Young missionaries may inaptly fall as far short in their crude efforts to teach new theology for Bible truths. But the Lord guards His gospel from the fearful mistakes of weaklings.

All the offices of the literary society, from Monitor to President, fell in course of time to my lot. The vice President was

ex-officio prosecutor for all cases of immorality of members. While in the discharge of this duty, it was my privilege to be the best abused person in the society by several defendants. But their trials and convictions had the effect of redeeming the society's good name from reproach as compared with the "pious Goetheans," and raised the standard of pure morals for the Diagnothians. Though it cost me persecutions and trouble, such fidelity to the right always results in good fruit. Some special rewards came afterwards from the seed sown. One was an election to deliver the dedicatory address when the new Diagnothian Hall at Lancaster was finished, to take the place of the first one left by the removal from Mercersburg.

It must be regarded in those days as a good fortune all through his after life, for a young man at the beginning of his college life to become a regular member of the Diagnothian Literary Society. This has a tendency to impress its excellent original high toned character and peculiar type upon those who come to partake of its high and genial spirit. From this fact, its members through all after years come to have more or less of the outcome of its inner training traceable through subsequent time. Gerhart, Bomberger, Harbaugh, Cessna, Hartley, Killinger, Hartranft, Maybury, Gloninger, the Cob-bentzes, Levan, the Dubbses, Bowman, the Nevins, a good lot of Baers, and a long list of the Apples, stand close to the earlier years. Good taste and respect for modesty forbids the mention of many other Diagnothians of more recent years, all under the old motto: VIRTUE CROWNS HER FOLLOWERS.

The fraternities, it is said, have broken down since the removal of much of the old society spirit of the college in its early days. This was altogether an unknown element formerly. Dr. Steiner and myself were once appointed on a committee by the Alumni Society to confer with Dr. Nevin as to the propriety of having a fraternity Greek letter Chapter opened in Marshall College. But the President's conservatism advised against the proposed project, and it was dropped for the time.

VI.

The Society Halls

THERE is a glory belonging to the memory of the Society Halls, built by the students at Mercersburg, that can never attach to those at Lancaster, except by inheritance.

In the spring of 1845, when my studies were begun in the Preparatory at Mercersburg, the two literary societies were respectively engaged in building their halls. It was a new thing in college history for the "boys" to undertake the erection of their own separate buildings for the accommodation of the several literary societies, in which to hold their regular exercises at the weekly meetings; and also to provide suitable rooms for libraries and museum collections of scientific, geological, metalurgic, fossilized and historical specimens gathered mainly by the zeal and energy of the individual members. It marked a peculiar character of the self-helpful spirit of the old Marshall College students in those early days of comparative poverty, that they assumed such great and heavy responsibilities, each society incurring the cost of thousands of dollars. It was part of the genius of the college.

The college buildings proper were not then as yet all put up. The straitened finances of the infant institution had so far built only the Preparatory and a few houses for some of the professors' residences. Rooms for the college classes were then provided in the theological seminary building, which was the first necessity provided for after the institutions were located in the little village nestled at the foot of the North mountain. Grounds for the college structure were, however, secured at the south side of the town. Parts of this ground were allotted in the plan to each of the two literary societies for the purpose of erecting by their own efforts a hall for each one's respective separate use, the expense for which the young men courageously undertook to bear. How the idea of such a grand

project originated it is hard now to determine. But it is worthy of record that a few impecunious students of the new infant college had independent spirit enough for the hitherto unheard of enterprise of raising in those days of small things among themselves and their friends, anywhere from eight thousand to twelve thousand dollars for this arm of the promising institution. There was some inspiration in Dr. Nevin's great mind working among the boys for the age.

His far-reaching conception had made the one main condition that the two society halls must be "alike in external appearance," so that there could be no invidious rivalry. In consideration that this condition be observed in good faith, the grounds, required to be the site for a classic hall to be built on either side of the intended main college structure, were donated but not deeded in fee by the Board of Trustees to each society. And some bricks which had been burnt for the intended college building, but which could not for sometime be put to that use, were also given to the societies for their hall buildings. I have the official letter of the Board's Secretary, Dr. P. W. Little, which made this grant to the Diagnothians, who by its conditions were to be the owners of the Hall to be built for themselves at their own expense and efforts, at no cost to the college. The venture for our hall cost us between five thousand and six thousand dollars. The plans in general design were after classic Greek architecture—two storied with wide portico extending the whole width of the front, and dressed stone steps to reach the vestibule on the second floor from outside. The story below had a large anteroom, and then came the long library room, and on the other side a similar one for the museum.

The auditorium was on the main floor above. Massive columns, six in number, stood along the portico at the top of the front steps. The other society's hall had wooden outside; ours had dressed stone in solid masonry. The columns had highly ornamental Ionic capitals on fluted stems. Internally the hall could be arranged according to the taste and will of each

society. There could be differences here as well as in the spirit and genius of either society. The style of Fresco-painting showed the generic difference; and the Diagnothians contended that theirs was strictly classic, historical and symbolic, with the old poets and philosophers represented in their designs. In the early public contests with their rivals the Diagnothians had scored eight victories to one. Then the college authorities abolished this method of rivalry in public; but repeatedly whenever the other society got saucy if it were too festive, was challenged to petition for a repeal of the inhibition of the public contests. But they never consented, always hedging behind the standing rule.

The Goethean Hall was built first; and it was found that the proportions in the finished auditorium, though ample for present use, were not elegant and symmetrical in looks. Taking this into account, in order to avoid a similar mistake, the Diagnothians resolved to add five feet to the length of their proposed hall. This intention was made public by unwise party boasting, and was hence strenuously resisted in stout protest to the Faculty and Board of Trustees, on the part of the Goetheans. The main reason given in formal pretext was because it would break the compact requiring the externals of both halls to be alike; but really, and in fact, because it would be a permanent advantage to the Diagnothians, who claimed that they should not be made to suffer disadvantage to their hall during the ages for the mistake already made in the hall of their rivals. The only way to meet the issue was either to take five feet off the foundation of the Diagnothian hall foundation now already begun, or to add five feet to the Goethean hall, just finished. The Goetheans were stubbornly punctillious as to the existing lawful agreement, and the Diagnothians fiercely unyielding as to the benefit so easily to get. The absolute size of the halls had not been fixed when the Goetheans built theirs. But the irresistible had met the immovable. A small rebellion began.

Nightly parades to a man, of the opposing parties, for some time made the town streets lively. General public sympathy

as well as common reason seemed to be with the Diagnothians. This made them bold. War was declared. "FIVE FEET OR NO HALL," was pasted up. Work on the building, however, was stopped. Dr. Nevin sent for the Building Committee and the leaders. If he and they had been more reasonable a wiser conclusion might have been more easily reached. As it was, it nearly cost the college sixty-five students on the Diagnothian roll. The ultimatum was: *Sub-mission* or *Dis-mission*. Better judgment through friendly influence finally prevailed. Peace was restored in great humiliation but without loss of dignity or self-respect, and the halls in external measurement were built alike; but the Diagnothians got good stone steps solidly built and fluted columns with highly ornamental carved capitals. This made the Diagnothian Hall cost about fifteen hundred dollars more than the plainer Hall at the southern end of the college grounds. The wooden steps of the Goetheans soon fell down, and by accident the Hall itself later was burned to ashes.

All the members of the society cheerfully undertook to do something towards securing funds for the building of the hall. Family friends and honorary members were solicited to make contributions. Some were more successful than others. Youthful and inexperienced collectors of funds sometimes met with rebuffs that were humiliating. In one case, my personal honesty was called into question. Hon. Abbott Laurence, one of our honorary members at Boston, though a liberal hearted man, had not heard of such a thing as a literary hall built by the under-graduates of a college. When, therefore, my letter of application for a donation reached him he took it as a Dutchman's scheme to raise money under false pretense for personal use, and in a kindly admonition advised me to leave off such unworthy tricks, for if a habit like that were allowed to grow, a dishonest life would be sure to follow. This response cut to the quick; but it was one of those instances where you must suffer if misunderstood in doing self-denying work.

Other cases were more encouraging. Among these was a

beautiful autograph letter to me from Gen. Winfield Scott, Commander-in-chief of the United States army, in which he inclosed a handsome contribution. John Quincy Adams also sent an autograph letter acknowledging his election to membership. Where the project was known it met with favor. In a trip for the purpose to Philadelphia and Baltimore, my list was enlarged. Hon. James Buchanan, afterwards President, and Gov. F. R. Shunk became personally interested, and our acquaintance with them and many others grew from the work in hand. But at the best, it was an unwelcome service of which the larger part of the society grew tired and ceased. For my own part, it was a training preparation for the greater work afterwards put into my hands—that of collecting more than eight thousand dollars by my personal canvass and solicitation for the building of Grace Church, Pittsburgh, from the Reformed people in other places. The halls at Lancaster, built also for the Societies, did not cost such membership labor nor yield such glory from self-sacrifice in the cause. Only one such experience as that at Mercersburg can come in the course of any generation's history.

The "Freshman Commencement" of our class in 1846 was an unusual incident in the college history. Instead of the hazing spirit, a more civilized and self-respecting course of conduct was cultivated. The lordly seniors, it is true, had been rather hard on us "low down barbarians." But waiting our time, we resolved to take them down a peg by a flank movement. The time set for this was to be the night before they were to deliver their graduating addresses. By shrewd management the title of most of their subjects for speeches was beforehand obtained. These were assigned on a printed program to a number of Freshmen named in the list, and six members of our class were chosen to be actual speakers on original subjects at our mock-commencement the night before the day of graduation for the Seniors. Of course, all the topics of the Seniors printed on the Freshman program for burlesque were not to be publicly discussed, according to an

agreement with Dr. Nevin, who thereupon allowed us to hold our exercises; so those to whom they were assigned of course were to be excused in our program.

A mock faculty had to be made up of men from our class, from President to Tutor, in order that the whole dignity of the occasion might grace the stage. A brass band was hired to head the procession from the college to the place of exhibition. Marshalls were active in protecting the parade from violence sought to be stirred up by the provoked Seniors. Dr. Nevin himself, as honorary chief, and more than a whole platoon of police, was on the stage to keep in awe the "*Hoi-polloi*," and that fact saved us from open outbreak of disorder. Soon the great expectant audience all were in full sympathy with the speakers and rewarded the "barbarians" with rapturous applause. It struck a success. My speech was said to be a happy hit, taking off men mnemonics and things by indirect allusions on *The Crisis of the Present Age*. Super's was especially good on *The Insuperability of the Impervious*. Billy Craig (now Rev. Dr. C.), on *Patent Education*, took down the house. The whole affair stamped an impress of character on the class, and was set down as a credit mark to the college, while it did no damage to the Seniors. Our Class 1849, Jameson said, "when we left college, made a hole in the institution," which since the removal in 1853 has been gloriously filled.

Among college students, some bright and wise, and some quite otherwise; some of whom are proud and rich, some humble and diffident; yet intimate relations by elective affinity will grow up between class-mates and friends. Many of these cemented friendships last through the years and become stronger and more sacred as time rolls you to the greater and ever increasing distance from the fresh beginning. Half a century is not long enough to wear out the binding power of these devoted relations.

Dr. Joseph Coblenz, though not of our class, is mentioned first among my most consistent college friends. He was emi-

nently the best, sincerest and most tried. Fifty-six years, until lately when he died, thousands of miles away in the farthest northwestern county of these United States, near Vancouver, he stood firm and unchanging in intercourse of college, society and Christian fellowship. Not a classmate, but in the Diagonothian Hall Committee, we had much in common sympathy and trials. We were co-workers together on the building committee in erecting the first society hall, costing over \$6,000 by subscription, at Mercersburg. Here consultation, care, fidelity and mutual labor bound us in one. Though not called brilliant, he was thoroughly solid and always safe. This characterized him in his large success in the practice of his profession, and as a Trustee of the college at Lancaster for twenty years, and as an elder in the Reformed Church at different places where he lived and was called to bear that office. Success, pecuniarily, early and in middle life crowned his efforts. But in later years having moved away from old friends to the far West for the sake of his wandering son, he lost his very competent fortune and lingered among strange people in straitened circumstances, till in a full age at almost four-score he died in the faith of his Reformed fathers. In the latest years of his pilgrimage his warm and loving letters refreshed me often as earlier ones had many a time done before. He was Maryland born. God be thanked for such an exceptional Christian friend.

Hon. John H. Thomas, a classmate, is another of the tried friends who wear. Not as gushing as some, yet he would always "do to tie to", as the raftsmen say. Engrossed in a large and lucrative manufacturing business that has made him a millionaire, he's stood true to his early friends. Just now news of his death has come through the papers.

Rev. Dr. Lewis H. Keafauver, late chancellor of Heidelberg University, is another well tried friend. Although having graduated later than our class, yet he entered the ministry before me because of my teaching years. Our labors for years were interwoven together in western Pennsylvania and Ohio,

and this kept up our common relations of intimacy in ecclesiastical toil. At the General Synod meeting in Tiffin, by special invitation myself and wife were the guests of his family, and we had a royal entertainment while we reviewed our varied experience and mutual trials. Nothing seems to bind more closely than the fellowship of Christian consecration and work for Christ's cause in the church. Dr. K. bore his age and honors well, and had the general confidence of the western brethren, who learned to know and love him. His late visit to our house several years ago was far too short. His recent death at near four score adds another sorrow.

Judge Syester, my classmate, was tender, ardent, gushing, impulsive, generous and the most brilliant man of our class. A born orator, poetic, sympathetic, pathetic, aesthetic, a warm friend and cordial hater; at one time threatening to pursue me to life's end with rancorous hostility, and then again melting, became my hearty admirer and advocate to the close of his brilliant professional and official career. Valedictorian of our class, the third honor well bestowed, he told me in a stage whisper when about to be called out to deliver the Salutatory, after weeks of late estrangement, "if the speaking were not well done, he would kick me off the stage." I often told him he should have been a preacher, as his mother intended; but it was not until only a few years before his death that he professed personal faith in the Savior. The great majority of his college and professional associates put the subject of personal religion for years for him quite out of the question. He made many friends and served them well with all his strong natural enthusiasm. He received many Maryland honors.

It were utterly impossible to make individual mention and do justice to all our college friends. Many of them come up in memory as we sit alone and review the sweet belongings of those distant years. Some cannot be crowded out, and others have been well written up before the Church, as Bausman, Super, and others.

The Rev. Dr. Thos. G. Apple was in the next class after ours. He came to the institution prepared to enter the Junior

class, and at once took a high stand among the more active members of our Diagnothian society. We soon became fast friends. Our aims, our hopes, our joys were one. Towards the end of his course he was among others taken down with typhoid fever, and for long weeks we watched over him day and night, hoping and praying for a favorable turn from what seemed the near borders of death. Young James Good, brother of Prof. J. H. and Rector Good, had just died from the fever. Also young Boyer, a son of one of our pioneer ministers, was among those who next fell victims to the disease. Dr. Nevin, our venerable President, was among the occasional nightly watchers who along with a few of us took charge of one or another of the sick (when the students went home at end of session) and ministered to them in their delirious sufferings. The great scholar and eminent child of God, our venerable President, became an humble servant especially of the destitute beneficiary student, Boyer, and was present to close his eyes here, to be opened in the better world above.

After Dr. Apple's recovery, for whose care I was mainly detailed on alternate nights, we became still more closely knit and were united in holding many theological and historical opinions and general convictions in common, especially in the business of the society and later in the work of the synods. At the Tercentenary at Philadelphia, 1863, we were both set on kindred topics for addresses bearing on the Heidelberg Catechism. They are published in the Tercentenary Monument. His busy and successful after years took up much of his time, and we were far apart and saw less of each other. As a sort of closing record of his cherished memory, here is appended a last warm letter referring touchingly to our former days, when we both were younger in the harness:

LANCASTER, March 15th, 1892.

MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL: I looked on your letter for some time, as one often does, before opening it, wondering from whom it came. There was something familiar about the handwriting, as a sort of remembrance of long, long ago, and yet I could not exactly fix it. But when I opened it, it called up the olden times when we were students together at old Marshall, and particularly when I was teaching at

Utica Mills, Md.,—you will have forgotten all that,—teaching school, and you used to write me letters about the doings in the Diagnothian Society, and arranging for the Anniversary. How glad I used to be, in my loneliness down there in Maryland when I heard from Alma Mater and THE society! Yes, the handwriting is the same, and no sign of age in it. So I thank you for remembering and writing to me.

I have not yet had time to attend to your request about the student. You used to be a great friend to students who were working their own way through college, and you seem to have the same feeling still. I will do what I can to get the place for him.

How long ago, and yet, in one way, how short the time seems, since we used to go to our boarding-house, and to Society! I remember that when I was sick, so nigh unto death, I wanted Russell to lift me up, because he had broad shoulders, was strong and would not let me fall. Yes, the old days come back in fond recollection. And now we begin to be called old! I can hardly realize it. I feel as if I could go back there and be a boy again among the boys.

Well, I am glad you wrote to me, and for such a characteristic purpose. The College and Seminary have outgrown their former proportions. Sixty theological students! That is as large as the college used to be. With kind regards to Mrs. Russell, I remain, as in the olden time. Yours with warm regard.

THOS. G. APPLE.

College days will never die. As the end came for breaking up the mode of life and separating from the close bound friends, there was something almost sad at the ending. But the commencement is not a settling down to perpetual stillness. Farewells to classmates, recitations and the venerable professors, awaken one to the fact that the real future is to be met. Most graduates from the college have determined on a profession and start away from college early on a special course of preparation for what has been chosen. In my own mind, however, nothing as to this was as yet settled. Several months remained for me to complete my year's engagement in the store at Mercersburg, where I had on small salary made my last college year's expenses. The money previously borrowed had also to be looked after, hence I wanted to earn something more before incurring further outlay as yet for a profession. This was left without undue haste to the ordering of Providence.

VII.

Teaching in the High School

AN offer came to me about this time to take charge of the Parochial Classical High School of the Reformed Church at Middletown, Md.

The appointment was accepted with some misgivings as to my fitness for the place. Some such employment was then desired, but this came to me as a surprise and unsought. Some of the professors had given me the following

TESTIMONIALS:

Mr. George B. Russell is a graduate of Marshall College, having passed regularly through the course of studies pursued in this institution. He has sustained throughout the reputation of a good student in the several departments of the Course, as well as an excellent character in all other respects. He proposes now to devote himself for a time to the business of teaching. For this employment, it is believed, he will be found to be morally and intellectually well adapted; and he is hereby recommended accordingly as worthy of all confidence, wherever he may have an opportunity of any such service.

JOHN W. NEVIN,
President of Marshall College.

Mercersburg, Apr. 9, 1850.

George B. Russell, a regular graduate of Marshall College, has during his whole course of studies distinguished himself by his talents, industry and correct moral deportment. I consider him very well qualified to take charge of a classical school, and can recommend him as a young gentleman well worthy of the confidence of the community.

PHIL. SCHAFF,
Ger. and Ch. History.

Mercersburg, April 9, 1850.

Mr. George B. Russell graduated at this institution, Sept. 12, 1849. In the department of Languages he maintained throughout his collegiate course a very high standing. He was distinguished for his punctuality, for the deep interest which he took in the authors he was

reading, and for his correct translations. As he stood high also in all the other departments of learning, on taking his first degree, the Faculty awarded him, among a class of excellent students, the second honor for scholarship. In his general deportment he was always correct and gentlemanly. On account then of his high literary attainments and moral and religious worth, I feel a pleasure in recommending him as a gentleman in every way qualified for taking charge of a High School or Classical Academy.

WILLIAM M. NEVIN,

Prof. of Ancient Languages, in Marshall College.

Mercersburg, April 9th, 1850.

MARSHALL COLLEGE, MERCERSBURG, PA., April 9, 1850.

This will testify that Mr. George B. Russell is a graduate of Marshall College of the Class of 1849. He was under my instruction in all the higher Mathematics, including the Conic Sections and the Calculus, in Mechanical Philosophy and Astronomy, and in Political Economy. In all these branches he was characterized as a student by attention and diligence, and his success was such as entirely to satisfy me. His moral character is entirely unimpeached. I consider him an excellent scholar and a young gentleman every way worthy of confidence; and as he is now desirous of obtaining a situation as a teacher, I have no hesitation in commending him to all who may have any confidence in my judgment as well qualified to give instruction in all the branches usually taught in our best Classical Schools and Academies. I wish him success, and shall be glad if this testimonial, to which I consider him fully entitled, may in any degree contribute thereto.

THOMAS D. BAIRD,

Professor of Mathematics and Mechanical Philosophy.

From Mercersburg then was taken my sudden timid departure. That the election came altogether unsolicited was a consideration in its favor. Prof. G. W. Ruby, who had been in charge of that school, had resigned in order to teach in the Academy at York, Pa. He was one of the "pious Goetheans", and was greatly scandalized that the school at Middletown now should fall into the hands of a "wild Diagnothian". That is what they called all of us. The place was in some respects a desirable one, as in fact it was found to be, with good pupils, good patrons, good and prompt pay by subscriptions, and a community of intelligent

Christian people. Had teaching been my settled profession, this might have been my home for a long while. As it was, the test of that undertaking itself came to me in great fear and trembling. The stage journey thither from Hagerstown was one of intense uneasiness, misgiving and anxiety—fearing untried possible troubles. The first morning of school early in April, 1850, a violent thunder storm hung for about an hour over the building, marking the beginning and portending as it seemed to me, a disturbance in the conditions. But comfort, quiet, peace, prosperity and pleasure soon followed, with success and popularity. In the short two summers and one winter before my return to Mercersburg when elected to become Tutor in the college, six students were prepared to go with me to enter the Sophomore class and one for the Freshman. One also went to the Freshman class at Princeton, where he took the first honor in a class of fifty-three; and one went to Gettysburg. Many friendships, some lasting over fifty years, were formed and left behind. From that school much good material has continued to come out to bless the Reformed church and the world. A type once set will leave its impress for many years.

What ministered very largely to my success and pleasant relations with the school and people, was the hearty seconding of all my efforts by the pastor, Rev. Dr. C. F. McCauley, and his most excellent wife. In fact they took me kindly into their home and made it for me, a stranger, mine. The parson gave valuable hints as to cases of government, and also made public sentiment in favor of the school and its work. As it prospered he rejoiced with me and the patrons, and his genial encouragement was often most refreshing. His favor opened to me the doors of the best families, and the social side was a new inspiration to my hitherto shut up and isolated being. Some of these kindly benefits then first afforded, still last in these long years, and my memories of that place will never grow dim.

One incident then occurring is here given: It was my good fortune to rescue my friend's second little son from drowning. Sitting in my room upstairs one day, a splash was heard in the rain tub below the window, and on looking out, there was our three-year-old Eddie hanging tilted head foremost over the side of the tub. His little arms were too short and too weak to enable him to recover his lost balance and lift his head above the water, which partly filled the vessel. The other two older children had run away terrified, and by the time taken to run down and draw him out, he had strangled to unconsciousness. Lifting him up and carrying him to the back porch, we rolled him gently back and forth on a spread-out blanket, the water meanwhile running from his mouth. Signs of returning life appeared, and he was restored to the arms of his distressed mother. Thereafter he regularly brought his little chair beside me daily at family worship, and often prayed for "Mistah Dussie and his fiddie bow". Years later, on being invited to a supper, he had served up for us some of his young pigeons. It was almost like the water for David, brought at great cost from the old well at Bethlehem. By invitation, years afterwards, I preached his funeral sermon at Reading.

Fifty years ago duelling in the South was yet held in honor among the chivalry. It very nearly came to me then to fall under the tyranny of that public opinion. A fancy fair was held, and after its close it came in for a general review notice and criticism, in some articles written for the *Catoctin Whig*. These shaved perhaps too close, and those who were prominently connected with the affair were deeply aroused, and the excitement created a strong feeling against the review. This led to public controversy with some of the citizens. Passion ran high in attempting to discredit the articles. The town took sides.

A young gentleman of fiery blood and haughty southern mein met the teacher alone one evening on a narrow sidewalk of the town and claimed his full half of the rather scant pave-

ment, in the middle. In passing, the shoulders of both tapped none too lightly, so that the young man was jostled towards the outer curb. No words passed. No person saw the occurrence, and if he had been wise the indignity had never been known. But scouling with a muttered curse, he hastened on his way to tell it to his friends. Consulting about the affront, they advised him to send a challenge to mortal combat under the code. It was generally expected that the northern teacher of the high school, a member of the church, would of course decline to fight, and the opposition party could then "crow over him", and that would set the public decrying the poltroon. If, however, the challenge should be accepted, the challenger would have the decided practical advantage, being familiar with any weapon that might be chosen by the challenged party. They had about settled on this, as likely either way to kill, or damage the offender against southern chivalry.

When this course was determined upon, a plain farmer thereupon reminded them that it would not be all play only on one side; for one day in the late harvest where the gang of cradlers were at work in Kefauver's wheatfield, they bantered the young teacher to take one of the five cradles for the next round. Supposing they would have the laugh on him in a bungling effort to keep up as number four in the line, he threw off his coat and examining the edge of the scythe, waited the leader's stroke. At the right time he struck into the standing grain with the gang. He did not as they expected early throw down the instrument and quit. The leader put in his blade the full length at every stroke, and kept on without halting to whet up at the usual place. They went the whole length of the field and then across and around again to the starting point. The fourth cradle for a wonder kept its place in the line and so the fifth man was not kept back; nor did those in front gain any advance. The teacher threw his left elbow close to the standing wheat, gaining some inches till the whole set were even front in line and the last stroke of the leader brought all to a simultaneous halt and finish. Then

the whole field, white and black, instead of anticipated derision, set up a hearty cheer for the pluck and bottom of the school teacher who had held his own in the trial of that hot afternoon. He had shown his mettle.

Another quiet man at that discussion in favor of the proposed duel, said: "Doctah, I would not risk to bluff that young man. If you challenge him, he will cert'nly accept and fight you. I know su'thin' of him and the stock he comes from. He is not no'the'n, but su'the'n bo'hn; and has good Ma'hland blood in him. His eye and nerve will do. As like as not he is a steady shot and will kill you dead, shuah 's you meet." This story of the consultation, Rev. Dr. McCauley was delighted to tell. The call to mortal combat was therefore not made. The tide of public opinion turned more strongly in the teacher's favor. The humiliating worry and consequent trouble of declining on religious principle such an "affair of honor" was thus avoided.

TUTOR IN COLLEGE AND STUDENT IN SEMINARY.

Until about this time, the question of determining on a life profession had not yet been settled. Preparation towards a decision came forward now. The Tutorship in Marshall College was unexpectedly offered me late in the summer of 1851. That seemed to indicate providentially that I could at least while tutoring also enter the Theological Seminary and carry along its studies without special cost or loss of time, if the strain of double duty could be endured. Meanwhile being tutor in the college and student in the theological studies, did not even then clinch me for the ministry. This providential call, however, while not committing me definitely once for all to my life work, gave more time for prayerful reflection. Under these considerations the principalship of the high school was resigned and the tutorship at a less salary was accepted.

When the teaching work in the college was begun, accordingly, the regular course in theological study was taken up also in the seminary. This was in that troublous transition period

between the old and the new in the Reformed church. The "Romanizing tendency," as it was improperly called for want of a better name, was at work. At about the same time came also the agitation of the question as to the removal of the college to Lancaster. In these later years of peace into which we have come, blessedly, it is not possible to fully estimate the sore troubles then afflicting the ministry and people of our denomination. It was a historical crisis, the beginning of a forty years' passage through "the great and terrible howling wilderness" of controversial trials. It was perhaps not the best time either for settling personal questions of duty. The "pious Germans," half a dozen, with whom the Seminary was then afflicted, rebelled against Dr. Schaff that winter and under pressure of the general outside persecution, the Board of Visitors of the seminary was called together. The meeting well nigh tore the institution to atoms. That was the first loosening up that finally lost our German professor to the Reformed church. By special grace and good management, the threatened disruption was for the time escaped. The cloud of impending disaster however still hung thick with rumors and charges of "Romanizing tendency." Dr. Nevin, weary of the gnawing trouble, withdrew from the official teaching force for which he had not been receiving pay. Our class had as yet but little benefit from his lectures. Then soon after the removal of the college to Lancaster, Dr. Schaff became lonely and took a trip to Germany. The seminary was therefore indefinitely hung up in ordinary, without a single teacher. Most of the students were persuaded to take their dismissal without having finished their course of studies, and applied for admission into the ministry. It was my lasting misfortune to be left theologically very much unfinished, for my course was not half way through. The seminary being indefinitely suspended, there was no telling when, if ever, it would resume its sessions. Until this final breaking up, I had not thought of following the college to Lancaster. My tutorship in that institution had been given up in the previous spring in order to stay temporarily as

student with the seminary. Black Sam, however, came up to the room and blandly said: "'Fessor, has you got any old closes fur dis hyar nigger, when you goes away?" The going was now a settled conclusion.

Town boys and students previous to the time of the removal were liable to breed differences and quarrels, stirring them at times into hot contests. Such an unwelcome occasion occurred near the end. It had started some time before with the arrest by civil officers of some students charged with disorderly conduct at night on the streets. Annoyed citizens had complained to the authorities. Prof. Baird convinced 'Squire Metcalf that there was not sufficient ground for the charge of "riot", and the case was dismissed. But the town rabble afterwards came up in force one night and attacked in terrific bombardment the college building. The assailants were in large numbers.

As the only college officer within call, the students came and requested me to command them as a repelling force. We then quickly and as quietly as possible divided into three squads, Keafauber at the head of one on the left, Boyle in charge of another on the right, and my solid Dutch aid holding the center. Two of the divisions then sallied out one from either end door north and south on the ground floor of the building, and the smaller central reserve band appeared simultaneously on the high front portico. Then came the order from the tutor, "Charge, students charge, with the college yell!" They obeyed. Taken thus unexpectedly on both flanks and in uncertain numbers in front, the assailants first wavered, then turned and fled with the college braves in hot pursuit. Pell-mell and in utter dismay, they broke into a full run down street towards Center Square. "We routed them, we scouted them, nor lost a single man." Thus ended the war.

During my connection with the faculty of the college my duties brought me in close contact with the other professors and the college community. The larger part of these relations were of the most pleasant kind. At Dr. Schaff's house especially there was a welcome home. In an attack of typhoid

fever from which I had suffered, the Doctor himself personally and his excellent family had ministered to my comfort. And then when Dr. Schaff's little son, Willie, was so long a sufferer from the effects of a piece of chestnut shell lodged for six weeks in his throat, which ended after two surgical operations in his death, I had been often in attendance at his side. This for me was some return of service in my power for what they had given. After their sore visitation, the whole family became still more kind, the sacred memory of which shall be carried to the end of my days.

DR. SCHAFF, the great versatile scholar, was wonderful in his genial simplicity and social qualities as a friend and companion. He would speak freely of his literary plans, aims, and work; lamenting then also his yet defective English, his unfitness to meet Yankee humbug, and to correct and heal the evil of American radical religious thought and diverse denominational systems. He was willing to learn from what he called my practical tact and early hard experience. Thus when told respectfully that his prayer to have "our souls whitewashed" had a bad idiomatic smack—because to be *whitewashed*, as the phrase was used by politicians, was to clear a man charged with crookedness, even if guilty, for mere party sake, and was therefore not what he prayed for—he thereafter prayed for the soul to be "washed white." He spoke of a Lutheran theological opponent as "an emense fox," and of another antagonist as "a right smart fellow." It was my privilege to be one of the two witnesses to swear to his naturalization papers. It was my first oath in a court. Walking with the other witness Dr. Schneck and myself from the court house in Chambersburg, across the public square, the newly made American citizen in high spirits and great glee said: "Now, Dr. S., I am a full-fledged American citizen; I have renounced my allegiance to all European kings, princes, powers and *pöttentots*."

In the class room English and German often tumbled in mixed, so much as to raise a laugh, not of mocking derision, but of general pleasantness. "Mr. Higbee, what you na about

Klein Asian (Asia Minor)?" After a hearty laugh, himself joining as heartily: "Herr Keafaver, how many *hours round* is Mt. Hor?" One day the class heard the old Latin saw: "Novem Testamentum in Vetere latat—Vetus in Novo revelat," thus explained: The New Testament lies hidden in the Old. And the Old Testament is revealed in the New. The Old Testament is like the dark midnight, the New Testament is like the morning dawn: the Old Testament is as starlight, the New Testament is the day light; the New Testament is bright sunlight, and the Old Testament is *all moonshine!*" After the laugh he admonished the class: "Young gentlemen, we must not lose our dignity."

Many of the anecdotes told of him are perhaps not more than half true. That, for instance, about the fat pigs and the little pen; on account of which he traded two large hogs to the colored janitor, for smaller ones so as to fit the pen better. He explained that it was simply an act of kindness to the poor colored man, not because he did not know the difference in value; but especially as he did not care to eat much pork in his family. After his removal to New York he repeatedly overtured me to come to his relief in some joint work, helping to bear some of his increasing burdens in translating and publishing, which he felt sure were shortening his days. A four thousand dollar secretaryship, which he could control, he offered to secure for me, as a salary consideration—which was something for me then to refuse. But this was declined while deciding to remain in the scantier pay of the missionary work of the Reformed Church.

He always stood valiantly by his friends, who had stood firmly by him in our church, when he needed support at the time he was assailed and for years most fiercely persecuted from without by the American religious element then so hostile to his theological and historical system. The very partisans that later came to glorify him when they found him of use to their party, would have crushed him at the first if the Reformed Church at the cost of great persecution and oppo-

sition from Puritanic unchurchliness and all the unhistorical sects, had not then defended him before the hostile world of Yankeedom. The reproach they laid upon him fell also on the Reformed Church. In view of this, I took the liberty afterwards to show him squarely, that it was a pity he had left our church, for immediate comfort and the gain of present popularity; when immortal fame and historical rewards were within such near reach—if only he had remained and suffered with us a little while longer, till our church won, as it later did, full recognition for himself and our system of thought. Others of our ministers too might have exchanged place and service by passing over, as some indeed did, and others still follow, for gain, ease and popularity. But the rank and file remained loyal in those days, and bore the brunt of battle. Dr. Nevin himself once in Pittsburg expressed in my hearing his regret at that defection from our host just at the turning point, when success was bringing us peace in quieter days. In later years, Dr. Schaff also seemed to feel still consciously his first tender love—something of what there was of a debt of gratitude for his early defence, by the old church wherein was his first calling, and in which as the apostle says, every one should so abide.

Dr. Schaff, as you know, prepared a child's catechism. It was in the years when a number of other such little books were made, as by Dr. Bomberger, Dr. Harbaugh and Dr. Strasberger; and as no one of them seemed to be just the right thing, he tried to improve on them all. Testing the right working of his questions and answers, he used the catechism in his family for his own children. Once a waggish Reformed elder, a doctor who was raised in the Presbyterian Church, came to pay a professional call just when Dr. Schaff was asking his little boy: "Did Christ die for all men?" And the child answered "Yes." "Tut-tut," said the elder, "all wrong." Being asked by Dr. Schaff how the answer should be given, he said, "Let the boy say *No*. Then ask him for whom did He die? Answer: For the German Reformed and a few

Presbyterians. What Presbyterians? Answer: For the elect. Who are the elect? Answer: Nobody knows."

That was before the days when Dr. Schaff swallowed the Westminster Confession whole in joining the Presbyterians; whence the said elder had come into the Reformed Church. It was also long before the revision movement of their confession came to a head in the General Assembly. But there is no question that Dr. Schaff's teaching in his lectures and books in the Presbyterian seminary, and his influence upon their students and even the older ministers had much to do with their broader study of historical Reformed theology; which has now come to hold its place of honor and power, in that denomination which is seeking for a more catholic expression in its newly adjusted confession and Book of Worship. Their General Assembly called on the Presbyteries for approving action on a declaration of new development of old doctrine. History study is smoothing off the rough corners and making easier the coming into one of all the manifold expressions of Protestant truth. Hide bound Presbyterianism will yet come to the consciousness that it is itself also in the historic REFORMED family; and historic Reformed is generic, central—that its form of church government after which they are called by no means makes up the whole contents of its distinctiveness and confession of faith. In creed and cultus, it yet will find something more than the nominal accidentals of its existence. Its lately prepared Book of Worship is a wonderful advance for that church. Years ago it seemed dead to any such possibilities; and then it violently persecuted as dangerous what it now is ready to receive from our family, and embrace us in fraternal kinship as Pan-Presbyterians. Its adoption of the Heidelberg Catechism in 1871 for policy's sake, can now be based on broad common faith in its ecumenical teaching of the blessed gospel. And it is growing Liturgical in getting back to the old life of Church History

They are now zealous for union—a negative blinking of doctrine with nothing to stand on.

In the large assembly of the Evangelical Alliance at Pittsburg, amid hundreds of distinguished men, any one of whom was proud to receive a public recognition from Dr. Schaff, he, while presiding over it, caught sight of me in a distant corner. His eye lighted up and he sent a folded slip of paper over the heads of many in the vast audience away back to his former student. When others along its line reached for the missive his significant gesture made them understand it must go on further; and when it reached its intended destination, he gave me the old talismanic sign of recognition only known to himself and me alone. All eyes were directed after the paper containing only a scribbled word, and many asked who was thus marked out by the great scholar on the platform before the great assembly; as others had asked, Is that SCHAFF?

His excellent wife has always expressed congenial, kindly feelings for the old Mercersburg students; and wherever she met them after a half century they were persons of reciprocal friendly recognition. It is something to be lastingly thankful for, to have been one of the doctor's students; and a blessed memory to call up the close personal relations with him in his family where friendship and Christian regards cheered those early days of our trials and those of the greatest church historian and encyclopedic scholar.

VIII.

Dr. Nevin

AS to Dr. Nevin, easily the profoundest theologian, philosopher and general scholar of the age, our student life and personal relations were of an entirely different kind. You dared not run too close up to him in undue familiarity on anything like assumed equality. He was however not at all haughty or repelling or overbearing. Rather, he was clothed with genial, kindly dignity, with a friendly look always of respectful welcome, with a most unquestioned heartiness; and almost heavenly was his benediction of a greeting smile. Smile he could really, extending the expression broadly, towards each ear; and laugh too, could he, but that was seldom. He abhorred whistling students. If they must whistle, learn of Davy Johnson. However much you might enjoy his wonderful lectures, or even his general conversation in the smallest company, yet you were put upon a ground that always seemed to have a sacred limit when alone with him. But even then, he would perhaps start off as he often did and freshly dilate upon some vital subject that made it highly profitable to be the sole auditor. He held the steel and flint, striking for you streams of kindling sparks. His impress of spirit was a blessing, whenever meeting him on review, business or college affairs; or asking for new light on the trend of the great controversies then so absorbing. His comprehensive grasp of the reigning issues was gigantic. He could give a translation that was better than the original. The few personal anecdotes of which mention might be made, seem out of harmony with the sacred memories of that unequalled awful man. How he could in fewest words rebuke presumption, take the starch out of vanity and pride by a mere gesture or simple word; or encourage timid students! His favorable criticism of a college oration in the Prayer Hall made my feet stand

more firm in my class and college work for the years following.

A written certificate from him as to my fitness to teach after leaving college is worth more today than a college diploma, with his signature as President and that of all the other professors attached. Very kindly and generously, too, he publicly reviewed my book, "Creed and Customs of the Reformed Church," and sent me also a personal letter. Such things helped me to cure my oversensitive timidity, due perhaps, as before stated, to the harsh repressions in early treatment as a poor boy among unkind people. His lectures should be edited and published, as good seed for the new century's harvest.

Appended is his notice, 1869, of

CREED AND CUSTOMS: or *Doctrines and Practices of the Reformed Church*. "Many have felt the want of a volume setting forth in a general way the doctrines and practices of our German branch of the Reformed Church in this country; and it is well that an attempt has been now made to meet this want in Mr. Russell's hand-book entitled *Creed and Customs*. It is not necessary to pronounce any wholesale judgment on its merits; the subject is altogether too broad for that; and the writer besides has aimed at maintaining in the treatment of it, a certain freedom of view, corresponding with what he holds to be *very properly*, the historical confessional liberty of our Church. We have aimed simply, he says, at presenting what we regard as a fair statement of the doctrines and practices of our Reformed Church as a whole—not the narrow conceptions of mere individual or selfish party interests. It will therefore not likely give entire satisfaction to the prejudices of either extreme in the issues now before the Church. This is something to be borne in mind, of course, in the use of the book. With all this, however, *it fills an important place in our Church literature*; and we may hope *it will be of wide service among us*, in helping our people to some right apprehension of the great questions which are involved in their proper denominational life. There is much need of this among us on all sides. Not for the encouragement of sectarian bigotry or prejudice by any means; the whole genius of our Church stands opposed to that, and we ought to "hate it with a perfect hatred"; but with a view rather to ultimate harmony and concord with the other churches, *on the only platform* where such blessed conclusion can ever be reached—the old "*Symbolum Apostolicum* in its original and only true sense."

(Signed)

J. W. NEVIN.

Rev. Dr. Berg, professor of the Theological Seminary in New Brunswick, in a notice of it in the "Christian Intelligencer," speaks of it as follows:

"In many respects this volume may be regarded as one of the most important which has yet been issued by the Publication Board of the Reformed Church. Its general scope is excellent. The plan is admirable. The information which it affords to members of the Church is just that which is so much needed, in order to make those who belong to the Reformed household intelligent in matters pertaining to their own Confession. The hints on catechising, and the remarks on the importance of it, are well timed. Much that is said in regard to the sacraments we endorse; but the writer has views in relation to baptism differing from our apprehension of the Reformed doctrine."

Here is also a letter from Dr. N. showing his earnest and entire honesty. It was intended while I was Book Editor in the publication office to have published a book of Homilies on the Church Year. He was asked to contribute one on Advent. The book was, however, never published. This is his reply to my request:

REV. AND DEAR SIR: In conformity with your request of the 4th inst., I will try to furnish a Sermon on Advent for your proposed volume.

It is utterly out of my power to reproduce my sermon at Dr. Harbaugh's funeral. It was got up on short notice in the midst of much confusion, and without satisfactory order; so that it fell very soon out of my mind, making it impossible for me to recover it even in general outline. What I might write now could not with any honesty at all be passed off as the same discourse. Some of the same thoughts appear in the first part of my sermon on Mr. Buchanan's death, published lately in the Messenger; and I could not use them now again without going too much over the same ground.

Yours with sincere regard,

J. W. N.

Dr. Nevin was a correct and systematic business man; and whatever was put in his hand, was sure of receiving the best attention. When editing the Review, if asked how much copy he could furnish, his reply always was, "*As much as you need.*" For nine years I served with him on the General

Synod's Board of Directors of Orphan Homes, he being President, while I was the acting Secretary. All the business of that Board, of which there was then some real work to be done, passed through our hands. Perhaps the greatest speech of his life was at the General Synod at Dayton in 1866. I heard him tell of a dream he had while there one night. He lay on his bed and felt all the agonies of the crucifixion like unto that of our Lord. It made a deep impression on him. When he awoke he was lying on his back, his arms outstretched as if on the cross, his feet entangled in the bed covers, and his heart in a flutter. His dream of death by crucifixion was most realistic and put him in stronger sympathy with the sufferings of Christ.

While in hot controversy with the Roman Catholic Brownson's Review, and also equally scoring unmercifully Puritanism, Princeton Presbyterianism and Dr. Berg, it was feared by some enemies and friends from the strong statements of the historical arguments, that he would finally land in the papal system. When two of the Alumni, Rev. Jos. Clark and myself, sent as a committee to request a statement of his position, pointedly asked him as to what we could say of his Protestantism, he frankly replied: "I am not ashamed to be set down as an inquirer after truth." I went away from that interview with a somewhat distressed and foreboding heart. Some of his students had already outrun him, and submitted to Romanism. What if, after all, he should swing over to that side! Without testing my own search so extremely in that direction, it seemed an awful foreboding to think of him by possibility as a convert to the Roman system. The Pope had already told Dr. Schaff in a personal interview, that he hoped the Doctor would yet become a son of the Roman church. Roman bishops and priests were during those years hopefully interested subscribers to the Review. If the foundations should be removed, what was to become of us? It was therefore with devout gratitude to our faithful Saviour Jesus Christ, that I heard our venerated leader say to me per-

sonally not long after the above interview, that he was now fully satisfied to stand on our true Reformed ground as Protestant, but at the same time "Catholic and Christian."

A number of the young men, however, still claimed to be profound enough to be much disturbed with inward doubt on the great church question. That fad of assumed higher scholarship is now happily seldom met in that form; especially since several small squads made their submission to the papal claims; that is, to what Dr. Nevin's most profound study and investigation *did not lead him* to own as conclusive in the earnest and willing pursuit of truth. "Faith, Reverence and Freedom," was his subject for our class Baccalaureate. His trying conflict, since it is over, gives us all the more full assurance of our "only comfort in life and death." Jesus, the Christ of God! What would we be, if it had not been for Dr. Nevin's teaching and personal influence? What would the Reformed Church here have become without the Lord's guidance by such great teachers as He has given us? What would American Protestantism itself be today, without the Christological system of Drs. Nevin and Schaff? The study of Church History has now become a popular necessity for all ministers even in other churches.

There was some wonderful aptitude in our old Nestor, Rev. Dr. J. W. Nevin, for taking hold of the right things. When he came into our church in the "early forties," there was much to be done in order to bring the Reformed people to a self-conscious life unity. The historical necessity for a separate existence among the Protestant tribes of Israel in this country was not plain to many. At that time it would have been comparatively easy for this Reformed branch to have been swallowed up in something like Dr. Roberts' plan of a big absorption. But things are different now; and the old bluestocking banner has become so faded out in almost colorless tinges as appearing in the church sky, that its negative revision and changed standards show little attractive distinction except for belonging to the multiplying millions called Presbyterians.

Negative unionism finds it easy to handle little fish. Our historical peculiarities soon called out Dr. N.'s appreciation of their value. First, was our excellent doctrinal teaching in the Heidelberg Catechism. It was therefore by him honored, advocated and made more of than ever before. Its history and genius came to the front in his little books, and the whole Reformed Church wondered while others admired. The Anxious Bench was displaced. Catechization and confirmation showed some of our conservative peculiarities. Educational religious training made strong Christians. The Sacraments, Baptismal grace, "Tauf gnade," and the Holy Supper in the Mystical Presence became real. The active part of the people in public worship was restored.

Next our institutions of learning became distinctive schools of Christological faith and philosophy. Persecution of course followed, but the bearers of the Cross stood with more firmly placed feet on the Rock, until a peace was conquered, and victory came to the little host. It was a long and tiresome trial, but worth it all, for our fidelity to historical peculiarities.

But here comes a church paper's well paid editorial leader full of pride and satisfaction, solemnly telling us to "obliterate all our denominational peculiarities," in favor of an empty bag like union with a numerous host, into which the Reformed body is to be absorbed and engulfed without conditions. No: not by the call of the Lord is this tribe yet to be obliterated. Our union is on the old "Symbolum apostolicum," always historical—one in Christ.

IX.

A Vocation

THE indefinite suspension of the teaching exercises, in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg in the summer of 1853 after the college had gone to Lancaster, when Dr. Schaff had grown lonesome and discouraged, being then the only professor left, made an unsettled condition for those students who had remained there to close up as best they could their theological course. As a personal relief, Dr. Schaff took a trip of indefinite length to Europe, and all in the seminary was at sea. My course was not yet half way through, and the tutorship was now in other hands. All seemed disarranged. My call to the ministry, for which even the preparation in studies was not half completed, was not yet settled or clear. For some years, the matter of life's work had been made the subject of earnest and prayerful thought. But no decided turn had as yet been found in a definite conclusion. While we are to a certain extent creatures of circumstances, yet we are not mere puppets, for Providence turns the clay into its intended form.

In this waiting posture, my next call to active service was to become Sub Rector of the preparatory department of the newly united Franklin and Marshall College at Lancaster. In the fall of 1853, without self design or scheme, came my appointment to that place. Here was again plain sailing for the time as teacher of young men; and it promised in the student body good success. But in October of that year, the general voice of the brethren induced me to attend the meeting of the Eastern Synod just at that time holding its annual sessions in Philadelphia. It was the celebrated ecclesiastical court at which Rev. Dr. S. R. Fisher, of the Messenger, was tried on the charge of lending himself and the church paper to the work of fostering and abetting the controversy on Roman-

izing Tendency, which was then seriously disturbing the peace of the church. Rev. Dr. Elias Heiner, Baltimore, and Rev. Dr. Daniel Zacharias, Frederick, were the prosecutors in that bitter trial. They had been warm friends personally of the accused. But parties formed on opposing sides, feelings grew strong, and sundered tried bonds. Dr. Zacharias was known as moderate and always for peace, yet he was active in sifting this case. It may be that they thought at the beginning, as in the outbreking of waters, a small effort might stay the over rushing of the coming flood. Their charge before the Synod was not sustained. The conclusion of the trial was only the beginning of a long war.

Rev. Dr. Elias Heiner, of Baltimore, the principal one of Dr. Fisher's accusers, felt himself strong enough to sway the Synod to his notions. For a long time he had held his position at the head of all our Reformed interests in the east. He was a man of fine personal address and good business qualities in his pastoral charge, and in the Maryland Classis and in the old Eastern Synod. He was ambitious to lead in all good movements. He was proudly genteel and masterful; affable, pleasant and popular; a strong friend, a stout antagonist, and withal ready to forgive, or make amends. On the Liturgical Committee, he had held a prominent place and took an active part. He wrote me after we had introduced in Grace church the book just then prepared and published, that he had thought he could easily have introduced the provisional use into his large congregation in Baltimore. But he was soon otherwise convinced; though he expressed satisfaction nevertheless that our efforts in the new Grace church, Pittsburgh, 1857, had met with so much favor. He was afterwards carried into the widest opposition, years before his death.

Once he had received a wrong impression in regard to some critical adverse remarks by report heard as to himself, which he had inferred were made by me. For some years then he treated me, as he intended, coldly. But he found out afterwards that he was mistaken as to the man, who had thus

spoken of him; and then in a very kind and frank letter he openly explained and apologized for this treatment. Thereafter he was my friend again, though his letter was the first intimation to me of his previously hurt feelings.

He and Dr. B. C. Wolff had once tried to secure my services while yet a college student, to solicit during a vacation subscriptions in the eastern part of the church, in behalf of the temporary wants of the Seminary. After the conditions were settled and the agent had started for the field, they wrote that the percentage of the commission ought to be less than they had proposed; and so they now fixed a smaller rate. This unkind after-clap nettled me, and at once the project was thrown back on their hands. When they then sought to renew it on the former terms, it was of course refused. They felt aggrieved, and the agent felt relieved. Dr. W. had not forgotten it all, at the time of the German rebellion in the Seminary, when the Board of Visitors were called to look into the trouble with the Germans. His snubbing remarks directed personally towards us, while on the invitation of the Board we were giving some facts in the case rather favorable to Dr. Schaff's course, showed that he still held in memory what had passed between us years before. In reply to his curt, insulting reference to young men not well able to spit over their first goatee, he was reminded that the Board had sent for us to give them information, and if this were not acceptable, it would be easy to retire. He never gave me much personal encouragement in my work thereafter.

Rev. Dr. Daniel Zacharias, the other accuser of Dr. Fisher, was a different sort of man. He was generally mild, easy going and avoided contests. Though standing firmly with Dr. Fisher at the time of that trial between them as to the Messenger, yet he afterwards received me into his warm personal favor. He always met me most cordially at the Synods. He approved almost all my positions and arguments in the church courts on questions of polity. He repeatedly invited me to visit him in his home, and to preach for his people. He took well my

conservative opinions as one who could be trusted in church matters and in the exciting national troubles of the Civil War. His delicate relations as pastor to the two opposing political wartime elements in the Frederick charge was highly appreciated—for which he felt kindly.

But he was not a man to assume untried and risky responsibilities. For instance, at different times his Classis had appointed him to look after our church interests in Cumberland. He never had the courage to undertake any new thing there. The same may be said also of Washington D. C. He was in position in many ways to have furthered the church there long years before the mission was organized. The Classis and Synod gave him charge to investigate, explore and arrange for the interest, where some of his people had gone to reside. The time, in his timid opinion was never quite ripe, nor the conditions favorable enough to make a beginning, while the case grew worse and less hopeful. So it was as to his project for an orphan home in his own pastoral charge. There were \$2000 available, he said, and other money in sight, to warrant such a work of faith and charity, but he feared to assume the risk and make the trial until too late.

In acts and plans if one was more venturesome than he, the fact seemed to draw him towards such a person. In my positive editorial activities, yet always conservative, especially, he gave me cordial approbation, expressed in pleasant and flattering letters. His own large and rich charge seemed to suit him as well as he to fit it; and he knew how to handle the delicate questions among his people. Fruits of his work are even yet coming to maturity in the good products of that charge, under his successor in the pastorate at Frederick. Those who were ante-Mercersburg students and ministers, were not all anti-Mercersburg men, nor were they exceptionally low church. Their standard of Reformed life was different decidedly from the young men of the latest training in our schools, but that and this were both better, if harmoniously reconciled. Such a man was Dr. Zacharias, to stand for the good.

To Dr. Zacharias, while in the Board of Visitors of the Seminary, an application was made by a tramp professor for a chair in the theological faculty. "What department would Herr Doctor desire to fill?" "Ya, Latinish, Grecish, Deutsch, English, Hebraish, Arabish, Sancritish, oder einige von alle die ferfluchte dingen!" He was master of Universal Science. So he tells also of a delegate from the west attending one of the triennial conventions held between the Dutch Reformed and German Reformed Synods. The westerner was appointed to preach before that body on missions. His text was, "Die gerechte fallen sieben mahl and stehen wieder auf." His elaboration of the theme was found to result in the application. "So ist es mit unsern Missionen Geschichte." The righteous fall seven times and rise up again—that is the way of our missionary affairs.

TOWARDS THE MINISTRY.

Well, as before said, word came to me at Lancaster from the Synod at Philadelphia that a number of the brethren wished me to come down. Some of my former theological classmates were in attendance, and though perhaps but little more baked than the rest had already applied for license to preach; and when I reached the Synod, they had successfully passed examination. Hence, soon after my appearance in the Synod, without request or even formal consent, my name was immediately announced by a member as a candidate for examination! This application thus made put me in awkward plight; it was referred, nolens volens, to the Synod's committee. To bring me to a passive submission, it was argued and urged privately that the theological seminary would not likely soon be reopened; and that even if my case were favorably reported by the committee and passed upon by the Synod, that would not bind me, the last of the old set of students, to take up the active work of the ministry just yet, before becoming more thoroughly prepared.

The committee of examination had already reported on the other candidates; and therefore it was necessary to hold an-

other extra meeting to act on the single new candidate. Dr. Samuel Helfenstein, Sr., Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger and Rev. William A. Good were the most active inquisitors. They sifted the case thoroughly on the reported Romanizing tendency as supposed to have been the ruling trend fostered in the late teaching at the Seminary. After several sessions, they reported favorably as to the candidate; and the certificate of licensure was unanimously ordered by the Synod under its seal to be given. This brought with it, an entirely new view of the outward call to preach, and along with it an overwhelming inward feeling of sacred responsibility. It was to me now a call from the church and the voice of the Lord formally to PREACH THE GOSPEL."

Returning from the Synod to Lancaster, even my teaching of the young men in the classics seemed to have a new meaning. A Bible Class in the First Reformed Sunday-school had given me a sort of small pulpit also; and some of the fruits thereof were found years afterwards in the far West where some of the scholars met their former teacher and reminded him of what they had received. About that time, Rev. Dr. H. Harbaugh was sent to Pittsburg, Pa., under an order of the Board of Missions, to explore the field for Reformed material. He found there descendants of six ministers of our church, and others of our people who should have the means of grace ministered to them after our Reformed order. His report was made to the Board early in January, 1854, presenting these and other interesting facts. The action of the Board on his paper, was in favor of promptly establishing a mission of the Reformed church in Pittsburg. Next thing was to find a man available for the place. Our missionary work had not at that time been reduced to much of a systematic plan. The whole weak effort was on a small scale. The mission treasury received, as the treasurer reported in my hearing, some years, about nine hundred dollars annually from the whole church. The upshot of the new venture was finally, that a call and commission for this work was tendered me, and Dr. Harbaugh

was appointed to hand me the overture, at the same time personally urging the appointee prayerfully to consider it, and make favorable answer at an early day.

To me this was like a thunder clap from a clear sky. It was so sudden and so unexpected! My present engagement was to teach to the end of the college year; and only a few months of that term had expired. It seemed therefore not a time to look for such a thing as an immediate challenge to enter the ministry so soon after my licensure. For ten years it had been an inward anxiety to be fitted for the work. Seldom willing to confess it to my most intimate friends, nevertheless there was something still so sacred and awe inspiring in the office as to make it seem too far from my unworthiness to be yet taken as a personal work. More preparation seemed to be needed. A prompt decision was now, however, pressed upon my soul. Desiring to be led by the Spirit of the Lord, the prayer was most earnest and sincere to see the light, and to hear the voice calling to duty. The voluntary offer to release me from my teaching engagement also left the conditions without a form of excuse for drawing back; and in much solicitude and godly fear the call was accepted. What balance remained due at settlement for teaching in the institution remains unpaid today.

At a special meeting of the Lancaster Classis in the First Reformed church in Lancaster, February 13th, 1854, a committee consisting of Drs. T. Apple, H. Harbaugh and N. A. Keyes, laid hands on me and prayed, setting me apart for the work of preaching the gospel. I have no certificate of my ordination. None was then or since given me. The testimony of the Spirit was given, as I believe, sealing the holy transaction, and it greatly comforted me, and fortified a timid candidate for his calling.

All the purpose of this untried commission was to me and to the Pittsburg proposed interest, an experiment of vast risk. No such a venturesome mission in an entirely new field of a large city had as yet been taken in hand by the Reformed



FIRST PASTOR GRACE CHURCH,
PITTSBURGH, PA., 1854-1862.
PERSONALLY COLLECTED THE BUILDING FUNDS.

church in this country. Example every way was wanting, after which to pattern the whole undertaking in a strange population with no surrounding sympathy, where we had no footing. Then also an inexperienced man just ordained to the holy ministry, after a much broken course in preparatory theological training, might prove to be a colossal failure. By the favor of the Lord only it was not; but resulted by His grace in success. In going to take charge of a mission not even organized where we had no type to form it after, no other near sympathetic congregations, neither the one sent nor the church authorities had any very clear ideas of what was meant. A desire to become useful in the kingdom of Christ was a real part of my mind, heart, soul and strength. The work however was not just like what had been done anywhere else in large eastern pastoral charges. It was practically like beginning a foreign mission.

A self-conscious estimate of one's sufficiency for any such work must be permitted to do its best. In the Lord, as Paul claims, we can do all things properly assigned as duties. Without Him, nothing can be well done, and at best many good things will remain undone. While promotion to place of trust and duty should never tickle pride, yet an appointment by higher authority should at least spur moral courage in the discharge of entrusted duty. The purpose to try, is not vanity or presumption. If a mere ungrown youth knew that he could lift an iron wheel of over four hundred pounds, it is not ministering to vanity to say so, and prove it in the effort. Subduing the refractory colt, when others failed, was proof of the boy's powers—though some said it could not be done. Or, when one can solve a mathematical problem, others need not blame him for proving it by the trying—though they may have tried and failed. Even plain clothes need not keep one from a sure place in a class of better clad students. So a modest self-reliance helped shrinking faith to enter upon an untried work. High resolve to conquer morbid timidity, oftimes felt the whole frame tremble, and the knees smote together in the first

weak ministrations of that risky mission. Was it a mistake to interpret the call to that place, as a plain duty?

Young preachers in those early days had no such godsend as a liturgy or order of worship to rest upon as a guide or supporting staff. Some men may never perhaps have studied liturgics for help in "people worship," enough to lead profitably in common prayer. Those extra pious persons who do not want to be taught even by the Spirit of the Master to pray in proper order or form as Jesus taught His disciples, run on in very loose notions almost seeming profane in public divine service. Offering prayer as the mouth-piece of the congregation is a terrible thought in itself, to a timid young man, who has never heard "his own voice in meeting." That is deep water for him to plunge into. The young men's prayer meeting is perhaps the least embarrassing place for beginners. Of course the Spirit must indite the prayer. But often at first, will come confusion, rambling, stammering hesitancy and stumbling generally in public unedifying efforts to lead in the services. The poor publican's type of directness and brevity is not often followed. Tonguetied, awestricken, man scared and overcome by the great solemnity, the novice fails and cries out, Lord, teach us to pray, as John taught his disciples!

My ordeal in leading public worship was especially painful. The brain would seem to swim, the head enlarge and float upwards like a balloon, till it would topple and strike about the ceiling of the room. Cold perspiration poured from the forehead at the end of the briefest effort and the soul sank in humiliation. It took years before this trouble wore entirely away. Next to the cross of martyrdom, it appeared to crucify and rend the flesh. Much of it came no doubt from a vivid personal realizing sense of the awful approach to Almighty God from the human side, as His messenger. On the pulpit many a time early efforts caused the whole frame to tremble. It was altogether something else than a lack of physical strength or courage. Of that, there was full share;

and the new preacher was not the one to fear men, as meeting them in business.

The whole training reaching from about eight to eighteen years was perhaps not the best for the development of fitness for public speaking. Instead of favoring conditions to draw out native powers, the tendency was rather to repress and dwarf, to belittle and destroy reasonable confidence of personal ability to do anything as coming from myself. So the young minister was not self-regarded as having any good degree of endowment for such public duties—not even on a full par with the average platform orator.

A poor boy's early trainers had said he must not look as high as other people. Whatever he was able to say, or do, of course must not be expected to be anything but inferior in words and works. No thought or opinion was allowed unless at the cost of derision. Two uncles, having heard of fair college grade, expressed open surprise (in German) that the little red head was "likely to amount to something" after all. In fact this was itself one reward of success, the satisfaction that my mother could feel a hopeful confidence. She was not to be disappointed. There was some triumph for the family in what he had won. Seest thou a man diligent, he shall not stand among mean men. But young people need not become vain as they learn. Indeed youthful ability ought to be cultivated to the best, and drawn out in fullest exercise. The young people's society now helps many in this for the good of the church. Cherish and encourage all such work, for the young and for their after good works. If the old plan and method used so long was the only one of divine providence for a good end, then confessedly it has not yet come to be fully understood to this day. It may be that too much of this inward story has already been told here.

Our comfort drawn from the catechism is certain truth; all things come not by chance, but by our heavenly Father's will. If therefore we are not just what we could devoutly wish to be, by reason of what must be taken to have been the

right circumstances and environments of childhood and youth, yet the good Lord may use us as to Him seemeth best. Hence, relying upon the divine guidance and help, and willing to take in hand the untried ministry and the then specially forbidding side of the proposed mission given by church appointment in following the call of the Board of Missions, a deep sense of duty decided me to go to Pittsburg, "not knowing whither I went." This willingness and some other gifts of grace divine were then and since the determining elements of personal service. While true modesty therefore may not claim more than its own, yet it should not be charged with anything sinful in trying to do an unsought imposed duty. But the adversary true to his own custom, often uses falsely, a sinister plea to carry out his plan in preventing one from doing right. It was suggested that Jesus was not the Son of God, else He would come down from the cross, and the people would then believe Him. Similarly Satan tries to keep us from duty on some plea of man fear, and so frustrate the good intended by the Lord's servants.

Trembling in distrust of self on the train, only four days after ordination, the unknown journey was begun, not conferring with flesh and blood. The untried missionary had never been west of the mountains, had not a single acquaintance in the strange city; and there were no Reformed churches—no historic name for us there, and no consulting brethren within many miles. A stranger in a strange land then much like our first missionary in Japan, with a heavy heart passed through the great tunnel of the Alleghenies, on the third day after it was opened for regular travel. The dark, narrow passage was all that for him connected his old east with the new west. Many times while descending the western slope, still filled with heart misgiving came the wish that the train were reversed so that the untried journey be ended where it had begun.

But the die was cast, and the destination reached in the dingy old shedding at Pittsburg. At the St. Clair hotel on

Sixth street, after a tasteless dinner, a gentleman came to me and inquired if this were the Rev. Mr. R.? Extending his hand he announced himself as B. Wolff, Jr., who had noticed the name on the register as that of the person he was expecting. The newly met friend was however not as yet a brother in the church, though his father was an elder at Chambersburg. And what was more a wonder, the genial young man for months afterwards did not promise to crown his warm zeal for the church of his long line of honored Reformed ancestry, nor fill up his own great kindness to the missionary, by casting in his lot with the struggling scanty membership of the new mission. He had not yet publicly professed his love for Christ our faithful Saviour, to whose service he was consecrated by infant baptism. Yet with the first class catechized later, he became a confirmed member, a Sunday-school teacher, a deacon, and elder of great influence and large beneficence. All this, with that of others, of value and service might have been lost to the old faith, in the sure hope of salvation to himself and others, if this mission had not been established. The first thing he showed me was the place rented for holding our services. It was an old abandoned church used formerly by Dr. Brown's Psalm singing people, on Smithfield street and Virgin alley. It then belonged to a German who stipulated in the lease for only English preaching; fearing perhaps antagonism to the old German church declared lately independent of all Synodical control.

They had renovated the interior and tried to "*whitewash*" its dark and sombre walls to a shade of "*stone color*"; but all their efforts failed to relieve my disappointed impression as to what its appearance should be. It reminded me most of all in tinge of a country blacksmith shop. I did not yet know the sooty nature of Pittsburg. As no formal notice of the new minister's coming had been sent in advance, and he having arrived Saturday afternoon, it was not possible to advertise public service for the next day. This fact fretted our impatient desire to begin to do something; but it also afforded an

opportunity to attend Rev. Dr. Riddle's (Third Presbyterian) church in the morning, and Rev. Dr. Passavant's (First Lutheran) in the evening of that first Sunday. Thus we were able to take in by comparison some surroundings, and make some reckonings as to the prospect of *ever having* such church edifices and congregations for the Reformed people. The miracle of the New Grace church was not then visible. It seemed almost beyond the stretch of hopeful possibility. In nature, *Ex nihil, nihil fit*—out of nothing, nothing comes; but God, out of nothing made the heavens and the earth.

We had of course no Reformed fellow ministers within many miles around. This itself created a feeling of loneliness, like that belonging to foreign missionaries. The best ministerial acquaintance and neighbor first of all was the Rev. Dr. D. H. Riddle, pastor of the N. S. Presbyterian church, Third and Ferry streets. He received the Reformed missionary most cordially, and treated him with genuine fatherly kindness. He welcomed me often to his study away up in the steeple above the housetops, and wished the new interest success, speaking freely of some of his members who were originally Reformed; and giving full privilege to enlist them, if possible, actively in the work. He was a personal friend of Dr. Nevin, and had written articles for our Review. In such hearty sympathy he invited me to take tea with his family, had me preach in his pulpit, besides introducing me to other city ministers as the missionary of the "*English GERMAN Reformed Church.*" Then they would all laugh at the incongruity of our name as it formerly stood.

Rev. Dr. W. A. Passavant, of the First Lutheran church, Seventh street above Smithfield, was a kind, benevolent, genial man, but withal intensely Lutheran—though himself born of a Reformed Huguenot father. He seemed always jealously in fear that some of his members who were formerly of our Reformed church might return to the church of their fathers. And he would carefully inquire what accessions we were making. If any members or Sunday-school teacher or children

who had ever attended in his charge were mentioned in my simple confidence, he would soon visit them and seek to regain and retain his hold of them. Once when he thus asked me of our material, as was his wont, he was told in reply that it was dangerous to report to him, those who had come in with us; because it was found that when he learned of it, we generally lost by telling him of our affairs. His successor, Rev. Dr. C. P. Krauth, a much profounder scholar, in many ways broad, was a most narrow partisan of Lutheran theology; but at the same time a genial and refreshing friend. Rev. Dr. W. M. Paxton, late a professor at Princeton was then the recent successor of Dr. Herron in the First Presbyterian church, Wood street. He was so dignified that one could not approach him very nearly; and he showed no mark of kindness or goodwill towards our mission enterprise. The only let down I ever heard from him was once at a Christian Association anniversary meeting, telling in an undertone Rev. Dr. Cookman on the platform, as he was rising to make the address, "Cookman, grease the griddle!" which, obeying the advice, he did most effectually. Rev. W. D. Howard, of the Second Presbyterian church, Fifth street between Wood and Market, was a very different sort of a man. He had great suavity of manner and social kindness. He invited me repeatedly to preach for his people. Besides these, were Rev. Mr. Sparks, N. S., for whom I also preached. Dr. Nat. West, Dr. John G. Brown, Dr. Cookman and Dr. Elliot Swift were then among the prominent ministers of the city.

ANTECEDENT HISTORY BEFORE GRACE CHURCH.

Dr. Schaff in his lectures taught us that there were "Reformers before the Reformation." And a classic authority tells that Greece had "Heroes before Agamemnon." That suggests that there is some history that goes before the special history of Grace Church; so some of it should be put on this record.

Rev. John William Weber of Westmoreland, extended his services in 1783 to the German Reformed people of Pittsburgh. For some years he held stated preaching in private houses, and baptized the children, instructed them in the catechism, confirmed the young people, administered the holy communion and buried the dead. Wm. Birely told me of what he remembered of the church held in his father's house and elsewhere. This, according to the historic quotation of Rev. Dr. Harbaugh, was "before there were any other priests or parsons outside of Fort Pitt."

In 1787-8 the Penn's estate, John Penn, Sr., and John Penn, Jr., deeded a certain lot of ground, now at Sixth avenue and Smithfield street, "to the two German religious societies, that of the *invariable* (Unaltered) Augsburg Confession, and the other the German Calvinists, or Presbyterians, for one or more houses of worship." The same sort of gift was also made to the Episcopal church on Sixth street and the Presbyterian church, Sixth and Wood streets. The "two German religious societies" held their property jointly and together built a house of worship. And the arrangement then made continued for more than half a century. One minister served both denominations for the time being. If he was a Lutheran, he catechised and confirmed the Reformed children faithfully for their side. Or, if he was Reformed, then he did the same for the Lutherans. No stated length of time was set for the continuance of the pastor, of whichever side he happened to be. But whenever a change of minister came, he was to be of different denomination from the previous one in charge. Rev. Mr. Kurtz, along in the early "twenties," was a Lutheran. He became a "Dunkard" or German Baptist, as he told me in Ohio when we had a pleasant interview.

Rev. David Kemerer, a Reformed minister from eastern Pennsylvania, was in charge from about 1827 to 1841. During his pastorate, the Reformed Synod, 1833, held its annual meeting in the German church. When later in the early "fifties" the people in possession of the property declared

themselves "independent" of all Synods—"gans unobhängich"—they were then neither Lutheran nor Reformed; and by their own act forfeited all claim to the property deeded to the "two societies." Of their attempt to get a title by an act of legislature mention is made more fully elsewhere in this book. When my request to resist the proposed enactment to enable them to remove the dead, reached Senator Penny, it was too late to prevent its passage; but he immediately had a supplement passed covering the legal rights of the lawful claimers to the original grant.

But there is also something else to be noted. About the year 1838, Rev. Robert Douglas, a Reformed minister of the Maryland Classis, went to Pittsburgh in the interests of the English grown people of the Reformed church. It is not clear who sent him or how he was made to engage in the work there. It would seem there were enough people with means willing to support a pastor. Rev. Mr. Douglass was a powerful and pleasing preacher and popular enough to make many friends. The Painters, Schoenbergers, Buffingtons, Zugs, Rahms, Reiters, Wolffs, Seanors, Whitmores, Rahausers and other substantial people were within reach. We have not the records. Only tradition says C. H. Wolffe was secretary of the consistory. A hall on Wood street between fourth and third streets was rented fitted up with pulpit and pews. It looked promising; but Mrs. Douglass' health soon made it necessary to return to the east, and the lingering case led to an indefinite suspension of the services. After paying the expenses, and growing disheartened, the whole most promising interest disbanded. The pulpit and pews were removed to the loft of Braun & Reiter's drug store, where we found them for free use many years after, when fitting the lecture room of Grace Church, for temporary services. The soreness of the disaster from this failure was a heavy drawback to the new mission of 1854. The previously disappointed people had gone into other churches to enrich them with their means and growing families.

After the Douglass failure a correspondence between Rev.

Dr. A. H. Kremer Carlisle, and Dr. Cornman and Eld. Geo. F. Rahausser was kept up for some time without results. They wanted a missionary to try the place for three months!

Early in the first week of my work, after having met other friends of the proposed mission, the Rev. Father Kemmerer, of Wooster, O., came to pilot me around among the city people of his acquaintance. He had formerly been pastor of the German Church, Sixth and Smithfield streets. Some of these grown English families were thought to be such as might be favorable to the congregation about to be started. For six days he walked us over a large part of the city to visit the scattered families; and for this whole week of hard toil and many kind words mingled with prudent pastoral advice, the church owes his memory profound acknowledgment. This was my first week's pastoral work for the mission. The exploration was a hard beginning, with shades and sunshine. In the main it yielded real pleasure; and we learned to meet the people and through those thus found we were able to make other acquaintances. Those who favored the project were taken down by name, but many of them never came to join in with the struggling interest. There must be true conversion and faith for cross-bearing. Our best material had already been appropriated and grafted into other denominations; and what was left lying around loose and neglected was not so easily awakened and revived to active Christian work. By the following Sunday, the last week in Feb. the 26, 1854, due notice in the daily city papers having been given, we held the first public service for a possible English Reformed church in Pittsburgh, in the place rented, of which mention above has been made. The attendance present numbered upwards of forty, for which favor the Lord was thanked. Little or no enthusiasm was as yet developed, and some came apparently out of mere idle curiosity. This somewhat dampened our ardor. We did not understand at first how great was to be the trial and how often the people too would be disappointed in the falling away of some, even from the few.

Dr. Harbaugh's explorations a few weeks before that is, in Dec., 1853, showed a list of thirty-two names, mostly, however, only reported from hearsay to him, of Reformed people living in the city. Several years previous, Rev. H. W. Super had spent a few days in diligent search and found absolutely none; it was to him like the needle in the haystack. And now it turned out that only a small number of those prospectively reported to the Board of Missions by Dr. Harbaugh were willing to avail themselves of the church privileges actually within reach. In this list were direct descendants of at least six Reformed ministers—Hacke, Faber, Kemmerer, Stoeck, Rahausen and Dieffenbacher. To their eternal shame be it said, that not all of these have as yet in these more than fifty years been gathered into this fold of the Good Shepherd. Those also of our more zealous and piously inclined people, who had joined in with the Lutheran, or Presbyterian, or Methodist, or Baptist churches were never recovered to the church of our fathers, especially if they had become rich enough to have been helpful material in aid of a weak church. The more worldly minded were lost not only to our church, but to the Christian faith. It must be stated as a historical fact therefore, that but seven persons, viz, W. E. Schmertz, Mrs. Amelia C. Schmertz, Geo. F. Rahausen, Mrs. Isabella Rahausen, Jno. Mish, Mrs. Sarah A. Mish, and Diodorus Seculus Dieffenbacher were the only originals. Only one of these today survives.

Gloomy days and Pittsburgh darkness of smoke and soot were in harmony with prospects of the untried enterprise. A ray of genial light was welcome. Such was the heartsome letter from my mentor friend:

LANCASTER, Feb. 23, 1854.

DEAR SIR: Your letter came duly to hand. I am very happy to hear that you arrived safely at your place of destination. I read down the first side of your letter, which has something of a gloomy tinge with the same feelings; and then brightened up on the other with the pleasanter parts of the narrative. Your feelings, in passing through the tunnel, reminded me of the feelings I experienced when I first went to Lewisburg—as the boat passed in between the bluffs I felt as if I

were leaving the world behind me. I was going where I would not know a single face. I found, however, many friends. I feel assured that you will do the same. Hardships, of course, are before you; but you and I did not receive our training thus far except by self-denial, and we know also that to do good always requires an offering.

When I had read your letter, Mary handed me the Bible for family worship, which I opened with my thoughts just full of the subject of your letter, at the 19th of Matthew. I felt the force of the last four verses. Read that in this sense. After all we must seek our comfort from the promises of God's Word.

You will see again from the Messenger of this week that the prayers and sympathies of many are with you in your labors. Suffer not any apparent difficulties to discourage you—in the end the whole matter will succeed, and much good will be done.

I knew you would find Dr. Riddle a friend, not only so but you will find him an excellent companion. I know him, and you somewhat, and am sure that your minds and hearts will chime together. With him to go to in the hour of trouble and perplexity, and with several good, fine, wholesouled members as your church is blest with, you need not to fear. I am happy that you are to be so promptly assisted by Father Kemmerer. You will find W. Schmertz as good as a host. One trusty member, you know, is really as valuable as a half dozen indifferent ones. You have a tried hand by your side.

Please let me hear from you soon again. Somehow I am ever thinking of you and your mission. Would like to hear the result of Rev. Kemmerer's visit; and how you get along when you are once in your church. May the Head of the Church be with you.

Yours in Christ,

H. HARBAUGH.

The following letter from Rev. Dr. S. H. Geisy, dec'd, a few weeks after my work began in Pittsburgh shows his kindness and sympathy. It is also a picture of the degree of heartiness in Home Missions then in the Reformed church. Think of it! Only about \$900 for this cause in a whole year from the Eastern Synod. Two classes together promised \$50 for the Pittsburgh new mission. It was hoped Westmoreland, in whose bounds the new work was located, would pay the half of that pledge, \$25, or possibly more. And the young missionary had a work before him of building a church for at least \$10,000, only one-fourth of which could be gathered in Pittsburgh.

What a burden to educate the church at large to a spirit of giving! It cost the pastor several years of personal toil and travel till he had secured from the congregations abroad \$8000 for the new Grace church, from which thousands were not long afterwards contributed to general benevolence in a single year. The new plan then adopted has made it rather easy to do such work in these later years.

GREENSBURG, March 16, 1854.

I am rejoiced, my dear brother, to see that you have taken heart to go up and spy out that land, not only, but really to occupy it. Great, no doubt, and numerous will be your discouragements and difficulties, but there are, I feel, many warm and liberal and praying hearts in our Church that will come up at once to your aid. My elder, Mr. Kiehl, as soon as he heard that you were going to take possession of the field, sent on to Dr. Fisher \$5.

There is a resolution on the Minutes of Classis, pledging itself for \$50, so soon as the Pittsburgh Mission should be occupied. The Clarion and Westmoreland Classes were then united, but I feel no hesitation in saying that Westmoreland Classis will, at its special meeting, pledge itself to raise the half of that sum.

Don't be discouraged. There are difficulties everywhere, and the more glory if they are nobly met and bravely surmounted. The whole Church, east and west, I feel, is much interested in the enterprise. As it has been fairly undertaken, the Church will not suffer it to fail. It will no doubt be a long time before the enterprise is placed upon a permanent and self-sustaining basis, but we all crawled before walking, and many a fall and bump were received before that feat was accomplished.

Truly your brother in Christ,

S. H. GIESY.

To Rev. G. B. Russell.

NOTE.—If one liberal elder gave \$5 and the whole Classis might be expected to give \$25, what prospect had the inexperienced missionary to collect \$10,000 for a church?

General explorations and three months' ministrations prepared the way for the new congregation. A few were added to the above original seven. The congregation was consequently organized formally by the missionary, May 13, 1854, with twelve members, and at the first communion 14 guests par-

took of the Holy Supper. Geo. F. Rahauer and Thos. Hackett were ordained elders, and W. E. Schmertz and D. S. Dieffenbacher were made deacons. Two of these first officers were ministers' sons, Rahauer and Dieffenbacher, and one was a baptized Roman Catholic, now a son-in-law of a minister. The Westmoreland classis the next week, May 24, 1854, in special session at Greensburg, received the missionary into membership and ratified the acts of the organization, and made the congregation a part of that classis.

The same week, the Ohio Synod met in annual convention at Greensburg, and as all the ministers were delegates, I became also, therefore, a member at once of said Synod. Its reigning spirit then was strongly, "New Measure." Rev. Dr. N. P. Hacke, of Greensburg, was elected president. He was a fine German scholar and was pleased with my theological and historical standpoint, and became my fast friend, remaining unchanged to the end of his days, after his continuous pastorate in the same place for fifty-eight years; and at his death I published a history of his charge from his notes, and a brief biography. Other friends soon were made also in the synod, where some of the general work early fell into my hands.

A small country church, if I went to preach for them, would generally show a large audience; but at Pittsburgh I was often ashamed when strangers happened to come in, that they should see the little congregation. Once it was an assembly of only twelve, but generally there were more, and after a while it looked small if there were less than a hundred or a hundred and fifty. Shortly after that synodical meeting, Rev. S. H. Giesy called me to preach at the dedication of the first new church at Irwin. The communicant membership at that place till then had been eighteen, and two were confirmed that dedication day, making twenty. In the summer of 1854 Mr. John Irwin, the founder of that town, then offered to donate me personally by a deed any lot that might be selected on the main street between the church and the railroad station, if only so much as a shed would be built on it. Today, unimproved, it would be

worth some thousands. Only a few houses besides the church were at that time on the now busy thoroughfare. Mr. Irwin's family were Presbyterians. His wife was of the Dickey family from near Mercersburg. They begged me to found at Irwin an educational institution for the Reformed church, and offered voluntarily to give a large piece of land on the elevation above their residence, the finest site in Irwin, on which to locate it.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BEGUN.

A Sunday-school was organized March 12, 1854, in the afternoon. It had a fair opening, and grew steadily. At the first it was not large; twenty-one children reported the first day, Deacon Schmertz was made superintendent, though he always held his trust subject to the care of the pastor. Elder Bargett, of Woodstock, Va., had sent to the Messenger office five dollars to supply the mission school with Heidelberg Catechisms. For this Dr. Fisher sent us his Catechism Simplified. That was business. That was our first church literature, and gave at once a positive type to the teaching of the school. For all the following years of my pastorate, the full Palatinate Catechism was taught and faithfully studied in the several classes. No one need tell me that the catechism cannot be kept in favor and used with profitable acceptance in a well regulated Sunday-school with ever fresh and lively interest and advantage. The pastor's class, called by way of distinction the "Bible Class," was made the special catechetical class, in which that confessional and doctrinal book was used as the main medium for teaching moral and religious truth and duty. From this class also came afterwards regularly the majority of additions, at every communion, to the membership of the church by confirmation. At one time all the teachers except one in the Sunday-school had been trained in the doctrines of the church in this class; and they made good, reliable and well fitted teachers, too. This Bible class for those early years was a well fitted main vigorous arm of the

mission, bringing in the trained children and through them some of their parents. It was the nursery of the church. Yet it was sometimes said by our sneering ministerial assassins that the people thus taken in were not trained in the catechism. It was not possible in such a new mission to get married and business people into a separate catechetical class, as in old congregations. It bore good fruit, however, for many years, and could be used there now.

For a time we had also a branch Sunday-school in the Pike street public school house. Not having the means for its support, it went later into other hands and became a congregation. A German congregation whose hall rent I paid myself for several years for lack of care was allowed later to fall to pieces. We had not the encouragement from the Classis, to take care of what might have become a strong church organization.

FIRST CHOIR.

I had occasion to pray earnestly about that time for a blessing on a certain choir quarrel. Among the other disheartening troubles in the little church, was poor singing. The people gathered in with us had not been accustomed to hear their own voices together and they were literally afraid to try them without instrumental guide or help—often enough in rasping discord, when singing in our church service. To be sure, Elder Rahausser, if present, would generally “raise the tune”; but he had hard work and little help and at best only weak support. Mrs. Schmertz and possibly a few friends joined indeed heroically to sustain the air. But sometimes all of these would be absent. Then it went hard enough for the poor young parson to do the reading, the praying, the preaching and the singing entirely alone, in a sort of solo, with a worn, cracked and strained voice, and no instrumental help. Those were not yet the days of common use for reed organs and trained children’s and young people’s voices to sustain and swell sacred song. But once after the opening service one

Sunday evening, some young men and ladies came in, and to the very great joy and relief of the tired preacher, they joined heartily in the second hymn. That rested the preacher, who was already worn with all the church and Sunday-school service of the day. Announcing the last hymn, the minister then despairingly looked in the direction of the strangers; and knowing that "a wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse," he gave a sign and sat down hiding himself behind the pulpit. Presently notes of glorious song broke from the transient worshipers. All eyes turned and glad ears were pricked up to hear the unexpected melody of praise.

After services were ended several of them came forward to apologize, if necessary, for possibly mistaking my gesture. In turn they were thanked most heartily for their relief and aid; and were asked to come again, and "do likewise." It then came out that they were the exploded remains of a choir just bursted up by a quarrel in a nearby church. They would help us, they said, temporarily, without pay if we provided only a bass violincello. Thence forward they remained our choir and we had elegant singing in our little church, without money and without price, and they soon became interested in our services. Also they came into my Bible class; and in due course of time all save one of that choir were confirmed. I married two of them, made a deacon out of one and later an elder out of another of them. That choir quarrel resulted in our good, and we therefore blessed it.

The cholera scourge visited Pittsburgh that first summer and before knowing much about it, some of its victims required ministerial visitation. The members of the congregation and myself escaped. So in the case also of the small pox patients that fell later to my care and visitation. Several condemned murderers in the jail by invitation were attended regularly, though it was not made necessary for me to be present at their execution. In the jail and also at the "House of Refuge," by request of the Directors, I held services for the inmates once a month for each place on Sunday afternoons.

In the Pittsburgh Young Men's Christian Association, just then first established, 1854, they made me corresponding secretary and later a vice-president. They sent me as the sole delegate from this association to the national convention held in Cincinnati. The pastor of the little church was made a "Life Director" of the American Bible Society by the payment for him of \$150 by the local Bible Society; and so Theodore Freylingheysen's name is on my certificate. At a public moral reform meeting held in Dr. Howard's Second Presbyterian church, they put me forward for one of the speakers. As one of the soup-house directors, which fed thousands one hard winter, our church was made more known by the pastor's activity in its work.

At the fiftieth anniversary of the Christian Association, November 12, 1904, the officers gave me a special invitation to the joyous celebration. And from the banquet board at the Hotel Schenly sent me this telegram: "Rev. Geo. B. Russell, D.D., LL.D.: Twenty-one survivors of the Pitts. Y. M. C. A., organized 1854, dining at the Hotel Schenly, with three score friends, send greeting. Signed, Benj. Thaw."

THE NEW CHURCH.

It was soon felt that we must have our own church edifice in which to worship. It must be centrally located, accessible on foot from all sides of the city, then without public conveyances. And it should be respectable enough to command and invite attendance. The congregation however was too poor and too few to pay all it would cost, and it was unwise to incur a debt. The part of the city suitable for its location contained already within a radius of a few squares eighteen other churches. No Reformed church was nearer, however, than twenty-five miles, N., E., S. or W. Our people subscribed to the projected church \$2500. The cost, whatever might be above that figure, must come from elsewhere. The church at large at that time had not yet been trained to help

in building mission churches. Something new and large must be inaugurated, if this work was to become a success.

We planned accordingly something new and on a large scale too. So, on a certain Sunday evening after divine service, the consistory held an earnest meeting for consultation; and as a result they appointed me to visit forthwith other churches especially east, soliciting generous help. By daylight the next morning, I was at Huntingdon, and before sunrise had started to walk back across the Warriors Ridge some eight miles to Alexandria, where the Mercersburg Classis was then in annual session. The matter was laid before the Classis, and a plan of help was proposed by the missionary. The Classis voted \$1000 help, provided the missionary would be able to collect it in the Classical bounds. That was good for us and safe for the Classis. This beginning was accepted in faith, and the young pastor tried early to apply the plan in practical work. In the course of about two years, making many such trips, canvassing different charges; leaving the mission at home, often meanwhile without services in those frequent short absences; meeting with some success and incurring sore trials and braving heartfelt disappointments, these hard earned collections from abroad amounted in sum as far as can be figured now, to about \$8000. Even this large aid along with our \$2500 however was not enough to buy a lot and build without some small debt.

Long journeys, in all sorts of weather, wet, cold, hot, in night rides to save time, in foot tramps of miles to save cost, in sickness and health, marking my early and toilsome work while collecting the funds to pay for Grace church, Pittsburgh, will not soon be forgotten. The *loss to me also of my student habits* by these breaks on my mode of life, and damage to mental discipline, and other dissipating influences in distracting attention superintending the general work of the new building, etc., forever unfitted me for what otherwise might have been gained in study. Had my settled student life work continued to be kept up in the years of my ministry, much that

now must be set down to the sacrifice account might have been given to scholarship. True, there was gain in other respects as valuable experience and many kindly acquaintances were made among our Reformed charges, while in some places there was left also perhaps a mark for good. It not only discovered or invented and proved the successful plan for such church work, but established and set in practical operation a broad fraternal system of help from the stronger churches in favor of the weak places; which has become in our Zion now an encouraging great work. It was not done, as now so easily, tried; by simply resolving to get so much money "from the church at large," and then sending out circular calls for the money assessed and apportioned to be sent in; and if this fails, then berate the Reformed people for the sin—which might not have been recorded, had some interested one brought the case in personal application to the congregations.

It affords me pleasure to recall as a sort of a specimen example a trip into Clarion Classis in midwinter of 1856. The Allegheny Valley railroad had its formal opening to Kittanning in January of that year, and a free excursion ticket was given me along with other invited guests. Saving the fare, and also getting a free ride from Kittanning by sleigh to Reimersburg, the following morning from there on foot through snow drifts a tiresome journey was made to Callensburg, where arriving weary, footsore, it was found my clothing was frozen stiff from profuse perspiration; and I was hungry enough to enjoy a cold "speck and sourkraut" after dinner at the village tavern. It was Hobson's Choice. A hired one horse team took me thence to St. Petersburg, arriving there late in the evening to meet the Clarion Classis still in session, but just on the point of adjourning.

A stirring speech on the object of my visit, and the story of my tramp was seconded by Ernst, Hartman, Dale and Leberman, securing by vote conditionally a pledge of \$1000 to be collected by me personally. And then I slept right well till Sunday morning. We went to church some miles across the



GRACE CHURCH, PITTSBURGH, 1854.

SOLD AFTER 50 YEARS FOR \$50,000.

country, having engaged to preach for Leberman. By the time we reached the place, both my eyes were frozen shut, with ice balls as big as marbles hanging to the eye lashes. Ever since then, my eyes have been tender and watery; that is bearing about with me for these many years such marks as witnesses. Upwards of forty two-horse sleds and sleighs were in the yard and a large audience in the church. After sermon an appeal for aid resulted in encouraging subscriptions towards the \$1000 just voted by the Classis. A circular sent out, or a call issued in the church paper, or expecting *some one else* to go and do that hard work for the mission, would likely have altogether failed.

Quite as hard a trip also came on a dark Sunday night after service at Lewisburg; there was a four miles night walk over a rough frozen road along the Susquehanna river to Milton in order to take an early train to Port Clinton, the only way of reaching Harrisburg and York for an effort to secure money—and then get home by the following Sunday. That day was set for holding the first service in the nearly finished basement of the new church. Saturday night a storm blew down some of the long timbers not yet well fastened in the spire, crashing through ceiling and floor into the ground below. Success and disaster go close on the same road. We held the expected service, however, by the favor of the Father.

The new and beautiful church was finally finished for dedication by the first Sunday in December, 1857. It cost, lot and all, about \$12,000 in cheap times. The building committee that had the work in charge were W. E. Schmertz, Michael Whitmore, Thos. J. Craig, B. Wolff, Jr., D. C. Kamerer, W. M. Faber and George Reiter. At the dedication service, Rev. Dr. H. Harbaugh, of Lancaster, preached the special sermon; in which he showed by historical reference to records that the Reformed people of Pittsburgh had occasional German preaching in private houses, the previous century, "before there was any priest or preacher outside of Fort Duquesne." The Rev. Dr. Zacharias, of Frederick, and the Rev. Dr. Moses Kieffer,

of Tiffin, also preached during the series of services held at that glad time. The pastor, of course, dedicated the new home. We christened it "Grace Church," which naming had cost us some trouble from factious opposition to its adoption. Objection was made to it because Grace church, New York, was a much finer edifice. Many namesakes have since followed among the Reformed, east and west, that are not even so fine as this beautiful structure. It set a type for others. After fifty years the church has just been sold for \$50,000 in order to build a finer one in another part of the city, leaving the poor here with no service.

The Provisional Liturgy, just then first issued for trial, was introduced and used at the dedication, and during all my pastorate thereafter. The pastor and consistory took it for granted, that according to the action of Synod, the book was to be fairly tried by use in the church. Dr. Heiner and Dr. Bomberger, both members of the Liturgical Committee, had prepared the way by writing favorable articles for the Messenger in behalf of the book. Its fitness as well as scheme of worship was not doubted, nor at first called in question. Hence, we had in general use, from the day of dedication onward, the main substance of the morning service, viz., the Invocation, the Creed, the Gospel and Epistle lessons for the day, the Collect, the General Prayer, the Sermon, a free closing prayer and the Lord's prayer, besides Psalms or Gloria and Hymns, the Doxology and the Benediction. The responses, left entirely to voluntary use were quite general and hearty. If this was new to the people, many of them had not been raised in Reformed households, it was not at all then repugnant. Grace church was thus the first in our denomination to introduce and use with very slight modification, the general service of the Provisional Liturgy; and if *no unfair outside partisan interference had been brought to bear*, it is not likely that any serious opposition or troubling disturbance *would ever have been known here* or elsewhere in the Reformed churches. At least, it was not during my pastorate. All was harmony on the liturgy.

No mere ritualism can be foisted into the Reformed church, except at a loss. The people as a rule are at heart churchly and liturgical, but not so high church as to be ritualistic. During all my years at Grace church, the trouble did not once reach us. At that time the pulpit was central; it never was pushed to one side as a side issue.

My eight years of ministration in this first pastorate were altogether pleasant, in full labors, some hard trials and rough knocks, solid prosperity and steady growth. My personal relations with the people were in fullest peace and general harmony. They bore patiently with my early inexperience and individual idiosyncrasies. A single exception, all the more marked as uncommon, grew out of a troublesome case of discipline of an unworthy deacon, tried and suspended for cause on charge of dishonesty from full membership. He had his friends of the church, and they felt sore, and caused some disaffection. But no internal need even to the end ever called for a change of pastoral relation. Numerous overtures from other places had been declined in those years. Besides the flattering offers from prominent charges, there were several colleges wanting me for president, and a big offer came for a New York (\$4000) secretaryship.

RESIGNED GRACE CHURCH.

Early in the summer of 1861 the Ohio Synod held at Delaware had elected me editor and publisher of the "Western Missionary," now the "Christian World." This came about in an effort of several years to make that paper a weekly. The veteran editor had opposed that movement as impossible from financial considerations. An offer, however, came from a member of Grace church, Elder T. J. Craig, to bear all the financial risk at his own cost. The offer was accepted by the Synod, and my election as editor followed as a sequence. At that time I was publishing "The Pastor's Helper," the first Sunday-school paper in our church, established by me in January, 1859, and continued for seven years. Besides this also, for

three years previous, I had assumed at my personal cost the publishing of a *Mercersburg Review*; which, because of its then supposed hopeless indebtedness under former management was threatened with discontinuance. But the Alumni Association passed it over to me for relief. I had voluntarily agreed to take it with all its debts; pay them, and thus secure its continued existence. It was handed back to the society January, 1862, in good condition, with a larger subscription list, having also paid besides the old liabilities and current cost of publication, \$150 annually additional as salary to the editors, who had formerly been compelled to do their work gratis. The burning of Chambersburg by the Confederates, cost me the loss of *Review* stock then on hand estimated at cash value about \$1400. Other similar losses at that fire were partly covered by the State appropriation for relief of Chambersburg; but they excluded me from that benefit because not a citizen of that town, though losses in two other cases of non-residents were relieved by efforts of Dr. Fisher.

Well, considering therefore that these several publications were enough to engage the whole time of one man, my resignation as pastor of Grace church was tendered to take effect at the end of the year, January 1st, 1862. It was accepted; and flattering testimonials were recorded. Rev. E. E. Higbee, then of Tiffin, Ohio, was at my suggestion elected as my successor. But before the time set, it was found prudent for me to decline the editorship of the Ohio Synod's paper which had not yet been taken in hand; though the pastorate here had already been committed to other hands.

The charge was left in great prosperity, with a fine new church and lot costing \$12,000, an active membership growing in wealth, and increased from the original seven members to one hundred and twenty-five, after accounting for deaths, many removals and other heavy city drains. The Sunday-school, better then as repeatedly stated by prominent members, than at any time since, had developed three candidates for the ministry and trained some most valuable members and

officers. A three-story brick house offset by a small debt remained. The harvest of the first sowing others have reaped. It was only four years a mission till it became self-supporting. The President of the Board of Missions, Rev. Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger, sent the pastor and people a special letter of congratulations. Perhaps no other mission before or since, has been so short a time on the roll, and not all that time taking the full annual appropriation. None have made greater returns for general benevolence, by some thousands, than Grace church. The pastor's salary at the first was \$500 a year, the Board only making up of that amount what the mission could not pay besides rent and expenses. After the dedication the salary was \$700 a year. All above that, for pew rents went to pay on the debt. His successors received \$1500, \$2000 and now reported at \$3600, the largest pay in the denomination.

Rev. Dr. E. E. Higbee, my successor, had been a fellow student in the Seminary. He was there already on my return to the college to become the tutor. He was a born Yankee, a graduate of Burlington University. He was converted to the Christian faith by reading Dr. Nevin's "Mystical Presence" and other writings on the Church Question. Thus he was a native born son of the Reformed church; with strong will and moral power, bright, keen, intuitive, finely nervous temperament and ready to grasp the broadest generalizations in metaphysical and theological studies. He was able to concentrate every power of his thoughts on the subject in hand, and had a memory that could hold fast what he read from every available source. He determined, he said, "to learn German, if it cost him all the hair of his head"—and he had not much hair to spare. But he never became as familiar with that tongue as with the classic Greek. Whatever he may just have learned a few hours before, he could discuss with the students as though he were of old long master of the subject—even making of himself thus a seeming pedant. Most merciless as a critic, too, he would expose to the bone the defects of his opponents. This perhaps is what made him so unpopular with

the professors at Tiffin—by some of whom he seemed to be cordially hated. In the Western Synod he once made a strong plea for better training of those who were to become preachers: "For heaven's sake, give us ministers *who can spell!*"

Himself generally a brilliant pulpit orator, he at times flattened out as badly as others, to his own deep chagrin. This is said to have happened once at Baltimore; so that he afterwards earnestly sought an opportunity to redeem the poor effort from disgrace. The next time, he did himself full credit. His years at Tiffin were not marked with special success either as professor or as pastor of the First church, built under his pastorate. In both relations he suffered persecution from those set against him. He was therefore glad when told that the pastorate of Grace church, Pittsburgh, was open, and he had been recommended as my successor. This was while he entertained me at his house when I was at Tiffin delivering the annual literary address to the students of Heidelberg. After his settlement at Pittsburgh he became embittered against me and held this strong feeling for years. Later, however, he treated me again as a special friend and brother. At Mercersburg Seminary and College in after years, he rose high, and came down low again, after the seminary was removed to Lancaster and Dr. Thos. G. Apple was elected to fill his professorship. With all his talents as preacher, teacher and lecturer, Dr. H. had not much practical success as pastor, nor especially in college finances. His official service in the following years as State Superintendent of Public Instruction was a great success. He here found his place, and elevated the office to a high standard. In his earlier years he opposed the defective public school system; but he came into the State Superintendency with a modifying power for good that was far reaching.

It was doubtless one advantage to have held close personal relations with a man of such marked abilities. His early death seems a double loss, to education and to the progress of the Reformed church, whose own spiritual son he was proud

to proclaim himself. Nevertheless his personal opponents were wont to call him a "Yankee foreigner" among us; though in fact he was as really theologically and ecclesiastically "to the manor born" as those who grew up here from childhood. He never belonged anywhere else in any church. His wonderful power of concentration made him in all things intense. For instance, once out jacksnipe shooting, with his eye only on the bird, he banged away not noticing who might be in range; and some of the flying shot went perilously near my hat. He was ever a most fresh and genial social companion, full of anecdote and story, and a powerful debater.

A recent letter from the pastor of Grace church, Pittsburgh, is given herewith:

MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL: Making a collection of photographs of the former pastors of Grace Church, to be framed and hung on the wall of our church-parlor, we greatly desire that of the first pastor. Not many of the present members know you personally. Only six were among your parishioners. But we often speak of those who taught and wrought in former years, and your name is a household word among us. We could not do our work today, but for your faithfulness yesterday. Grace Church will always feel a sense of indebtedness to her first pastor. And to help keep him in remembrance we greatly desire his picture.

That you were honored of God to be the first pastor of Grace Church, Pittsburgh, and of Grace Church, Washington, D. C., are doubtless among your sweetest memories. And it has been a constant inspiration to me in my ministry to strive to be a worthy successor of the noble men who led this people in the long ago.

I hope your health is good, this Fall. You may be pleased to know that my father was with us several days last week, preaching in our new Christ Church. He preaches nearly every Sunday for some brother, or in some vacant pulpit. Kindly remember me to Mrs. Russell and your daughter, to Miss Reiter and her brother. With high and warm esteem,

Cordially and always yours,

JOHN H. PRUGH.

Nov. 13. 1907.

A Change

HAVING approached the matrimonial altar five times as second man, the noose by familiarity began to seem somewhat harmless. The first time, whilst yet a mere youth, was for my school teacher, Prof. John Kilbourn, who invited me to become his best man. But on seeing the beautiful and stylish bride's maid, fear filled my timid heart and the post of honor at the last moment was declined in favor of a friend and schoolmate. The second time was to take the groomsman's place for my college friend, the Rev. Samuel Philips. This required a buggy ride of twice fifty miles, in going and returning. A third venture was for my uncle. A wedding party of four of us went to Philadelphia, Baltimore and the east generally on a tour of several weeks. A fourth similar service was up the Susquehanna, at Milton, where Rev. W. Goodrich found a lovely bride, and Miss Louisa Zeller, daughter of Rev. J. Zeller, was my gentle partner. The next time it was somewhat changed; for I had to act as "*bridesmaid*" at Rev. Lucian Court's third marriage. That was held in the First Presbyterian church of Allegheny. The occasion for this was that bad roads prevented the bride's intended friendly service by a young lady from Clarion county and the next best thing was for me by request to act as a substitute; and the groom's third trial was made complete. We all marched up to the altar while I supported the blushing bride.

Familiarity with danger is said to increase courage. So then, at the next venture my part was to take the first place. No longer too young and foolish after being in the pastorate nearly six years, there was not so much likelihood of mistaking the path of happiness divinely made for man. Domestic relations we know have much to do in the real differences on any man's life. Ever since a half-grown boy, I had not

known or enjoyed a real home. The nature of my work too, when having entered once upon a special service, and its necessity for self-denying economy, had kept me from entangling alliances in general society, while at college and since, prudent considerations did not allow any such social freedom.

Our pastoral theology too had taught that it is generally not best to marry a wife and a new charge at about the same time. So after six years in the successful pastorate of the mission, with Grace church now built, and collecting tours which had taken me often away, no longer so necessary, there came a time when boarding houses could be left for others, and a domestic change for myself could be hopefully made. The high resolve was therefore a proposal which has been a personal blessing to the present time, through nearly fifty years. Thus has been made up in rich return all the previously enforced lonely onesided life, which had hitherto been my lot, and which had been taken willingly and submissively as from the Lord, for what it was worth, during those long years.

If this were intended for a love story, you might expect a sweet tale of real happy experience—not a fiction. Instead, take the assurance of its blessedness. "A good wife is from the Lord," and His choice for me was thankfully taken in answer to faith's fervent prayers. While pledging our marriage vows, my former trembling again smote my knees together; though never for a single hour thereafter came there any regret for having taken that dear devoted girl to be my wife. She has been a perennial joy, and comfort, as well as a helpmeet, a perpetual song in the house of our pilgrimage. When I had occasion to congratulate Rev. B. Bausman, who had also long remained unmarried, he sent me a most touching acknowledgment and thanked me cordially for expressions of good wishes, as from one who knew what it was to make the blessed change, in store for him, but for which he could now first have reason to be devoutly thankful. A fellow feeling makes men wondrous kind.

On Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1859, we became one in the Lord. My brother, Rev. C. Russell, performed the marriage ceremony and gave us the seal of the divine blessing. The bride was Caroline Amelia, second daughter of Elder George Reiter and Caroline his wife, who was a sister of Rev. Dr. Nicholas P. Hacke. The Reiter family came from Baltimore and lived in Allegheny where their children all were born, and where my greatest earthly boon was found. It made a wondrous and happy change to the lone missionary. Other details were out of place in a simple record like this. On the auspicious morn she received these lines:

You will mark this day's thanksgiving,
 Fresh with joys of a new life;
 Here ends thy girlhood's living—
 To become a pastor's wife;
 Now the youthful quest resigning,
 Hope for greater bliss in store;
 Leave the past, without repining—
 For the future good implore.

No such morn will like this ever
 Be the same to thee, my bride!
 True united souls ne'er sever,
 While a-down life's stream they glide.
 Like this wedding day, be many
 Crowned with blessings from above;
 And from this, thy life's new era,
 Flow unailing streams of love.

Joining hands and hearts here vowing,
 God now joins two souls made one;
 While each day before Him bowing
 Plead for grace in Christ His Son,
 Be on earth a life of joy thine,
 And eternal life above.
 God bless thee now my Caroline,
 In our wedded bond of love!

Love rhymes of previous declaration and proposal, as well as others, are purposely omitted; but as the record of a half-



MATED AND MARRIED.

way mark, "the silver wedding," reference has some right to follow the above home-made lines :

THE SILVER WEDDING.

Five and twenty years a wife,
 Years of precious married life!
 Aye! The Silver Threads of Grey
 Grace the Silver Wedding day.
 Years of toil and care have gone;
 Joys and blessings free have come.
 Trials with their briny tears,
 Sorrows, griefs, and anxious fears;
 Peace and comfort, sturdy health,
 Plenty, home and frugal wealth.
 Changes oft, of house and place,
 Laboring in the gospel grace;
 Working, waiting, reaping—all
 Subject to the Master's call.
 One dear child our home doth bless
 With domestic happiness.
 Short this chain of family ties—
 Not one link yet broken lies:
 Myriad mercies from above,
 Still may crown our growing love.
 Israel's Keeper guide and cheer,
 While life's end is drawing near.
 When its sunset glories die,
 Ent'ring golden realms on high,
 May the Everlasting Word
 Still unite us in the Lord!

WHAT THE MOTHER LATER SAID.

We have a wee sweet darling,
 She is four months old this week;
 But she laughs and crows and listens
 To the words of love we speak.
 Our Louisa Rose, we call her,
 While we kiss her angel face.
 She's not an unsaved child of wrath,
 Since we've Christened her in grace.

And we tell her, daily praying,
 That a lamb of Jesus' fold
 She is now, a holy being;
 For St. Paul of such has told.
 And we tell her, Jesus takes her
 To share His covenant love;
 That He, in His gospel makes her,
 More than angels are above.

Jesus makes the "little children,"
 Become the heirs of heavenly rest;
 In His arms of wondrous mercy
 Folds them to His sacred breast.
 "She's too young," you say, "to learn this";
 But her child faith laughs replies,
 What her guardian angel whispers,
 From her loving deep blue eyes.

—AMELIA.

WHAT THE CHILD LATER SAID.

Easter Sunday Rose was sick. Not able to go along to church, she was left alone at home. On our return this was found on the desk—her first attempt at verse.

For me, my Lord was crucified,
 For me, my Savior bled and died;
 For me, He hung upon the tree
 Three hours in mortal agony.

For me, His flesh with nails was torn,
 For me, were felt the scourge and thorn;
 For me, He suffered shame and loss,
 For me, He groaned upon the cross!

Oh, wondrous love to bleed and die!
 To save a sinner such as I!
 Grant, dearest Lord, to me Thy love—
 That I may dwell with Thee above.

This also was found later :

Hail, Thou Prince of Peace! we sing,
Hail, our Prophet, Priest and King!
Hail Thou ever blessed Lord!
Be by earth and heaven adored!

Our High Priest, at God's right hand,
With Thee, Son of Man, we stand;
Thou, our Savior, Brother, Friend,
All our hopes on Thee depend.

Keep us ever, dearest Lord,
Trustful of Thy promised word,
For unnumbered mercies given,
Life eternal—bliss of heaven.

HIS NAMES.

Jesus, Savior, Christ, the Lord,
Prophet of our God, the Word;
Our Redeemer come from heaven,
Ransom for doom'd sinners giv'n.

Messiah of the Royal line;
High-Priest, Sacrifice Divine,
Sprinkling blood the altar o'er,
Purging guilt for ever more.

Mighty God, Begotten Son;
Son of Man, the Eternal One,
God-man yielding up His breath,
Mediator, suff'ring death.

King, descending to the grave—
Hades en'tring souls to save.
Victor, Conqueror of hell,
Prince of Life—His triumphs tell.

Resurrection, Easter-tide,
Master, Refuge, Rock, Light, Guide;
The Way, the Truth, the Life; afar
Shining the bright Morning Star!

Tender Shepherd, to the end,
Art the sinner's only Friend;
Second Adam, still the same
Judge of all, the Holy Lamb,
Alpha, Omega. Amen!

FOUR SCORE AND MORE

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Lord Jesus, our King!
 In carols we sing,
 While praises we bring
 And the Incarnate Word, we adore.
 Thy birth among men,
 We welcome again;
 In joyful refrain
 Singing, Glory to God, evermore—
 To God Evermore.

Our Savior, new born,
 We hail Thee this morn;
 Thy manger adorn—
 Bringing myrrh, frankincense, and gold.
 Good news to our race!
 Thy gospel of grace
 Gives sinners a place
 In Thy Kingdom; as prophets foretold—
 As prophets foretold.

O Christ, God's own Son
 The Infinite One,
 Our hearts Thou hast won!
 With peace and good will to all men,
 We worship Thee, Lord,
 Thy Name be adored!
 Paradise is restored!
 Blest be our Redeemer. Amen!
 Our Redeemer. Amen!

EASTER.

Resurrexit! Jesus lives!
 Lord of Life, forever King,
 Life to each believer gives—
 Easter Anthems let us sing.

Victor over Hades, risen;
 Conq'ring death by power divine;
 Frees from sin, unbars our prison—
 Easter glories 'round us shine.

Christ triumphant from the tomb,
Sends His messages of grace
To the fearful saints in gloom—
Easter joys light ev'ry face.

Glorious Savior, risen indeed!
With Thy resurrection love
For Thy people intercede:
Easter praise we'll sing above.

Receding years began to look fuller in numbers when these lines were written:

ON MY BIRTHDAY. AGED 70.

Seventy years! To God be praise,
For the full measure of man's days—
Three score and ten.
Are mine! He lengthens out my life,
To win the prize—'mid toil and strife.
Jehovah's arm yet guards my way
And brings me to this natal day,
At three score years and ten.

Seventy years! Oh the long years—
In sorrow's tears, in sin, and fears!
Three score and ten.
Of life and love from God above;
Yet pulses move His grace to prove
Through all His plan of life's short span,
In childhood, youth, and later, man—
To three score years and ten.

Seventy years! Yea, blessed years,
Though the leaf sears, some fruit it bears—
Three score and ten!
Yea, let the fig-tree longer stand;
Oh, angel, wait the Lord's command!
Christ Jesus may Thy Spirit give
Me fruits of grace, long as I live
To Thee! Amen, Amen!

LOVING.

I love Thee, Lord, would love Thee,
 All that my heart can love.
 More precious grace, Lord, give me
 To love like those above.
 Thy love, in Christ revealing
 To me, good will and peace,
 Thy cross in blood is sealing,
 From sin and death, release.

In the Incarnate mys'try,
 My crown of life is won,
 O Father, Thou my Father be!
 In Jesus Christ Thy Son.
 O Son of God, the Son of Man!
 Communicate to me
 Thy grace in th' redeeming plan,
 That saves eternally!

O Holy Spirit, quick'ning
 Beget new life within—
 By miracle renewing,
 And purify from sin!
 Sweet Comforter imparting—
 Let all Thy fruits be mine.
 Then shall my heart rejoicing,
 Be filled with Love Divine.

At 82.

Years of undying devotion, more than mere words can express, continue to testify how great has been the Lord's favor in the inestimable providence by which we were "married and mated." Her father was on the building committee of Grace church and an elder in the congregation. Her uncle, on the maternal side, was the patriarchal pastor at Greensburg for fifty-eight years. Both families are of Huguenotic ancestry. She was one of the first members of my Bible class, was then catechised and confirmed; and afterwards was a Sunday-school teacher; also a member of the choir. All through my ministry she has been a helpmeet from the Lord, a joy and

comfort in toil and dark days of trials; and much of my work has been tinged, inspired and cheered by her devout spirit and faithful colabors. In at least four other missions she was the organist, unpaid, and always far more popular among the people than her husband. She was a faithful worker, stay and support in the Sunday-school. Our only child, a daughter, was born several years after our marriage. Rose has been a great blessing and comfort to her parents. She is healthy, cheerful, musical, docile, obedient, self-helpful and withal domestic, a sincere child of the covenant, an humble Christian. She was baptized in early infancy by Rev. Dr. Higbee; and when twelve years old, was at her own request confirmed by her father, and consistently adorns her profession. The President of the United States once in a personal interview at the White House, took from a drawer his large photograph likeness and appended thereto in our presence his autograph. Then in a nice envelope handed it to Rose and gave her a kiss on her blushing cheek.

My younger brother, Rev. C. Russell, died at our house in Philadelphia from a virulent attack of "black small pox" during the fearful prevailing epidemic of that disease in that city. He had to be hurriedly buried in Glenwood cemetery opposite Laurel Hill, the same day at evening, November 17, 1871. The funeral service, attended by three of us was held in our parlor. A church historian is mistaken in giving the place of his death as Camden, N. J. In a somewhat similar way I also buried Rev. S. H. Giesy's first wife who died years before of the same loathsome disease in Greensburg, Pa. His infant daughter, Anna, was baptized by me at the same time. The funeral address at the burial of Rev. Fred'k A. Rahausser; also that of Rev. Abner Dale, as well as that of Rev. Dr. N. P. Hacke, it was for me to deliver; and I officiated at the marriage of three Reformed ministers.

By invitation I held a funeral service for a Roman Catholic, a sweet little girl and buried her in the Roman Catholic St. Mary's cemetery, Pittsburgh, the like of which perhaps no

other Protestant minister before or since, has ever found it possible to do. I held German service and preached the first English sermon to the German Reformed congregation in Lawrenceville district, Pittsburgh. Similarly I preached the first four English sermons to the German St. John's church, Chambersburg, which I reorganized and provided for their transition from German to the English, by a change of their constitution.

PREACHING EFFORTS.

My preaching especially at the first made me feel quite ashamed of my efforts, seemingly so inadequate, instead of what I desired. The first time was at Milton, Pa., while visiting at Rev. J. Zeller's. The congregation was vacant and Elder Frymier asked me, a mere green student, to preach; and subsequent to the sermon I would much rather not have met any of the people at least for some time after the plunge. Then Dr. Heisler persuaded me during the same stay along the Susquehanna, to preach in his church at Lewisburg; where he said, by way of assuring me, there would be "nothing but cabbage heads" to hear. But enough intelligent people were there to greatly discompose me. The next time it was at Fort Loudon for Rev. Jacob Hassler; there Captain H. Easton gave me encouraging sympathy, and a good dinner. Then on an extremely cold day the pastor at Mercersburg sent me next to meet his appointment by a long horseback ride over the North mountain into the "Little Cove," at the "Big Tannery." Elder Peter Cook and Deacon John Garver kindly told me "that would do for a young man's starting efforts." The next time was my first sermon in Pittsburgh.

When beginning in Pittsburgh a few days after my ordination, the preaching was not at all satisfactory to myself. It must have seemed to the people often very frail, crude and feeble. It was possibly with the small congregation before me more like teaching a large Bible class. But they kindly bore with me patiently; and many a kindly hint from an intelligent lay member was helpful for later work. Suggestions too

from a judicious critic, Dr. Hacke, of Greensburg, served me well; and he noted with encouraging mention any subsequent improvements. There had been literally no training in rhetoric and elocution at that period, either in our college or seminary. Each one had to blunder on as best he could at his own risk, as to style or manner of delivery; and many sermons perhaps otherwise of fair average production, fell far short in comparison with those by men better trained. Our theological students in these later years are more favored; and it is a great blessing that the change is on the rising grade at least as to manner and style of speaking.

As a rule, plain people were generally pleased well enough with my sermons. A Presbyterian elder, who was a director at the House of Refuge, said to me one Sunday afternoon, when it had been my time to preach there: "That sermon I liked first rate. In fact it was better than if it had been *rare orthodox*." He meant, if it had been bristling with Calvinistic "points" then in high favor. In a union church in Clarion county, a doctor who was a Lutheran, called out after service, "I'll give five dollars for that sermon." One evening in Pittsburgh a young man left the church remarking to a comrade, "That durned red-headed preacher just meant the sermon for me." The first knowledge, however, I had of his presence, was afterwards when told of his remark. A minister once told me: "Your sermon on *Thy vows, O God, are upon me*, turned me into the ministry." A man unknown to me addressed me one day in a Northern Central railway train and said: "Sir, your sermon on Ps. 1:1, preached in the Paradise charge up the Susquehanna river more than twenty years ago, sticks to me yet." A gentleman in Tiffin, Ohio, during the late meeting of the General Synod at that place, remarked: "Forty years ago I heard your address before the literary societies of the college here," and then he recalled some of the sentiments and illustrations used on that occasion. At Washington, in the first year, they said the preaching was getting "better and better." The late Colonel G. B. Wiestling

told me, after the last preparatory service we held at Mont Alto, just before his final sickness: "That was the best sermon I ever heard in all my life, save one in Harrisburg years ago on the text, *Tomorrow*." A lady from Delaware some time ago called to mind a service 37 years ago. Yet I never have been regarded or rated as a special preacher. Thanks be to the Lord, for what little evidence has been given, that the sowing of His truth has not been without lasting lodgment in some hearts. His word shall not return unto Him void.

Editing and Publishing

SERVING like Jacob of old, twenty years for what he loved seems after all, when it is over, too small a labor to remember. Twenty of the best years of my life have been spent, besides preaching, most of the time in editing and publishing for the Reformed church. "Once an editor, always an editor, or bust," was the dictum of Dr. Alexander Clark, the veteran editor, who died at Gov. Colquitt's house while on a lecture tour in the South. He was a genial friend, and though he had eight sons and every one of them, as he told me, had a sister, yet it is doubtful if they altogether could equal their father. He was a natural born editor, like Dr. W. C. Gray, of the Interior, who inherited his talents from his mother. He solicited special articles from me and paid for each in a good check.

In my college years Dr. Fisher was pleased to publish occasionals from me. And afterwards at Pittsburgh he engaged me (at fifty cents a week) to write regularly something for the Messenger, assuring me that I was then the only paid contributor. After a while an unfortunate article was regarded by some one as personal and that broke up this arrangement existing for years.

Then came my work at publisher of the Review for a term of years. This was before the starting of the Pastor's Helper.

The Mercersburg Review was first published Jan. 1849. In its infancy its sphere was small indeed, commercially. It was at the first issued in the name of the Alumni Association, with a "wee" circulation list of less than 200; which was not doubled in ten years. Dr. Nevin was editor, serving gratis, as did also the publishing committee. Several years before the removal to Lancaster, my service on the committee and treasurer also, made me acquainted with its affairs. By strict economy it

barely paid its way here; but its business afterwards in other hands at Lancaster ran up a debt of about \$1200. It was in 1857 thought to be hopelessly insolvent. Few assets, no endowment, no financial backing, it was proposed to be discontinued and buried. At a venture, I then offered to take over its management at my personal risk and publish it for three years to come, assuming all its liabilities and paying besides its debts, \$150 a year for editing, something never known before, and return it with clean balance sheet at the end of that term. This was accepted, and Drs. Shaff and Gerhart for the Association signed the contract with me.

AS A MATTER OF HISTORY HERE IS GIVEN THE CONTRACT TO LIFT THE REVIEW OUT OF DEBT.

Articles of agreement made this First day of October one thousand eight hundred and fifty eight, between Geo. B. Russell, of Pittsburgh, Pa., of the 1st part; and E. V. Gerhart, T. Apple and Philip Schaff, a Committee of the Alumni Association of Franklin and Marshall College of the 2d part. Witnesseth:

First. That in consideration of conditions hereinafter named, the parties of the 2d part, acting under authority to them given by said Association, do hereby in their name and for the said Association, sell, convey and properly transfer legally, to the party of the 1st part, all the concerns of the Publication known as the "Mercersburg Review," including,

1. The Subscription list with the annual proceeds thereof, together with the public good will to the unlimited increase of the same during the existence of this contract. Also,
2. All the right and title to the Book accounts due for subscription or otherwise to the said publication. Also,
3. All the back numbers of the said Review now on hand and those accumulating during the continuance of this contract; together with whatever belongs to the assets of the above Review.

Second. The said party of the *first part* hereby engages and binds himself, in consideration of the above conditions being well and truly performed by the parties of the *second part*, to assume the payment of the present debts of the said Review, and continue to publish at his own cost and risk, the said Review in the same style as at present, during the term of contract.

The said responsibilities include the following, to wit:

1. The present debt for *printing* and *expediting* the Review, which sum it is understood does not exceed one thousand and fifty dollars. Also,

2. An amount of \$300 to be allowed for the management of the publication committee during the past two years. Also

3. The annual expense for printing and expediting the Review, in the style and manner as at present issued. Also,

4. Appropriate \$150 dollars a year for *editing* the Review, so long as the cash subscription list does not exceed four hundred and fifty subscribers. In case the list exceeds this number, then \$200 a year is to be paid for the editing of the Review.

Third. The party of the *first part* further agrees that if in case the cash paying subscription list, at any time during the existence of this contract, shall reach *five hundred and twenty-five* copies of the Review, at an average of two dollars and fifty cents per copy; then the Alumni Association of Franklin and Marshall College shall receive *one half* of the net annual profits of the publications.

Fourth. At the termination of this contract the party of the first part will surrender to the said Association the Subscription list of the said Review with its numerical increase and the good will of the public.

Fifth. The parties of the *second part* engage themselves and the Association they represent, to co-operate for the increase of the subscription list, and the success of the Review.

Sixth. This contract shall continue in force unless changed by the mutual agreement of the parties herein represented, for and during the term of three (with the assent of both parties of five) years, from Jan., 1859. In witness whereof we have hereunto attached our hands and seals, the date above mentioned.

(Seal)

GEO. B. RUSSELL.

(Seal)

E. V. GERHART.

(Seal)

PHIL SCHAFF.

(Seal)

THEODORE APPLE.

Before Jan., 1862, all was fulfilled to the letter. The Review alive and with debts paid and an increased list of subscribers was given back to the Alumni Society. But on account of the Civil War and high prices, the publication for a few years was suspended.

This is Dr. Shaff's farewell after the event:

MERCERSBURG, PA., May 7, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER: I received your favor of Jan. 2 last night with two drafts for \$65. This makes \$71 received for editing Review, besides

the \$100 received Oct. 20, 1860, leaving a balance of \$6 due, as you correctly state. I received no other money except the \$6 from N. Y. Lib. Ass. I always found you a prompt and reliable business man in all your dealings with me. Our connection has been to me a very pleasant one, and I regret sincerely that it has come to a close as far as the Review is concerned.

After your definite refusal to publish it any longer, the Alumni Committee, it seems, made some efforts to secure a publisher in the city but without success, as might have been expected at this time, when the book trade is almost annihilated in consequence of the war. I then proposed to Dr. Gerhart that I would be one of three or six gentlemen to assume the risk of publishing for one year, Messrs. Kieffer & Co., to be one of the party. Dr. Gerhart wrote to Dr. Fisher, but he refused to enter into the arrangement, and Dr. Gerhart it seems is likewise unwilling. So the matter has fallen through for the present.

Personally I feel rather relieved, for I prefer to concentrate my literary labors on the continuation of my Church History and a Commentary on the New Testament. The Review has at all events fulfilled a mission in the world and will form a chapter in the history of the German Reformed Church and of American Theology.

I reciprocate most sincerely your kind wishes for the new year. May it be to us all a year of grace, and bring peace to our distracted country. And, let me add, a good charge to you.

With kind regards to Mrs. R., and a kiss to the heiress in the priesthood.

Yours truly,

PH. SCHAFF.

Hopeless as the case had seemed, my report of its success and an increased list was finally made. The old accounts on subscriptions had not yet all been collected; indeed, some of them are not yet paid me to this day. The burning of Chambersburg by the Confederates destroyed for me about \$1400 worth of Review stock, from which it was hoped some of the outlay would have been made good. The first word or act of sympathy for my losses and services is yet to be received. When in later years the publication was renewed as a mark of recognition, I asked that a complimentary copy be sent me for my former work, it was bluntly refused. Of course, I did not then subscribe for myself, and never will, nor have any others

become subscribers since by my efforts. Narrow ingratitude does not always pay, even in business.

At the conclusion of my contract I had a set of the extant volumes of the Review then published, neatly bound in morocco backs and presented them to the Historical Society. This is Prof. W. M. Nevin's answer in acknowledgment:

LANCASTER, Jan. 6th, 1864.

Rev. George B. Russell.

DEAR SIR: At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Historical Society of the German Reformed Church in the United States, held, Dec. 26th, 1863, in the study of Rev. Amos H. Kremer, Lancaster, it was unanimously *Resolved*, That, in view of your very acceptable present of the bound numbers, 13 vols., of the Mercersburg Review, from 1849 to 1861, inclusive, for which, in the name of the Society, they return you thanks, you be constituted, in accordance with the unaltered Constitution, a life member of the Society; of which fact I take pleasure in informing you.

Very respectfully yours,

WM. M. NEVIN,

Sec. of Hist. Soc. of G. R. Church in U. S.

In 1866 the Review, which had been by the Alumni Association suspended during the war times, was revived. In the intervening years before this Dr. Fisher had repeatedly overtured me in pressing letters "as the most fit man for the work," to undertake to revive the Review. Others, as Dr. Harbaugh, also suggested and urged the same. The publication now is supposed to belong informally to the Publication Board. Not for a single year to this date, 1900, as far as now known has it fully paid current expenses.

"THE PASTOR'S HELPER."

In Jan., 1859, I issued as personal editor and publisher the first number of the Pastor's Helper for "Sunday-schools and Families." It was thought to be a wild venture, the first, and for years the only, English S. S. paper in the Reformed Church. It paid its own way from the first; but for some years of high prices during the war it was not profitable. The

price of good printing paper was then twenty-two cents per pound, such as is now less than one-fourth of that cost. Yet the Helper was never more than \$12 per hundred copies a year. Its regular circulation while issued by me went up to 14,000 a month, and began to pay for the earlier unprofitable years. But after its success of seven years, the Eastern Board of Publication began to see what was in it. They then very innocently (?) asked me to turn it over to them, without money and without price, and gently (?) threatened also that if this were not done, they would start their own S. S. paper; which would of course surely cripple the Pastor's Helper, and make both unprofitable. Without remedy to me, and with no offered remuneration for my past risk and unpaid labor for its seven years, they simply forced the transfer; and without any consideration for the deal. It is strange, as another fact worth mentioning, that the secretary of the Sunday-school Board in writing a history of early Sunday school publications entirely ignores the existence of our first paper published in that interest.

The name of the little paper was after the transfer then changed to "Treasury."

In 1868, '69, '70 and '71, when I was in the Publication office as an editor of the Messenger, it reached a circulation of over 22,000 annually and was by \$2,000 the best paying publication then issued by the Eastern Board. All the other publications, except the Almanac, for which I also had secured paying advertisements to an income that more than covered the cost, that is to say, the Messenger, the Review and the Kirchenzeitung were sinkers in the Board's funds. The Pastor's Helper had broken new ground and made the subsequent success of the Sunday school paper and other S. S. literature in the Reformed church possible and profitable. It had held high rank from the first—some thought too high. Elder Santee, for instance, said it was a good paper, but put the feed too high up in the rack for the lambs. This hint was a lesson to me then, and should be to others since. Some editors of the church

papers, however, have not yet learned this much about the high racks, above the people's reach.

THE ALMANAC.

Of the Almanac, it may also be mentioned historically that the plan and purpose of its publication originated with me. I had prepared and laid open to Dr. Harbaugh privately at the Synod the plan of the Almanac enterprise. He was asked to join me, and was told that some intended matter and contents were already gathered. He eagerly favored it. In no long while thereafter he wrote me, however, that his friends in the Board of Publication wished him to edit the proposed Almanac; which they now intended to issue. That left me out. Thus history of the projected goes before the actual, and the new possibility before it was born was taken out of my control. This publication since the first few years, that is, after my connection with the office at Philadelphia, had introduced the paying advertisements, has been a source of revenue to the Board. This mention of the Almanac episode, is a historical fact not generally known to the church.

BOOK EDITOR.

Dr. Harbaugh, with others also, for some years before his death was deeply concerned to have the Messenger made more suitable to the wants of the people. It was, he said, too "stolid, inflexible, dry and stereotyped" in its weekly issues. Had he not been elected to the Seminary faculty just then, he would doubtless have been made the editor of that church paper. His next plan then was to infuse at least some other new blood into the old publication. With a view to that, he proposed different men at one time or another as joint editor. When all fell short, he then suggested that there should be a so-called Book Editor elected, to provide for publishing new books and incidentally also especially give new tone to the church paper. Dr. Fisher seemed to fall in with this. But his main idea was narrow and selfish as to a Book Editor, who

must gather needed funds from the church for the use of the much involved publication house. In Dr. Harbaugh's sickness and consequent absence from the Synod at Baltimore, 1867, the report of the committee on the project formulated no clear idea for the work of the new editor. The election fell to me with only crude plans set out for the office, and for more than a year my time was given to the solicitation for money. In cash, notes, subscriptions and promises near nine thousand dollars were reported to the Board, which with about fifteen thousand or more that Dr. Bausman secured after the Chambersburg fire and \$27,000 realized from State relief fund, ought to set the machine in running order. There has been in fact more gathered from the church than was the net loss by the burning, although that has been the sympathetic cry for aid.

The plan aimed at was to get funds to publish new books, and from the profits to enlarge the scheme. But the income from the sale of the books, profits and principal, was eaten up by the old debts. A number of books were published. But soon Dr. Fisher vetoed that work and the plan failed to meet the promise held out by the Philadelphia Press:

A "Book Editor" has been elected by the Synod to take charge of the work in this department. It is now in the hands of Rev. George B. Russell, under whose supervision a number of books have already been issued. With the necessary and sufficient supply of funds furnished by the Church, an unlimited field here lies open to the Publication Board, which wisdom and common business prudence will not allow to remain unoccupied.

Besides a series of the most sterling books for families and Sunday-school scholars, among which we may mention "Father Miller," "Old Schoolmaster," "Rogatian," "Holiday Stories," "Easter Eggs," "Leo Rembrandt," and "Ripe Harvests," they have also made a fair beginning in theological, doctrinal, and miscellaneous publications.

Dr. Harbaugh's works on the "Future Life," "Heaven," "Heavenly Recognition," "Heavenly Home," "Life of Schlatter," "True Glory of Woman," "Golden Censer," and "Poems," have prepared the way for one of the most remarkable books now in the trade, called "Harbaugh's Harfe," a collection of the author's poems, written in the Pennsylvania

German dialect. The publication of this unique gem marks an epoch in this kind of literature and gives new character to the house issuing it.

Dr. Nevin's works on the "Mystical Presence," "Anxious Bench," "History of the Heidelberg Catechism"; and also Rev. Mr. Bausman's "Sinai and Zion," Dr. Gerhart's "Philosophy and Logic," Rauch's "Inner Life," "Wanner on the Family," "Tercentenary Monument," and Rev. Mr. Russell's "Creed and Customs of the Reformed Church," deserve notice. Their catalogue containing the above and other books, is worthy of the attention of book-buyers generally, and of those more particularly, who take an interest in the living issues which are now agitating the most earnest minds in the Protestant world on the great Church question. The number of copies of books printed by this house, according to last year's synodical report, amounted for the year to *fifty-three thousand nine hundred and fifty*.

EDITOR OF THE MESSENGER.

Then the Board of Publication, without my knowledge and with Dr. Fisher's full consent, elected me one of the editors of the Messenger, an office held for three years; and the editors' names stood equally together at the head of the paper. The present editor overlooked that historic fact and published Dr. Bausman as "*the only surviving ex-editor.*" After the published misstatement by the editor, Dr. Musser's attention was pointedly called to the inexcusable error, but he has not had the manliness, the honor or sense of public duty, or the truthfulness as a man to correct the historic lie. It stands on the open record of the Messenger, and various exchanges referred to the published fact like this:*

THIS IS AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

At the quarterly meeting of the Board of Publication, held on the 7th instant, the Rev. George B. Russell was associated with us in the future editorial management of the "Messenger." He will also assist us in various ways, in giving extension and efficiency to our general publication operations. It is not intended by this arrangement to interfere with the position, to which he was appointed by the Synod, as Book editor. This, of course, is to claim his first attention. As, however, for the present, at least, the duties of this position will not occupy all his time, and assistance is greatly needed in the way indicated, the Board felt, that it was not only justified in availing itself of his leisure

* Evidently there was a misapprehension on the part of Dr. Russell inasmuch as the editor of the Messenger referred only to editors-in-chief.

time, but fortunate in being able thus to secure the services of one, who is so well qualified in various ways for rendering the desired assistance. We have no doubt the arrangement will meet with general approval from the Church. He will enter upon his duties immediately, and we trust, that under this new arrangement, not only will our readers be essentially benefitted, but also the efficiency of our publication operations greatly increased, and the general interests of the Church proportionately advanced.

Besides this he was Incog. Editor from November, 1895, to 1899, as Dr. Musser must surely know.*

"An Additional Editor.—The 'Messenger' announced the appointment of Rev. Geo. B. Russell by the Eastern Board of Publication as Editor of that paper. He is at present the Synod's Book Editor, but his duties in that department are of such a nature as not only to allow but to qualify him for efficient service in the new position to which he has been assigned by the partiality of the Board. We wish Mr. Russell the happier experiences without any of the severer trials of the Editorial Chair!"

There was little room ever given me to change the tone of the paper. About 1000 names were added to the list, and some were cut off. It was clear the plant was not paying its way, but had been for years running behind. Relief must come. A Lancaster party offered to do its work for \$1500 a year less than the manager was paying at Philadelphia. The proposition was rejected with scorn, and a storm followed. The Board then tried to cut down office expenses, scaling salaries, in the chief's absence one evening. The affected parties at once referred this action to me, or at least that it had been presumably taken at my suggestion.

There must have been either a leaky vessel in the Board itself or some stealthy listening ear secreted at the time of that meeting somewhere at the office; for the result of the Board's confidential deliberations were bruited through the office before nine o'clock the very next morning after the previous evening's session. The Board honestly aimed at economy, so that the income should not fall short of the outlay. They wanted to learn from some one about the inward workings

* Dr. Russell was one of a number of editorial writers employed by Dr. Charles G. Fisher, who was not only Editor-in-chief, but also Business Manager. Naturally after Dr. Musser became Editor-in-chief this policy was discontinued.

of the office, which they never seemed to know, and they plied me with questions which were not willingly at first answered in full. Acting as their secretary, however, and being one of the equal editors also in the service of the Board, they thought it due them and the church to receive from me full, open statements of the case under their direct official inquiry. Finally in the confidential relations thus existing, they put the matter to me personally. "What would you do if the business were your own?" Well, then in honest, trusting confidence they were told my idea of the best way to make ends meet. On this they acted seemingly in utmost good faith. However, I would not consent to be used as an instrument to push the old men aside.

But the Board was indebted to Dr. Fisher for upwards of fifteen thousand dollars which he had accumulated in large salary to him. He used this leverage to make them pay up or restore the four hundred dollar cut from his \$2400 salary. But the clerks failed to get the rise asked for in their behalf. All were enraged at the result and joined loudly in denouncing me as a traitor in the house. My resignation at once as secretary was offered and soon also the office as one of the editors, to close January 1st, 1872. This ended my four years of unsatisfactory work: one year as Book Editor, and three years as one of the editors of the Messenger. The old editor had now as before absolutely his own way, and continued in sheer self-will to pay \$1500 a year more than the paper could have been published for elsewhere, on the guaranty of the best security. He was in fact a power greater than the Board. He had more will and backbone than they. He was the publication establishment. He tried to convince me some years later that we had "always been friends." I pitied him when at a later time he felt the serpent's tooth and had to plead publicly before the Synod for the "old horse not to be turned out to grass." His day for bull-doing the Board was past. His memory is still, however, cherished for considerable ability and what hard endurance he earlier bore for the publication

interests. He had accumulated a considerable fortune, which went at the father's death to his son, who bought the publication interests outright, and in a few years all was dissolved like frost work; not leaving enough to meet the liabilities. This is another proof that every man has his day; but some do not know when their day is over. At all events my resignation had been timely sent in, thus cutting me free from the tangle.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE REFORMED ERA.

After leaving Philadelphia and returning to Pittsburgh, a proposition was brought before the Synod to start a paper for the people of that part of the church. There was interest enough on the subject to elicit a full and general discussion in the Synod, ending in rather reluctant leave being given to make a trial, if it could be done without cost to the Synod. Two elders engaged to bear with me the risk of actual cost for one year in publishing the proposed church paper. The editor was to serve without salary, and his work of superintending the publication must also be at his cost.

These hard conditions were accepted for the good of the cause, and in January, 1873, the first number in an issue of 5000 copies was published. It was called "Our Church Paper." But at the same date, by a singular coincidence, a paper for the Lutherans bearing the same name was issued in Virginia. We thought best then later to change our name, and so it was called "The Reformed Era," which the Lutherans did not appropriate. It became at once very popular among the people. The ministerial brethren of the Pittsburgh Synod generally gave it a hearty support and some of them sent in over 200 names with prepayment from single charges. The regular circulation soon ran up to over two thousand copies. It became a welcome visitor and helper among the families of the Synod and was very generally read with profit and pleasure. It also reached others beyond its Synodical bounds. No paper was sent to a subscriber without the money paid in

advance. Thus there were no delinquents, no bad accounts, and no loss on the subscription list. This showed too, the real interest of the people, who were willing to pay for what they got and wanted. The end of the first year left but a very small balance short of expenses, and the two elders were discharged of their responsibility.

The Messenger management and interests of course were bitterly hostile. So indeed was also *The World*. But the staunch friends stood firm and bid defiance to all opposition. The Synod at the next meeting approved the paper's course and spirit, and entered into a ten years' contract with me for its publication at my own personal risk and sole expense, and in consideration of this the Synod pledged its hearty sympathy and entire patronage. Such moral obligation should have secured me against any subsequent breach of good faith. Yet truth to say, one of its ministers at a later annual meeting less than two years after that moral and legal contract was made, actually brought forward a resolution in open Synod recommending the Messenger to the favor and support of this Synod's people and offering it a warm welcome among the members in our field. He did not seem to have any sort of consciousness of the bad faith and moral obliquity in thus repudiating the Synod's previous broad contract honestly made and still in force. Rebuking the unrighteousness of the proposed action brought on no little friction, leading to a personal antagonism lasting over a quarter of a century.

The Reformed Era at that time, it may be said with much satisfaction, was prosperous and growing. It knew how to speak to our people, and they took it warmly to their hearts. Its editor and publisher was satisfied with the very small balance left for him at the end of each year. Once, however, he lost nearly the whole year's paper stock by a fire in the printing office. The eastern publications became jealous of its popularity. Dr. Higbee told them plainly in a conference openly held for the purpose of uniting it with the Messenger, that its character was becoming known and by its merits it

was "knocking at the doors of our people, where it was soon likely to crowd out the eastern paper." While the one was neglected as reading for the family, the other was welcomed. This meeting led to a formal overture for a union of the two publications. The East offered not to me but to the Pittsburgh Synod the undivided two-sevenths of its whole assets set down then as estimated at forty-two thousand dollars, and also two members in its Board of Publication, as consideration for the union of the two Synods' publications. The bait took. The blind greed made party feeling that would gladly gain as was thought the estimated \$12,000, by bartering away my legal and moral contract rights, without counting on paying me a dollar in consideration for my past three years of unpaid risk and labor, together with the yet seven years of prospective commercial advantage; which really offset much of the supposed value for which the Synod was expecting a two-sevenths gain of eastern assets. After securing that in favor of the Pittsburgh Synod at my sole personal cost, they did not provide for any common just remuneration to me. All the intended gain by the unfair transaction, as all now know, turned like other cheats, in the end, to ashes. The eastern \$42,000 assets, as reported, were *non est inventus*—did not exist—or came to naught, to zero, a lottery blank.

My venture and good judgment in originating The Reformed Era for the church in the Pittsburgh Synod was eminently a proud success and it made a historical point. The work and fruits of that popular and useful publication are set to my lasting credit—if not to pecuniary gain. In all honesty it was to have been expected that some provision should have been made by the parties interested in the unfair deal, for my loss growing out of the Synod's breach of its contract. Some direct or indirect equivalent surely belonged to me in return for what was seized and taken by combined force contrary to law and justice. But the Eastern Board now refused to pay any consideration, because, as it was said, they had bought nothing from me, but only took the transfer of the Era from

the Pittsburgh Synod. And the Pittsburgh Synod, which was supposed to have gained the above share of \$12,000 at no cost except their act of dishonesty, refused to pay me anything on account of its violated contract; since the union was effected, as they said, for the good of the church! Formal conditions indeed had not been set up for the well known equitable claim! But where was the honest dealing?

Parties divided in the Synod and a bitter contest was on. Finally a nominal compromise offer of a small sum, one-twelfth, was made to offset all the Synod's supposed gain, at the simple expense of my labors, success and good will in the sacrifices of three years' work—and seven years yet of hopeful growth covered by the contract. Even this settlement was obstructed afterwards by the willful refusal of Rev. John W. Love, the Synod's president, to sign and issue the order on the treasurer as provided by the formal action of the body over which he had presided.

Some thought it right to provide in some way for me in the new combine. One hostile member of the committee, however, by a single vote tied the Synod to act as a unity, and hindered that plan. Thus the Era, as well as previously the Almanac and the Pastor's Helper, was gobbled at the sacrifice of one man's rights. But in the last greedy deal the Synod unwittingly cheated itself; gaining only supposed assets, which soon vanished entirely as an item of value. What was promised and hoped for from this deceiving union of the two papers by parties to the bargain so unfair to me, was not realized. The Messenger failed to satisfy the previous readers of the Era, and lost many friends.

Editing on the Messenger again, however, by a singular turn came to me twenty years later. Some months before Dr. Chas. G. Fisher's sudden death, he had engaged me regularly to write editorially for that paper. In a few weeks he began to publish congratulations sent in on the improved life, vigor and spirit of the Messenger, which seemed, as it was said, to be "renewing its youth." It was called a "real revival," an "inspiration," etc.

He frankly then wrote me approving letters, and the arrangement was growing into satisfactory condition, when he suddenly died; and new complications followed in the wake of the change.

Called away in full official harness, his early and unexpected death caused considerable disturbance and confusion in the management of the Messenger, before it settled again into something like regular order. My contributions, however, continued to be regularly sent. But they were often put to most irregular use by the new powers at the office. They were not found together in their appropriate place on the first part of the editorial page. Fragmentary, some were there; some on the fifth page noted by special reference, and some on the thirteenth. Most of them could have been classed for all that was known with miscellaneous good selections. Some one of the new hands undertook even to edit me and my contributions. Anything I sent, having some point, or marked with idiosyncratic expression, or revealing any of my personal style, or identity, was either cut out or let down to very commonplace phrase. This vexed me greatly, as it seemed to place me like an old horse in a treadmill. Under the new control, my articles thus eviscerated, were still however published. My relations under this form continued thereafter for about three years or more, when my incog. relations to the Messenger quietly and suddenly by common consent ceased.

By my motion at the Potomac Synod's sessions in Altoona, the election of Rev. J. C. Musser as editor of the Messenger was "ratified and confirmed" because the previous action of the Pittsburgh Synod had been called into question as premature, being only a single party to the contract, and it required a majority of the Synods. This my amendment secured for the new editor.

Restricted, hampered and doctored thus as my editorials had been, they of course could not give much decided improved tone to the paper, or modify greatly its stereotyped weekly character. It is not vanity, or if it is, there is no shame

for me to say that I claimed to know a little better than some young bosses, what the people want and need; and also what will convert the readers to a love for the church paper, which has long been so much a matter of indifference to the majority of them. This self-conscious opinion is seconded by many men of good judgment. Good as our paper is in high, staid dignity, learning and much contents of excellence now, it is yet nevertheless mainly only fit for the few—not for the many of the Reformed people. It is in a sense foreign to the Reformed household. Some one perhaps reads the Messenger with delight and profit; and then he writes to the editor that it was never quite as good as now; is in his hands growing better. He feels tickled and circulates the compliment. This gives occasion for another some one to show equal appreciation, thus multiplying individual party praise. But there are thousands who do not express their dislike to the high strung and too advanced tone of the paper that has pleased but relatively a few. Those long three column classis essays and new theology revelations are not read by one in a hundred, and the progressive theological chowder dish remains untasted by the multitude of our plain members. They are not much profited by the learned contents, and after a while do not open the paper with much hope of being edified and benefited, and thus it fails to interest the families. Some, week after week, do not unfold it at all. Then follows delinquency in pay and final discontinuance. The list does not grow, except by extra spasmodic efforts, “work! work!” to make up for steady recurring losses from the list.

Our church paper, as should have been long since learned, and now be well understood, is for the general use of the great body of REFORMED PEOPLE. The greatest good to the greatest number, must be the law. If that is not the main object of its publication, then its plan, no matter how excellent otherwise, is a relative failure. The sooner our authorities and astute managers see this and learn to make it a help and blessing to the people, the better it will be for the Reformed

church. What does the Board of Publication do to give the right type? One thousand readers well pleased with its high and learned critical tone, are not to stand in the way of the ten thousand who are not much as yet interested in such contents. This is not written in personal interest, for my day is over. But the fact is true, the best editorial writer is not the most classically learned man in the new theology of the church. The born editor is one having common sympathy and feelings with the people, and who can reach them. He ought to prepare and select what will touch their warm hearts and affections so as to edify them. In this sense, the paper, to be a success, must be made POPULAR. Half a dozen of my articles of this tenor while acting as the incog. editor, were rejected—apparently for no other reason than that they tried to bring out some such truthful and essential things as are here indicated.

My editing days are, of course, over. What has here been said is not of a character to further any personal matters now, But if my last word shall help some one hereafter who can take a suggestion and make in the future a way open for the grand success of our church paper in the many homes of the best people of our land, my reward will come. The Messenger, once proud of having become a "weekly," became also a *weakly* and dull, and is now too high and dry in a sense of up-to-date science fad that must be modified. Every member is not to be exactly like all the fossils that were gathered before. The new century, let the present editor learn, may be a good time for a fresh start on the right track—for which let all pray. But above all the church paper is not to be used to make popular among our plain Reformed people the vagaries of the age or the party errors of the new theology; and then tell the people thus and thus and so thinks the Messenger or the editor of the Church Paper.

BEFORE "THE WORLD" WAS.

One more editorial matter. The Ohio Synod at its sessions in Delaware, June, 1861, elected me editor and publisher of the

Western Missionary, which became later The Christian World. Before that day it was issued only every two weeks. The Synod desired to make it a weekly. The editor and publisher objected to this as then impossible for lack of support. A Pittsburgh elder offered to pay the loss if any. The Synod then resolved to make its issue weekly, and ordered its removal to Pittsburgh, with myself to be the editor and publisher.

Thinking to do the nice thing with the former editor, who himself had once taken a short corner turn on Dr. J. H. Good, the originator of the paper, which was however trickily taken out of his hands, I proposed to let the paper continue from June to January as it had been, in order that its old business affairs might be properly closed up before making a forced change and removal. Instead of treating me fairly for this kindness, however, the paper was used in the meantime to stir up bitter opposition to the Synod's ordered change, and foment trouble throughout the West by publishing manufactured articles hostile to the said action. Party strife and narrow sectional contentions as well as jealousy of the old order were engendered against the change to a weekly; *because*, forsooth, as it was argued, the price, \$1.50, it could not be sent by mail for a year's subscription, etc. But any such party divisions and strife could prevent the paper's success.

At best, the agitation made it bad for me to assume the risky trust given by the Synod in the proposed untried venture. Early in the fall of that year, therefore, my declination was sent to the Board of Publication; and the old editor had his cherished wish. At the next year's Synod, which happened to be held at Dayton itself, where I was elected president of that body, the whole disingenuous dealing of the opposition party was thoroughly ventilated and publicly exposed. For long years thereafter the scheming head wore a peculiar expression of face whenever he was met and looked squarely in the eye.

A few years later, about the time of the General Synod's meeting at Dayton, December, 1866, the Western Synod's

Board of Publication transferred the paper to new hands, and it was then changed to "The Christian World." The temporary new editor asked me to write incog. his principal editorials for him till the following spring when the Ohio Synod was expected to elect him regular editor. This service for him was so acceptably and well done as he confessed in letters to me that his election was secured; and he made thankful acknowledgments which were the main thing to show for the favor done. He promised also to remunerate me well for my services, to pay for thus securing his election.

The new editor published my articles furnished at his urgent request. They were put in as his own editorials. Soon after the General Synod's meeting in Dayton, he wrote December 13, 1866, requesting a special editorial article also for New Year, and says, "I want you to write on a motto for our Paper. The Latin, which I here quote from memory, as I have been deprived of my minutes of General Synod of Pittsburgh. It is your report on State of the Church in which occurs *In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas*. You are acquainted with animus of the Latin, its place in theology, practical church life, and know how to adapt it to our western field. I want you to take it up and in a free way write about it *editorially*." . . . "If you come to my relief for a few numbers of the paper, I will not only pay you, but throw a stone in your garden. Send the article on 'Motto' in good time." So he says, January 4: "I used your articles. I should have put your name to the New Year article, but a friend of the paper said I had better not—made it editorial. The subject required something of the kind. I want you to appear on my first page as *Our Own Contributor*. . . . We can get you a title out here if managed rightly. Write me an easy western article which that *cognomen* would suit. . . . You know what would be for the advantage of our Western Zion." Later again: "All your matter made use of—rendered us service at the late meeting of Synod. It was felt by all to be about the proper ground to stand on for our whole western church, and

it did much towards harmonizing Synod, and making my election secure."

After this testimony in my favor, the matter might rest. But I must acknowledge as publicly the pay, for it all was *two copies of Lange* which had been sent for review notice in the *World*. Then he calls for articles of a "pious sort" on Easter. "One, Before Easter, then one on Easter communion itself, followed by the "After Communion article" and tells me of another of my articles in June that will cost \$3.50 without being any gain to the general reader. "But then your pen is valuable in other directions, and I will cheerfully incur this expense." *Requiescat.*

Some years subsequently, Dr. Mease became the editor of the *World* and he entered into diplomatic negotiations with me, proposing that we "join teams" in the editing and publishing the *World*. His approaches however were too cautious and he procrastinated till his embarrassing financial burdens fell disastrously upon his plans. He was thus by western men forced out of the concern empty handed after all his service and losses. This ended my relation with the *World*, except as special occasional contributor in some of the after years.

Another possible publishing interest was projected by me in 1878. A missionary paper was thought necessary to arouse interest in that long slumbering cause. The President of the tri-Synodic Board gave commission to me as "the most fit man" for the work. A head piece was designed representing the angels bringing the good news of Gospel grace to the world; then Christ the central figure giving commission to the disciples to "go preach the gospel." On the one extreme, the heathen world; on the right, Christian civilization, churches, schools, people going to service. The name was simply to be "MISSION TIDINGS." This was a score of years, you will notice, the *forerunner of the "Reformed Church Tidings,"* which was born, lived briefly, and died of too much doctoring, in heavy editing.

Our first number was nearly ready when word was sent out

that another paper, Dr. T. Appel's "Herald," had taken time by the forelock. Two such publications could not afford to run opposition in that cause. There was call for one, and only one good paper. But all other such efforts so far, not good, have failed. The mistakes of the past furnish lessons for guiding to future success, which is yet to come, but not by the "Bulletin," in its present form and methods.

A sort of fascination seems to hang about the work and calling of editing and publishing. It has led many men to mistake their calling. To become a success, there must be above all else, a divine gift for the vocation. It must have editorial fitness born in the man. Not one of a thousand adorns the place assigned to the conventional seat on the tripod. The "mystic stirring" of the blest afflatus may not always find fit opportunity to give the editor's powers free course to run and be glorified. My own call to the work, though repeatedly handicapped, was something more real surely than a dream. But my "calling and election" had little more than the average success of the good practical common lot. It did not ever amount to distinguished leadership, though it sometimes pointed and blazed the way for others and that was service useful to the general good; and for these "reformers before the reformation" my disconnected record of piecemeal work will stand. No personal ambition was gratified by pressing myself to the front.

My unofficial contributions to the church papers and periodicals seldom seemed to fall flat and still-born, as can be attested by numerous letters of approval; and through the years they became enough to fill some volumes of miscellanies. Of BOOKS, my first was "The Ripe Harvest"; a call to fill the ranks of our ministry. It was a whole contribution given gratuitously to the Board of Publication without any reserve of author's copy money to myself. It soon ran through its first edition and was exhausted. Not having been stereotyped, it yet fully paid its way, but was not reprinted, and is not now extant.

"CREED AND CUSTOMS OF THE REFORMED CHURCH," 1869, was a larger book, of which Dr. Nevin's favorable notice is preserved in preceding pages herein. Four editions were called for by the church, and the want is not yet filled. I paid for the copyright and electrotype plates. Only lately, repeated letters to me ask for another edition. Rev. Dr. Rufus W. Miller says of it, May 4, 1901: "I wish to express a debt of gratitude I owe to you personally. When I was a boy of 14 or 15 and was confirmed in the old First Church, Easton, I found great help in your book "Creed and Customs," a copy of which was in our home. Through some public meetings I was greatly troubled as to the question of baptism and other views taught by Baptists and Methodists. Your book steadied me and threw light on what were then most vital subjects for decision, and concerning which my whole life has been affected." Similar testimony as to its usefulness to our people and ministry was given in a recent letter from Elder Davis, of Baltimore, Rev. Mr. Noll, Mrs. Kunkel, etc. Others also have not forgotten it in the thirty odd years service since its first appearance.

A biography of Rev. Dr. N. P. Hacke, who for fifty-eight years was pastor at Greensburg, Pa., was prepared also by me at his request; and published by the Westmoreland Classis more than twenty-five years ago. It covers an interesting period of history in the Reformed Church in that part of western Pennsylvania, from 1818 to 1878. The book has not had an extensive circulation; but contains valuable data. A memorial discourse at his death was published by me in the Review.

"JESUS IN THE HOME, *Saving the Children*, Gracious Nurture in the Family," is a later publication. It was prepared and published in my seventy-seventh year. Universal praise—except from the New Theology and Higher Critics—has come for it from all quarters in our Church and from without. It lives in foreign lands. In less than twelve months, the first edition was exhausted. When the personal expense for its

publication is re-imbursed to me from the sales, all the profits are pledged to go towards benevolent offerings. The Board is too poor to issue another edition now. It may be of interest to preserve some of the press notices in favor of "this invaluable book," as one critic designates it.

JESUS IN THE HOME.

Saving the Children—Gracious Nurture in the Family, by Rev. Geo. B. Russell, A.M., D.D., LL.D.

A book for Reformed people by a Reformed author. Written in a most interesting and direct style—such as will not tire the reader. As a help to parents, a benefit to children, an aid to the church, its aim is to glorify Christ. A reading of it will impress you with its value to all members of the home circle, to the Sunday-school, and to the Church.

220 pages, 5¼ x 7¾, superior paper, printed in large clear type and durably bound in neat silk grain and art vellum cloth. The price is seventy-five cents, postage paid, which shows that the book was not published for profit. What is realized out of its sale above cost will be devoted to benevolence.

This is a practical book, written by a practical man, for practical people, for the fathers, mothers and young people of the Reformed Church, and for all other Christian people, old and young.

But of this idea of Christian nurture in the family, Dr. Russell is not only the defender and advocate, but he is also its prophet.

Very foolish indeed are the parents and the ministers who do not make use of this God-ordained family order for the saving of our boys and girls. All this is set forth with vigor and clearness in Dr. Russell's peculiar style. He talks to the people. He has something to say to them for their good. And he says it plainly and intelligently.

This book will serve a good purpose if the pastor will see to it that it gets into the homes of the people. It will say for him some things he would like to say, but sometimes cannot. The book will be a good advocate and a wise counsellor. In it the parents are instructed and warned, and the children are counseled and cautioned. It should find its way into Reformed families and do much good.—Reformed Church Messenger.

Dr. Russell has done the Church a real service in bringing out this volume. It is handsomely bound in cloth. It ought to find its way speedily into the homes of Reformed people.—Christian World.

Dr. Russell deserves the thanks of the entire Reformed Church for the publication of this book. The writer remembers, when a boy, the

profit derived from reading *Creed and Customs* written and published by Dr. Russell years ago. We are sure this book is just as timely, and will prove as helpful as was *Creed and Customs*. The subjects considered are of great importance. The author in his Fore-word suggests that the chapters of the book be read repeatedly in the family, discussed in the home circle, in the Sunday-school, in the prayer meeting, and in the consistory. We trust this may be the case. Every chapter is written in a plain, readable style, and the points made and suggestions given are eminently practical. We heartily agree with the esteemed author in his emphasis upon the work of the family and the necessity for a revision of the proper sentiment and conviction in reference to the place of the family in the plan of saving grace. We trust that the book will not only find its way into our Sunday-school libraries, but also into the hands of thousands of parents and teachers.—Heidelberg Teacher.

Too much importance cannot be attached to the proper training of the young. Dr. G. B. Russell's latest work, on the above subject, emphasizes the necessity for the Christian nurture of children based upon their covenant relation to God. This book contains both doctrinal teaching and practical counsels, and will be found useful in impressing parents with the heavy responsibility they bear toward God for the destiny of their offspring.—Reformed Church Record.

This is an earnest and wise plea for definite and saving religious teaching and training in the home. Dr. Russell is in most hearty and intelligent sympathy with family religion and believes that children are to be fed the true bread of life and clothed with the atoning merits and positive righteousness of Jesus Christ. He treats his great subject clearly, logically, sympathetically, convincingly. Would that such a book were in every household, and read, and its teaching practiced.—Christian Intelligencer.

Dr. Russell's purpose, as stated by himself, is "to help parents; to benefit children and to glorify Christ." He has unbounded faith in household piety, piety of the Abrahamic order.—They have found the Saviour "in the home." The family was before the Church. The State as well as the Church rests upon it. Unless the home be permeated by the power of a living Redeemer all other spiritual relations are comparatively ineffective. The facts are well stated, and not over stated. Its perusal will carry a large blessing with it.—Interior.

A thoughtful, practical, helpful series of short chapters, which will commend themselves to all conscientious parents.—Outlook.

The latest book issued by the Publication House is "Jesus in the Home: Saving the Children." We have not had time to read it through,

but what little we have read of it convinces us that it is a valuable book for the home, a book which consistories can and ought to commend to the families of their congregations.—Ed. Consistory.

The book is written in the usually scholarly manner of the author and is instructive and entertaining and should find its way into all homes, especially where there are children to be trained for time and eternity. The book cannot but be a great help, to all who read it, to be more faithful to the "Trusteeship" which is placed upon them. The aim of the book is, To help parents, to benefit children, to aid the Church, and to glorify Christ. The author through this work has done a great service to the Church, and as the profits which may accrue therefrom, will be devoted to benevolent work, the Church will receive an additional benefit from a large circulation of this book.—*Woman's Journal*.

EXTRACTS FROM REV. DR. A. S. WEBER'S NOTICE.

The principles insisted on by Dr. Russell in this recently published volume on religion in the home, were they reduced as they should be to faithful practice in families, in Sunday-schools and classes preparing for confirmation, would likewise result in lasting benefit to coming generations of Reformed Church people.

My acquaintance with the author of this important and timely book, goes back now nearly twenty years. During one of my college-day vacations I happened to the town where he was then presiding over one of our literary institutions. A Sunday-school Convention was being held in the historic Reformed Church of the place, and Dr. Russell spoke on the general topic which in its various phases he has elaborated in the two hundred and twenty pages of this book. Of the address itself which he then made I recall very little, but the impressions made by the Doctor somehow have remained with me. He was a clear thinker, a forceful speaker, plain in his command of language, appreciative of the place of the Christian family in the scheme of redemption, thoroughly in sympathy with and loyal to the teachings of the Heidelberg Catechism, which in a sense he regarded as "inspired."

These first impressions have been confirmed and established by the privilege I have since had of hearing him,—only too seldom,—at Synodical meetings or commencement gatherings, of reading his contributions to our Church periodicals, and now particularly by this thoughtful and valuable exposition of the doctrine of Christian nurture. The book contains the ripe fruit of earnest study, wide observation and rich personal experience, and its contents are offered in the clear, simple, straightforward style which is so needful when truth

is to be brought to the level of the various classes of readers for which such manuals are intended.

In my humble judgment the title of the book, "Jesus in the Home," is not as happily appropriate as another that might have been chosen for it. The double sub-title, "Saving the Children—Gracious Nurture in the Family," may be indicative perhaps of the author's struggle to find just the name he himself wanted. To my mind the simple "Gracious Nurture in the Home," would have been sufficiently descriptive, and I am persuaded would have proved more attractive to many readers. This were indeed an insignificant matter to refer to, were it not for the fact that the name of the book has so much to do; but general assent must be given to the conviction it expresses, namely, that the Christian nurture in the family which is recommended, cannot but be a heavenly gain to parents and children. Recruits to the ranks of the evil one from among the children of the Church would be less numerous, and the Church itself would surely greatly multiply in numbers, piety and efficiency.

For one I wish to thank Dr. Russell for this interesting, helpful and stimulating little book. I have written in order to commend it to the fathers and mothers of our Church as worthy not only of being purchased, but prayerfully read, and its precepts practiced. During the gift-giving season which is now approaching it would be difficult to select a book which would make a more appropriate present for members of the family, or friends outside our homes. A. S. W.

Dec. 5, 1901.

From Yochow, China, Missionary Rev. Dr. W. E. Hoy writes: "A friend sent us a copy of your new book, 'Jesus in the Home.' Mrs. Hoy and I have received so much profit from it that I feel constrained to write and thank you for giving the Church a work like this. *It ought to be in every home* and bear its message to parents. It will do a great deal of good, we are sure." The Christian Intelligencer gave it a second notice more highly honoring it than the first one from the same paper, as given above. Other favorable references from ministers and people also come as rewards for the work done here. An order just lately came from Birmingham, England.

The book now in course of preparation is to be "*Four Score and More*," or, Memorabilia of Men and Things in my pathway from Four years old to the present time of writing. It

will be my last book. A collection of miscellany from the church papers and periodicals would make by far the largest of all, and perhaps the most interesting, as it would refer to the living questions at issue occurring in our last fifty years of history.



SILVER JUBILEE—WHOLE FAMILY.

In Allegheny.

ABOUT this time also may be mentioned a new piece of mission work on personal effort without church aid or appropriation for its support. Before the opening of the Tercentenary year, a petition from twenty-six persons was sent to the Westmoreland classis, requesting that body to appoint me to hold religious services for them in Allegheny City. This was bitterly opposed before the Classis by Grace church's new pastor and the consistory. The opposition stood in the main on the ground that the signers were *too poor* to start a new congregation. The Pittsburgh mission at the first itself, it should be remembered, was indeed not rich when originally projected; poorer in fact, than this, and with some aid had in four years become self-supporting. But this proposed interest must begin without any missionary help. To be free to do this after the permission was refused, there came my dismissal from the Westmoreland Classis, then asked for in order to connect with the St. Paul Classis within whose bounds Allegheny City in fact was located, the river being the boundary. The above petition was then sent to the latter classis, and no one from the city followed it to push the consideration of its request. But Grace church went after it in stern remonstrance and Dr. Callender was their appointed representative. We, however purposely left all in the Lord's hands.

After a full debate the request of the petitioners was granted. Accordingly in January, 1863, the Tercentenary year, the first service for these people was held in Sidden's Hall, above a beer saloon on Rebecca street. Thereafter soon a better place was fitted up on the third story of a hall, corner of Sandusky and Leacock streets. Still later, Quincy Hall below Federal street was rented. The Sunday-school and the public attendance began to grow. A congregation was organized with twenty-two members. Elders George Reiter and D. S. Dief-

fenbacher, Deacons Lewis Moore and Thomas Baetty. Not a dollar of missionary aid was ever given or asked for; so these people, judged to be "too poor," started by self-sacrifice as entirely self-supporting. The pastor had no salary promised him; all expenses of rent, gas, fuel, sexton and tax left about seventy dollars the first year for his support. The second year's growth brought a salary up to nearly three hundred dollars; the third year, to about five hundred, and at the end of the fifth year, the salary voted was eight hundred dollars. All this under the hindrance of very stout opposition and violent persecution from Grace church on the Pittsburgh side. After my removal soon thereafter at the call of the Synod, to do editorial work in the east, the continued hostility from the other church across the river literally *killed* the promising church in Allegheny. That was the return made by Grace church for the thousands of aid it received from the east in the days of its own weakness by my personal efforts, soliciting and canvassing. But wisdom is justified of its children. Here is a part of it, as the sad history developed.

In course of no very long time these on the Allegheny side had begun to talk about a church for themselves. The membership in net gain before my removal east had come to be eighty-nine communicants. A most eligible lot, fronting seventy-five feet on Marion avenue facing West Commons, below Ridge avenue, had been bought and payment in full provided. A brewery company, very soon after we had secured it, offered to pay us a good advance for that lot, now probably worth \$30,000 or more. A plan for the new church was drawn and about \$6000 subscribed towards the building of the edifice. Everything before I was called away, was in a promising stage of active progress. A devoted people were at work. The pastor previously had declined a call to Philadelphia to take charge of the proposed mission, now Trinity church, at an advance of four hundred dollars in salary.

But then came soon also to the pastor an election and a call from the Eastern Synod to be book editor in the Messenger

office. This was pressed upon him by many esteemed personal advisers; and finally he reluctantly accepted the overture, and left Allegheny, much to the regret of the people (and soon afterwards also to the regret of himself). But Rev. W. E. Krebs was chosen his successor, and the people felt able with the offer of fifty dollars aid from myself, to pay him \$1100 salary. This seemed to promise sure success to the Allegheny church. No dollar of missionary aid was ever given towards the support of that self-helpful Allegheny interest. But alas! almost as rapidly as it had grown, it went backwards to a final dissolution in not many years thereafter; and years of subsequent troubled history, under the administration of a new pastor. Instead of the proposed new church as projected, upon the finely located lot, a little frame chapel was built, then changed, and then rebuilt, at losses and dissatisfaction in endless chapter. Jangling troubles were engendered; a bitter quarrel about the place of the altar broke out between the pastor who had one elder on his side, and all the other seven members of the consistory, three elders and four deacons, on the other side. Finally the majority party of the consistory privately carried the main bone of contention, the elevated altar, into the basement Sunday-school room. The preacher the next Sunday morning sat for a while dumb before a full audience, and then positively refused to exercise his ministry unless the altar be at once restored to the place where he had without authority offensively placed it. Neither party yielding, he refused to preach and resigned. He then issued dismissions, on his own motion, to all who consented to receive them in order to join church *elsewhere*. Twenty-six went over to Grace church, by partisan persuasion.

Everything fell into irretrievable confusion in the congregation. A considerable number of the members being new in Reformed church life, were yet unsettled as to its usages, customs and history; and they were helpless for any proper remedy in the disheartening trouble. It is altogether too sad and tangled a story to be fully told here in detail.

The next pastor succeeding him, who had torn to fragments the promising little congregation, for a while rallied a part of the disintegrated membership. They continued the pastor's salary at eleven hundred dollars, and besides furnished coal for the pastor's family use at a cost of about one hundred more. But only slow and small increase came to the membership now under inefficient pastoral attention. Confidence and hope gradually failed. The leading shepherd apparently lost his hold and grip. Then the salary promised could no longer be paid from the scantier grown pew rent income, and some of the zealous supporters had to pay for a while from one to two hundred dollars each. Then came increasing debt, growing steadily heavier, until it became in a few years too oppressive. Relief from this was sought in a request for a dissolution of the pastoral relation which was strongly urged until it became a fretting irritation, and that friction cost also some loss of membership.

Another pastor who followed still more signally failed to unite the people, shattered to a non-working unity in the congregation. His pulpit efforts were a fair success, but he did not use the requisite pastoral tact to animate and unite the members. Growing indebtedness, losses, removals, and continued hostility from the Pittsburgh side finally disheartened the few remaining workers. All ended at last in swamping *the whole property* and sending the suffering people to the four winds. Much of this disaster to what was once so promising a church came, if not directly from Grace church people, then certainly from their lack of Christian sympathy and help for what would otherwise have been for the general good of the Reformed church in those great cities. Thankfulness or common gratitude from the Pittsburgh church for what had been done for it in its early days, was not shown in favor of the Reformed population on the other side of the river. The now wealthy congregation which owes its own existence to general church aid given at its beginning, collected by its first pastor, might have returned much to the Reformed cause if it had

saved the early church interest in Allegheny of nearly forty years ago. Its liberality to foreign missions does not atone its opposition. Its first church property, secured without any cost to its membership, and sold for \$50,000 cash, to enable it to provide for its proud \$100,000 fine property, so beautiful and glorious, goes into the record.

UNION OF REFORMED.

In every right way the earnest desire for "Union" is held in high regard. It is proper therefore to record the following action unanimously adopted by the Potomac Synod, in 1906, when the concordat was dissolved and our Reformed people of France were left as untrained orphans to mark out a new experience without Synodical traditions and fraternal help. We have the first right to them and they to us. Others will soon try to adopt them into fraternal relations not so near; as they are working to do with the Hungarians whom we first discovered and organized into Reformed churches in this land. Several millions of these Reformed Christians are objects of consideration now by other denominations seeking to swallow all into one great partisan union like the Pan-Presbyterians who always forget that Reformed is the generic name for the whole family.

GREETINGS TO THE REFORMED CHURCH IN FRANCE.

The following resolutions, proposed by the Rev. Geo. B. Russell, D.D., LL.D., were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our brethren of the Reformed faith in France are now passing through new experience of freedom from State control, incident to their relations hitherto holding between Church and State, under the civil government in the French Republic; and, inasmuch as we of the Reformed Church in the United States have long enjoyed untrammelled liberty of self-government and are reaping the largest benefits in the exercise of free Protestant rights, subject only to the laws of the land; therefore,

Resolved, That this Synod of the Potomac of our Reformed Church in the United States hereby expresses its lively sympathy in fraternal Christian fellowship for our brethren of the old Protestant faith in

France, and extend to them the warm right hand of brotherhood in their new trials of faith and sufferings in the cause of truth and righteousness for the sake of our common Lord and Saviour in behalf of our fellowmen.

Resolved, also, That an authentic copy of this expression of our Christian greetings be transmitted to the proper Synod of the Reformed Church in that Republic; and that our brethren of the Reformed Church of France be respectfully overtured, through the General Synod, to join us in closer relations belonging to the historical confessional bond common to the Reformed family, by entering into an exchange of corresponding delegates with our General Synod, beginning, if possible, with the next triennial meeting in May, 1908.

Resolved, That a commission of one member be appointed by this Synod to co-operate with one of the General Synod in furthering such closer relations of amity and fraternity between the Reformed churches holding so much in common, faith, suffering and history. (See Minutes.)

The spiritual cry for "Union" is abroad in the land. Songs, prayers, labors, schemes, conferences are affecting the churches on many sides. Union they predict is coming with a force to carry all before it, break down every party barrier and sweep the denominations all into one. That is very devout and enough to rejoice all hearts. But it is still future.

The unity of the church *is yet to come*. It is a *futurity* of the Christian confession. That they all may be one. It is an article of the Creed; that is, it is for faith of what is to come, not yet present in sight. Holiness is also predicted in the same sense for the church of the Creed, but it is not as yet actualized, without spot, or wrinkle, or blemish or any such thing. It is a rather singular fact that the most pious and loudest shouters for union on any terms, at any price, in any form, have so little conception of what the unity of the Creed really means. What do they want? They do not know or care. Must it be organic, or federal, or conglomerate, or nominal, or mystical, or *invisible*? Settle that once and it will abate much of the noisy enthusiasm. The Master asked the blind man, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? He did not exactly know, but only he wished to be able to see the light.

That condition settled will indeed be much for union. Till then the church must wait and pray and labor to *become* one. It will be one as Christ is one. In Him the conditions must be prepared and perfected, until they all come in the unity of the Spirit into the completeness of Christ. To expect union in any other sense is a false and vain heresy. No one can make a true union out of a mere negative clothed in resolutions. Though it may sum up millions in schedules and lists it is all bosh and will not have the living power of union except in Christ; not as compromise, creed or no creed, not as hair-splitting between essential and non essential gospel truth as it is in Jesus. For long to come there will likely be found more real Christian union in the historical denominations than in renegade universal assemblies. Find out what union means. Set it out in honest form—then move on the sectarian works. Try any plan that is good. Begin with the Creed.

The whirlwind dust of Rev. Dr. W. H. Roberts' efforts to consolidate the general union movement into Pan-Presbyterianism, when it settles, will likely show nothing of union except the conglomerate list of names aggregating the big millions in the religious denominations intended to be piously swallowed. His assistant trumpeters in our own and the other churches will find their labors lost and their occupation gone, when once the sober second thought gets at the real emptiness, not the pious oneness, of the undefined union that contained nothing real of Christ or Church on which to unite, but only the grand parade of great numbers, running into millions. Like the heralded union of the Congregationalists, the United Brethren and the Methodist Protestants, each remaining as *ununited* as they severally were before the pious transaction of their nominal union.

The St. Paul's Orphans' Home

THE ST. PAUL'S ORPHAN HOME—ITS PROPERTY PURCHASE.

IN 1866, while yet living in Allegheny, and a member of the St. Paul classis, the Rev. C. A. Limberg, Butler, Pa., wrote me that the fine property of Christian Siebert, located there was about to be sold. It had formerly been the home of the late General McCall, of the Pennsylvania Reserves in the war for the Union. We two had once together looked over the property in a general way, as possibly suitable for an orphan home, about which there had been some talk between us since the General Synod three years before at Pittsburgh. The orphan cause was at that meeting reported on by me to the General Synod as a worthy object for church work hitherto not in hand. A general board was then appointed to further the cause. Being secretary of said Board, its possible work was often discussed between myself and other members of our Classis as a western Pennsylvania project. It was proper therefore to think of possibilities and take advantage of near opportunities.

No plan however had as yet been settled upon or taken even an ideal form. In fact there were no material means at hand, and no voice of local church authority gave impetus to such a purpose as the founding of an orphan home in our section. But here was a providence. Rev. Mr. Limberg, of blessed memory, honored by his family and the church, had bought part of the McCall farm from Mr. Siebert, and saw that what was left of the property, including the main building, was desirable for such a home. And now it was likely to pass beyond our reach to another party from Ohio, with a view, it was said, of locating there a seminary. The bargain and transaction finally for its sale was then in hand and might soon be closed in favor of the Ohio party. On my way home from a spring meeting

of the classis, and while spending a day at the parson's place we had examined again the property with him more particularly and discussed the fitness for a home—also the seeming impossibility of securing it, without having a dollar of means in sight for a church institution for orphans.

If anything was to be done, however, for obtaining it, no time dared now be lost; and to let it slip from our near grasp at that time, no such favorable place would soon be found. The party negotiating, we were told, offered \$9000 for the buildings and thirty acres of land. Now or never for us. The oil fever had not yet broken out at Butler and property was low in price. After my return to Allegheny, came a letter, saying that a few days would decide or lose for us the opportunity. By telegraph my order after consulting my wife and prayerful thought was to "*buy it now!*" My proposed conditions offered by letter following the same day, were to get Elder Siebert to agree to give us off the purchase price a personal subscription from himself of \$1000 towards the proposed home. We had as yet absolutely no money for the purchase, not even a small sum to bind the bargain. A reduction was requested from the offer said to have been made by another party; and Elder Siebert mistook my proposition to mean that he contribute another \$1000 towards our price named. To this he kindly consented. By the misunderstanding of himself and Rev. Mr. Limberg, my offer was taken to make a difference of \$2000; and this fact is therefore probably the ground for the oft repeated and officially published incorrect statement that the Rev. Mr. Limberg obtained a promise of \$2000 on which he then bought the home. The historical fact is that my offer to Elder Siebert was \$8000, of which he was to subscribe \$1000, as a donation in making the property over to our church for an orphan home. The wrong impression has been given out on mistaken inference that Rev. Mr. Limberg bought the home. That is only true in so far as he being at Butler acted as the mouthpiece or active agent in the transaction of the purchase by telegram in my personal proposal to buy the property.

So far our rash venture seemed to prosper. My wife strongly advised me to make the telegraphic offer, the only way to meet the case on which the place was thus bought entirely on faith. Then we began to contrive ways and means and to consult others for acquiescence and co-operation; which resulted in material aid for securing the magnificent St. Paul's Orphan Home at Butler, Pa.

Being then secretary of the General Synod's Board of Orphan Homes, it was within my knowledge that some subscriptions as Tercentenary offerings had been promised to the general cause by members of our Board. This was of course not yet available for the present purchase. While therefore Elder Siebert assented and agreed to my offer as above detailed, it was bought on my sole responsibility with an entirely empty hand. The late superintendent of the home asked me recently where the money came from, "as they had no record to show" how it was bought and they had guessed wildly.

Here is his letter to me:

Dr. G. B. Russell.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I am glad I struck somebody who knows all about the founding of our Home. Hitherto, I was dependent for all information upon Father Limberg, and it seems he did not know or care to tell me everything. I often wondered where the money came from that paid for the property. I knew Mr. Schmertz and Mr. Siebert each gave \$1,000, and that a part was made from the support of soldiers' orphans. Now, will you please, while you are yet living (you cannot do it after death) write out a full sketch or history of its founding for my "Orphans' Friend." * * * Please do it for the sake of the Home itself, as well as for my own sake. By so doing you will confer a great favor upon us all.

I have read your book with much interest and regard it as *the book* for the times.

Please scratch off a small article on Easter, such as would interest children, for my March number of "The Orphans' Friend." Let me have it next week.

Yours fraternally,

Here is the way it began. Rev. Dr. J. W. Nevin, President of our General Synod Board, designated at my request his \$500 Tercentenary subscription made for the general cause, toward this particular purchase. A like application from me secured from Elder W. E. Schmertz the same direction of his \$500 Tercentenary subscription to our Board's treasury (not \$1000 then as Dr. Prugh mentions). Another request was made of an elder for his intended offering of a like sum. The pastor of Grace church secured \$1500 from public spirited Christians in the city not of our church, and what was raised by myself on the Allegheny side, together with the \$1000 remitted by Mr. Siebert or subscribed by him, enabled me to take receipt from him April 1st, 1867, for the payment of *Four thousand five hundred dollars*, in part for the "buildings and thirty acres of ground," now the orphan home property, leaving then, as the said paper mentions in particular, \$3500 to be paid at some future unnamed date. That settles the question of original price. Here is a copy of the receipt securing a full title for the property, which should put to rest all uncertain statements, viz:

"Received, Pittsburgh, Pa., April 1st, 1867, of W. E. Schmertz and Geo. B. Russell, *Four Thousand Five Hundred Dollars* (\$4,500), in part payment for the purchase of my property adjoining the town of Butler, Pa., consisting of the main buildings, the mansion house, two-story brick 54 x 54 feet, and back building, brick barn and other outhouses and thirty acres of land, etc., (for which eight thousand dollars in all is to be paid including the sum herein receipted for). And the undersigned hereby binds himself, his heirs and assigns to convey the said property by a good and sufficient deed, to such Board of Trustees, or other party hereafter to be designated by said Schmertz and Russell

(Signed) CHRISTIAN SIEBERT."

Mr. Schmertz's name was only used in the receipt here for ornament and to give some semblance of financial basis for

the transaction, but otherwise had nothing to do with it; it was alone and entirely a contract and payment between Mr. Siebert and myself. We met on the pavement and concluded the contract on Wood street, Pittsburgh. By personal formal stipulation I no longer acted in the Board or on committees so as not to seem making a place for myself as some supposed.

The General Synod Board had previously voted \$400 to the Eastern or Bridesburg Home in Philadelphia, for internal use and \$1000 for payment on the debt made by its superintendent for its property bought, before it became the Bethany Home, later removed to Womelsdorf, Pa. Rev. Dr. Zacharias had asked for authority from our Board to establish an orphan home at Frederick, Md., for which he had, as then reported \$2000 in sight for some such object. In the fall of 1864 he invited me to preach there for him to his people, which I did, in the interest of his orphan home project. And in December, 1870, or 1871, as far as I can now recall, from information then received, when editor of the Messenger, I wrote an editorial article (see previous page No. —) for that paper announcing that such a Christian charity had been established; in which paper is mentioned that a board of trustees had been appointed with their names given, and further informing our Reformed people that a suitable property had been secured adjoining the church in Frederick, Md., and also a lot bought nearby for needed enlargement. What else was done, or not done, and how the project failed to become a fact accomplished, has not been made public. But that editorial was taken by the parties in interest as stating correctly the main facts.

Well, without getting authority from the General Board except acting at our suggestion and approved by other friends, Rev. Mr. Limberg opened the home as the appointed superintendent on November 29, 1867, with a few orphans. The Lord knows the weight of his burden, and labor of his family. Mrs. George Reiter, of the Allegheny City church, collected and sent in the first considerable supply of clothing and a good lot of bedding material in webs of muslin, calicoes and comforters

contributed from merchants and others, for furnishing some of the rooms; and she also repeated such similar contribution for some succeeding years, before the home had called out many other friends. The St. Paul's Classis appointed later a committee to hold in trust the purchased property and to take such action as might be needed to open and operate the home. Geo. B. Russell, C. A. Limberg, D. S. Dieffenbacher and George Voegtley, were that committee. Its first meeting was held at my house in Allegheny in October of that year.

The dedicatory services, at which it was my privilege to preside, and duty to deliver the special address, were held in the home at Butler, December 10th, 1867. It was also made my duty to prepare the charter and have it enacted by applying in person to the State legislature, through the kindness of my friend, Senator Graham; and the act incorporating the institution during my presence became a law in due course. Governor Hartranft, my college friend, then Auditor General, sent me the officially sealed copy, the transcript for which cost me personally \$22; besides the expense of trip to Harrisburg. The same duty was also done by me for the incorporation of the General Synod's Board; which was pronounced "a most comprehensive and liberal instrument." It was unanimously approved by the General Synod at Dayton, Ohio, 1866. But by an oversight was not ordered to be printed in full in the minutes until at its second meeting thirty years after, 1896, at the same place.

After the purchase and formal inauguration of the St. Paul's Home, the Clarion and Westmoreland Classes were invited to join in the ownership and management of the same. This was the first they had to do with it, not as elsewhere reported that the Classes bought the home, which by the official Souvenir makes me pastor of Grace church, five years out of correct date. The same bungles the reported \$1000 dollar contributions provided by me for the purchase of the property; nor did the Classes singly or jointly ever buy the property. They simply took over the property on the title ordered from my

hands. This was long after its purchase by me on faith by a personal deal. It seems next to impossible to convince the authorities of the facts and correct statements as to the how and by whom the home was bought.

Many good friends have been raised up and engaged heart and soul in carrying on this Christian work. Loving gifts of money and materials, acts of humble and unseen charity for the sake of the Lord's little ones, and prayers along with good works have been offered on the altar, whose incense continues perennially to ascend to the Father. Let the Master ever favor this home, where Christian nurture with care and material support provides for the helpless. This whole cause lies very near to the hearts of our Reformed people. No *other benevolence calls out more readily the alms of the Church than the support of the orphans*. The General Synod Board does not, as was publicly charged in debate at the last Tiffin General Synod in the least hamper or hinder local homes under their own auxiliary Boards; but leaves them free in their own affairs as to them seems best. The original purchase investment here made possible the increased value for which the home was lately sold. With no vanity it may be said, the early acts of faith gave us what is now held and cherished for the praise and glory of the Lord.

As belonging here, the Dedicatory Address is allowed to take its place in this part of the narrative:

Address delivered at the dedication and formal opening of the St. Paul Orphans' Home, Butler, Pa., December 10, 1867, by Rev. G. B. Russell, Secretary of General Synod Orphans' Home Board:

DEARLY BELOVED: This Orphans' Home has been provided by the pious purpose of Christ's disciples in the Reformed Church, in the name of our blessed Lord, in obedience to the Great Shepherd's divine command, "Feed my lambs." It is therefore above all to be a Christian home with all its blessed nurture for destitute orphans. The disciples of Christ must ever keep in mind that they have by His sacred legacy the poor always with them; and that to do these kind acts of service in His name is the same as if that were done directly unto Him—a most real way of proving our love to our dear Redeemer.

Nothing that we can do is worth the doing, unless the act have in it this first and most necessary element of true charity, for love is always the core of Christianity, and the principle from which it springs. Christian charity is the highest and noblest motive in man's good works, which shall have their reward when done in faith, though the reward itself be "not of merit, but of grace."

In founding, therefore, this our Orphans' Home, the main regard was of course had to this cardinal principle of our holy religion. Not only in this home's first inception, but this is also to be kept in view in all its subsequent management, in its general government, in its daily teachings, in its moral training and in the atmosphere of its whole religious cult, it is designed to be ruled at every point and turn by the living power of true Christianity.

We have a right then to expect—and we therefore pledge this much in its behalf in advance—that it will always be *more* in this regard than a mere humanitarian interest of similar name, growing somewhat common of late years in our land, where no distinctive creed, no positive religious spirit, no Christian faith is in any proper form owned and confessed. The grand old truth, the Creed of Christendom, "the apostles' doctrine and fellowship," is not cherished and honored, alas! as it should be in many of our popular benevolent institutions of this kind. This fact alone, sad as it surely is, of itself is enough, no matter what other provisions be at hand or lacking to forfeit in any case our Christian respect and confidence in all such institutions.

Because of its ground principle thus resting in positive truth and the Christian faith, this institution here is not however to become narrow in its plans nor bigoted in spirit, nor of low sectarian character. On this very account, rather, no such mean and false conception of its true mission ought ever to obtain as respects this Home for orphans. The widest Catholicity must ever characterize its genius and life, if it is in any true measure to fulfill its high calling of large-hearted Christian benevolence. Starting from this point and acting from the broad view afforded by this general conception of its vocation as a Christian institution, its doors are to be open wide alike to all orphans, no matter what may have been the religion, or the creed, or profession of their parents. First, however, only to those of the household of faith—then as far as able aiding all destitute orphan children who shall here need kindness and philanthropic help.

This whole project is moreover a noble work of faith. This beautiful home, unlike many others, has no endowment to start with, no settled State patronage, no previously provided revenue from which to meet the steady outlay and oft-repeated demands for money in the

multiplying wants of the home. Its daily ministrations to the necessities of orphans, whom God may send here to be fed and clothed and educated, and in a true Christian sense nurtured for the Lord, will depend, like the birds that have neither storehouse nor barn, on the never-failing providence of our heavenly Father who "feedeth them." Its managers only rest for help on the faithful promises of the Father of fatherless and the God of the orphan. He has left of His own rich stores sufficient means to this end in the hands of stewards among His followers in the church. At His command the needed supply will be forthcoming in due time, answering the orphans' prayer to "Our Father" for daily bread, even manna if it be required. There was not a dollar in hand for its first purchase.

May we not then commend this home with all its claims, not only to the Reformed Church more particularly, but in a wider sense and more general way to the whole affluent community in the midst of which it is founded? Take it to your hearts, all good people, and cherish it for the love of Christ, in whose cause it is designed to find place. Make its ministrations a double blessing in deed; for both the giver, and receiver are blessed. Yea, you may learn by experience that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

Moved by the faith of our holy religion, and having inaugurated sacredly this Christian institution on such basis as we have indicated and enunciated, we do now proceed by appointment of the proper authorities to dedicate this Home to its intended use, and set it apart to the service of the orphan cause.

This institution of the Reformed Church is henceforth to be known as "THE SAINT PAUL ORPHANS' HOME."

In the name of God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, we do now hereby solemnly set it apart and dedicate it to the sacred use to which, by the authority of those in the church who have assumed the responsible management of this institution, it is thereby appointed.

Fulfil here Thy promise in behalf of the orphan, O Thou God of the fatherless, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, by the administrations of the Holy Spirit in this institution of Thy Church; and accept now this offering at our hands; and consecrate this Home with Thy divine benediction! Crown its efforts for good in Thy name with abundant prosperity and success, so long as it shall minister to Thy glory and to the welfare of our fellow men—in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen!

A somewhat similar address was delivered by me at Womelsdorf when Rev. D. Y. Heisler was inaugurated Superin-

tendent and the keys of that institution were turned over to him at the time when the Bethany Orphans' Home was formally opened at its new location after it had been removed from Bridesburg, and its name changed from "The Shepherd of the Lambs" to that which it now bears. Because of my official place as secretary of the General Synod's Board, is no doubt the main reason why the friends called on me for these services on the interesting occasions.

At Philadelphia

MY election by the Eastern Synod, October, 1867, as Book Editor in the publication office, as has been elsewhere stated, took me from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia. According to Dr. Fisher's notion, this was mainly at first to collect funds for the Messenger office. No Book Editor or any other kind in that—only an agency. This work kept me for more than a year on the outside of the establishment. It was not Synod's main plan, nor my view, when accepting the office. Money was indeed required for the printing concern, and it was handy, in the name of the Publication Board acting for the Synod to send a solicitor to the churches to secure and collect needed funds to pay the old debts. These efforts made in good faith by the new official for a while, in a little more than a year summed up over eight thousand dollars in cash and notes. Place was soon found for it all, but the main part was appropriated to meet old scores as fast as it came in; so that from the proceeds, the Book Editor could only publish a few less than a score, Sunday-school books. What became of the balance in the treasurer's hands was not for me to know or question. As had been the case in years before, there was an "old sinkhole" swallowing up in annual deficiency, the incoming cash from subscriptions and books while what was *called assets* only SEEMED to grow. Once this was reported as high as \$65,000; then \$42,000 and lastly \$00. The net balance of the publication affairs was perhaps for many years mostly on the wrong side of the ledger, running towards final bankruptcy of the concern; notwithstanding the fact that the State relief for the loss by fire at Chambersburg covered the main damage done by the Confederates. Dr. Bausman had also secured some fifteen thousand dollars by special subscriptions from liberal friends soon after the burning. The old Nestor of the Publica-

tion Board managed all the finances, and of course gave a full report every year as to growing debts which found always need and call for more money for the big salaries. The book editing scheme therefore did not naturally develop enough success to run the whole sinking establishment! Some of the periodicals, especially the Messenger, the Review and the Kirchen Zeitung at that time were not meeting the expense of their publication.

Then the Board, to effect a change of operations elected me as one of the editors of the Messenger, equal in place with the old editor, the two names published together; but the senior managed nevertheless to treat me generally as a mere negative quantity. It was from first to last an irksome place; for it was found not possible to have in it free activity enough as was generally desired to meet the responsibilities in the control of the paper or change any thing for the better; for much of this the church at large, without full knowledge of the internal difficult relations, naturally held me at least in equal part accountable. The circulation of the paper did in fact run up in a short time by personal effort, from less than 4000 to more than 5500; and religious exchanges began to find in the paper articles which they saw fit to transfer to their columns. Some of the new editorials gave rising hope and more confidence also in mediating the controversial issues. The advertising income too, as well as the increase from subscriptions, began to relieve somewhat the financial pressure. But all this tended to make the former management jealous. This wrought at many points against my work.

There could be no two firsts, and even two equal heads often unconsciously collided. Which one was to play second fiddle in every part was the vexing problem. The old editor had held the lines for nearly forty years. It was not expected that he should give over any of his long cherished notions of safe chariotting. His style of steadiness, self-confidence, doggedness, perseverance in stereotyped modes, and his indefatigable powers of endurance, as well as his tried experience in old time

business tact, in all honest exercise of charitable allowance—all this had been of great value in former trying times for the trusty management of the publication affairs. But the times and circumstances had changed; so that the condition of the interests here involved which had outgrown the past was different—all of which had advanced beyond his antique settled inflexible methods. Without any discredit to him for what he had been, something else was now required to be tried. Many practical calls came for change and living progress.

Dr. Harbaugh, it was first thought by many, should have taken the editorship of the church paper. But the Synod had just put him into the theological professorship in the seminary at Mercersburg. He and others had repeatedly spoken to me as a possible new working element in the Messenger affairs. Uniformly I had however in effect said: "Dr. Fisher deserves well for what he has done and even for what he yet is; he should therefore not be pushed entirely aside without some proper understanding previously with himself."

When the Synod then by its Board elected me one of the editors, it was not only with his full consent and approbation but merely as he understood the proposed relation to be intended. He heralded the appointment in a special editorial in the Messenger. And this was without any consultation with me beforehand by either himself or the Board. He had in fact though made some favorable tests of me before. And now so long as he had been able to keep me in the field securing the much needed funds to oil up the sometimes squeaking machinery for running the office, all went well enough as between us. During his former management, however, time and again the gearing had run dry and required similar relief.

But in any change as to editing he would brook no full equal, much less a possible rival or free partner in managing the affairs of the office. His place must always be above all. It would be an insult instantly resentable to suggest improvements on his methods and ways. All else from whatever quarter proposed, or by whomsoever even hinted at, if it contra-

vened his hard set will was to be subordinated absolutely, just as was his clerk in the store and his brother the confidential bookkeeper at the office desk. Another editor put in trust was not to be a mere machine; and in fact was not called by the Synod from a successful pastorate to this office only to let it stagnate continuously and make no sign. The case demanded something, especially a new power was intended to modify and advance on the long time cast-iron method, to modify which the change was made. It was plainly my duty to do something positive or quit. It was not pleasant, however, to be used as a wedge driven in to split the old condition into opposing parts.

Just at the point where matters had come to such a posture, my brother, Rev. C. Russell, came to our house sick; and the disease proved to be small pox—ending on the ninth day in his death. The visitation quarantined us four weeks, which took me from the office and kept me in complete isolation at home. The confinement continued thereafter also, and during all this time not a word or paper came to me from the Publication House. Such treatment during and after the affliction, with what went before, as elsewhere stated, determined me to send in my resignation. The Synod's plan for new books and money, for new life in the Messenger as far as my work went, thus came to an end.

The Board's support of me was only half-hearted, under pressure in antagonism from the old dominion self-centered in the office. They failed to effect any material reduction in the office expenses, and the financial condition was not in the least improved—for want of backbone. The Messenger, which had been adjudged too stiff, stolid, inflexible and set in its ways, would under the old system not admit of any new adaptation or adjustability. The mere attempt to reform fell short of Dr. Harbaugh's idea and his death halted all other efforts. This loss was sorely felt. The work was not far enough advanced to force its way through without violent disruption and confusion. In the long years the editor's accumulation of salary

was about \$15,000. The Board was too much under the money power to act freely, and insist on desired changes. They could not pay off the old editor and he insisted on staying at his own terms and high salary. Unwilling to encounter the rising storm my resignation was for me an easy way out. In the end, however, not many years after, the old editor received more decided treatment, less tender of his feelings, and in sheer sympathy he tried to convince me of his personal friendship, a matter for thankful consideration.

During my connection with the Publication office, I had issued at my own expense, among other books "The Ripe Harvest." The little book was a plea calling for more ministers. I gave it to the Board outright and they reaped all its profits. It was not stereotyped, and the edition of one thousand copies was soon exhausted. For writing and publishing of it the only reward received was what good it may have done in increasing the number of ministers. My larger book called "CREED AND CUSTOMS of the Reformed Church," was issued in 1869; also at my own cost for the stereotpye plates. It met with the popular favor of the church, to the extent of four successive editions, which paid for itself. It was favorably reviewed, noticed and criticised. Dr. Nevin, as already mentioned, gave me a highly appreciative general public notice of it; and he also wrote me a flattering personal letter. This notice from him was of course properly esteemed, and it is elsewhere inserted in these pages. Many other friends have spoken well of it, and from some of the old mothers in our Israel there may still be heard words of praise for the book. The most hostile criticism sent in was a bitter one from the Roman Catholic paper then printed in Philadelphia; it was most probably written or inspired by one of our renegade converts to the papal church, who was once my close friend.

In the lamented death of Dr. Harbaugh, my warm and most powerful friend was removed. It was he who mainly designated me for the new mission first to be tried at Pittsburgh, and which turned out so well for the general cause.

From him was received in my early ministry many encouraging and helpful letters full of wise suggestions. A personal interview with him always had its good effect. He drew out my ability as far as possible in writing for publication; solicited articles for his *Guardian*, for the *Review*, and for the *Messenger*. As chairman of the Tercentenary committee, he appointed me one of the set of special contributors to the "Tercentenary Monument," to prepare the article on *The Authority of the Catechism*, read on the occasion of that celebration, January 19, 1863, in the old Race street church in the city of Philadelphia. As a general thing he usually approved my arguments in debate in the Synods, especially in the General Synod's business. Very favorably too, he made mention of my address at the dedication of the new Diagonthian Hall at Lancaster, Pa.

Most kindly he would entertain me at his house; and if we happened to meet elsewhere on special occasions, he wanted me to sleep in the same room with him. He never would sleep alone. In his vacations, if they fell in also with mine, when we sometimes sojourned at the same time with friends at Waynesboro, near his old home, we had happy days. Those were the seasons for recreation, profit and fun. Open-hearted as a child, he would argue by the hour, on some new phase of theological thought, or, on the turn in the controversial aspect of the times. And while he could not be budged by any "bulldozing" efforts, which some in public tried on him occasionally, yet if rightly handled, he was ready to modify his views, at the mere suggestion of one of his humblest friends—provided always, that the true light be turned on.

Thus, for instance, it is remembered, once he had prepared an article for publication, setting out that the priestly office in the ministry went before the prophetic; since it was first by the priestly function that the act of baptism was to be administered; and by that rite formal entrance was given into the church, to be followed by prophetic teaching of doctrine and duty. This conception was for some time most stoutly maintained by him on one summer afternoon at my mother's. That is

essentially the practice of the Romish system, where the priest is first above all, to baptize into discipleship. But the Lord's commission, we endeavored to show, implies and provides in general for something else rightly to go before the baptismal act antecedently. Jesus says: "Go and preach," teach, instruct, call hearers and bring them, by the prophetic function, to accept the good news; then baptize them by households if possible into discipleship, into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Like a flash a change of conviction came to him and he said: "George, you are right." His article was revamped and modified accordingly.

In the long looked for book published thirty years too late, on Dr. Harbaugh's life, there are many interesting things told—well told. But the half has not been told, as the Queen of Sheba said to Solomon; but it is not for me now to enter into a fuller record of that great man's words and acts. Much has already been lost and more is continually falling into oblivion. About his inaugural address, delayed in publication by the burning of Chambersburg he wrote to Dr. Fisher: "As time has elapsed, do it up as *quickly* as possible. The spirit of the occasion *must not die* away before it appears." The *biographer* should have heard this word as to the *dying of the spirit of the occasion*.

MISSION WORK IN DELAWARE.

Along with the Synod's appointment, consigning me to the publication interests in Philadelphia, there came also calls to do occasional preaching and mission work. The four years there has such side issues; and before shaking their dust from my feet, it is proper to mention some of them. First, the General Synod had elected me a member of the Board of Missions. For some years its secretary, and then the president; until the office was declined when on account of the controversial jealousy the party management for the time turned the main work down to the classes in disorganized and sporadic efforts. The peace movement in after years had hard work to bring the

missions back again to their constitutional relations under the General Board. The form of charter incorporating "The Board of Home Missions of the Reformed Church" was my work and by my personal attention and expense it was passed by the legislature at Harrisburg. The same may be said too of the act incorporating the "Board of Publication of the Reformed Church," by the same legislature. Also, that of the "St. Paul Orphan Home" at Butler, Pa., as well as the act creating as a legal body the General Synod's Board of Directors of Orphan Homes.

Returning from Washington after Grant's first inauguration, March, 1869, whither the General Synod had sent me to look after a claim to a church property of right belonging to us, the report made seemed favorable. Subsequently by a decree of the United States District Court, the said property was declared legally ours, "mainly on the intelligent testimony of Rev. Mr. Russell," as the judge put it in his printed decision; from which the Lutheran claimants appealed and as far as now known it yet so slumbers. On my way back at Wilmington my course was changed by an urgent request to visit some scattered Pennsylvania people of our Church who had since the war settled below Dover in the State of Delaware.

The next day we held a meeting in a cannery building in Camden, Kent county, Del., which a goodly number of Reformed people attended. Among these Jacob G. Brown and family, ten souls; Wilson I. Linn and family, ten souls; and the Wetzels, Widemyers, Roushes, Smiths, Fesigs and Goodmans. Thus my service was the first of any Reformed minister officially in that State. Out of this grew the first Reformed church in Delaware. On invitation we gave them service every two or three weeks, and they then at my instance petitioned Philadelphia Classis to organize them into a congregation. During the spring and summer with some of the local brethren we secured and explored all the country for miles around to find people, if any, in sympathy with our church. For these visits and explorations they paid only the railroad fare down

and back. Finally the Philadelphia Classis gave authority for the organization of the members *in partibus* into a Reformed congregation. The request having been granted, as the exploring missionary was not then a member of that classis, another was sent down for that time to preside at the organization. Thereafter, it was always my turn for more than a year and a half, to serve them on the same as above free terms; attending also as far as able to pastoral visits at the houses, catechising and confirming the new members, baptizing the children and administering the holy communion. Only recently a noble mother in Israel wrote from the fullness of her heart some tender memories of her confirmation when a young girl along with her venerable father at the same time, thirty-six years ago. Faithfully she now stands at the head of a most interesting family in the Lord.

It was surprising to the native Delaware people to see how many were gathered into the church, and what reality there was evinced in our system of personal educational religion—without holding campmeeting revivals. The main denominations then known there were Methodists, Baptists and a few Presbyterians and Episcopalians, in the larger towns, and Quakers.

The St. John Reformed congregation in Kent county, Delaware, became settled in Wyoming, four miles below Dover. There they built a church and provided a parsonage. Rev. C. Russell, my brother, became their first settled pastor, and the Board of Missions gave some help in addition to the small salary. Ten years after my first explorations, they held a sort of jubilee, inviting besides myself, then from Washington, D. C., also several of their old pastors from their former Pennsylvania homes to join in the joyous festival. My brother and two other ministers, who later for short terms served them, have gone to their reward. The congregation has been repeatedly and long vacant, and some of their later experience has been exceedingly trying and bitter, leaving disastrous effects in Delaware.

One unsuccessful pastor they could not for some while shake

off even after he had lost the confidence of the general membership. According to church law his salary still ran on long after they found it could not be collected from the people; and the pastoral relation not having been formally dissolved, the consequence was the accumulation of a heavy debt. This finally forced a sheriff's sale of the church and parsonage. The congregation, left without a home or shepherd was all scattered; and hopelessness shrouded was the once promising church enterprise. A few years ago it was my privilege again to visit them, though living hundreds of miles away in southern Pennsylvania; and after two days going amongst the families; there were only nineteen of the once one hundred and twenty-five members, who were found willing to renew their pledge to the church. Thereupon at the next Sunday's service, the kind Christian lady, Mrs. Reilly, who held the title to alienated property by purchase at the Sheriff's sale, agreed and authorized me to announce publicly, that she freely gives them back the church edifice to be "used only and forever as a house of worship by the St. John Reformed congregation of Kent county, Delaware; *provided* it be kept unencumbered." They have had later and deeper troubles, but what these were has not been definitely known. This was my third mission started from the new without salary consideration. Great was my regret for the sake of a Philadelphia church in trouble to leave the Delaware people's mission as it had a most promising outlook—and for years thenceforward it did flourish. Possibly the doom of the churches of Asia may for a season rest upon the fruit in the peninsula.

St. John's, West Philadelphia

ANOTHER mission work was put in my charge hastily where the sufferings had also just then well nigh brought total disaster. This was the peculiar litigant case of the St. John Reformed church in West Philadelphia, which after many struggles has lately come to be a shining evidence of faith and pluck. Some time since the following was furnished for the Reformed Church Messenger, which is hereto appended:

THE ST. JOHN REFORMED CONGREGATION, WEST PHILADELPHIA.

BY REV. GEORGE B. RUSSELL, D.D., LL.D.

My acquaintance and personal connection with the St. John's Reformed congregation, of West Philadelphia, dates from the spring of 1871. Before that time, as is known, a congregation in the Reformed interest had been organized under the care of Rev. Albert G. Dole, who served it for about four years. When he resigned, it remained vacant for some months, and seemed quite choicy in selecting a new pastor. The elements out of which it had been formed came mainly from a frictional condition in the Thirty-fifth street Presbyterian church, about the time its former pastor, Rev. Dr. T. S. Johnston, left to become the pastor of the St. John Reformed church, at Lebanon, Pa. A fair portion of these people were of Reformed antecedents, and it was only natural for their former shepherd to turn them into the same church to which he had just become a zealous convert.

Some of the newly-gathered members had social, civil and material capital likely to benefit the new congregation. But besides the traditional Reformed, there were also Baptists, Reformed Dutch, Presbyterian and miscellaneous people. They had not a large number at the first, but they bought a large eligible lot on Thirty-fifth street near Powelton avenue, and built a fine stone chapel, some 35x70 feet, on the rear end, leaving space in front for a church to be erected afterwards. No new enterprise of my knowledge had better promise for future success. The conglomerate composition of the organization, however, made it a trouble to keep the diverse parts in working order. Whether

this had anything to do with Rev. Dole's resignation or not, is an open question. But the violence of the Liturgical agitation at that time may also be set down as one cause for disturbance.

During the vacancy in the pastorate they were courted and wheedled by this influence and that, while they were supplied by such outside preaching service as was within their reach. In a strait for a certain Sunday, they engaged me to preach for them on that day. For this they paid me \$25—and then tried to learn whether if they would go over to the Presbyterians I would be willing to become their pastor at a salary larger than the Reformed Church could give. My objection to this scheme was that my fealty belonged to the Reformed Church; and that inasmuch as the congregation had for about four years received liberal mission appropriation, and had also been helped to secure its place of worship, it were manifestly improper and unfair to carry the organization and property into another denomination. The Reformed Church had suffered just such a wrong no further away than the Market Square church in Germantown, which had been similarly stolen bodily and is held on no better tenure by the Presbyterians to this day. Other instances of such dishonesty can also be cited.

Well, for some time nothing further was heard of the state of affairs, till one morning the Rev. Jacob Dahlman came into the Messenger office and reported to me at my desk that definite action had been taken the day before to transfer the St. John congregation to the Presbyterian Church. I told him to call together the Missionary Committee of the Philadelphia Classis, of which he was chairman, and put some one at once in formal charge of the jeopardized mission. Although not a German interest in which he might presumably have felt more concern, yet he acted promptly, and as the nearest available man, that committee put me in charge with plenary power. Having then on hand the St. John mission, in the State of Delaware, which I had first gathered and served for nearly two years without salary, while editor of the Messenger, it was not so easy to lay down the one in order to take up another. But the pressing exigency decided the matter.

The following Sunday when I went over to take charge they had a Baptist supply. The service was just begun by the time I came from my home five miles away, in the northern part of the city. The chapel was well filled with an interesting audience. Taking my seat among the people I waited quietly till after the sermon, when the announcements were made. The preacher said: "Next Sabbath there will be preaching here again, the Lord willing, and the devil not preventing." Then I rose up and said, "This vacant mission of the Reformed Church has been put in my charge by the authorities of the Philadelphia Classis,

to which it rightfully belongs; and accordingly, I now take possession, and propose holding divine service here myself, not on Sabbath, but on the next Sunday."

At the first service only a very small audience was present. Not a member of the consistory, nor any one of the trustees was in attendance. They were simply represented by the sexton, who was in their employ and under their orders to hold the property. Their next move, a short time afterwards, was to lock us out of the chapel; and the people who had come to the service were disappointed and had to go home. It was told us by some boys, sons of the trustees, that we could easily break open the door by going through the cellar-way—an offense against the law unwise for us to commit, but which they probably desired.

Gen. B. F. Fisher, chosen as our attorney, at once took out a mandamus injunction; and by order of the court the next Sunday the doors were open for people to attend our services. Some frightened and discouraged ones remained away. This order was only temporary, and some weeks later on a day set for a communion, an increased assembly found themselves on that Sunday morning again locked out. Another order the next week from the civil court was necessary to get the door open for the people, who had to be won back. Only nine members, however, were now willing to sign the paper asking for this redress. Naturally others worried, became disheartened; so that the attendance continued small. But the Sunday-school re-organized, took on a new life and grew to be a most interesting power.

All at once another severe shock fell, that well-nigh extinguished all hope for the already seriously shattered church. The opposition personally visited all signers of our petition to the court, and by scare of the poor, threatening lawsuits and large costs for carrying on proceedings—and with blandishments, telling how nice it would be for all to join in a peaceful Presbyterian church, with large help, etc., they induced all except two of our people to sign a paper formally withdrawing the suit from the court. Elder Josiah Longacre and his wife only remained firm in the claim of the Reformed Church. What was now for us to do, was to ascertain what was really the will of the petitioners. Hence with a counter paper, setting forth that they had been prevailed upon under undue pressure and intimidation to withdraw the Reformed Church claim, they signed back again—and Gen. Fisher, with new strength, met the other party when they sought to upset his court proceedings.

More serious, however, was the next difficulty soon to be encountered. The trustees had confessed judgment to over \$6,000 debt on the

property, and gave a close mortgage on the valuable lot for that sum. Then a "Sciari facias" was forthwith issued and the sheriff put up the property for sale. A restraining order obtained that morning from the court prevented the sale. This so incensed the trustees that they refused when met in the Exchange to recognize or speak to me—charging that having done such a trick, I was no Christian, and not even a gentleman. My family feared personal harm to me thereafter in passing some of their residences on the way home from night services—so intense was the feeling.

When thirty days were expired, another sale was published with the sheriff's writ nailed to the chapel door. This time our attorney bought it in, but we had no dollar to pay for the purchase. Only, this halted their scheme for sixty days more, to enable us to arrange for the payment—if not then, all would be lost. Philadelphia was scoured for friendly aid, and some near charges in the country were visited. But, all told, only about \$1,100 were secured. Then, just before too late, Elder George Gelbach secured a loan for \$5,000 at 6 per cent., to hold the church.

Before the issue was decided in the court as to which party was the true claimant to the organized congregation, the opposition, who all along held formal control of the property, robbed the pulpit and altar of all moveable fixtures, as Bible, hymn-books, chairs, sofa, organ and communion table. At next service, I stood or had to sit on the bare pulpit steps; and the singing was without instrumental or much vocal help. This last straw well-nigh broke the camel's back. The civil court's order, however, was again invoked. All the stolen articles were ordered to be returned. A short delay in obeying the mandate so riled Gen. Fisher that he threatened to have every man of the board of trustees in Moyamensing before night, if they did not forthwith comply. They begged that he would allow them till next morning to return the removed articles—and under cover of the dark night they were taken back without the neighborhood witnessing the act of extreme humiliation.

Finally, the hard-fought legal contest ended. The decree of the court was in favor of our attorney, Gen. B. F. Fisher, and that was all he received for his legal services; but it gave us absolute control of the church property—ousting at the same time the whole old board of trustees and consistory, who had arbitrarily debarred the faithful Reformed members from voting at the previous congregational meetings. Meanwhile, during the disheartening long contest, there were only gathered but a small number of male members, out of which to organize a consistory, outside of a very efficient and faithful female membership.

Mr. Longacre and Mr. Bertolf were made elders; and Mr. Culley and Mr. Armstrong became the deacons—while they with the pastor and Mr. Hancock and Mr. Bryan were the new trustees. The heavy debt was somewhat reduced, towards which the missionary personally contributed all his missionary salary, \$300, to December 1, 1871. The Sunday-school became more flourishing; and the congregation multiplied fivefold. In November, 1871, the small-pox scourge invaded the pastor's home, where his brother, Rev. C. Russell, died. This led to our removal from the city. Rev. J. G. Noss became his successor in the St. John congregation, rescued from extinction thus and so revived. You all know the rest, under divine blessing, with the more recent and very successful pastors. From suffering to glory!

Vote of Thanks for having so faithfully and so well defended our rights to the St. John church.

PHILADELPHIA, May 22nd, 1872.

Rev. Geo. B. Russell.

DEAR BROTHER: The Classis of Philadelphia, at its annual meeting in St. Luke's Reformed Church, North Wales, Pa., from May 10th to 14th, 1872, passed the following vote of thanks:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Classis be returned to the Rev. Geo. B. Russell for his successful effort in connection with St. John's Reformed Church, West Philadelphia, Pa. By order of Classis.

Yours sincerely,

JACOB DAHLMAN,
Stated Clerk.

Again In Western Pennsylvania

IT took some time to recover from our small pox ordeal through which we had passed, November and December, 1871, in Philadelphia, and which had its providential part in cutting us loose from relations formed in the East generally. We returned to Pittsburgh to find a home. My wife's family received us without apparent small pox scare, or fear of the contagion; and then we had time for a free breathing spell. Among the very first general objects of church work was the revival of the proposed Pittsburgh College project. Revs. Levan, Swander, Barclay and others met here to talk it over. Years before it had been apparently well settled already that the Reformed church to be of any real use in that western section, should have an educational institution of high grade for its young people. A committee of the Westmoreland Classis had already been appointed before the war, to look up a suitable location and get the most favorable offers for the starting of a Classical school or academy. The plans at first had not indeed been very large, nor well matured. But it grew by waiting and working, as will appear.

Mr. John Irwin, as elsewhere incidentally said, first offered us a nice piece of land just above his residence on the elevation east of Irwin and overlooking the town. Besides these acres to be donated outright, he was willing also to do his share towards erecting the necessary buildings. I was strongly in favor of accepting this offer but others on the committee did not act at the start. Another offer came from New Florence, a point farther east on the railroad proposing more ground, but not enough money to secure such buildings as we wanted. After that it was reported to us by U. S. Senator Edgar Cowan and Hon. H. D. Foster, of Greensburg, that the Westmoreland College at Mt. Pleasant could be bought on favorable terms. With

the case well prepared by them, and thus put in our hand therefore, the Rev. F. K. Levan and myself agreed to hold a public meeting of all the parties in interest, in the basement of the Baptist church at Mt. Pleasant. That college property was then held as a "stock company." It had in some years gone through several changes already, and each time had run down more and more, till now it was entirely suspended. The grounds, not large, were well located in a native grove on the south side of the town. The classic looking brick building was large enough for our use and in fairly good condition and contained large rooms for classes. Philosophical apparatus and the nucleus of a library, together worth perhaps \$1500 besides the college, were included in the offer to sell. It had been bought for the Baptists by the stockholders for \$15,000 from the Presbyterians. But now they would offer to sell to us for \$9000 as a first figure. However, by showing what financial as well as intellectual and moral gain there would be to the town and community; for instance in the way of business alone by the money spent annually for each student attending from a distance; and the saving to those who wanted an education for their children near here, instead of having to send them from home elsewhere at much greater cost; and the general cultured animus made for the benefit of local families and the higher moral effect beyond the count of money in dollars and cents, their offer was brought down to \$5000 then to \$4000. We earnestly discussed the matter still further, from our side of mere money poverty, and at last in the name of the Westmoreland Classis, though not formally authorized to do so, we agreed to take it at \$1500; *provided* they would help us to collect part of that amount in the town and vicinity outside of the large surrender as donation from the already generous stockholders. The bargain was struck and the college was ours, bought without money and almost without price.

Organizing a good faculty, and planning the other preliminary conditions which were required for the beginning if our bargain was ratified, was the next thing to be done at a special

meeting of the classis. A Board of Trustees was appointed. These, then and there, offered to make me president, which office, because of my relation to Grace church as pastor at the time, was declined. Rev. F. K. Levan became the president, and some first rate professors, such as Jos. H. Johnston, A.M., were elected and proved efficient, when the sessions were once opened. Students came in goodly number. But there was too much spread of canvas for the ballast. Very soon debts were allowed to accumulate and as a result these swamped the collegè. I had meanwhile withdrawn from Westmoreland to the St. Paul Classis. New influences began to work, and these ran the whole college project towards disintegration; bad counsels prevailed; and the encumbered plant was then sold cheap. It is not edifying to rehearse this disaster further. After the debts were paid less than \$5000 remained; and by some sort of hocus-pocus, the whole college fund was later squandered for other uses, and so lost to the intended West Pennsylvania plan of education. With this last chapter of retrograde *advance*, I had literally nothing to do, except from the outside to protest. For a while the main college idea was hung up by the heels. There was no railroad to Mt. Pleasant, but there *was one to Lancaster*—and for this, some of the newcomers from the East assiduously labored.

Years intervened. Next winter after my return from the East, 1871-2, another spurt was made then towards a Pittsburgh college. The Synod was now in existence, and had a committee to act on an educational project. They still have a nominal standing committee on educational institutions. A meeting was held in Grace church, at which a tentative plan was discussed and adopted. The first thing done was to elect me provisional president of a college not yet existing. This it was found shut out the hope of others who as we afterwards learned were aspirants for such a place; and perhaps it was on account of this negative object that opposition came. At all events it seemed to become the purpose of some active ones now to cover the whole scheme with wet blankets in favor of

Lancaster. No one thing could be finished as an initial fixed start; but a number of promising openings were discovered. Very good prospects indeed seemed in sight for endowing at least three possible professorships, to be founded by persons and families, at from \$25,000 to \$30,000 each. The "Wilhelm fund" also that had been first discovered by us, had so developed that the donors verbally promised to endow the presidency and put up the initial buildings. Mr. James Kelley, a close friend of my wife's father then owned sixteen hundred acres of land near to and running into the woods of Pittsburgh. He agreed with me to donate at least fifteen acres opposite Edgewood station, seven miles eastward from the central P. R. R. depot. This offer in those days at ruling prices was estimated to be worth \$80,000. The contract articles of agreement were formally written, and I have the paper yet in hand. It would have been only a small part of his benefactions planned and intended for us and others. Both he and the whole college scheme, however, by a chain of adverse causes failed. Eastern sharpers involved and impoverished Mr. Kelley. And the stout underhand opposition of over zealous friends of Lancaster must also bear much of the blame, if there be any, for the delay until final miscarriage of what many can now see would have changed for us, the condition of the growing field in the Pittsburgh Synod. There will be no such opportunity soon again, for picking at so little cost, such promising fruit. A hundred of our young men could be gathered into such a college, for western Pennsylvania, for every ten that can be drawn thence to Lancaster.

In the minutes of the Pittsburgh Synod for 1874, on page 32, we find the following:

"In regard to a college for young men we report that we have learned that Rev. G. B. Russell, acting under his official appointment from the Provisional Board of Trustees, has obtained from Mr. James Kelly, of Wilkinsburg, consent, on certain conditions, to donate a valuable piece of land, of from twelve to fifteen acres in the Thirty-seventh ward of Pittsburg, as a site for the proposed college of this Synod,

and it is of the first importance that this noble donation be definitely secured as the ground work of the plans."

On the same page we learn that Rev. G. B. Russell had been appointed provisional President of the college. *Dr. Truxal in Messenger.*

After having overheard some of the Lancaster sympathizers who had probably come to our territory as emissaries to work in this Synod to prevent large projects here in favor of the East; I declared my purpose openly not to allow them to get possession, as they proposed, of old Kelley's land, and then sell it and take the proceeds to Lancaster. The whole college project for western Pennsylvania thereby died with that thrust. It is said "Opportunity only comes once and never returns." If it has been the ordering of divine providence, none need complain, but if misguided counsels prevailed to prevent the promising good, the responsibility must be lodged somewhere. Such an institution would have become in a sense also a feeder for Lancaster, especially for the higher classes, and would have called out many young men to bless the church, whose education will not now be begun much less attained. The Kelley land, and the Wilhelm intended benefactions were both lost by what may have been Providence, or human scheming.

THE WILHELM LEGACY.

It may now be interesting to those who are not acquainted with the inner facts, to have a brief account of our most considerable college gift, so far as the Reformed Church in this country is concerned. It forms an epoch, a beginning example in our large benefactions. It has by force of example later brought out other gifts in bigger proportions at least than were known in previous years. This generous act of church benevolence has its inside history, hitherto unwritten; and which ought not to be all lost for this generation, or for those following. Without varnish it is thus presented, as it stands related to my knowledge and experience:

Rev. A. B. Koplín, in his early and heroic useful work in

Somerset county, Pa., 1857-1863, and again in 1867, was the honored instrument in providence of bringing into the membership of the church, among others, the "Wilhelm family," consisting then of three brothers and two sisters, all elderly persons and unmarried. The youngest of them at that time was perhaps some sixty odd years of age, and some of the others were above three score and ten. They were plain, uneducated and well-to-do farming people, who by frugality and business economy as well as by fortunate circumstances, had become possessed of large landed property some of which were farms and also some timber tracts containing great prospective mineral values. Their home was a substantial country log dwelling, but exceedingly plain in its furnishings without a yard of carpet; and they lived here together in frugal abundance and daily farming industry, but happy, in a style corresponding to their country place, not far from Elk Lick, Pa. They gave their pastor a cow and calf, because he had none and hinted that he must buy one. Before the classis met, they sent him "a quarter of beef and other such things" to help him to keep the preachers; who shared their good cheer and welcome in the visits paid them.

After their reception by confirmation into the church, they had free conversations with their young pastor, as to the blessing brought to them in the gospel. They said: "*We are so glad we are saved.* We want to do something for the church." What that should be neither he nor they at that time had any clear conception of. The pastor then invited Drs. F. K. Levan and G. B. Russell to visit the charge, held a protracted meeting continuing some days, and consult with the pastor and these people as to their best plan of blessing the church. These visiting and consulting brethren were kindly received, they prayed, preached and talked for several days. The result was that the whole family were heartily agreed to give as a free will thank offering, a goodly portion of their large earthly possessions to the Lord for the use of the church into which they were gathered for their salvation. Several general schemes were laid

before them and they came to a definite conclusion as to large and generous benefactions.

Their "word was as good as their bond." And not to seem too eager to hasten the matter unduly, it was agreed and settled that a paper embodying the proposed plan which definitely settled should hereafter be carefully in legal form drawn by Judge Baer, of Somerset, as they suggested and to which we agreed. In this they would set apart at the start for early use not less than sixty-five thousand dollars as a portion of their joint estate then easily made available in a short time for these several objects of Christian benevolence: First, there was to be a Wilhelm professorship or president's endowment, and also a college building fund; then, a missionary permanent fund; then, an educational fund sufficient from its interest alone to keep at least two students as beneficiaries from year to year; and an orphan fund supporting in the same way at least two children continually in the home. Also a residuary theological seminary fund for the Synod was to come in afterwards. Most of this grand scheme was to depend on what their estate would yield in later years after the above \$65,000 were paid out. According to this, the missionary fund would help to support two missionaries continually, or from time to time, in this Synod or in western Pennsylvania. The building fund would every two years help towards erecting a new church in such places or growing towns within the Synod as might be encouraged thereby to organize and build a neat Reformed house of worship. All this was too good to keep. We went back to Somerset and sang the L. M. Doxology in Judge Baer's parlor; and some one told the Hausfreund, which brought on much after trouble.

It was expected with joyful hope that at least some of this work would begin within reasonable time, surely, already in their lifetime. The large expected residuary legacy outside of the early first gift of the sum named was to inure to the proposed college in West Pennsylvania, and if judged well by the Synod, also to make possible a seminary. The whole scheme

was definitely intended and solemnly set down for the expected PITTSBURGH SYNOD'S USE. And it was therefore a moral wrong to use influences afterwards to make these people "break their word of promise," simply because some shrewd schemers wanted the benefit for other or similar purposes elsewhere, not so much entitled to the rich harvest.

The farther west was just then exceedingly hungry for money at Tiffin. Agent Henry Leonard had been through the East before and gathered in this section over \$1000 and he tried to get this big gift after we had developed it for the interest he was then furthering for Tiffin. The Tiffin president also seconded these indecent overreaching efforts. As it happened eventually both of these men failed of their object; but their arguments had helped to distract and unsettle the minds of those simple people who meant religiously to keep their "PROMISE" once made to us as unto the Lord. The East also thus far having failed to develop much of their own great wealth at home, in favor of their institutions, began to trouble the Wilhelms through their agents, and prominent men sent out there to preach in the Allegheny mountains, now wonderfully awakening their hitherto dormant sympathy. It was in the rush, like a newly discovered gold field.

When it transpired that there were such good things in store "for the church," a lively contest was simultaneously started from the various quarters, to possess this newly discovered and now fully in sight undeveloped Christian wealth. A sort of scandalous scramble ensued. Each agent or representative man from the East or West had a specially pious plea to present for his part of the church. This unsettled what had been already fixed. The main argument by these outsiders was that the Pittsburgh Synod which was innocently waiting was not yet quite in full trim and ripe to project and carry forward to certain success the great interests covered by the plan as at first set forth and approved. These simple hearted intended donors were by the pious and greedy applicants harassed, distracted and troubled in mind, and for a good while, some years

in fact, they halted as to what was best to do. This over zealous course of the opposing parties came near losing the whole promised good to the Reformed church in any section, as please note. For local interests and parties in Somerset county meanwhile came in with a plea in favor of home benevolence. This money or wealth, it was argued, should not go out of the county. It could do so much good for the poor at home. Endow a place for all poor and needy persons of every class and name. That would be broad and liberal, as good citizens, and as real benevolence. Open wide the doors of unrestricted charity and relieve all comers. This sort of loose charity had its meaning for these good and kind hearted old people. At one time it looked as though they were thus almost persuaded and had settled the matter in favor of such local interests—except their first promise to Russell and Levan. Well nigh had they been brought to change their sacred intentions to the Pittsburgh Synod, in toto, as to what had been solemnly settled in its behalf.

It took another special trip on invitation of the pastor, and plain personal argument repeated by me to get this Somerset county project out of the way. It was pointed out to the Wilhelms that all the tramps and poorhouse scum from everywhere would soon be quartered in their neighborhood, and instead of a benefit, it would likely be a real harm, if not a curse, to the community. Happily they saw the threatened evil and that danger at least was put out of the way.

Meanwhile the elder sister and the oldest brother had died and were laid in a beautifully located plot intended as a burying ground. The family inclosed these several acres with a neat fence; and then sent for me to come from Pittsburgh and dedicate the new grave yard. This afforded me another opportunity to discuss their previous plans and again adjust and renew them on a somewhat different basis. A new church was to be built mainly by their funds, say at \$10,000 or \$12,000 cost—erected on or near their consecrated burying ground. The benevolent objects at large in the Pittsburgh Synod were sure-

ly however still to get the main part of their promised large gift. This was their *final resolve*, settled in our last plain interview. But prominent and trusted advisers near them were afterwards themselves won over to advocate the Lancaster scheme.

Immortal historic glory that was within easy reach of their first pastor, had he remained steadfast and true to his convictions, agreeing with the wisdom of our plans fully settled by them, was lost to him. An Oriental trick using a power foreign to all our dealings in the transaction, brought on a long enduring eclipse darkening the aureole belonging of right to the faithful mountain pastor. For before all the matter was settled, it was planned by the eastern party to effect a change of the pastorate. Then the "Lancaster college agent" could be made the new incumbent of the pastoral charge, and once in place, the ultimate direction of the legacy of course looked eastward. If that was the right turn of Providence then the Pittsburgh Synod has no ground for complaint.

Meanwhile another brother and the last sister had died. Thus only one of the original five intending donors remained to be influenced so as to change their united promise. He took sick and suffered. It seemed a hard thing for him to do to change their plan. In the end the last survivor had little time indeed to decide for himself and all his family. The will had to be hurriedly made, shortly before his death, and did not come within the time limit of the State law for making bequests to benevolence, excluding heirs. So that what was all along intended not to happen did happen, and was only prevented from final miscarriage by a legal contest involving an expensive compromise.

It is an open question whether for the good use of the church, the gift were far better for Pittsburgh Synod than used or tied up at Lancaster. It is possible indeed that a gift so obtained may do good. If the Pittsburgh Synod was apparently robbed of its large working means, the transaction, as yet has fruited in only small measure elsewhere. The Lord may

bless the legacy for good, in the overruling direction of the fund. But we who developed the rich find and prepared the way for its charity feel sore that it was not at least a fair deal. Lancaster influence and men trained in that interest predominate the Pittsburgh Synod, and its main work is side tracked.

Since the foregoing was written, Rev. Dr. Koplín sent me his version of the "History of the Wilhelm Legacy," contributed with its Eastern gloss to the *College Student*. It is of course as far as it goes authentic and sets out its main features, but does not give the inner details as written here; and his memory does not seem to be exactly full and fresh as to the promise of the Wilhelms plainly made in his presence to myself and Dr. Levan. He only mentions twenty-five thousand dollars of the sixty-five thousand definitely promised us. The other and subsequent stages through which the case passed, before the final decision in favor of Lancaster can be read between the lines. We do not question the sincerity of his general statements. The conversion of their first pastor and of their legal adviser, as well as also in a measure my coworker in our original Pittsburgh Synod's plans; and the years of haggling during the long interval, bringing death to all but the last brother of the family, and the chain of continuous influences used, wrought the change in favor of the eastern institution. It is not necessary now to give the hidden reasons leading to the final determination of the gift. But this much is quite plain: If they "had not plowed with our heifer, they had not solved the riddle," and secured the contingent changes of garments. So too, when the wooden horse was gotten through the gates of Troy it was sure that the Greeks were on the way to successful victory.

One thing must be taken for granted: Dr. Nevin certainly did not know of all that had passed in our interviews, before he was induced for a purpose to make the rough trip into that mountain region—or likely he would not have raised his voice and used the prestige of his great name to divert from its original intent the legacy to Lancaster. If he could be liberal minded enough to advise Ex-President James Buchanan, after

his conversion under Reformed teaching, to join the Presbyterian church in which he had been born and raised, he would surely not get down from his high sense of honor or right to aid in gobbling a large sum already set apart by clear intent sacredly for another benevolence. The good fortune secured for one institution, at the cost of another part of the church, has measurably blinded the clear vision of some other eastern men not knowing the case fully, to the moral wrong involved in the Jesuitical manipulations used to accomplish the change. It has not however, we are convinced, happened all by chance; though the Providence which permits such things may not justify all the acts of men in any questionable scheme, yet the Lord has some good reserved. The reward will come. Pittsburgh Synod, if true to the work, must yet provide educational institutions to call out some day its young people and prepare them for use. No distant establishment however good can quite as well do the work.

To ease the conscience and justify the gobbling of the Wilhelm legacy, the argument was put up that the Pittsburgh Synod could not maintain a college. Answer to that is, that besides the above means indicated as at hand, there has been a seminary professorship endowment of some thirty thousand dollars secured, and the science building received a large sum more than a proportionate amount from these same synodical bounds; while for the increased endowment of the seminary, and the \$150,000 enlargement of the college funds each received more liberal aid than was obtained from like territory in the East. Tiffin also reaped from the bounds of this Synod, as facts show, more than enough to have endowed a separate chair, in gifts of ten thousand, five thousand, and smaller sums. And the handsome gift to North Carolina was within reach also. No; the Pittsburgh Synod is an object lesson in this regard, and was not too poor to do the work within its call.

PERVERTING THE RELIGIOUS TO HEATHEN TRAINING.

Athletics have come to the front, and the dance has crowded out the literary elements of the college! So laments the

"Writer," as he calls himself, in one of the church papers. And what is sad enough is that it is true. While he has little to say as to the triumph of athletics which are censured lightly for the affront offered to letters, he has no word to say against the dance. More is the pity for the moral cowardice that yields so readily to the wrong and falls in with the overflowing heresy that subverts the original spirit of the colleges.

Under the reigning popular craze it is sad to know that all our institutions of learning have fallen from grace, in the loss of what at first was intended for the good of the church. The game and the dance were not provided for when the colleges and seminaries were planted by our pious fathers. Of their piety and comparative poverty the moderate means were rather freely given to promote religious quickening and intelligent fitness for the needed increase of earnest gospel ministers. How far the schools have strayed from that course it is not difficult to measure. Those who were intended for larger preparation to preach the everlasting gospel of salvation were intrusted to a few pious professors, oath-bound to teach them the main doctrines of the Bible and Catechism and to cultivate in the students true vital religion. Prayer meetings especially among the candidates for the holy office, and the exercise of all practical good works in the Lord were regarded as a part of the college and seminary life. Now on the way, or there they lose religion. If any students were not yet decided as to the chief concern, it was a privilege and glory to try for their conversion. Those were golden days of promise.

The main trend now is however the other way. No converts are made at college. No inroads are made on the ungodly young men now always the majority of the student body. Some of the few theological students also cool down in zeal and choose other professions. The ministry and vital godliness come secondary to the dance and athletics. Absorbed with the enthusiasm for the game and the dance and theatrical exhibits, even literary life is a secondary thing and personal religion is buried in higher criticism and heathen science. How much do the faculty care to subdue the evil?

In the early days of the last century it was often said that bricks and mortar did not make an institution of learning, but men of brains and noble aims under a few good professors. Now the bricks must be large piles, equal to other institutions, the professors must be in an increasing list, with growing salaries, and the endowments must run into millions, instead of the former few thousands, and the reports of champions in athletics are the main glory of the noble old college of years ago where thought once was king. What makes the difference? Certainly not fidelity to the purposes of our Reformed fathers.

The faculty and Board of Directors along with the general public opinion of the church, might perhaps study the facts in the case. Should it be found that the intent of original donors has not been the ruling aim of the powers that be, a healthy change may be made. If the large donations and multiplying endowments are meant only to promote the physical games and the dance, at the expense and loss of literary life and Christian character among students in seminary and college as well as the equivocal influence of the faculty and trustees, then change the tactics to conform to the original purposes of the Reformed church. If that cannot be done at least confess that our faith and philosophy is no better than the common article originating in New England. Poor Harvard, following the heathen trend, gave up its primitive piety and faith, and though it has many students and about \$18,000,000 endowment, you cannot count the irretrievable loss.

A godly evangelist employed in every college might help to promote holy living among the student body and save the many from leaving the old paths of piety and faith to follow the multitude to do evil, all making tracks all turned towards the devil's hole, whence there is no foot print to show a single return. The rough field champion, the alluring enticements of the dance, and the sugar-coated theatricals do not make for godly living.

Other Work Grew

CLOSELY connected with the work just mentioned was also a new chapter in publications. It was not long till the new Synod began to see that there was need of a church paper among the people suited to their wants, in order to bring them up to the full work of the Synod as that began to develop. Local church interests had not been sufficiently cared for by the World or the Messenger. Indeed these papers cannot even now be generally found at home, nor gain much general circulation in the families of the charges since the efforts at combinations were made with that end in view long ago. Many families do not receive either the western or eastern papers, and hundreds of the people do not read them. Saying this as something true, in the nature of the case, is not adverse criticism of these papers, excellent as they otherwise may be; for the real service of which mention is made by this reference is beyond their reach in the present condition of the people. It was much more a plain case in 1873, at the time "Our Church Paper" was started as an experimental remedy. Several elders in Pittsburgh felt the need so much as to agree to stand good for any shortage in funds required for the first year's trial, provided I would give my service as editor and manager gratis; a hard bargain, but it was accepted.

At the same time our paper appeared, another publication, by a singular coincidence appeared, with precisely the same name. It was issued by the Lutherans in Virginia. This soon led to a ready change in ours to "The Reformed Era." The new editorial venture now on my own part was a marked success for the Pittsburgh Synod. It developed and intensified the church to a degree which is still felt. And the Synod, well satisfied with the enterprise, heartily entered into a ten years' agreement to have the paper continued under its auspices at

my expense, promising in consideration to give it *all the Synod's sympathy and support*; and required me personally to incur and bear definitely all the pecuniary liability and risk.

The Reformed Era accordingly was to be thereafter no expense to any one but the editor and publisher, working on the plighted faith of the synod. It went at once right into the homes and hearts of the people. Its spirit was churchly, Reformed to the core, moderately liturgical, but not ritualistic. It was free from party schemes, not radical, nor fanatical, but freely conservative. It made much solid ground in preparation for the subsequent peace movement. Its course was open and honest towards the high and the low, the old and the new, ministers and people, and the controversialists. It was however, not a negative *middle*, not too classic or too learned, able to be read in the family, and not too empty and inane to do real service. Dr. Higbee publicly argued and urged the necessity for a change in the eastern paper, so that its pattern be after that of the type of the Era; to keep the Pittsburgh paper out of the eastern families where the doors were ready to open and receive it.

The Era was published on a strictly cash basis. No one received the paper except on a prepaid subscription. Many of the subscribers thought it worth more than the price which they willingly paid for its regular visits, *one dollar a year in advance*.

Because it had earnest friends in the ministry it was introduced to the people, and where it once made acquaintance at the homes and in the families there was no trouble thereafter to find it a welcome for the next year also. The two brothers Shoemaker sent in from their charges over two hundred subscribers. Almost as well did a number of the other friends.

The Reformed population and the geographical boundary of the Synod were rather too restricted for a large home subscription list, but its constituency was of the right spirit. It only went elsewhere on personal invitation. It continued to grow steadily and make new friends without losing old ones. Many

therefore thought it a sore pity when it was early absorbed into the Messenger, by what seemed intended as an honest overture for an alliance from the east. A leading member of the board of editors of the consolidated paper publicly held up the Era as a model and urged the combination to be made after that general pattern, as a necessity for future success. That is high praise. The foreman of the Rodger's printing office, Philadelphia, referred to it as "an ideal family religious paper."

After its first year of trial, the Pittsburgh Synod expressed its hearty approval, making a contract for ten years continuance with their "whole support." Imagine the surprise then soon after, to hear a member offer a resolution to give the Synod's sympathy and patronage to another Synod's paper. That was an act of business dishonesty, a breach of good faith and violation of the previous contract, revealing a lack of moral integrity.

We could afford no division of patronage in so small a Synod. If any wanted to break an honest bargain, they should at least provide for the consequences. Few seemed to have business capacity enough to grasp the force of the open breach of good faith. Friction was created, two sides developed strong agitation. The offer to unite the two papers finally was accepted by the Synod without me giving up my legal rights or admitting the justification of the wrong principle.

Flattered and wheedled by indefinite promises of money gain from eastern parties, the Synod overriding the editor and publisher of the Era assented somewhat doubtfully to the consolidation of his paper with the Messenger; and its transfer by a simple giving it over, without written terms and condition, to the eastern Board of Publication. A verbal reserve of claim nevertheless, as to indemnity for the past three years of unpaying work and risk in making the paper what it was, which might have been reasonably expected to be covered by the gain to come in the seven remaining years of the contract, was of course right for our part to hold.

Now came another moral surprise, as great as the unblushing trick that had got the Synod to vote its already pledged sympathy and patronage to another publication. The eastern board itself after it had taken over the Era, when its publication had been stopped, actually refused now to make for it any settlement at all, for my rights transferred in their benefit. This they put on the ground that the good will and possible gain from my contract to them, was not from me but from the Pittsburgh Synod to which they voted the two-sevenths of their establishment's assets, estimated as equal to \$12,000. And the Pittsburgh Synod in turn no more ingenuous refused to make me any compensation for terminating their contract—because some said consent was given to the consolidation of the papers; which had by their act gone into effect January, 1876, and that fact they said ended their contract with me! There they left me; though they were made joint owners by the transaction with the Eastern Synod to the two-sevenths of its estimated \$42,000—thus gaining \$12,000. All of which without cost to them they secured at my sole expense by trading off my rights in giving up the Era. It does not help their case to learn that in the end the buncoed party were cheated out of every dollar promised from the bankrupt dealers with paying them simply bogus assets, improperly estimated as good.

Bitter disagreement followed. Single handed the misled opponents through a two days' debate in Synod were held to see the unrighteousness in dealing thus unfairly (to their supposed gain) at the sole expense of my equity rights. Finally at the Synod in Irwin, they agreed to compromise. But the president immediately after the action wilfully refused to sign the order on the treasurer, so that the moiety promised was kept back for years. It was the sorest moral business treatment received from the Synod which had been well served, and the contest alienated warm friends and bumped hard against previous happy history. Even now with a sorrowful heart, the whole case is dismissed.

As a mere matter of prudent management, it was a great mistake on the part of the Synod. From that point a down hill history makes them a mere appendage to the eastern kite. Greedy of the promise of gain, they lost both the shadow and the substance, and became enslaved and the east reaps the revenues always in first collections in Pittsburgh Synod. Want for a suitable home paper is still manifest in attempts of two or three classes to provide for their people local church papers. These in a measure take the place of what the Synod once had. Papers from the east or west cannot speak to the hearts of the Pittsburgh Synod's people.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

Elder Henry Leonard, as is well known, took an active interest not only in the Ohio Synod but also of the whole Reformed church. In the following winter he wrote me a full letter in regard to the moderate spirit of my paper and the stand which the "Reformed Era" took on the bitter controversies then agitating our whole Zion. He was for peace; but he and his party wanted me converted to the side of the west alone, and hoped that I being then fretted would readily help towards that by casting in my lot henceforth with the Ohio Synod's radicals. As this was several years before the formal "peace movement," it may be interesting to give part and general substance of my answer to him in March, 1876.

Extract of letter to Elder Henry Leonard:

The chief subject on which you write has been in mind of most men for some years past. Of course there is much room to differ on the general church question. The main question is however as you say divided into two opposing sides. But in both of these there are those who range from right to left; so that the left of the one side may be close to the other's right. There is a true historical standpoint between—not a mere negative exactly middle ground of indifference or colorless neutrality.

Now, as you desire truly to learn my inward conviction and position, I will repeat frankly; for I have nothing to conceal. I claim to be neither extreme high church, nor miscellaneous low church—but *Reformed church*; neither in the forefront of the east, nor of the west; neither ultra liturgical, nor radically antiliturgical. I think there is somewhere in this historical issue a true safe ground; sound and consistent in the old as well as new historical Reformed position. This is where the whole church should come, and be brought unitedly to stand. For my part, I cannot see the great necessity (as you seem to think) for standing within either party's line. Nor is there a true historical standpoint on what you call "neutral ground." Merely because some drum-major may try to recruit his ranks, is no absolute reason sufficient in itself for me to join therein and parade with him. This does not require one to curry favor from either side—nor expect at this stage protection from both. For, knowing too well the bitterness of party strife, there is nothing to hope from the fierce spirit aroused by the extreme party leaders, on the one side or on the other. Nor have I personally much to fear from either; no favor to ask, except peace.

The warfare as now carried on by Tiffin and Ursinus is simply shameless; and is confessedly damaging to the peace, unity, and prosperity of the whole Reformed church, without any sufficient cause, or compensating benefit, while Lancaster fairly bristles in defence as bad. Some of the dogmatism and assumptions of extreme advocates of the eastern party are quite as much also out of place on their side as on the other. *The day must come, sooner or later*, when the church will clearly see that this whole destructive and wasting method of contending for the truth, while claiming to keep the faith of our fathers, in such a fratricidal controversy, is not only entirely wrong, but most disastrous to the growth of our Zion. It will some day appear that the party chiefs and destructive champions have not done the best service for the Reformed church; nor have they performed the most hard labor, nor

reaped the most fruit of grace from their sad work of persecution and internecine strife. When the "breakers ahead," of which you speak shall have been passed, the occupation of these party leaders will be gone forever. Your satisfaction with Dr. Schneck's book, is not nearly as much for me. It does by no means settle the question nor end the strife and conflict.

The World and the Messenger both have hitherto worked against my paper, the Reformed Era. We were trying faithfully from our position, as far as we can without offence, to work for the good, the unity, the peace and the growth of the Reformed church and the cause of Christ. If that be blest of the Master, our hearts will rejoice together, here and in heaven—to which we trust all our militant brethren will also find saving entrance.

So far the letter. Much of that prophecy has indeed come true. Time works changes and seeds take time to grow. The "peace movement" came to a head in Dr. Weiser's resolution passed at the Lancaster General Synod, 1878. As originally drawn his resolution assumed and rehearsed as true, that the church was "in fact divided," disrupted. He showed his paper before offering it to some of the brethren for consultation, myself among others. To record, in a synodical paper as a fact that the church had split actually would have given too much leverage to both of the opposing sides; and more than this, the fact was not yet historically true. With this statement stricken out, at my earnest suggestion, and a few verbal modifications to which he heartily assented, the paper was offered and the still united church set out to obtain peace.

A spontaneous offer then came publicly from the Christian World management after my paper was transferred to give me ample room in its columns to ventilate any grievances for the treatment in the discontinuance of the Reformed Era, after a three years' successful trial. Usually careful, a writer, in a historical review gives its brilliant life at only two years—an-

other slip of a historical fact from which misleading conclusions might hereafter be drawn.

I had been furnishing before the Peace Commission met, some contributions for the *World*, preparing the minds of the western people for some peaceful termination of the liturgical discussions; which could not have reached them through the *Messenger*. The editor had appreciated these in spirit as "crisp, fresh, appropriate, and moderate enough" for his western readers. Rev. Dr. Bomberger, chief leader of the anti-element, a born controversialist, a ready fighter and splendid debater, expressed publicly not only his surprise, but his hearty approbation, when he learned who was the author of these articles. Yet the *World's* editor, wary as he was, feared to make at that time an open matter of his personal proposition to take me in with him in the editorial management and ownership of the *World*. I was not at the time in any pastorate or other special church work; and he opened correspondence with me, with a view to graft me into that paper, or hitch teams. It seemed another possible opening to put me, where the Ohio Synod had previously in 1861 elected me to work—though for special reasons I refused then to take the office. Just then, too, there was still public feeling in that Synod against all who were known in general as liturgical men; and they were not quite sure that I was safe to speak to the west through the *World*.

Hence, my advice to the editor, Dr. Mease, was that for the time being, he had better at least nominally hold the reins himself—until his Board or the whole Synod were fully satisfied with his proposed arrangement for making me a share holder with himself. Meanwhile, I could furnish him as he wished such editorial matter, *in cog.*, to the extent of some columns each week, as would help to prepare the way for a full and open union of forces. But it never came much further. At the General Synod at Lancaster, after I had gone to the Washington mission, he still was anxious to negotiate with me for a union of forces. But I was called away from that meeting

before adjournment, and he went home without reaching any conclusion, except that I should continue to write up the peace movement. Some time thereafter he had to give up the World as his financial resources had gone under. When he was destitute and sick in the far West, my ten dollar relief contribution was sent, but came only in time to help to bury him.

REFORMED CLAIM ON PITTSBURGH CHURCH PROPERTY.

Besides reference to the property in Washington, which we claim as in equity belongs to the Reformed church, an account of which we have given elsewhere, there is more of the same kind to be remembered, all taken from us unjustly. There is the Conway street property in Baltimore, on which was the original German church of Otterbein, now held by the United Brethren, who claim both him and his church. He never left our Synod nor that church of which he was so long pastor even from 1778 till his death in 1813. His successors, having stealthily crept in gradually alienated the pious members from the Reformed denomination and absorbed them and the valuable square of ground with its improvements. It may have been thought pious, but it was hardly godly or just to steal people and use other church's possessions to enrich the new union. It is said, they are required to teach our catechism at least once a year in that church in order to cover their holding of the Conway street Reformed property from its rightful succession; and they do it conscientiously.

Also the Market Square church property in Germantown, Philadelphia, taken over to the Presbyterians by the over pious Rev. Jacob Helfenstein when he left the church of his fathers, where he was too good to stay in the New Measure days. The present congregation worshipping in that fine sanctuary perhaps do not generally know that they are in possession of stolen property. They can show no title to the property—only it was brought to them by the disaffected minister of the Reformed church; in which act some few members acquiesced. But the Reformed congregation did not all go with the defec-

tion, and the title could not be alienated by the majority's transition to the Presbyterians. The law does not recognize such acts as a valid transfer. Mr. Charles Bockius often told me that he and others desired that the Reformed authorities should take measures to recover the alienated Market Square property. Only lately a Miss Bockius died in Germantown at the age of 85 years who claimed to be a member of that Reformed church. The case was referred by the Eastern Synod years ago to a committee of which Dr. S. R. Fisher was chairman. They had but little encouragement and no money to prosecute the claim; then in tired out patience their effort died. Shall it be for ever left in unrighteous Presbyterian occupancy? Or does the Reformed church forget the work of Schlatter there?

At the meeting of the Pittsburgh Synod, 1906, there was some action taken in regard to the German church property, Sixth and Smithfield streets, Pittsburgh, Pa. If it be of any use to the committee to whom the matter was given in charge, the following from some old notes is herewith reproduced. It is best to get at the original documents, and make out a historical case.

Interesting facts in history are sometimes left half buried in the dim past until well nigh forgotten. Take this instance in illustration:

A church property of great value in Pittsburgh, Pa., is half ours by implication and equity. It is the one on Sixth avenue and Smithfield street, extending half a square on each street and bounded by two alleys. It was donated by the Penns, John Penn, Sr., and John Penn, Jr., to the Reformed and Lutherans jointly in 1787 as "the two German religious societies," the one holding the "invariable (that is "unaltered") Augsburg Confession," and the other called the "German Presbyterians," meaning the Calvinists or later German Reformed, not then so mentioned. This was after Rev. J. W. Weber had been preaching to our people in private houses, Diehl's and others, and presumably before there were distinct organi-

zations of either church in that city. The two German interests held similar close relations, also in many other places, worshipping alternately in the same houses of worship in the east as well as here and in the west. To these two denominations was this piece of ground given for "one or more houses of worship"; evidently looking forward to the time when each should be able to have its own church as it has since happened in many other towns.

Similar donations were also made in Pittsburgh to the Presbyterians of a large piece of ground on Wood street (now the First church), and to the Episcopalians on Sixth avenue, now Christ's church. This fact disposes of the assumption that the above named "German Presbyterians" might be the "Presbyterians" the same as on Wood street. These last are of Scotch-Irish descent, while those known then popularly as the "German Presbyterians," German Protestants not Lutherans, were of another class of people, first cousins to the Lutherans, and who often in early days of weakness held church property and church services together. So it was in Westmoreland county, and especially throughout the east, in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and elsewhere. They were thus designated, by English people who knew little of them, as those Germans, Reformed Calvinists, who were not Lutherans, nor Dunkards, nor Moravians.

Historically it is plain our Reformed church is descended from those Germans of near kin to the Lutherans who were to have this property in joint ownership. Hoch Deutsch, ignorantly translated High Dutch, was harder to be kept in mind than "German Presbyterians," as the one side holding these union churches, and worshipping alternately with the other more easily designated name. This establishes our historical claim to one half the property herein described. The church afterwards built on the said lot at the corner of Sixth avenue and Smithfield street was for the "two German denominations." No other Presbyterians ever claimed any part of it. Our people with the Lutherans owned together the church and graveyard.

From the first and for many years all was peace and harmony. They being few in numbers and weak in material ability, it was agreed to have but one house of worship and but one minister for the time being, alternating in succession between them. The arrangement of union among other provisions decided that the acting minister should be Lutheran or Reformed arranged in succession. That is, if at any time the present pastor left them, his successor should be of the other denomination. If one had been a Lutheran he was to be followed by a Reformed. As to how many years each was to serve, nothing was said; but only if a change was made from any cause, the next one must be of the other communion. Whichever side was in possession of the pastorate for the time, it was the duty of the minister to catechise the children in each one's denominational confession and confirm them as members of the church of their parents. Undue influence was not to be tolerated in favor of either side. This rule had its drawbacks, but had to be as fairly as possible applied.

In the "forties" rationalism and "freiheit" began to prevail, and the long time customs of the fathers began to give way to new conditions. The former ministers were mainly earnest, evangelical and pious. But some were not. It happened that a Reformed preacher, Rev Robert Kahler, tried to improve the spiritual condition of the people. Against his "sharp preaching" a protest was sent in, stating that "when they worked hard all week they wanted to rest on Sunday, and it made them tired in church to hear so much about hell and the devil."

The earnest pastor had secured the election of some men as members of the consistory favorable to his idea of spiritual work. But on the Sunday morning set for their induction into office a riot was raised in the church, and the women of the opposition party entered the altar enclosure, withstood the officiating minister and literally tore off his robe. He was then put out of the church; and the congregation afterwards de-

clared themselves independent: "gans unobhengich von allen Synoden."

This declared that they were neither Lutheran nor Reformed—"Frei Evangelisch"; and therefore they were by that fact alone on their own declaration, not the lawful possessors of the property. Though the Reformed Synod had held its session in that church in 1833, there seemed now no church higher authority to make this a case for discipline, and no steps were taken to determine the owners and eject the false claimants.

Afterwards, they held the property, and went so far as to have an act passed by the State legislature in the "Fifties," to empower them to remove the dead buried in the church lot. They built houses, stores and dwellings along the Smithfield street front, rented them, received the proceeds and used them. The revenues from rents and incomes made it a sort of political object to be in the church council and handle the large money. With this they proceeded to *hire* a preacher by the year or for as long as he suits them; and also are prepared with means in hand to dispute in court any claim set up to oust them. No one is strong enough single handed to institute civil proceedings against the revolted combine many of whose membership may be innocent successors.

The descendants of the old members once buried there, the Rahans, Reiters, Bechlers, Sieberts, Keils, etc., could be recognized before the courts now. Similar cases are not wanting on which to base ejectment proceedings in equity. When they were before the legislature for a law to permit them to remove the dead, desecrate and secularize the grave yard, I had Senator Penny insert a proviso in that act, to the effect that "nothing therein should be construed to the detriment of the rightful owners of the said church property." It was long before we could find trace of the title papers. By research finally it appeared that in 1787 this part of the State was in Westmoreland county. The county records therefore at Greensburg contain the sought for papers. I reported the matter to the Ohio Synod and asked it to take the case in hand. In its jeal-

ous wisdom it appointed a man away out in Ohio, who knew little about the case and perhaps cared less. So it sleeps these years. The property diverted from its original intent is quite valuable.

The inchoate and nebulous condition of the Reformed church of this country in the former century is doubtless the reason why such cases of loss, both in properties and congregations were allowed to pass for the time being with property, by the higher authorities, whose right and duty it is to supervise and protect such invaded rights. For the most part, individual members were not trained to know what to do in primal defence of themselves and the congregations when such wrongs occurred. And the classes, few in ministers and elders, widely spread over large districts of country, had not come to realize well their supervisory duties as to the congregations and pastoral charges. Synodical bodies made up of the classes were still less self-conscious of the higher jurisdiction which they were to exercise over the lower bodies. So it happened that strict protection was not given in all cases.

Now you can see in a measure why the Smithfield street property and others to which reference has been made, were not at once restored to their rightful owners. Such titles however do not run out or lapse or vitiate in time by adverse possession. Hence the saving clause that I had Senator Penny insert in a supplement to the act passed at the request of the German church pirates, authorizing the removal of the dead from the graveyard, covers the claim forever of "the rightful owners" and their successors. The lack of proper or wiser management of the Ohio Synod in whose bounds the case then was, and the failure of its appointed committee to get at the right source for information only made a loss of time, and did not test the issue. If they had sought knowledge of facts, I could have put them in relation to the members and descendants then still living. Different influential citizens had offered to give a fair share of material help towards any necessary costs. But while I could have put the committees hands on the

original records and held unwritten traditional statements, yet by the Synod itself I had not been put in authority to take a single step. Individual Reformed descendants and a German Lutheran congregation offered to take part in an equity suit, and several attorneys had been informally consulted. All was halted by trivial circumstances not now to be recited.

My Fifth Mission

IN 1873 another mission was put into my hands by the Synod's superintendent at East End, Pittsburgh. We started it in a Temperance Hall, at the corner of Penn and Highland avenues. And this third one here for Pittsburgh, was my fifth mission, *de novo*. Among its first and firmest promoters was Elder Geo. F. Rahauser, who was one of the original seven forming Grace Church, Pittsburgh, in 1854. His wife was no more with him. Other earnest workers also here were Jacob Hershey and wife, Herman Ulrich and wife, John R. Baum, Mrs. Annie Allen, the Smiths, the Freys, the Netschkeys and the Lewis Fundis family. The prospects were fair without drawing much on Grace church, five miles away. The missionary superintendent urged me to take the mission in charge in addition to my editorial work then running on the Reformed Era.

As in other cases, a church home in which to hold worship was the first great need. Dr. D. W. Lewis, a Presbyterian, suggested that we might buy on favorable terms a select female school property, just then abandoned, eligibly situated on Highland avenue near Penn avenue. It was held in stock company shares by the patrons of the former school. Being a frame building, though at a prominent point, central and accessible from all parts of East Liberty, it was nevertheless not held at a very high price. The house could be readily altered and improved at no great cost relatively, so as to make it suit for a church or chapel. We at once set about buying it.

The most difficult problem was how to get the necessary means wherewith to purchase and improve. Ever so cheap, it would still more than exhaust our present resources and ability. Faith conquers difficult things. Therefore I opened a book and went among the shareholders of the school building's

stock to get them individually and severally to subscribe the least price at which they would sell or release their shares of now unproductive stock. Some gave up all, signing away outright their holdings; among these were Dr. Lewis, G. F. Ra-hauser and a few others as well. Hon. Jas. P. Sterrett, of the State Supreme Court, gave his at half its face. So did some of the Negleys, and Mr. Lyon and Mr. Radcliff (now of the New York Avenue Church, Washington, D. C.). A few took only a quarter of their amount; so that by the time I had reached them all, there was not such a large sum to pay for the purchase of the property. The net first cost to us for that was about \$1900. This lacking amount however had to be raised by miscellaneous subscription. A few gave somewhat liberally, so that we bought the property free of debt and repaired the building. The improvements added were a vestibule, a rear extension recess for the pulpit and altar, a small annex for library and infant class, with windows changed into Gothic frames filled with churchly symbols in stained glass, vestibule, neat pews, and the whole structure inside and out painted. The entire cost, as I remember was about \$4,800 and all paid at the finish but \$800 borrowed from the Dollar Savings Bank. The chapel was neat and attractive with a decided churchly look. It was dedicated amid gladness and joy. The attendance at the regular services increased and the membership steadily grew in numbers at every communion. The spirit of the people was kind. All was harmony. We introduced the moderate use of the liturgy from the start, and there never was a jar here on this, or any other church question. A good Sunday-school also came.

Of course the labor was hard, the salary small and not at all promptly paid. Some were told that the minister could live without much pay as his rent was free in his own house. They would have paid probably better to some other pastor, as they did in fact as soon as I quit their service, at the end of four years. There came a day to resign, and out of personal kindness a large part of my backstanding salary was remitted out-

right. But a committee of audit from the classis, by some bungling mixture of figures in the careless treasurer's books by misunderstanding, reported me largely overpaid. Barkley, Stouffer and Hoffheins, the committee, without my presence or request for any light on the apparent anomalous case, and with little sympathy for me, made it appear that the poor mission had got much more than needed to pay the pastor. A very pertinent question *how* they had so much flush in the treasury to spare, might itself alone have suggested a reference to some one for explanation of real facts, instead of making their report a grossly mistaken record. They simply without seeing me reported the figures on the wrong side.

On a larger salary to my successor the congregation soon ran hopelessly in debt. Some thought their location not best for the church. Therefore before long they sold the finest lot in the city, paid off the debt and had a balance of \$2000 left which passed to the Hungarians. Quarrels among themselves led the classis to dissolve the congregational organization as the best way they thought to cut loose from serious troubles. That was evidently a most unwise act.

An attempt was then made to reorganize the dissolved congregation which had at the time of its dissolution by the classis one hundred and twenty-six members. The reorganized or new body was to be called the St. Mark's church. But this transmogrification lost to the Reformed interest about one hundred members now cut loose who scattered and drifted into other denominations. If you have one hundred and twenty-six fishes already taken; and then cast them all back into the lake or river in the hope of recatching them and others along therewith, you need not be surprised if four-fifths of them are never recovered. The classis will not likely ever do such an act again—unless the blind folly that did it once may continue to reproduce itself. The fine St. Mark's \$35,000 church, built as a memorial by Mr. Wolff on a lot bought also by him, not over half a square from the first location which had been pronounced too unfavorable for us, gathered a small and fashion-

able liturgical congregation, that has not in all these years taken on as yet much rapid growth. It has happened that other denominations too have thought this immediate vicinity favorable for church location. Five large fine places of worship are now within less than a square of it; and one directly opposite, of magnificent proportions and style in elaborate stone work said to have cost \$300,000, quite overshadows St. Mark's. And the Methodists have actually erected a grand church edifice *on the very lot which we originally owned*; but which for some supposed unfitness for a church, the congregation had by order of the classis unwisely sold, and in the transactions therewith connected, lost its original existence. The children of light have yet something of wisdom to learn.

During my residence at East End, Pittsburgh, I was twice at the Philadelphia centennial exposition; one day of which I spent mainly with Rev. Dr. Hacke, of Greensburg, in examining and admiring the wonders. He was a remarkable man, who was then taking his "first vacation" since 1819, when he was ordained to the holy ministry, being then less than twenty years of age. His biography I prepared for part of a book published by the Westmoreland Classis covering a sort of history of the Reformed church in the western part of Pennsylvania. His long pastorate in the Greensburg charge, at its end of fifty-eight years was full of incident and experience. All this could not of course be crowded into that limited historical sketch, though it forms a large proportion of the book, which was restricted by other articles to a rather small and definite number of pages. I also wrote and delivered at his funeral in 1878 at Greensburg where he was buried, an obituary which was published as my last article in the Mercersburg Review, full of uncorrected typographical errors not noticed by the editor. For some of my success in the ministry and work in the territory now within the Pittsburgh Synod I am indebted to him, and for wise and prudent suggestions as well as for hopeful encouragement.

OTHER WORK FROM SMALL START.

At one period, Dr. Hacke, Father Voight, Rev. W. Conrad and myself were the only Reformed ministers in Pennsylvania west of the Allegheny mountains and south of the Kiskeminetas river; above which however in the Clarion Classis were also about half a dozen, separated from us by long distance. Now, within a single lifetime there are five classes constituting the vigorous Pittsburgh Synod, with near a hundred ministers. It was one of my early and cherished aims to have such a Synod formed for that ecclesiastical territory. We found that this was then only an unorganized domain, a sort of halfway place between the east and the west; and the pastors obtained for our charges from either section, made this only a temporary stopping place. There were frequent pastoral changes consequently with short pastorates and long vacancies. Then there are other things and functions such as only a Synod can provide for such a district of the church. Educational and benevolent institutions and publications belong by the church constitution to synodical work. The result of such a synodical organization in western Pennsylvania is manifest in its efficiency for good already; and still more could have been done if it had not been handicapped by influences from the east, that seek "to farm" this district for the benefit simply of their institutions over the mountains. Just when all was prepared and ready for the new Synod it had happened that I was transferred for a season to the east. And so it turned out that I was not a member here just when the Synod was actually formed. Nevertheless I had part in the labors going before historically and afterwards, in the Pittsburgh Synod "quorum magna pars fui." The progressive new men in that body are now too busy to look back often towards the small beginnings.

Other churches, besides those now in the number should belong to the Reformed organizations in that section. The German congregation at East End should not have been lost, if any steady hand had been near there at the right time to hold it. So the one up Girty's Run in Shaler township, which was

stolen by a trick of the Lutherans, after it was built and dedicated under Rev. F. W. Ebbinghaus, and almost entirely paid for by the Reformed. Of its cost I paid for them by personal effort at collecting \$500, but the small remaining debt worried the poor people. Though I raised among the outside liberal men in the city between one and two hundred dollars additional for a pressing need of relief of the struggling interest yet advantage was taken by a dishonest lawyer to whom for its use the sum was paid. He misapplied that money, and the timid pastor allowed himself to be outgeneraled by the Lutheran party, as he similarly did also once at Four-and-a-Half street, Washington. Another independent church, with good brick edifice in Mansfield Valley on the south side was within \$1500 of falling into our hands. I had entered into formal contract to take it over, and all were united. My removal east after I had preached to those people several times and brought them into the Reformed spirit and had in fact arranged for a loan of the needed funds above what could be raised voluntarily, left the just unfinished work in timidly fearful hands; and so, that which in a short time would have in due course grown strong and self sustaining, was lost soon after my transfer to Washington. About the same time was the like experience as to a good German independent church on Mt. Washington, the south side, where I had also preached English to their great satisfaction and planned with the leaders for a transition to the Reformed Synod. Only a few thousand dollars aid duly expended there, would have planted our standard among a most sterling class of independent Germans, non Lutherans, whose descendants largely educated in English even then were growing in material and business success in Pittsburgh. The way I look at it now, all the above mentioned, along with the troubled flock in Allegheny as well, could have been saved to the Reformed column if we had not just then been ordered to take charge of the projected new mission in Washington, D. C., a matter to me of sore regret to this day.

Not only in such church extension as the above given cases

show, but also in dealing with turbulent spirits in church meetings to settle rebellious troubles, it requires calm and steady handling with a firm courage and some ventures of faith, in order to reach success. For instance, a special case came up for adjustment at Meadville before a committee of our classis to whom the matter was referred. Elder Bousch of that church is a host in himself and the pastor had also special fitness. But there were also just then wild spirits gathered in from the "freiheit" Germans. They wanted to declare the congregation independent, "gans unobhängich," of all church government. Our committee of the St. Paul Classis was sent for in order to quell the growing disorder. A public meeting was accordingly called and held one evening in the church to hear the case. The house was crowded. Disorder early began to show itself and soon became rampant. As chairman presiding, I found my hands full enough to restrain them in their outbreak. Finally cat calls, tigers and whistles drowned the proceedings. "*Ordnung! her' auf, ihr böse Leute!*" I called with commanding voice. Then, in the best broken German at my command and in firm tones, I said: "You people must keep order. It is against the law of the State to disturb a religious meeting assembled in the house of God. You already have made yourselves liable to arrest for this disorder. Any who do now further violate this law will find themselves in jail before breakfast." Squire Bousch, in a telling speech supported and encouraged me in the stand taken, and as an attorney gave them further legal warning. By and by, one after another left the house, till only a respectable few remained. But the business was in form then peaceably settled, once for all by a congregational vote; and after that the church had peace there followed by prosperity. It has grown and flourished ever since. It is an evidence of what timely decision and resolute prudence can do to allay strife. Otherwise, there might have been an independent congregation of beer-men in that place; and perhaps to this day no such positive Reformed church as we now have in that stronghold of the faith in Meadville.

AT KITTANNING.

If there ever was any Reformed preaching in Kittanning before my first sermon there in the Presbyterian church of that place in the fall of 1857, I have not heard of it. On my way up to the Clarion region on a collecting tour for Grace church, I found a Reformed blacksmith by the name of Crum, in the upper part of the town, whose shop was along the Allegheny river bank. After inquiring about Reformed material in that town it was found that Barbara Evans and himself were about all he could name. Intending to return that way by the Thursday of the next week, he asked me in case he could secure a place for preaching and get out an appointment, would I fill it? Yes, indeed. So on my return when taking supper at the hotel that Thursday evening, the tables being quite full, for it was "court week," the whole jolly conversation was about Crum's expected preacher! They generally agreed to attend the service. At the appointed hour, the bell rang and the Presbyterian church near by was well filled, mainly by men, lawyers, jurors, countrymen and citizens.

Some of them seemed not a little surprised when they saw that the preacher was the plain-looking red-headed stranger who had been with them at supper and sat in quiet at the hotel table only a little while before. He had evidently heard their jests about "Crum's preacher." The text was: "No man cared for my soul." It took all the fun out of them and they were respectfully attentive. After service a number came forward and apologetically explained that it was because they did not know anything about Mr. Crum being a *religious* man, nor a member of the Reformed church, of which there was none as yet in that town, the county seat for Armstrong county. Barbara Evans was better known as a faithful church member who walked five miles out to her church service in the country. We have now a local habitation and a name among the churches there, with fine new church. Some years afterwards, the superintendent of missions offered to send me as the first missionary to Kittanning; but I recommended for the place

my former Elder, Rev. D. S. Dieffenbacher, then just ready to enter on ministerial work. He was a success in this, his first charge. He bought and repaired an old church building in which I later preached for him and baptized another of his children, making a majority of his family who have received that initial sacrament at my hands. The congregation was made up of some very substantial people, among whom was the same Barbara Evans and the man who had secured an appointment for "Crum's preacher." Two ministers have since come from its membership.

THE ST. PAUL CHURCH INCIDENT, BALTIMORE.

The St. Paul church, Baltimore, came into existence through severe birth-throes. At the annual meeting of the Maryland Classis held at Mechanicstown (now Thurmont), May, 1878, a request came up from some sixty or seventy members of the Third church, Paca street, Baltimore, for the privilege of being organized into a new congregation. The pastor of the old congregation was stoutly set against the proposed movement. He had very high church ideas on a congregation's "largeness and influence essential to commanding respect," in his stilted notions, Romanizing tendency and methods. His long time dalliance with the scarlet lady was then already plainly drawing him more and more into her seductive embraces. Unconsciously perhaps to himself, he was losing his grip on the people of his charge, too; and his falling away from what makes up Reformed life, in practice, animus and feeling, as well as in preaching, widened the gap between him and many of the members. They became tired and restive, and longed for deliverance. The nearest way out was to colonize in a new home, rather than withdraw individually and be lost to the church of their fathers.

These and other considerations led to the respectable petition sent up to the classis. But the strong dictatorial self-will of the pastor stood in the way to frustrate any such enterprise which he feared would weaken his own charge in numbers and

promise to advance the growth of the Reformed church which he no longer seemed to have at heart; and which he argued had "no call to extend" itself outwardly or occupy new ground. Besides, he had not been taken into counsel as to the new move; and that itself set him still more opposed to what he had not been called upon to father. Therefore the request presented to the classis, after a reference to a special committee, where it met his fierce opposition, was reported back with a negative recommendation.

This stage of it was my first knowledge of the matter, having just then arrived from Washington on Monday morning after our Sunday service in the mission there. The commissioners who had been sent to lay the above petition before the classis were in a sorrowful mood, and the pastor was arrogantly exultant. The opposition to him at home would now be squelched. It was a gloomy hour for those who longed for freedom to work for a new congregation, wherein dwells the Reformed spirit, giving life to the people in the love of the Lord.

Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Hammet and a third member of the commission whose name was Gervin, were introduced to me at the parsonage during the noon recess, and upon sympathetic consultation it was determined to press their case under a somewhat new form. Accordingly we drew up a brief paper, which they signed and it was presented at the opening of the afternoon session. It was referred to the same committee by sharp management that had reported adversely at the morning hour; though objection was raised even to any further agitation of the matter—which was regarded as having been finally disposed of in the previous action. Besides, the pastor was going back home, he said, and they would not dare to do anything in his absence. And as the committee was the same who previously had the matter before it, no other than the former conclusion could be naturally expected. To meet this trouble, however, two additional members were added to the committee; and all parties "in interest were publicly notified" to meet

with them immediately in the basement of the church. So then, in half an hour, we had reached a favorable report in the committee granting the request, and the matter presented to the classis; which was in fact, as it seemed, glad to cover its mistake of the morning session, and to favor the petitioners; and thereupon the report was adopted and permission given to form a new congregation.

By this brief work the sixty odd members petitioning were saved to the Reformed interest, and a new organization was authorized to be established. The result was the St. Paul Reformed church of Baltimore. The event has fully justified the wisdom of the action of the classis, in the growth and prosperity of that vigorous congregation in the Monumental City. Had it not been for the short turn of the providential meeting with the desponding members of the Baltimore commissioners after their defeat, and for the new direction able to be given to their business, it is morally sure that the new enterprise would not at that time have taken actual form. This is a personal satisfaction to have been of such use in a far-reaching historical issue. Especially as the disaffected pastor sought soon thereafter to cripple if not destroy or disintegrate the old Third church, by dismissing many others without request, when he himself became openly a Roman Catholic convert. Thus he tried to repay what the Reformed church had done for him in beneficiary aid towards his education for her ministry. His first pastor at Waynesboro had taken him out of poverty and ignorance, taught him to read and pray, and study, and induced the church at Waynesboro to contribute means to educate the man, who after he was lifted up, spurned and spat at his own mother.

The old Third church too, was not materially weakened perhaps by the drain from its membership into the new organization; though it did suffer severely from the effects of its pastor's transition to Romanism—a Jesuitical preparation for which he was perhaps secretly making even while in the pay of the very church he was about to betray to its enemies.

HOW ALTOONA MISSION WAS BEGUN.

In 1854 when on my way to Pittsburgh, the town of Altoona was a small place of a few thousand people. About eight years later it had grown to greater importance. Gen. John Stewart, brother-in-law to Col. T. A. Scott, was converted in the Reformed church at Waynesboro, but later had joined the Presbyterians. He had been our superintendent of the Sunday-school there, and naturally felt interested in the church of his spiritual birth. He mentioned several times to me in Pittsburgh, where he then was ticket agent of the P. R. R. company, that among the increasing population at Altoona there were many persons from the eastern counties of our State, and some of the names had a Reformed sound to his ears. They ought to be looked after, was his advice.

It so happened that a poor German who had invented an improved car truck, wished me to take his plans to Altoona, and lay them before the railroad men there. To serve him, a special trip was made to the shops, in order to interest the foreman of the car department in the helpless German's invention. This brought me in contact with the head of that shop, who was introduced as John P. Levan. The name struck me as familiar. On inquiry it was found that he was a cousin to our young preacher of that name. Also that he was of Reformed parentage and was son-in-law to a Reformed member who removed to Altoona from the lower counties. Others also were living there, he thought, of the same household of faith. The Lutherans had already organized and absorbed some Reformed people. It was high time to take care of our material.

Full of other similar facts, at the next meeting of the Westmoreland Classis, when Cyrus Cort was examined and ordained as missionary to Johnstown, on my motion it was inserted in the instructions and commission, that he "also visit Altoona and explore the town to find what prospects there were for a Reformed mission in that growing place." It was not a very long time thereafter, till he reported to our committee that there then was more promise for an opening at Altoona than at

Johnstown ;and that it seemed to demand all his time there. Johnstown was accordingly for the time given up; and the Rev. C. Cort was was recognized as the first pastor at the great railroad place before it had such a wilderness of tracks spread out, and which has developed such growth in later years.

But now some one with keen scent discovered that the boundary line of Westmoreland Classis, and of the Ohio Synod only extended *to the top* of the Allegheny mountains. Consequently this new and promising point is in the Eastern Synod and so was in the territory of the Mercersburg Classis, which had no local connections however near to our newly discovered point in the mount of promise. Without any serious contest based on our right of squatter sovereignty before the east had moved, the pre-emption claim was yielded. There had been other good points nearer home to the Mercersburg brethren if they had then been zealous to develop new fields, which they had not yet tried to occupy; nor have they since filled up the long gaps lying between. Historically it is true therefore that the Westmoreland Classis first occupied Altoona and placed one of its own men in that rich mission field. It was by the incidental fact of my trip to that place as above mentioned, that the Reformed church had its beginning there. Unfortunate circumstances subsequently occurring, some of the best early zealous influential working members were lost to that church enterprise. The same kind of misfortune has often befallen the church of the cross elsewhere. Our Lord promised Zion that for all such loss, there shall be a return of double—some day. Even now four good churches are there already.

At Latrobe, it may also be mentioned, the first Reformed organization was due to similar personal effort. My timid brother was serving Ligonier and Youngstown. This latter was the nearest church point for our people in the growing town of Latrobe. Seeing its promising future, on consultation we early called a meeting of Reformed people favorable to beginning a congregation in that place. A goodly number met

with us and became zealous for the project. Among others, there came also a crafty Lutheran who strove hard as Sanballet to get a partnership interest in the hopeful work—especially as he was brother-in-law to several of the Reformed families. For years, Dr. Passavant had been careful in western Pennsylvania, that all his interests should preserve unity for Lutherans only when organizing, by excluding our church and if possible absorbing all our people. So, applying his rule, it became effective against co-partnership in this case. After discussion at the above meeting, no small enthusiasm was shown, finally resolving to organize on a Reformed basis; and steps were taken at once to provide for a church. The people had a mind to the work; no very long time thereafter they invited me to assist at the dedication of their house of worship, well and prominently located; and for that time as also for their means and strength, it was in good style, serving to give a name and home in that community, and became the seed of grander things in these after years. Had all our material remained true to the church of our fathers, more wealth would be there today. Their present new \$32,000 church, and no union of property with others, show what was done at the first.

By the same kind of fostering influence and operations, it was my privilege to get a new congregation and church started at Pleasant Unity. Here too my more modest brother labored. The German pastor of the Greensburg charge claimed this territory as within his jurisdiction. He preached only German at the Ridge church, less than two miles away. But this did not meet the wants of the young people here as elsewhere then growing every day more English. And as it was important to save these from loss to the Reformed, and start a Sunday-school in the village, the remedy proposed was an English Reformed church. There were still some excellent people who had not strayed as yet from the church of our fathers to the Presbyterians, as many had done, and those who felt the call were colonized into a new Reformed congregation. It took all my personal prudence and influence to avoid an open break

between Dr. Hacke and his ardent followers, and the equally kindly portion of his members who for the best good of the church favored this English movement. Had more of this kind of work been done judiciously, earlier and at other places in Westmoreland, we might have saved great loss of material that has gone to enrich others.

In this instance, the party jealousy between German and English soon healed up. The neat new church was built and I was asked to preach the dedication sermon to a happy people. The same service was also done for the new congregation and church at Pine Run in northern part of the county. So too, at Scottdale, it was also my pleasant duty to preach the sermon at the dedication of the new Reformed church. These, besides the dedicatory sermons at Youngstown and earlier at Irwin are among my historical services in what is now Westmoreland classis. Levansville, Somerset county, was also at the time I preached at the dedication of the new church there in the same classis, but belongs now to Somerset Classis. So, for several in Armstrong and Butler counties of what is now also in the Pittsburgh Synod. It has just made me remember some of these, by an invitation from Rev. D. I. Schaeffer and his people to join in the golden jubilee service of the Salem congregation above Kittanning, where I preached at the cornerstone laying fifty years ago. And the dedication at Wilkinsburg must not be forgotten. The pleasure of recalling these to memory may justify the mention. And it may possibly help in some case to correct the loose statements sometimes written for veritable history, rather than minister to vanity. It is not a claim that "I have done it"; like the rooster in the new illustrated German A B C book, strutting solitary near a hen's nest with one egg in it, and cackling the news to the world, as much as to say, I have done it. The author of the book claimed that illustration as the main merit of the new edition of his wondrously achieved literary work.

XIX.

Corresponding Delegate

AND FORMATION OF OUR GENERAL SYNOD.

EXCHANGE of delegates between our eastern and western Synods obtained for some twenty years or more, that is from the early forties until after the formation of the General Synod. Each Synod annually elected one of its own members to attend the next meeting of the other Synod and to bear its fraternal greetings to that body. It was made my duty and so fell also to my privilege, while a member of the Ohio Synod to be sent as the representative of the west to the Eastern Synod, which met that year, 1857, in Allentown, Pa. Of course we never felt strange in those meetings with our brethren east, among whom we were most cordially welcomed and kindly treated. Yet there were differences in synodical feelings and practices between east and west as to "new measures" for the conversion of members instead of religious training by catechization in educational preparation for confirmation and reception into the communion of the church. Reports from the east to the west, and reciprocally from the west to the east, helped in the way of fraternal intercourse to smooth down these differences. The years of such exchange of fellowship brought growing oneness.

It so happened in like manner that, after leaving Westmoreland classis and holding membership across the Allegheny river, further west than formerly, now in the St. Paul's classis which belonged then to the Eastern Synod, they sent me as corresponding delegate from the latter body in the east to the Ohio Synod, which met that year in Galion, Ohio. It was in some sense like going home here also to my own immediate brethren with whom we formerly met for more than ten years annually. But even while among them, they always felt shy of the eastern man as too churchly in sentiment or not in full an equal to a western man. But when coming back to them in

the name of the mother Synod, they received me as a real kinsman; for my labors formerly with them had taken away somewhat the offensiveness that sometimes came from Oriental delegates who were designated "wise men from the east." Such men as Dr. Schaff, Dr. Harbaugh and Dr. Bomberger had also been delegated to the west before. After the General Synod had been formed and was in full operation, there was not the same reason for a continuance of this reciprocal exchange by the several district synods with each other; so that Hagerstown Synod, 1868, ordered a discontinuance of the exchange.

SENT TO THE DUTCH REUNION OF FRATERNAL RELATION.

When the Dutch Reformed and the Presbyterian churches charged our branch with drifting towards Romanism, and about to fall to pieces by reason of fierce internal controversies that agitated our borders, they by one consent without notice given withdrew from the relations held for some years by exchange of corresponding delegates. In 1863 however after our successful and harmonious celebration with hearty enthusiasm by our whole body, of the three hundredth anniversary of the publication of the Heidelberg Catechism, the Dutch church of their own accord renewed their fraternal fellowship by sending a delegate and overturing us to an exchange. Holding with us a common symbol, the Heidelberg Catechism as the doctrinal norm of their denomination, their delegate sent in 1863 was heartily received; and in answer to their overture and in renewal of fraternal feeling, our Synod sent me the next spring as the first corresponding delegate to their General Synod. It met in 1864 in Schenectady, N. Y. They most cordially welcomed the representative from their now newly beloved sister, the German Reformed church.

In my address of fraternal greeting, reciprocally renewing at their request formally, our correspondence by this exchange, they were respectfully told that since the time when they had by their own choice withdrawn from former closer inter-

course, and broken fellowship with us, we had in the intervening years been steadily going forward with Christ's work in our own unobtrusive way, working steadily out in this broad land freely the historical mission divinely given us; that the hand of the Lord was plainly leading our denomination into more self-conscious apprehension of the Christian verities; that we had come to larger freedom and deeper unity among the brotherhood, and were entirely willing if left to our birthright untrammelled by outside interference from other churches, to share our large success with them and others; that the divine witness to the truth is doubtless the secret of our growth in theological science and in practical Christianity. Our church, we cited, had meanwhile prospered largely, our boundaries were extended especially westward, and we had multiplied in number of ministers and members, church institutions, educational and charitable, and our home mission field was literally without limit—except as to men and means to occupy the opening places, north, east, south and west. We had the testimony of the Lord's favor in the ordeal of persecution which we were then suffering for the truth's sake. Our catholic charity was however as broad as the whole general fellowship of believers.

It was my high privilege to bear the greetings of Christian brotherhood from our Synod to their venerable body as faithful fellow witness of true Protestantism in the Reformed family; and to assure them that we, along with the whole body of those who claim an inheritance among the redeemed of the Lord, will continue to stand firm in the faith once delivered to the saints. "Brethren, when you come to know us better, you will learn to love us more; because we have not been selfish or stagnant, but our advance has been under the glorious cross, the banner of apostolic faith. We hail you heartily once more as our brethren in the Lord!"

At the conclusion of my brief address, a most heartsome reply came from the president of that General Synod, with a commission to bear back to our brethren the cordial reciprocation of Dutch fraternal regards, and prayers for our future

success. Then more than a dozen members came over to grasp my hand and extend personal friendship. Quite a number of them expressed open surprise that one from the German brethren could speak good English. They had indeed thought in their general ignorance of us, that our church was in language as well as in name at that time yet, prevailinglly German. It was, however, the last year we bore that title in our official name. We became thereafter by action of the General Synod, 1863, "The Reformed Church in the United States." The Dutch brethren had also learned a lesson from us while we were discussing it in Synod and classes, changed their name from "The Protestant Reformed Dutch Church" to "The Reformed Church of America." And it took them less time to make the change than it did in our case; for their General Synod meets annually, while ours is triennially. Thereafter the exchange of delegates was to be between the two General Synods. That is to show how nearly we are alike, in name; with the same catechism, same named church courts; and yet they afterward having offered to unite with us, in the hope possibly of swallowing us up bodily, refused at last to be made one with us. When it was found that *they* could not be *the* one, they declined to unite, and so remained only *one* of two. This was at Philadelphia, November, 1874.

We became then the jilted party after all. It seems the two committees appointed to represent the proposed union movement in the General Synods of the two Reformed branches, at a later period also had agreed upon a general basis of union. The overture had freely come to us from the Dutch. It had on its face a look of honest intent; and was so taken and understood by us, not as a coquetting for popular effect. After all the conferences and earnest discussions a broad and fair plan was really settled upon; but for some unforeseen reason the other party who had made the formal offer was the fastidious and factional one, finally declining the agreement and thus they put up a bar to the desired union of the Reformed Church of America with the Reformed Church in the United States. It

was the old story over; for we had met in conference before with nearly similar treatment as you must remember. So brief reference is here added in order to set all in the clear.

Struggling efforts, not always well defined, had been made at different times before to bring into some real union these two affiliated branches of Protestantism. But early in the "seventies" (1874) a definite project was taken in hand to make their relation closer than by a mere exchange of corresponding delegates. It is well remembered in general without any definite records of reference, now at hand, that a number of us, appointed representatives of all our Synods met with a similar commission from the Reformed Church of America in the old Race street church, Philadelphia, for the purpose of formulating at their request a plan for union. It seemed a pleasing work of grace to make if possible one less division in Protestantism. But mind and heart were not yet ripened and prepared for such completeness. We had thought that the Dutch brethren were as much in earnest for the union as we were; and perhaps the "old side" of that branch did really mean union. The "Young Amsterdam" party however made up of material ingrafted from other denominations, mainly drawn into the rich congregations by big pay, were of a different spirit and had notions of their own. It was developed in our joint meeting that they thought it necessary to begin with rebuking us severely for our supposed Romanizing, and for the liturgical party divisions. If what they openly charged were true, which we stoutly denied, there was no help for the past and little hope for the future. They had known really already all that could be known as to our character, before they invited us to enter any conventional agreement for union; and now to make a boogy-boo of unsavory rumors raised by enemies, was simply insulting and fretting. We were not in union conference to be lectured into good behavior.

Their main utterance, variously repeated, was "cutting down to the bone," to find our faults and cleanse us from sin, as their chief speaker termed it, in order to heal the festering

tumor of our charged apostasy from the common faith and practice of former times. They harped on this: "We hear there be divisions among you," and that these rumors indicated unsoundness, leading to heresy; for which we were not then and there to be thus put upon trial.

In vain we argued that we had not come together to hear such charges against our branch, but if necessary could defend our church from enemies; and least of all were we to be put to an inquisitorial test here at this meeting for ourselves or our church, as a condition, at their behest before a union could be effected or well considered. The effort in this meeting should be not to find fault with each other, or to seek to uncover possible old sores made by persecutors or to join with enemies in damaging a staunch true church. If our assembling in conference did not mean that much, then let us try to find out first of all fraternally the common agreements in faith and practice as the object of a mutual oneness in Christ and express it so; it certainly was not the object of our fraternal interchange of Christian courtesy, to pick faults and make unfounded charges affecting the good name of brethren.

Lacking thus the proper spirit of true charity on the part of these brethren personally, and finding it entirely profitless to continue at irreconcilable variance, after several sessions of such discussion, I made a brief argument on something like the above considerations, and then moved to adjourn *sine die*.

We who had come heartily praying and hoping for union, were not on our side to be unduly subjected to antecedent humiliation. The other party then felt that they had gone too far and could not afford, thus summarily to dissolve the commission on such an issue as they had joined; and so they finally sought for an easier way out. Only they were now fully convinced that our branch of the Reformed church could not be absorbed as a whole into theirs, as an easy way for us to escape ugly charges and harsh treatment. They could not gain and retain the absolute control of the whole proposed united body. See article in Reformed Church Review, by

F. K. Levan, April, 1875. Their scheme came to nothing then, only to be renewed a few years since in another movement from the same side as was above mentioned, apparently now no more sincere, as is seen from our later experience also, in the same direction and with no more good faith. Their second offer to unite was hailed meekly indeed, with acceptance in full vote by our ecclesiastical courts; and what was again begun with such good promise, by their grossly discourteous refusal to make good their offer, eventuated in a like abortive result. "Young Amsterdam," the "foreign," not native born, element, in the Dutch church, was again in the saddle and came off victorious in the final action. To my mind it is doubtful, whether this party in the Reformed Church of America with its woful lack of historical catholicity, will ever consent heartily to the marriage of these two branches of Protestantism—until they are converted to a broader charity.

The General Synod was not formed till late in the fall of 1863. In January of that year however fell the Tercentenary of the Heidelberg Catechism. Preparations for celebrating that jubilee had been made by the two Synods then existing, both of which heartily joined in the general plan for a historical revival of the old faith and restoration as far as possible of the old customs of the Reformed church. It was felt that a common central body was necessary to give efficiency to the historical life and growth of this whole side of the Reformation. The missionary work was offering large promise; and the intensive powers must work out the divine consciousness.

Much had been done for doctrinal teachings along the old lines of truth. And the co-ordinate relation of cultus was striving to find more real expression. For fifteen years there had been a powerful committee at work studying the subject and preparing a liturgy for this branch of the church. It had produced birth-throes of great significance. The formation of the General Synod just at that time, more than anything going before, was needful to give developing freedom to the inwardness of this order of grace. Intense struggles were

made towards the realization of the ground aim even then not too well self understood.

Getting ready for the Tercentenary took several years of nebulous efforts. The east and the west must mingle and know each other more heartily. The centrifugal and centripital must unite. Persons who live now in this generation and who did not experience the differences of those former times, cannot know the advance made from the middle of the former century. A personal letter from Dr. Harbaugh to me, reflecting some stirring things in the early sixties is here reproduced in part and shows part of the earnest work of the great problem. From his side, it reveals strongly earnestness of heart. It is not partisan, but honestly open, and for the general good. His fraternal word was from the eastern committee, to me, chairman of the western committee, both becoming one in the higher unity of the whole Reformed church.

LEBANON, May 1st, 1862.

REV. AND DEAR BRO: As the meeting of your Synod is approaching, I think it my duty to write you in regard to the proposed tri-centenary, as you will no doubt have to report. Thus far there are 13 who have promised contributions, of whom three are German, Hundeshagen, Ebrard and Herzog. But others are expected to answer favorably—indeed have written for information. We may expect three more, I think, from the Fatherland. Thus far we have only one from the Western Synod, Dr. Kieffer. This is not our fault, as you know I urged you to get three, at least. You have partially declined. But I hope you will yet consent. At your Synod you could, on consultation, fix on any one you may select.

Your Synod will not meet again before the *finale*. Ought you not to complete all your arrangements at this Synod. You no doubt intend to make an effort to secure free-will offerings. All the details ought to be arranged, so as to get the Classes to work. The matter ought to be brought right up to every member, man, woman and child. I have no doubt much can be done in this way.

You will no doubt think of all that is needed, and excuse me for calling it to mind. If you concoct a good plan of details, for which you have admirable talent, we can adopt the same plan. Great care ought to be taken to make the plan of securing free-will offerings practical, simple and effective.

I hope you will inform me, as soon as Synod is over, of what you have done, and what you desire and suggest, so that I can lay the matter before our committee.

I see in the last Missionary that some one suggests action on the Liturgy question. It would be unfortunate if the Western Synod should take any action which might embarrass the completion of the work. You have seen in Dr. B.'s articles that he *assumes* that Synod wants what he wants. But evidently Synod has not so expressed itself. It has distinctly said that it shall be revised on its own principles. When we met all were of one mind on that point, except Dr. B. He assumed, just as he does in his articles, that Synod wants "Hamlet's part" taken out of the play—all that makes it a Liturgy, as distinct from a new Book of Prayers. The committee was not willing to *out-vote* him and go on with the work. But preferred to let it go back again to Synod. They appointed Dr. Nevin to draw up a report which should give clearly the two schemes of a Liturgy, so that Synod could say which they want—so that the committee could have the principle on which they are to proceed decided. But B. makes the impression that the committee is arraying itself against the Church in this matter—assuming that the Church and he are of the same mind. The committee wants to know whether Synod wants his plan, or that in which all the committee agree.

Dr. N. at our last meeting last week read his report, 70 pages of letter paper—a most able, clear and conclusive paper. This is to be published as the committee's report to Synod, and first to be laid before the Church. Now all this shows that the committee wish to act in the light, and wish the Church to act in the light.

It is the mind of the committee that many changes are required in the details of the work; but they are all agreed but B. that the revision should be in its own spirit, and not revolutionary. I know that you and I think alike on the whole subject, and I have no doubt you will use your influence to prevent any action which might embarrass the interest. For this reason alone, I thought proper to advise you of the status of the matter.

Yours truly,

H. HARBAUGH.

OF THE GENERAL SYNOD.

Perhaps as well here as anywhere record may be made of another chain of historical facts. Along in the '40's there was a triennial convention established between our own two Synods then existing, and a third party, the "Protestant Reformed Dutch Church." It was originated in the interest of church

union; directly intending to draw more closely together the two Reformed branches in this country holding the Heidelberg Catechism. But it never called out much enthusiasm, nor awakened real love as we have just seen in the direction of a true inward union; as by its guarded terms it could not together do common general church work. The Dutch Reformed, finding they could not in this way at that early day swallow us up, soon therefore informally withdrew in the early beginning of that age of bitter controversy then coming on; and soon after the meeting at Harrisburg, August 8, 1844, where Dr. Nevin preached the great sermon on Catholic Unity, our eastern and western Synods were all that was left of the once hopeful convention. The last triennial meeting of these our two Synods was held, as is remembered, in the late summer perhaps of 1858 or 1859 (?), at Winchester, Va. The attendance and interest at these conventions had both become small. Drs. Schaff and Gerhart with a few others from the east, and Drs. P. C. Prugh and myself with scant numbers of others from the west, whose names cannot now be recalled without reference to records, were in attendance. Dr. Schaff was president and G. B. Russell, secretary. This meeting, the last of the triennial convention, made itself a name however and left special historical fruit behind it, by formulating a scheme for a more real union in a General Synod of our Reformed Church in the United States. This plan was afterwards approved by our two Synods and adopted by their classes. Delegates were appointed from all the classes accordingly to meet in Pittsburgh, Pa., in November, 1863, the tercentenary year of the Heidelberg Catechism. At this meeting the proposed General Synod was organized, under an amended constitution. Rev. Dr. J. W. Nevin was its first president.

By the old constitution each of the two Synods was anomalously equally supreme in all the powers of the church as regards government, general church work, appeals, theological teachings, missions, publications and educational institutions. The organic law had to be changed therefore some-

what so that the central authority should have a common head and rest in one body alone. This change had been bunglingly made previous to the first meeting of the General Synod, as directed by the two supreme Synods by a joint committee of which Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger was chairman of the Eastern, and G. B. Russell of the Western Synod. Their report on the changes was a weak compromise, a mere make-shift, a patch-work affair to be used for trial—instead of a clean cut new instrument projected on the central basis for the new supreme body. The dualism still largely left in the constitution required soon amendments, which however yet leaves the organic law unsatisfactory in its design for central powers and functions. Efforts to revise and amend, or frame a new constitution time and again failed to meet the felt want. It must work out its ideal success from the center of a true inward unity. But since 1863, the General Synod is at least established by common consent for the oneness of the whole church. It has been my high privilege to help actively in its formation and to stand to its support when discontent from either party tried at times to break up this common center of authority and church unity.

THE DAYTON DEBATE.

What had probably scared the Reformed Dutch and others of the American churches, was the deep earnestness with which our Reformed branch grappled the historical church questions that came up for settlement in the middle and latter half of the past century. Most of them did not for a good while seem to know that there was anything vital to engage their serious attention or wake them up from their long, quiet theological sleep. It was at our expense mainly that these living issues were joined. Among others was that of general CULTUS.

High water mark in the liturgical discussion, which first began in our church in 1845, was reached at the General Synod held at Dayton, Ohio, 1866. It is still somewhat fresh for mem-

ory after forty years. Two reports on the subject of the liturgy were formulated and submitted with broadly divergent conclusions. That of the majority of the special committee favored the continued permissive use of the Eastern Synod's Provisional Liturgy, 1857 and 1862, in trying to get back to the old custom of the church; the other, that of the minority, in sympathy with the Western Liturgy, opposed all liturgical worship of the people for the present as foreign to the western spirit and animus.

Dr. J. W. Nevin, who had labored for fifteen years with preparation of the liturgical committee's work, opened the general discussion in favor of the majority report. It was of course a master's argument of the whole question well studied, of liturgical service in the sacramental spirit belonging to cultus from the beginning; and which of right stood in with the church's historical growth to the advanced present. It was not printed in full.

Then Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger, who was also of the liturgical committee but on the opposing side, a shrewd and strong debater, replied in an elaborate effort to answer what was advanced by the affirmative side. He had helped to prepare the book. He had also at first written strong articles in favor of its use. Now he stood however in the forefront with negative forces. Next in the course of the debate, came Dr. H. Harbaugh with an affirmative speech, giving a general analysis of the liturgical idea in the public worship and showing its power in the sanctuary service, claiming its inward harmony ingrained in the life of our people from the Reformation onward.

On the negative next followed in order Dr. J. H. Good, who in his characteristic method wove a strong *ad captandum* argument against many of the historical points just made. Dr. Thos. G. Apple came in succession with a grand and popular speech for the free privileged use of the liturgy in worship affording the people their share. This was a practical plea for applying the truth, as a prepared service.

Next following him came Dr. G. W. Williard who with con-

siderable force argued speciously against what he claimed the whole west did not want. He repeated in ringing changes what was set out in the "minority report." Hackneyed objections to any formal service were strongly reiterated. He claimed to know and understand the anti-liturgical spirit of the western part of the church. It was made my turn now to lift a voice from the middle Synod. Standing in decided moderation between the extremes, it was proper to show that the people's wants must be provided for in public worship. If the new measure brethren of the west, feeling a need for regulated worship, had in their efforts produced an abortive or absolutely still born child, we cannot let them prevent the living Provisional book from being freely tried among the people. Ten years of the use as provided in free trial have shown its vitality.

Through the Christian ages a divine formative power works in the religious worship of men giving form and spirit to the divine services. As light was made for the eyes, so the eyes are fitted to take in the light; and as air is for the lungs, so the lungs are the forms giving men the breath of life. Thus we have Old Testament spiritual life in prayers and Psalms. John the Baptist taught his disciples to pray, and Christ taught the apostles to pray after the manner of the Lord's Prayer, a truly spiritual training and practice, as in the New Testament examples all through. St. John in Revelations gives glimpses of liturgical forms in the worship of heaven. So we plead for the free right of the people taking part in the prayers as well as in the hymns prepared in forms for the public assembly of the saints. This belongs to the spiritual outflow of the Word and Sacraments in the church of the present and future. So let the people be trained.

The debate lasted for two days. It was participated in by many earnest men on each side for or against the two reports. Dr. Rust, Dr. Kieffer, Dr. Rupley, Dr. Stern and others, as well as by some eloquent elders. It forms a historical point for memory, reference and profitable study. Through it all

the Spirit of the Lord was present as the living Christ in the Church.

In the main debate Dr. Nevin was pleading for the return to the old Reformation idea of sacramental grace, in baptism and the holy supper as represented in the liturgical offices, when one of the opposition interrupted him by asking, "Doctor, how do you rationally explain the '*Taufgnade*,' as you call it?"

Answer, "I don't explain it; all effort at that is rationalism."

Another question followed: "Why then do you hold and teach it?"

Answer: "Because *I believe it*, though I cannot understand it. Faith takes what God gives."

Gen. McCook in the back part of the house said to a friend: "That Dutchman had better kept within his bomb-proof."

When Dr. Harbaugh was presenting the objective force of the idea of divine worship, a zealous opponent said: "You liturgical men take people into church communion in a mere formal way, without conversion." As quick as thought Dr. Harbaugh asked, "How do you take them in?" Rev. Max Stern answered, "We convert them first," to which Dr. H. rejoined, "We leave that work to the Holy Spirit."

The east had first the "Provisional Liturgy," produced 1857 for free trial as the result of twelve years' labor by the whole committee. This was revised by order of the Eastern Synod, and was published (see action at Easton, Pa.) as the Revised "Order of Worship," 1862, before the General Synod was formed. The west had also provided as an offset what was called its Western Liturgy. In Dr. Williard's argument he said the west was willing to give up its liturgy, if the east would do the same. He thought that argument and proposal was fair. Dr. Nevin replied that his proffered settlement was like the false mother of the child brought before Solomon. She was willing the living child should be cut in pieces, so making it no better than her dead baby. The western book was dead now, and they were kindly willing to put the living one to a similar state of lifeless power.

Another argument from the opposition was a proposition to take the two books in hand and out of them quickly construct a new one. This plea was met by the remark of a member of the eastern liturgical committee, to the effect that, the mover of that proposition did not seem to have been *embarrassed* by a dozen years study of the momentous question with all its perplexities now before the highest judicatory of the Reformed church. In the end of the discussion by a small majority, the whole matter was left free for further unlimited trial of either eastern or western liturgy. This came only after a hard contest, but the overruling was doubtless from the divine Presence.

The battle was broadside after broadside, pro and con, in regular succession. Then came a more miscellaneous fire all along the line of attack and defence. Nothing was more completely ever discussed in open and full debate on any question by any of our Synods. At Chambersburg in 1862 when the printed report of the Liturgical Committee of the Eastern Synod was finally made and discussed, a deep earnestness was awakened. So too at York, October, 1866, just previous to the Dayton meeting held only two months later, there were animated and heavy debates. But the Dayton treatment was acknowledged to be the master effort on each side. We are glad for its educational effect on our ministers as well as for the church in general, and that we had part in the good received by the great discussion; and glad also for the concluding vote of peace at that time. Besides for the fact, that my first mission church in Pittsburgh was the first congregation to make a fair and successful trial of the Provisional Liturgy, when it was issued in 1857. Dr. Harbaugh and others during the debate had asked me, as one knowing something of the West in general, how the vote at Dayton would stand? My reply to him during a recess between the sessions of the debate was, "They have the majority against us before the vote makes the decision, but historically in every test vote hitherto in this movement, God has been on what we call the right side; and

we should have faith that it will be again so here." The victory was won, and a large stride was made towards progress and peace. All the after agitation was only the settling of the great storm.

But "Liturgy or no liturgy" was the battle cry for years. It entered into the missionary work and broke up for the time the operations of the Board; so that from 1872 till the completion of the "peace movement," the work of missions was a sort of elective affinity operation on the one side or the other, according as influences preponderated. On the antiliturgical part, the "Ursinus Union" was formed to promote missions in "constituency" of that interest. To counteract this, in a sort of self-defensive way, the "Tri-Synodic Board" was originated. Under protest, the principle of this arrangement was not to my liking, though a member from the Pittsburgh Synod, which had joined with the Eastern and the Potomac. This union was in a certain sense self-protective as against the burrowing of the Ursinus Union. These two partisan interests were for the purpose of collecting money from those friendly to the one or the other, and strengthening this mission, or that, according to its affiliation with its particular side. There is now no call whatever for the continued existence of either one at this time.

A SNARL AVOIDED.

At the Dayton General Synod one morning, an unfavorable remark as reflecting on the German portion of the delegates was called up as given in a daily paper, and complaint was made of the abuse of the privilege by the paper's reporter. When read, the feelings of many were intensely stirred. Sharp words fell thick and fast, and several methods were proposed to vindicate the Synod against such attacks. One was summarily to expel the reporter from the table. Another was to refer the matter to a strong committee to report a formal method of redress. All were warlike and resistent, threatening no little trouble. Then Dr. Russell said, "Let us remember that the main object

is to preserve our dignity and the Christian character of the General Synod. If we respect ourselves and this body, we must not forget to act with gentlemanly dignity and self respect towards others. That will beget reciprocal rights and proper conduct towards us. To forget our first duty to others is not the best way to get out of this buzzing trouble. We want to heal, not tear. By resenting too strongly the ill advised words of the reporter will, perhaps turn the gentleman at once into a persistent hostile critic with great opportunity to fling ugly things at the reverend Synod now in this Christian community among whom we are assembled, and from many of whom we are receiving noble and generous entertainment. But if we deal courteously, the reporter may see his inadvertant mistake and show us proper treatment. Even if this be not obtained, we can well afford to follow our Lord's example and the rule given us for such cases. When He was reviled, He reviled not again, and He directed that if we be smitten on one cheek, it is safer to turn the other in meek resignation to such persecution. St. Paul, when struck in the mouth before the council by order of the judge of the court, did not strike back, as a Roman citizen could have been justified in self-defence, in return for the unjust and cruel assault, but he only appealed the case to the Lord to "smite the whited wall." There is a miracle for faith in such suffering for Jesus' sake. In some such spirit therefore, let us pass by this remark, without a formal vote or notice of the Synod. This wrong will be forgiven by the worthy German members of this body—and we may go on to the more important duties demanding our time and attention."

The whole body seemed to approve those words and the general business then went along without further trouble or ruffle of feelings. The next morning in the same Dayton paper the reporter made a most flattering reference to the high Christian character, business ability and good management of the Reformed General Synod; blessed especially with such men as Dr. Russell, whose wisdom, forethought, prudence, courage

and broad-minded ability showed him to be chief among the other master minds of the assembly. It is not necessary to give all the article or the extravagant terms used by our once possible enemy who did not even justify his first sensational criticism. This record is made just to show that a miraculous victory was won by patient endurance and that a happy ending of the incident conducted on the Saviour's rule was marked on the banner of the cross.

Perhaps the best of all was the good effect on the offended Germans themselves. Their paper endorsed absolutely all that the reporter said about Dr. Russell and his good service in the Synod, and they took special comfort in the fact that it was partly due to the Doctor's inherited maternal German blood. "Der Berichterstatter nennt Dr. Russel als den weisen dominirenden Mann auf dem Floor der Synode, der die Angelegenheit zu enien glücklichen Adschluss gebracht habe. Wir wollen das stehen lassen, aber wir möchten die Frage blos stellen: Ist Dr. Russel nicht von Haus aus ein Deutscher?"

Some Germans came to him afterwards and said: "Dr. Russell, we regard you as a fair man; and where you lead we can safely follow without fear of loss or betrayal."

Elder and Mrs. John H. Shook, of Greencastle, were guests at the same table with us. In our recent illness they came to renew specially their esteemed kindness and express their fraternal sympathy reminding us of their "respect and love for their sick friend." Among the things remembered was a discussion they heard one morning in our absence from the hotel breakfast. The waiters of the several tables were comparing the delegates stopping there. Each had some prominent man at his table. Finally one said that "the red-haired man he waited on was counted for the smartest man in the conference," and then read that paragraph from the Morning Journal.

PERILS OF THE TIMES.

When President Lincoln was shot in the theatre on Good Friday, we did not postpone the appointed Easter Communion,

and the resurrection hymns were of course triumphant in the service. This was noted by a few fanatical patriots as an offence against good Christian citizenship. A warning was given to the pastor and a halter was fastened to the street lamp-post opposite our front entrance. The least further indication of Democratic sympathy would give use to the rope for hanging the preacher. The threat remained for an unpleasantly long time before the public ; but the Christian minister was not hung, though he lived in terrorem.

It was for a while dangerous to vote with Democrats. Because of that, men were voted out of church. They lost cast and influence, their business suffered, friendships were broken, families were torn into factions and politics were dangerous except on one side. Blessed were they who escaped in those days.

CASE OF VALANDIGHAM.

It was at the General Synod at Dayton that we first met the Hon. C. L. Valandigham. He came to ask that a preacher be sent from the Synod to preach on Sunday morning in the Hall of the Independent Democratic Congregation. The appointment fell to me, and it was a surprise to see so large and fine looking an assembly. Rev. Mr. Stake was their regular pastor. The congregation was made up of prominent people from various denominations who were in strong personal sympathy with the great Democratic leader of Ohio. He seemed to have many warm friends, as well as bitter political enemies. He was an eminent man, with a well set jaw when shut.

It will be remembered that Mr. Valandigham was a member of Congress from the fourth Ohio district, representing influential wealth and political power. He could have been in ordinary times and conditions what Henry Clay was in Kentucky, Thos. H. Benton in Missouri, and Simon Cameron in Pennsylvania. He was a born leader of men ; tall, finely formed and of magnetic power, a manly man, a gentleman and doubtless a Christian. You could not help but like him personally. He differed widely in plan and methods from the ad-

ministration leaders in the purpose of ending the rebellion and saving the Union, as was his patriotic purpose. He was as honest as the best of his opponents. They could not meet fairly and answer his bold arguments. Hence, in the majority since the South withdrew from Congress, they resorted to force and violence to get rid of the "copper-head."

By a vote of the House he was adjudged an enemy of the government, was deprived of his civil rights, condemned to perpetual exile and was forthwith summarily banished from his native land. The sentence was immediately executed and he was sent adrift as a wanderer without a country. It was a strained action of the party.

There was no legal trial, and of course, he had no means of appeal. All was done in short meter, so that his friends at home could not come to his relief. It was a sad case for him. The chief leaders of the rebellion in fact were not finally treated with the rigorous penalty that was laid on Hon. C. L. Vandaligham.

After some time he found his way into Canada. England at that time could not be safely asked to treat him severely. In due time he passed through the United States lines and reached his home in Dayton. Behaving as a good citizen, with many prominent friends now gathered at his side, the government did not attempt to molest him, either from fear of stirring up serious local trouble, or from a sense that the penalty already laid upon him was too great. In this quiescent state of good citizenship he was at the time of the General Synod.

The large hall of the Independent Democratic congregation was well filled for that Sunday morning service. Only about one-fourth of the audience were women. The men generally had strong features, with character written all over them. They seemed devout and attentive rather than merely Democratic in politics. Promptly at the hour set the "Great Exile" entered and the service began. It was interesting to note the features of the men. They were told "If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed." This freedom is the highest privilege

of man, delivering from sin and evil minded fellows. Religious and civil freedom lifts men towards God. Good citizens thus become everywhere model men. Others yet in sin are slaves and tyrants. Only in the service of the Lord is the fullest freedom. That may be yours in Jesus Christ. All are slaves besides in tyranny of self and sin. The sermon took effect and was freely discussed in the circles.

After the service Mr. Valandigham and a cluster of friends gathered around the preacher for a pleasant interview, ending with an invitation to meet him and a few prominent gentlemen at his home on a set evening that week for a turkey dinner. Not long after, however, the great lawyer and persecuted patriot was retained for the defence in a murder trial. The plea set up was accidental killing. In open court before the judge and jury, the great advocate was trying to show how by an accident the shooting was done. In the manipulation of the pistol the distinguished attorney by a mysterious accident discharged the weapon and its contents entered his own body killing him in court, thus ending his trouble with Congress and the United States authorities.

This possibly saved the northern Democrats from falling into combined opposition to the strong and often injudicious war measures of the extreme other party, prolonging the national troubles. The rearrest of the man sentenced to perpetual exile and another enforcement of banishment would have doubtless rallied many friends in the north to his assistance, even to insurrection and armed defence. But all such danger was now over by the tragic removal of the victim of political hate.

Rev. Dr. J. W. Nevin was soon after elected President of the Pennsylvania State Democratic Convention at Harrisburg, which gave him the opportunity to address the Northern Democrats in patriotic words and mark out for them a course wiser than that of the copper-heads. They became "War Democrats" and patriotically helped as a party to defend the government in a conservative course, bringing the fraternal strife to an

end and restoring the union of the States. The reconstruction measures felt the effects of the War Democrats of the North. Many of them by sheer force of circumstances were brought to act and vote with the conservative Republicans. In doing so their party lost, but the government gained strength and formulated as never before its national powers of self-preservation. Only after the war, we became a nation, a self-conscious union with ability for rejoining the disrupted parts. All honor to the co-operative work of the Democrats and Republicans of this grand land of Washington.

THIS SIDE AND THAT OF THE TWO EXTREMES.

For and against the liturgy, for instance, the two main contending parties have been about equally extreme; and whoever was not at the forefront of the one or other procession as a banner bearer was likely to suffer from the shafts of both. As between ritualistic liturgy and extreme violent anti-liturgy, it is perhaps best always to stand firmly on the historical Reformed ground; and never fall over in the tendency either to Episcopacy or Romanism; nor tend too far to the shallows of Puritanic fanatical New Measureism. Some characteristics were plain to observation in each of these tendencies—not however always strongly marked in every personal advocate. If men can be better than the motto on their flag, so can there be also followers worse than those who hold the ideal banner, in the Reformed church. History does not however make its final record from either extreme party.

Highest of the high church party are immensely particular as to the ministerial cut of their coat, their place at the altar, their strict rubrical ritual, their Pharisaic expressions, and their hyper-official absolutions "by the authority I hold." In general their congregations are not extra large, nor do these grow to great strength and vigor very rapidly. Fact is, they do not seem to want as much to increase in numbers as in style. They make slow advance in converting the sinning world; apparently satisfied that the whole church be made high, rather

than catholic, broad and deep and have it spread and extend its borders. Some advocated leaving it where it was forty years ago, as a mere theological teacher. It is held to be more a sin if the members are lax in the ritual, than if they dance, or play cards or attend the theatre, or go to the circus, or take part in horse races, boat races, ball games involving gambling, or drink wine and beer, or absent themselves from the prayer meeting—if possibly they have one, or take pleasure trips on the Lord's Day, or seek their chief enjoyment in mere fashionable godless society as is found to be the case in that sort of church members. If their children do not go to the Sunday-school and church and the catechetical class to be trained, they are pretty sure to send them to dancing masters. They take self-credit for fasting and abstaining from tobacco during Lent. Yet they would fiercely resent the charge if it were made by the opposite extremists, that these high church people lack pious zeal and Christian life.

On the other side, that of anti-liturgy, there is an assumed air generally of superior spirituality, claiming the only genuine conversion, practical piety, and apostolic purity. Formerly perhaps more than now, it was taken to be rather a spurious sort of religion that was developed from the educational system of catechetical instruction. It would be more freely taken as the real pious article if the religion of the applicant for church membership came by way of anxious-bench experience. A camp meeting was better than Lent and Easter festival services.

"Protracted meetings" for forcing revivals planned on a scheme beforehand, were thought by them to be far better than all the festivals of the Church Year in their proper season. For any one to undertake and promise simply and sincerely on profession of faith, to do what Christ requires—without first having in some way and at some known time "experienced religion" and felt happy, was clearly a bad sign of dead formalism. The willingness to become His disciple and do His will seemed to lack vital and godly sincerity, and

was to be regarded as ominously unspiritual and suspicious of the merely carnal. The advocates of the anti-liturgical spirit, for the most part, wanted only "heart religion"; and not to worship God in forms of prayers read from a book. Of course they admitted it was not just the same sort of dead formalism if they sing their prayer like hymns from a book—of the revival kind, especially if very new; but the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Te Deum, the Gloria in Excelsis, or any other of the old church formulas, could not be used without hurt and damage to the true life of devout spiritual worship. As proof of their superior system, they pointed to the fact that more of their sort of members could pray "off hand in public," or ask a blessing at the table, and keep up family worship, than was common on the other side. They also labored, they said, to make inroads on the uncovenanted material of the world still outside of the church; and also to increase the numbers of the membership, and to advance the banner of the cross. They usually take more readily to young people's societies, to extra prayer meetings, and to all the so-called moral reforms and evangelistic efforts and schemes—whether in the church, or perhaps more freely outside of it.

Having suffered no small degree of persecution and fierce opposition from both these tendencies, we may be yet free to say that they each have our charitable sympathy for what is good just in so far as they according to light and convictions hold the truth in righteousness. My moderation, as Paul exhorts, has become measurably known to all men. And it is not vanity to believe that my mediating work has had its bearing on both sides in the peace movement; which is bringing the whole church more into one spirit. The Sunday-school Board's work with its order of praying and antiphonal readings as now conducted would not have been tolerated less than twenty-five years ago; but it is bringing into use among the young of the East and West, the old formulas, general antiphonal reading and responsive worship. Thus, in training all the young to take active part, the church is moving with steady

power towards the people's participation in the unity of cultus, and is gaining self-consciousness in the bond of the General Synod. Original chaos, by the movings of the Spirit, was brought into order in creation; and so all the agitations in the kingdom of grace led divinely by the same Spirit to final peace and glorious harmony in the all beauteous church.

Years after the adoption of the "Directory of Worship" some still use the Revised Order, a book never fully by church authority made lawful. Such conditions are evil and destroy uniformity in worship. In many places if present as a stranger or visitor you are at a loss to know what order to follow—a source of confusion for people not acquainted with that congregation.

So also anti-liturgical piety, west and east, makes no hearty use of the authorized "Directory" which they helped to adopt by the General Synod of the whole church. Each such minister is an arbitrary law unto himself for variety sake. God help the variety. No Creed, nor Lord's Prayer, nor Commandments, nor forms for use at the sacraments, or other set offices recognized in the acts of worship. That is far from promoting harmony or practice or piety in Reformed Church Lord's Day worship in all the congregations.

URSINUS SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY.

Party spirit, begotten of the liturgical movement, is the direct origin of this school. Resistance to the growing tendency in favor of the cultus question gathered a party into broad opposition. Failing to halt or control the high church spirit centering around the institutions at Lancaster, and in the Eastern Synod, the alternative set up its opposition at another point, and the elliptical foci tried to hold the two sides of the question in steady equipoise. If Dr. Bomberger was not at the head at Lancaster (or Lebanon, in the St. John's church, where it is said he was willing to accept the liturgy), then the charge of Romanizing as to faith and worship must be sustained in stout opposition at another point. To this extent there was

perhaps a show of historical necessity for organized opposition in a school.

Violent party spirit gave expression and excuse for earnest action. One extreme elicits another. The established institutions were hopelessly on one side. A break was made therefore to revolutionize the situation on the plea that the authorized and established schools were not working in the true interests of Reformed life and history. Another, more pious and true, must be born in the spirit of Ursinus. For the sake of better service to the cause, it is willing to endure the cross of persecution by those who sit in Moses' seat. Overzealous partisans on the other side of church authority, unwittingly opened up a way. They claimed then that all benevolent moneys collected must be paid to support the powers that be. An appeal was taken from a classical action to the General Synod asking that body to give the people the free personal right to say where money offered as benevolence shall go. In this point was involved, as the case was discussed before the Synod, whether theological instruction must be supported only in the established synodical seminary. In former times and even at that time also some ministers were privately instructing and training candidates for the work of the ministry. The General Synod did not forbid this custom or put an end to the practice, so as to confine all such preparation to the seminaries under the Synods. But General Synod did not establish any theological seminary. Nor did it *authorize any* to be made to order. Nor did it formally indorse or permit any such school. It has NO POWER UNDER THE CONSTITUTION TO DO SUCH THING.

To claim "the authority of the General Synod" therefore as giving organic and lawful form for any "School of Theology" already existing, misstates the case there acted upon; which was one simply of suffrance in accordance with old custom, once almost a necessity, of individual private teaching, existing long before seminaries were established under the organic law of the Reformed church. It was therefore thought unwise to set aside at that time entirely the old custom, which

even now may in given cases serve a purpose. Besides the corporation act for Ursinus College there was *no formal authority for the School of Theology* therein mentioned. Permissive acquiescence only has been the charitable treatment given to it by the whole church thus far.

Be it remembered now once for all, that this liberal kindness did not make this extra constitutional school a theological seminary of the Reformed church. There has been no power any where under organic law formerly to make it such, until it agrees to come under synodical or constitutional conditions made and provided for that purpose. It has not sought to be so recognized as previously established. It came into its present existence altogether as an abnormal product of party feeling; and its pious, earnest and well meant labors cannot fully legitimate its existence, as an institution independent of former synodical control. It is in fact a close corporation, self-perpetuating for its own party purposes, clear and confessed, under a "constituency" openly cultivating rivalry to the old seminary of the Synod to which it makes *no official report*, nor professedly owes the least lawful allegiance. It claims as a merit *not to be under such law*, and because of this fact bids for a larger "constituency" in the whole church. Its life depends on party food.

In the Philadelphia Classis, in its early stages, I openly advised its promoters to put themselves possibly under the Eastern German Synod, as the only one within reach; and then, if any good is to be gained as a corrective antidote of real or supposed abuses in the mother Synod's teaching, they could under church law and order work for increase of the ministry. Irregular birth however does not forfeit or destroy even a bastard's life; for like Jephthah it can be used, but its hasty pious vows too strongly made bring trouble at home. Good intentions and sound teachings are not to be despised. The two tendencies will some day be united, as they ought soon to be, in one grand seminary. The good that is in both deserves to be fostered and preserved. Under the coming new constitution

it has now a formal status more than it ever had by any resolution of the General Synod.

But now this school is becoming quite self-assertive. Its late manifesto, issued apparently with official sanction, 1905, makes some points strong. We bid it Godspeed, if it will "make its teaching of doctrine square with the catechism." Objecting, as the same paper states, to the higher "*courts overriding consistories and congregations,*" seems to assume that there is such a wrong thing running habitually in our church government; and that it is specially needful for such a school of theology to teach candidates for the ministry courageous rebellion against normal rulings of the higher courts in church affairs. That is to say: as above the Synod's and General Synod's, the people are the source of our ecclesiastical *supreme law and authority*. In so far, it assumes that contrary to our organic law, "*independent congregationalism*" pure and simple is the divine and primitive order of church government. That is plainly alien to the Reformed life. According to our church indeed, the divine constitution comes from above, and existed in the kingdom of heaven now at hand before the converted thousands at Pentecost "were added to the church" as something real. Forces from below making law from themselves upward, run to heresy and schism, which tend inevitably ultimately to rebellion. The higher powers are *not wrong* always nor generally, only bad as above said, for overriding what comes more purely and true from below. A pious "constituency" should not for party sake be so misled.

Under the new constitution there will be a place, according to the compromise provision of the "peace compact," for this special school of theology. But even then, it is not standing "along with the *other* seminaries," until it becomes in spirit and in form like them in teaching and in obedience to the constitution. If it wants to draw men and money from the congregations at large for good theology, it must not cultivate a "party constituency." If its spirit is more genuinely Reformed more christologically pious, more trustworthy than Lancaster,

then the historical necessity that they say called for its existence will be amply vindicated by a true regard for law, obeying Synod's jurisdiction. Its first parents and sustainers are dead. If it was conceived and born in the sin of party spirit, it needs regeneration and a real Reformed life now.

Good will and peace do not require an ever watchful guard in favor of settling their young ministers in any and every part of the church territory as a healing church remedy. Nor when any of these depart hence and vacate a place once held by a particular partisan, it is not necessary for piety and godliness to keep the door safe till one of the very same school can be foisted into the conquered territory—to farm the ground in the interest of a partisan school, that aims above all else to increase its "CONSTITUENCY."

At Washington

IN the fall meeting of the Tri-Synodic Board, 1877, it was resolved to establish a mission at Washington. When the brethren had come to that meeting in Harrisburg, it transpired that the plan was already cut and dry. Favorable action was taken; then an appropriation of \$1500 a year for its support was proposed. This was an unheard of sum in those days of hitherto small things for a missionary's salary. I opposed it stoutly, on the ground, that by this fact alone the people would be shocked to the extent of general opposition to the new enterprise. Finally on my motion an amendment prevailed cutting down the sum for salary to \$1200. It was then openly stated that "it would be a *sin* to send" the man (mentioning him by name) whom they had intended for the place, at such a paltry salary. And moreover to prove their sympathy for him, they turned in and elected me at the same sinfully (?) small appropriation to become the missionary for Washington. First taking it only as an argument *ad hominum* joke, however it was found later a burden was laid upon me in downright earnest. Though not in any pastorate just at the time, yet it was important as supposed for me to remain at Pittsburgh then, till those three or four churches of which mention has been made before partly in my care, Mansfield, Gerty's Run, Mt. Washington and Allegheny, were possibly put on their feet. The argument was used against this that it was only a plan to make a permanent place for myself in one of these. Therefore, partly to prove this false, the Washington work was accepted. The others only unofficially in hand, could be left to themselves. As it afterwards turned out, all these projected Reformed church interests slipped away; and only sorrow remained that we had not held them in grasp.



FIRST PASTOR GRACE MISSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., 1877-1880.
EDUCATOR, AUTHOR, EDITOR, PUBLISHER, 20 YEARS.

This then brought me to Washington January 1st, 1878, as the "first English missionary of our church" in that capital city. The mission, with the names of seventeen persons (some of whom never took real part), gathered by the superintendent, was organized a short time before by a committee of the Maryland Classis. The General Synod at Dayton twelve years previously had proposed to send me to look after our church interests in the national capital. This plan after the Synod was side-tracked by a party who wanted to be head master. It had now in formal call been renewed and put upon me; and to undertake the duty was at that time no small self-denial for myself and family from material and social considerations. It broke up my home and made a forced sale of my property a necessity which cost me a heavy loss. Prayer and faith were never more real to me in going to any appointed work.

Washington as a mission field then had its peculiarities. Its reigning spirit was not in favor of vital religion. Even professing Christians who go to live there seem to leave earnest piety at their old homes. Our congressmen belonging to the Reformed church, of which we then had four or five in the House, have something else to do than to help a new mission. Not more than three, all of those of personal acquaintance, too, according to memory, ever came to our hall. Clerks in government places are, if anything, still more careless, and less inclined to give attention to religious duties. Some did for a little while come to our place, but it was only, it seemed, to enlist our aid in securing them better appointments from the government. The miscellaneous people, not very spiritual, like Galio, cared "for none of these things."

The Reformed people who were few and came occasionally to services had been told that "the salary of the preacher and the cost of a new church" would be furnished by the friends at large, if only these people themselves would lend their names for a metropolitan organization of the Reformed church. This was a cause of weakness and troubled the mission from the

start; and that type set then was there a long time. The few people generally were not enthusiastic in the new project; as most of them regarded it not so much to their spiritual advantage as in some way for the credit of the Reformed church at large to have a name in the national capital. If they paid the hall rent and attended sometimes, at the services, it was as much as could be expected of them. And the idea that it was their duty and privilege to be present at "the services regularly" and work and pray for the cause, was a new revelation to the careless grown members, who had long lived there without church connection. A great deal of pastoral visiting had therefore to be done among them for the return of a very small amount of regular attendance at church service secured thereby. But this matter was susceptible of improvement; and to a good degree it was made to grow more favorable. There were indeed some most excellent people found among the new membership soon added.

Liturgical, some to the highest degree, and others anti-liturgical to the lowest extreme point in the scale, and "mittelmass" people also, were all to be pleased and satisfied. My former and well tried system of moderation in the use of the service in other missions was put in practice here from the beginning, and for nearly a year all went well enough. We had besides the full Communion and festival days services, regularly the Invocation, singing the Gloria, reading the Gospel and Epistle lessons for the day, the Collect, the Creed, the General Prayer (with part of the absolution), the Sermon, the closing free prayer ending with the Lord's Prayer, singing, Doxology and the Benediction. Few other places then had as much liturgy in worship. This was however too much for some, and in general quite enough to satisfy all—till certain influences from abroad in the "high church" interests began to create distraction. The preaching services were unexceptionally well liked, and as even the ritualistic set repeatedly said, "grew better and better." The Sunday-school, which though small at first, because our people had few children,

was steadily increasing. We had the beautiful third service of the Harbaugh Hymn-book, and we taught the catechism, and took up collections. We held midweek free prayer meetings.

But relatives from abroad stirred one woman and three men to clamor for the "*whole liturgy, word for word*" as it is in the book"; which was then unrevised and not yet adopted by the General Synod for the whole church. What existed was not law only permissive, not binding in use; and besides it was objectionable in absolute fullness to a very considerable majority of the members. Prudently the pastor took the ground that the money given for the support of this mission came in general not only from members friendly, but also from those who were opposed, to the liturgy; and as persons for whom the gospel services and means of grace are here intended were also on both sides of the question, it were wiser and better as well as more in the spirit of Christian charity to try to satisfy all parties, by the use of the main and moderately large part of the liturgical service, than to enforce its use upon all *in full*. For some time this plan prevailed; the attendance increased, new members were added by baptism and confirmation. Of the only four who were most urgent for the absolutely full service, one had been raised an Episcopalian, whose uncle was a high church minister in the denomination. He had been heard to advocate the custom of having consecrated bread continually standing exposed on the altar. Another was raised a Baptist, but had married into a high church family. A third was a man, who had been tried on a charge for murder and escaped the penalty of the civil law by a legal technicality; he especially wanted the absolution in full every time. The fourth came from a quarrelsome family and has since with all the other three left the Reformed church and united with the Presbyterians where there is no liturgy at all. After these people had their desire for ousting me and getting a new pastor with the full liturgy, they *all went into other churches*. In fact their liturgical pastor, my first successor, himself passed

over to Episcopacy too, and took with him more members than he had ever added to our mission.

Reports had been sent abroad by the high church partisans that the Washington missionary had "weakened" on the liturgical question. And then from those outside self-appointed counsellors it was advised that the consistory by formal vote "*instruct* him to use the liturgy in full." Three of the five members of the consistory were known to be of the ritualistic party. The president however refused to entertain such proposed unauthorized action which only was an assumed power to regulate his ministerial functions that were in no sense received from them or officially held subject to their will. But the consistory's majority of one demanded that in the public prayer the pastor should use "all the liturgy word for word," as contained in the "Order of Worship," a book then of no binding authority, not yet having been adopted by the General Synod or any general church court.

The pastor held therefore, that for prudential considerations in the present conditions of the mission, no law bound him to such rigid use, and that the peace and prosperity of the church fully justified him in omitting certain words, phrases and parts, if objectionable to three fourths of the whole congregation. Their proposed action to bind him, he declined to entertain, in proceedings of consistory, and ruled the motion to bind him repeatedly out of order; on the ground that they had no lawful power to coerce him in his official administration as to divine service in the ministry to which he was ordained by the classis. If his honest judgment was at fault, or if he failed in any official or personal duty, the case could be taken to his classis for consideration; but it did not belong to the consistory to control and regulate the pastor's ministry received from a higher court. For a similar reason, no consistory have the lawful right and power to override their minister by trying arbitrarily, if on the other side of the question to prohibit the use of liturgical service in the church. Even since the General Synod has adopted the Directory of Worship there are no absolute com-

mands for absolute observance either way. Liturgical pastors do not force it "word for word," if it gives offence; nor anti-liturgical men ignore all its decent directions continuously.

They were advised then to draw up a complaint and petition the Board of Missions to the effect that if the pastor did not use the book "in full, word for word," they should remove him and send them another man. This was not the voice of one-tenth of the membership. It so happened that when this paper was presented the pastor was in the meeting of the Tri-Synodic Board, being as yet a member of the Pittsburgh Synod. He claimed that the classis should act on this. The matter was put however into the hands of the Executive Committee of the Board; and there was influence enough from outside of Washington brought to bear to induce the majority of the committee to consent to this unconstitutional dictation—thus condemning my prudent course as a minister for its very wisdom and large success. In the preceding nine months covering the time of their complaint, twenty-six new members had been received, more than doubling the original number, and others were in near prospect. This gain also was not in membership of transient clerks holding government offices, but was of anchored citizens, with property and influence. Anti-liturgical persons already in the church had been won over and were satisfied to use the large amount of the service provided as above stated. A spiritual prayer meeting was one of the earlier fruits, and the catechism was taught the children and people.

More than three-fourths of the congregation however, were in blissful ignorance as yet of any trouble or dissatisfaction from within; and with the exception of the small clique mentioned, not a breath of discord revealed any disturbance. The pastor explained all this to the executive committee of the Mission Board—told them the mission was growing all right—and his experience and knowledge of the case was better than their one-sided information from partisans, while his past success here and in five other missions ought to count for some-

thing as to ability to manage, and all this was in favor of letting the case work itself out; that the Board also was under solemn contract to the missionary for two full years commission as was the rule, and if this work were not going right here, the classis could hold the pastor to duty. It was especially a bad plan to interfere now, on account of good new members about to come in, and the fine prospects of getting a church property cheap; the particulars of which could not then be made generally known. (See page 282.)

Notwithstanding all this, two members of the committee came to Washington clandestinely and without notice to the pastor, began, as they said, to "settle the difficulties in the mission." by smelling about privately from house to house among the people. Their coming and their alarming statements about internal "difficulties" were news and a great surprise not only to the most of the members, but to the pastor himself. Accidentally he fell upon their track the first day of their operations and traced them among families whose first knowledge of any trouble was from these peacemakers themselves! At that time the Board's treasury was indebted to the missionary on back salary about \$1100. One of the conditions under which the place had been taken in charge provided for regular and prompt quarterly payment; another was the standing rule that no appropriation could be reduced in less than two years. This was to shield a man who would have to break up his previous relations in accepting a mission call and settle in a new place at his own risk and pecuniary loss. This limit of two years had not expired; and yet they ordered the pastor to quit the field forthwith; and that too, before paying him honestly the large balance of salary backstanding; and if their order to quit were not at once obeyed the salary was to be reduced to one-half. That is the sort of moral and financial sense of honor of that committee; and it is evidence of their further unfitness and blundering imprudence in stirring up bad feeling among the almost unanimously peaceful people, who knew of no trouble

till the committee told them they had come to settle this matter of "difficulties"!

"Obey them who sit in Moses' seat," is my rule. So the following Sunday morning after service, the pastor notified the congregation that by order of the Board's committee, this was his last service among them. Amid tears and remonstrance, they came forward and asked him to say what was the matter, and then what salary would keep him without any pay from the Board; and that they would let those few disaffected ones go out; or if need be, they could start an entirely new interest. His reply was, that it is always right and a duty to obey the church authorities, even when it is believed and felt that their actions were a mistake and a deep wrong to the mission and especially to the missionary. All the efforts to discredit my prudence and fidelity, then and since, have failed and come to naught. Every one of those who made any trouble in the mission has long since left the Reformed church, and it would have cost far less loss to have let only four go at the first without doing so much harm. Besides, there were some other very worthy people, of equal value to say the least, who became offended at the enforced full use of the absolution afterwards and left the Reformed church under the new administration. My successor himself, who was sent as a high church representative, soon went over as is known, to the Episcopal church, and in the indecent, if not dishonest, transition took along with him as many families as he could induce to make the transfer of relation.

It is not vanity to say that my continuance in the mission would have been far better for it in steady growth than the distracted conditions and years of cost through which it was called to pass afterwards. On the score of sound personal judgment as well as economy as to this mission work the committee blundered egregiously in their dealing with the case, by which years of growth were thus lost. The immediate wants and prospective gains were safer in the good management of the first pastor, then present and knowing all the conditions,

far better than in the sad blundering control to which the infant congregation was made to suffer for years. Add to this another fact not generally known. There was prospect of buying the property of the old "Ascension church," on H street, within half a square of the Patent office. It had been abandoned by its former congregation which shortly before had moved into the marble edifice newly built on Massachusetts avenue. The old property could not then be used for other than church purposes; and they dared not sell it then for business uses. It was yet in tolerably fair condition. With some few inexpensive alterations it could have been made a very fit place for our mission. It was well and centrally located, prominent, well known, accessible from all parts of the city and suburbs by street cars, and could be found without a big hunt. Though much too large for us, it could have been divided off to suit our size, with room left for future growth. Enough rent could have been made out of parts not then needed, to have paid the interest on the whole investment. So, without making it a public matter, we had about bargained for it with Mr. Duncanson, chief warden of that church. The price was to have been merely nominal for so large and valuable a piece of property, as it could not be used by its owners for profit, but because we would use it for missionary church purposes. Nine thousand dollars were not a tenth part of its present value. It seemed an open opportunity thrown by Providence in our way for a favor. Of course when the missionary was removed, the bungling business lost to the Reformed church that very near possibility; and incurred the further lasting mistake of locating where it has been hard to reach and more difficult for many to find the place of worship.

An Overture to buy the old Ascension Church on H street above Ninth:

DEAR SIR: We learn that you intend to sell the old church. Our mission is yet weak, but it has fair prospects for growth and usefulness. The congregation now only bears incidental expenses. The church at large will help to the extent of \$8,000 for a property. We inherit, as

you know, our evangelical faith and life from historical Protestantism, notably that part which in Switzerland, Germany, France and Holland refused to become strict Lutheranism, and was called by the more generic name Reformed. As the eldest branch of the historic Reformed family, we have of course much in common with that whole side of the great Reformation, in which also the Reformed Church of England stands. Several of our Reformed theologians, it is well known, were called from the continent to labor at Cambridge with your fathers of the Episcopal Church. So that to Peter Martyr and Martin Bucer, the burial service and the litany of the Prayer Book are said to owe mainly their wondrous beauty and devotion. The same relationship holds in no small degree in general doctrine and cultus. The Heidelberg Catechism, our doctrinal symbol, especially in its sacramental teaching, is in large harmony with your XXXIX articles. The old Palatinate Liturgy and the Order of Worship breathe the same spirit as the Prayer Book. The Church Year, in its Christian festivals, is held in high honor.

Our mission has a distinct calling in work of evangelization. We do not traverse the paths of others—and there is work for us here that other churches cannot do.

Now we submit these and other considerations, on a bid of \$8,000 for the transfer to us of the no longer used church property as it now stands; and then we can repair the old edifice for church use. But we will carry no debt. This will keep sacred the place of worship and save it from ruin or profane use.

What of equity is in it, above the sum we can give, you may in good spirit donate to a worthy cause, thus assisting also to build up the kingdom of Christ.

This offer was favorably received and Mr. Duncanson, chief warden, thought they would accept for it \$9000. Just then the break up was ordered by the Smelling Committee, and a twenty-year back-set followed.

Several good families, not of our Reformed material, who were anchored to the city by holding their own valuable property, were just about uniting with us when the change was ordered. One of these had come to our house, the very week before the Sunday of my last service, and made formal application for membership of the whole family. They owned their own home and had just received an inheritance of \$25,000. A Methodist lady of our acquaintance brought these people to us.

Clerks in the government offices are more transient people, hence what are called "old citizens" anchored to the soil, are relatively, other things being equal, of more solid advantage in a Washington church. Our social and family relations gave us access to some good families, and from that fact alone more promise was before the mission than was realized in twenty years by the subsequent changes made by the Board. Justice is right sure to vindicate those suffering from inflicted wrong. It took many years before an accidental President was provided to help the cause.

The mistaken work of that smelling committee, done in secret among the Washington people, was an evil, pure and simple. Their whole effort to be mysterious and sly in their cunning visits, their misleading inquiries, their suspicious and injudicious remarks and surmises excited the church more than all the differences in the consistory had ever hitherto done. The people had to ask, what is wrong? Who has done anything improper? What awful thing has really happened? Then, of course, trouble began. Happening to fall in their wake, in several families, there were found fresh agitated feelings, which were fortunately easily allayed when they heard explanations given in good spirit. In the end there were only a few who adhered to the four real disturbers. If these last had been advised by the committee to attend to their own church duties, it is likely nothing further would have happened to mar the peace. But the disaffected were patted on the back and exhorted to stand firm for the *whole liturgy*. All this weakened my hands and made it next to impossible for me to bring them to duty. One had resigned, another for cause was suspended. A public explanation to the congregation, for prudential reasons, could not be given, and the worst could be imagined.

Before it was known why the superintendent was there, he came to our hall on Sunday morning, and was invited to preach. He refused because he "wanted to see how the service was conducted." He was publicly introduced as my for-

mer pastor who also helped at my ordination. Thus made acquainted with the members, the next morning without notice to me, he started secretly to find the people, and attacking the pastor in his absence as having failed to satisfy the extreme ritualists who now were to be conciliated, to settle the troubles in the church. After him also came another officer of the Board of Missions with the same story and secret work to heal up disturbances reported to exist. All of which was a surprise to most of the members. It happened that in trying to call on these officials, their trail was discovered, and in different families their bad work was reported to me, with wonder and sorrow.

When they afterwards came to our house, an earnest conference was held of course, trying to show how unwisely they had dealt with the mission and its pastor. It was their sacred duty to foster and not hinder the work. Then being hungry, they proposed to "break bread with the family." No, sir; not much, till you repent of your wrong and try to heal the harm. If we have bread and coal in scant supply it is because the pastor of the German church loaned us money. With a single dime one day a loaf was bought, leaving three cents in the family pocket. Another time six cents at the market gave us six nubbins of corn to boil for our dinner. And yet the balance due on salary was about \$1100. No, there are no coals of fire heaped here on your heads.

Telling this to a brother minister, he said, "If an enemy hungers, feed him." Yes, but was it an enemy? They did not claim to be such. Hence, no coals of fire for them that day. But if the Board pay, the bread will come.

Under protest, the mission was given up to sheer brutality, with the *proviso* that the big debt due the pastor be now paid. This was no severe condition. Had not the bad management of the Executive Committee's officers hindered it this mission like my five others before, would soon have been self-supporting. Now it will be for years a puny thing. There was nothing to expect from these blinded men after that. In the

Board's sessions there had been evidence of animosity between its officers, so sharp that they would not transact business officially with each other, so that Elder Gross had to put the motion to vote. Twenty years were lost by their sad mistakes. The first pastor's management stands clear in history. The Episcopalians received the pastor sent as a fit high church successor, and he took as many members with him as had been trained for the transition.

GERMAN CHURCH PROPERTY.

One thing more about Washington should be put upon record so as not to be entirely forgotten. That is, the Reformed church claim to some property long ago lost, strayed or stolen, given for the use of public worship. At the General Synod in Dayton, Ohio, 1866, on request of some one, it was assigned me to look after a Washington lot said to be valuable and of right belonging to the Reformed church. Reports of the old traditions were however dim and indefinite. Soon after that meeting of General Synod, some economical council of the Board of Missions suggested that it would cost more for me to go from Pittsburgh than for Dr. Zacharias, of Frederick, Md., to attend to the matter. To save expense the suggestion was accepted by me. But nothing came of it.

Then, a few years later, came a request to me from Elder Samuel Wagner, an official of the U. S. Senate, and his son George Wagner, an excellent young man, along with Rev. J. W. Ebbinghaus, to take immediately action on the Washington church property claim. A prompt visit and examination of the case was made by me, and after due consultation with the above brethren, a lawyer by the name of Logan was put in charge to see what should be done. According to the best information obtainable by Elder Wagner and his son it appeared that the well meaning owner of the land on the south side of G street from Twenty-first street to Twenty-second street, N W., had set apart and donated a whole square in the early years of the city for the use of the Lutherans and the German Pres-

byterians (the Reformed), for church purposes. The Lutherans built a house of worship on their end, at Twenty-first street, and the Reformed worshiped with them, but never built. The trustees of the Reformed part died, and the other party took charge of the whole lot. During the war times the national government rented for its use, the end of the square at Twenty-second and G streets, and the Lutherans drew the rent and used it as their own.

It required the action of the District Court to determine the ownership of that part once held by the defunct trusteeship. The court appointed Rev. J. W. Ebbinghaus trustee to act for the Reformed. A commissioner was also appointed by the court to take testimony and report the findings. His fees were \$5 a day, besides cost for witnesses and attorney. If the hearing was for a half hour, or two hours or more, it counted for a day's charges and so became expensive to the poor claimants; and without prompt pay the commissioner would hold no further hearings. So it dragged along.

This was the status, when I came to Washington in charge of the English mission. The attorney, Logan, had removed, and Col. P. E. Dye was retained by Rev. Ebbinghaus. But for lack of funds little was done. Then an agreement was made between the trustees of the Germans and myself in behalf of the English congregation, now Grace church. In consideration of money, I think \$35, furnished by me for the prosecution, the mission church was to share equally with the German claimants all the benefits recovered in the equity suit. At the annual meeting of the Maryland Classis held at Jefferson, a public statement of the case was made by me, and individual contributions in cash to the amount of \$35 were made to me besides other promises, which subsequent jealousy never redeemed. But the above cash received and paid to the commissioner gave us seven more days of hearing of witnesses who testified without pay; and a favorable report was made to the court. The judge confirmed the report and made a clear decision in favor of the Reformed trustee. From this the

Lutherans appealed; as understood, as far as my information goes, there it yet hangs. Our trustee is dead.

In making his rulings, as printed by the court, the judge says the decision rests "mainly on the clear and intelligent testimony of the Rev. Mr. Russell," who shows historically that "the German Presbyterians" was commonly used here and in Maryland and Virginia and elsewhere, to designate those German Protestants in America who were *not* Lutherans. So that whoever else owns the half square at Twenty-second and G streets, it cannot be claimed by the Lutherans as their inheritance.

My violent ejection by the executive committee of the Board of Missions (aided by active hostility in the classis) from the English work in Washington, severed my connection here also with this church property question. They having no further use for me, my activities there all ceased. Afterwards the Maryland Classis indeed seeing what they had lost, overtured me to help to regain that property. Elder G. S. Griffith and others wrote strong appeals asking for papers and parole testimony; but as long as there came no proper apology for improper treatment, the contract agreement and other papers in hand were left undisturbed in my private files. Some good brethren of that classis may be willing to bind up the old wounds.

There is also a brief history of other church property seizure; that of a German congregation on Four-and-a-Half street. Before the war Rev. P. A. B. Meister, one of our German ministers formerly of Baltimore, began an interest among the Reformed Germans in Washington. He gathered money there and abroad among our people, and built a small church and pastor's house. He was at Richmond when the lines were drawn by the war, and hence did not come back. Rev. Mr. Ebbinghaus became pastor. Among his active members was Elder Schrote. Party feeling grew troublesome and the overshadowing Lutheran party were not backward in gaining points of advantage.

It happened that the pastor went to Baltimore one day, and when he returned a policeman stood at the door forbidding him to enter—as other parties had taken possession and now held the property. Being of a peaceable and quiet nature, no stout personal or legal opposition was made; and by the robbery of a valuable church property belonging to the Reformed which was perpetrated by the high handed gobbling up of another denomination, makes the Four-and-a-half street church stand in the list of Lutheran churches of the Capital City. Rev. Dr. Butler has long given type to his church operations among the English and German elements in Washington.

Well, Brother Ebbinghaus became pastor afterwards of the German congregation of the Reformed church at Sixth and N streets. He had an interesting and zealous people many of whom extended kindness and sympathy to Grace church and to me. They have prospered under the divine blessing. I baptized one of the pastor's babies in the meeting of the "Frauen Verein." It happened that some ten or eleven of them gave their names to the little girl, but though there were so many godmothers the names were not so many, being alike or duplicates. The father, my good friend and "Amtsbruder," has since died in Tennessee.

Incidentally we mention that Senators Thurman, Davis and Vorhees once came near having me nominated for chaplain of the Senate, from which the election would surely have followed. It was my privilege to know the secretaries of the treasury, of war and of the interior. Of Presidents besides Hayes, we mention Buchanan before his election, when he visited Mercersburg and would joke with the students. When he was in office, we called on him when in Washington. President Johnson called up to him and kissed our little daughter, and after writing his autograph on a large photograph, he presented it to us, as a personal mark of esteem. It was neatly put up in a White House envelope. President and Mrs. Hayes always received us very graciously, and as often as we took visiting friends to call on him, he showed us special favor. We, my-

self, wife and daughter, took a supper once at President McKinley's. By special favor of Secretary Sherman, we handled in the treasury a package containing \$2,500,000, and he gave orders to show us the whole U. S. treasury. Lincoln's favorite usher, Pendel, long at the presidential mansion, never forgets us among his early friends. It was worth our while also, living at Washington to get the benefit of visits to the public buildings as educational sights, studies and associations. You never need to have a dull day as long as you are able to enter the grounds and the magnificent structures full of art, of classic emblems and of historical representations in bronze, or marble, paintings, stucco and fresco work. All the cost of these, counted by many millions, is for the people, and we take our share freely.

Once several strange ladies from the South asked to go along with us when appointed by the Reformed Alliance to preach in the Soldiers' Home. On inquiring who pays for all these public structures, they were told that it was at the expense of the people who support the government. "Oh, that's it," said one, "then I see where all my taxes go." The expenditures so large and so lavish to the contractors by vote of the politicians who administer affairs, are often indeed quite as much for the parties as for the service. But it is making Washington one of the finest and most beautiful cities in the world. It is a lifetime event for every American who can do so, to go at least once to the nation's capital, see its glory and learn some of its manifold lessons.

We left Washington with much regret and personal sorrow for what we had suffered and yet failed to reach the good. Many friends there held us close to their warm hearts. Even now after all these years of absence, whenever we go back, doors are hospitably open to us, kindly hand-grasps touch the magnetic cords within, and we all the more wish that no calamity had ever there overtaken us in our ministerial career. The local church too has undoubtedly suffered and lost. You cannot say but that it has been a shadow too on my after pro-

fessional life. Retired from the active pastorate by the formal authorities of the Reformed church, for many years it made me shrink perhaps unduly, and caused me to withdraw too far away from what was once active duty. For some years it seemed in our seclusion as though we were cut off from the current and flow of events in which we once lived. Yet we have not been idle nor unmindful of ordination vows, even in this quietude. Living in the country, to which we seemed forced to remove for a livelihood, after six months waiting for a call, there were experiences to meet with, that may be for spiritual good. All this surely has been sent for wise purposes by our heavenly Father.

Removal is generally a losing business. The treatment received from the officials of the Board cost me heavily. We had broken up for a second time our home at Pittsburgh to obey the voice of the church. The property that we had gained, not from high salary, or otherwise in any part for ministerial services, we had to sell when we went to Philadelphia, and again the same thing had to be done with what we had when we went to Washington, only this time the losses were greater. When they were in bad humor with us and did not pay the missionary stipend until it had run to over a thousand dollars, they intimated that we had property, and therefore it was not a hardship to break up our surroundings and throw us on our own resources at personal loss and sacrifice. But we could not well eat our hard earned real estate, even to screen the Board's mistakes in solemn duty. The Pittsburgh property of course had to be sold, and this was done at no small disadvantage, as much below cost as all our salary while engaged at Washington had amounted to. Three removes, they say, is as bad as a fire. But now here in the quiet country we had at least time to readjust our disturbed finances. Thrown on daily cost for living and monthly rent for six months after our salary had been cut off in Washington, without other income at the time, rigid economy had for us its call and work. My family cheerfully bore all the pres-

sure, which to them was great, for the Lord's sake. It was a process and season of humiliation and suffering, but He has paid us back more than double.

My ministerial labors were for a while afterwards only casual and limited. Then after the death of its pastor, the Greencastle church was supplied from our home, when they had no candidate preaching for them. This lasted with more or less regularity from the fall of 1880 till the next June. There were those who strongly overtured me to consent to be a candidate for the vacant pastorate. But it would be necessary to sing mum on the temperance question as one elder said. On this reform we were not fanatical, but it is quite another thing to be gagged even for that much. About worship and other living questions there were also hampering considerations. Among the rest was one rather hard condition; that this next minister, if dying, where two lately had already gone to the grave, must be able to "bury himself." Having been the victim recently of such cold-hearted leaders, the burnt child shuns the fire, so it was thought best not to put one's self again into the hands of narrow minded and factious men. Knowing however as we do now, but did not then, it would have been a pleasant charge—wherein I have often preached, at least it has become such, after certain fires had made it a burnt district. My friends there have become very warm personally, and their number seems to be on the decided increase. This may however be because in a great battle they were helped to save their fine parsonage; and possibly too, that the loss of some prominent material in membership was in the same way prevented.

At Palatinate College

ONE day in the late summer of 1881 a telegram was brought in with an illegible signature, asking me to be at home on a near day designated. On the set day came Rev. Henry Mosser, of Reading, bearing as secretary of the Board of Trustees of Palatinate College, a commission announcing my election to the presidency of that institution at Myerstown, Pa. He was one of my former students at Lancaster and urgently pressed the acceptance upon me. The odor of the notorious "Myerstown Convention" which was held during the liturgical controversy had hardly died out and left yet an unfavorable impression as against the very name of the place on general principles. When living in Philadelphia, ten or more years before, I had been chosen to deliver the annual literary address before Palatinate College; but in the discharge of that duty, so little time was allowed me from the Publication office that no general acquaintance could be made with the college or the town.

But now the office of President was for some time vacant; the new fall session had already begun, and the Board in its wisdom and prudence desired to have an executive head to the faculty. Their secretary urged in their favor that "they were most excellent men" who pledged themselves all to the heartiest co-operation in restoring good management and prosperity to the run-down institution; leaving large liberty of action to the college executive. It was made to appear as a plain case of duty for a man with nothing else to do—and the call was accepted—reserving only a month or more to close my affairs on the farm. My former students, among them the secretary of the Board, himself and other who knew me well were pleased, and they testified of my former success in teaching

when they had been pupils in my classes at Lancaster years ago. But here again came a harrassing removal of myself and family with our household good, and consequent unavoidable loss and damage. However in good faith and with pious trust, we were willing to take up the tangled threads of the suffering and sadly disordered college affairs, and make a strong combined effort with its friends to bring order out of confusion, and secure prosperity with new patronage and restored confidence among its disheartened trustees; while it was also hoped that the damaged credit and retrograding finances might be repaired and relieved. It needed but a few days of actual contact however with affairs at the institution after our arrival there till the real situation was found to be amazingly worse than had been represented—either by design or from possible misapprehension. A few statements will show what sort of picture to my view the condition made.

Confusion reigned in the whole spirit and make-up of the institution, on the evening when we reached the college. The students were then in wildest spirit of disorder. The music teacher, in a customary tantrum, had for days refused to do any duty, because a brother of one professor with other students did, not however in study hours, blow their horns near her door to worry her. She therefore continued to seclude herself in her room. Various other members of the faculty were at odds and evens and outs with each other. The boarding department was wretchedly disorganized. The good steward was the first solid and orderly substance met with. From September till the latter part of November the classes and recitations generally had been running at loose ends pretty much according to the sweet will of each one's whim. It soon became a settled conviction that if the actual state of things had been known to me, the office of president would have remained vacant till filled by some other incumbent; even if he were moved by the best intentions and most sacred sense of religious duty—unless willing and ready for a sort of martyrdom.

Gathering up the reins with as strong and determined a hand as possible in making the new departure, was an immediate necessity. But when once in working condition, everything began to move in tolerable order. Hours of study were fixed; regular recitations were set; recreations allowed; chapel prayers held morning and evening at which all were required to be in attendance; and regular hours for meals—these regulations soon made the place wear an appearance of college routine life. Some disorderly students kicked; one was expelled, and two were suspended. They were no longer the running power of the institution. New additions more than made up for the losses many times. Heads up, eyes right, acts orderly; the body became quite respectable and to a certain extent self-regulating. The standing "Committee on Discipline" from the Board found its occupation gone, and they even began to complain that they were not called on to come and settle college troubles, and "eat so many big dinners" at the institution, where they usually had to hold their meetings. The rooms for boarders were about filled up by new students, and there was a happy ending for all, at the close of the first term at the Christmas recess. This marked also the inauguration of the new executive which was to them an event. His address on that occasion afterwards published, outlined his plan; and it was heartily approved by the assembled Board of Trustees.

Financial and other reforms as well were needed. All was left mainly in the president's hands, not because he desired it. He was the treasurer, though he offered to serve at \$100 less salary if that trust were put into other hands. The professors to their surprise were promptly paid every quarter. Old bills previously left long outstanding were settled. Supplies were bought at wholesale rates. A better looking table was spread for professors and students who sat at the same board. The old patched and much stained table covers gave place to new ones not so disgusting in appearance. Iron spoons and steel forks were replaced with silver plated table ware, bought at my own personal expense for the educational effect on the stu-

dents. The meals became human like and enjoyable. The cost for general improvements was more economical than the former outlay. Only the music teacher still grumbled at the "coarse food" when her private orders for dainties no longer made her a special exception. The students were forbidden to congregate in the kitchen, and the boys and girls advised not to huddle up in that department. A separate stairway down to the dining room was made for the girls, so as not to crowd through the kitchen and laundry; and division doors in the corridors were erected between the male and female ends of the college. Against some of these regulations there was of course some kicking by both the boys and girls.

Study hour regulations were the hardest to enforce. Free range through all parts of the building at all hours of the day and night as formerly was prohibited; and the loose habit of running the town streets at will, in any hours was broken up. A set of boys, sons of good families had been in the habit of locking themselves in an unused room during study hours to engage in card playing. If a call were made at the door they shuffled away the evidences of the game before unlocking, and then in seeming innocence, if ordered to their own rooms, there could be only a reprimand. The steward one day notified the president of what was then going on; and when that official knocked at the door there was the usual hustle to hide the cards. But too late; for his shoulder went through the thin panel of the locked door and the whole party sat there exposed with cards yet in hand. Disorderly ones thereafter began to complain of being "watched."

Recitations were not a farce. Students were ranged in classes. All, big or little, could not go ranging abroad for fun with the botany class, or belong first to one class, then to another, attending anywhere according to choice. Some reference to a general course of study had to be observed and the students were therefore classified. Friends and patrons noticed the enforced regulations, and the Board of Trustees ex-

pressed themselves as especially pleased; notably when it was learned also that the big indebtedness was decreasing.

The interest on the Franklin and Marshall mortgage loan of \$10,000 was promptly paid semi-annually. Stockholders of the general college subscriptions bonds who had received no interest for a long while past, now realized some income. And the principal of the whole debt was reduced \$1577 during the short time of this administration, besides having met current expenses and the above interests together with the extra improvements. We ended the first year with a flourish; and started the second year with a flush—even having a larger increase of students, boarders and others.

But before the term was half over, a serious disaster befell the administration, and the college again run down very low; not from high standard and character, but in financial matters. This came from the lack of moral backbone and wisdom on the part of the Board of Trustees; who were suddenly stampeded by the students when they rebelled in a combine against the proper rule requiring entire subjection to law. It is surprising that successful business men, such as most of the Board were, could have committed themselves to a movement so utterly disastrous to their college trust. Now, as then, they may be charged most deliberately, after all these years, with blind folly or gross unfitness to manage an educational institution; which had suffered for years very seriously in the history gone before this last great blunder; and by which finally the college was a few years later under other executives lost to the Reformed church from the same inaptitude.

A few cases of firmly administered discipline, sustained and supported by the Board would have been good advertisement enough to have established the reputation and claims of the college as a safe place for boys and girls, from the confidence of the public. Much ground had already been made lately in favor of morals and study in Palatinate, from what had been done during so short a trial. The acts of discipline inflicted on several students however had aroused family pride, as was to

have been expected indeed, in several quarters. These, uniting, also in another trivial case, served to combine a number of the proverbially clannish families and even most of the local members of the Board against the official course of the president; whom they had so solemnly engaged to support, and whose acts they had thus far so heartily approved as for the good of the college. An ill-advised chairman of a committee, who had found his officious occupation going into disuse, joined with some students then under censure, in a formal complaint to the Board against the exercise of the college discipline; which he thought would result in the loss of patronage. Immediate small loss, without looking at the future permanent gain, might affect the interest income for college bonds. He with the chain linked connecting families asked therefore for a special meeting of the whole Board to consider a case of discipline. Without consulting the president the notices for such meeting were sent out. When the meeting was held, the president, thus improperly treated, protested against the underhand dealings. He stood on his official and solemn duty to the institution of the church, and this angered them. They had little conception of college management, as was evident from former examples of disastrous failures in the past years.

Misapprehending in toto the gravity of the case, and threatened danger to the reputation and well being of the college, they unwisely sided with the few disaffected ones to break down authority and government. When the real state of the case was shown however and a straight out reiteration of what was settled in the authority given in written law framed by themselves and by their approval of my inaugural address, their common sense brought a majority vote to sustain me—though in feeling and sympathy, it was plain to see some of them still encouraged and stood in with the rebellious students working to make all the trouble they could. Thus encouraged the insubordination spread through the institution, resulting in the suspension of a number. The jealousy thus created and fostered was to make it too hot for the head of

the faculty. It accomplished in the end its purpose. For finding that the very men, who should have sustained wise and good government for the future benefit and prosperity of the institution, were not equal to the emergency; they were left with the untamed rampant spirits on their hands. And the subsequent entire failure of their system to build up the college, which had commenced to gain relief ended after a few subsequent years of varied struggles under three other succeeding presidents, in absolute and ruinous failure of their whole scheme.

Having demanded entrance to their sessions and a full hearing at that secretly held special meeting of the Board, an explanation was given involving also a defence which was in substance as follows: "College character is a tender thing to be handled. If you meddle with it roughly you crush it, and it certainly dies. The mere fact of the calling of this meeting in the face of enforced discipline and self-protection is a disaster and a wrong in each way. Well known to all of you was my idea of college law and method of administration. My condition of acceptance of the presidency, and especially as clearly expressed in the inaugural address set this out plainly. The Board, faculty and patrons approved it, and so stood pledged to support me; and the first year already demonstrated its success. My course, plan and acts since, have not been of a different sort. But you come now secretly to undermine the work, upset what has been already done and are now trying its executive without due notice of your intention—undoing thus what your standing law put into the president's hands, and which has been working thus far so well. Some of you by bad individual private counsel misled the disorderly students, and now they are *leading you* in your attempt to drive me.

"Your honest and hearty support was pledged officially before this relation between you and the president was formed. At the beginning of this unsought for work, open signs of the worst conditions of disorder were the first things to be seen on my arrival. Trunks were then packed of all but one girl

and three boys ready to leave the college. The music department was entirely suspended by the teacher in rankest rebellion. No order was observed anywhere. Students and studies were not classified, but all went at will. Like wild animals the inmates went through the halls, and to and from table. Study hours were scarcely known. Great holes were willfully torn in the floors, and big patches of plastering were kicked off the walls. Chairs were broken, tables smashed, doors unhinged, windows shattered, and bedding ruined. Divine worship morning and evening was a mockery; some sang songs along with our hymns; others talked or whispered together—or laughed and lounged, and mocked. At barbarous pleasure they were in the kitchen, or laundry, and tuseled with the waiting girls. Some uncouthly snuffled over the cooking pots on the range and examined dishes of victuals, and before these were brought to the table claimed that the best must be put near to their places; others snatched the baking cakes from the griddle, or went to demand refreshment whenever it pleased them, or threw meat from end to end of the tables.

An intelligent Christian lady said to your secretary one day in the presence of my family: "How could you persuade these people to leave their comfortable home and come *here?*" It was indeed far worse than had been told. General good conduct and fair behavior was first of all required, with due order in the halls and rooms, respecting the beds subject to the soiling by dirty boots, as well as the carpets, furniture, etc. No stolen interviews were henceforth permitted to be held between the sexes; either in the dark halls, or on the campus, or in the steward's private rooms; and no uncivilized disorder was permitted at the tables. Study hours meant at least that the students be in their rooms, and no lamps were to be left burning late alone. The girls could only go down town under some one's care. Beyond these reasonable restrictions, all were free. Good students were not the ones who found fault; and parents and generally patrons approved. The steward said: "It is heaven now to what it was."

My success and experience elsewhere should also have been taken as something favorable. In the high school in Maryland, as also in the two years tutorship in Marshall College, and a term as sub-rector at Lancaster, there was never any trouble, such as occurred here with all sorts of spoiled students. Good judgment is now called into question and you rate large success at a discount. The main trouble started in bad manners. For instance, a girl one day publicly at the table reached past several guests, thrust her fork into a piece of meat and hauled it past their plates to her own. Such and other things almost too gross to mention were common in former days. Such manners might be thought susceptible of a good degree of improvement in our administration. The lessons given might have been for good, had it been appreciated and seconded by the Board, and not neutralized, or nullified by giving countenance and strength to the disciplined students. Whatever evil may follow will be caused by trustees of this school. One of the young men, for instance, told his father that three members of the Board and one professor advised against submission to the president's authority, because the disaffected students would surely be restored, if only they would remain in the town. Good government was the only remedy.

"Their complaint itself was untrustworthy. A majority of the signers were *hased* into giving their names. Some were told that though they stood well now with the president and had not yet been even "scolded" by him, still their time would come. One signed because the table board was not good. Another because the boys and girls were not allowed to mingle in free interviews anywhere and walk together on the streets. Some wished to be on the winning side when the President goes. One girl (and her mother) said, "All the girls talked awfully about the college." This was after she had been advised to withdraw as a student because of her general bad influence. When these girls were called in assembly before wit-

nesses, they all replied that there was no cause for such talk. Either they then spoke truly—or they lied.

It is known that some were absolutely true and faithful to duty. Fifteen of the “disorderly” ones then submitted to law and authority. They signed this statement severally and freely: “The subscribers, by signing this paper hereby *severally* agree to submit to the rules and regulations of the college and the authority of the President unconditionally.” Another paper signed by five “expresses sincere sorrow and regret for having refused for a time,” by encouragements “from persons in whom they had confidence,” to give due submission to the college authority. And yet, on the same date, they were signing this complaint to the Board. Thus students under discipline showed their lack of honor, their duplicity, and nevertheless also their power to dictate terms to the Board.

Best discipline is kind, prompt, single and decided. Make it forever impossible to override the law. Executive power must be clothed with force enough so that it cannot be estopped or overthrown in the process of proper correction. Former years in that institution showed only half way measures generally, and temporizing with disobedience to law. The years thereafter of similar inefficiency to meet such a crisis as this brought only the full fruit in college suicide. A divided faculty, a weak directory, and a “no action” policy, had almost talked it to death just before my time.

“If my governmental administration was not for good, then let an effort be made in plain confidence to indicate wherein it was wrong. Where it is right sustain the course and, vindicate healthy judgment. The loss of a few students even to a dozen if need be, will be a permanent gain in the early hereafter. Restored confidence and fullest harmony become necessary now to save the college from running on for years at a financial and student loss in the future, as was the case in the past. Do any of you want to go back to that? If misrule is “boss” here, then better shut up at once. Or disband the Board and subject the faculty to the students themselves with full

right to manage. But there are worse things than the loss of these disorderly students. Popular feeling in the town in its blind folly, hurts its own interests even financially, by helping to injure the college. Let no friends join in similar or worse harm. In the midst of a battle it is not good policy to recall a commander for a court martial, especially at the instigation of the enemy. Do not change the administration in order to put wrong-doers at the head of affairs. Rather start anew with the confidence of parents and patrons. Shall the students be the head and ruling power, rather than an executive officer and the Board?

“Any charge made against the head even by implication, covering an offensive act, should be in a timely form named, specifying the same, with names of witnesses, and time given for self-defence. This is the right of all Americans. What is kept from sight in covered byways that are dark, cannot be defended. Men and brethren, do not thrust out your official in the dark without due process. Save your own honor and that of the college, and thus you will fully vindicate the right. Strike out the item from the call for this meeting on the face of the petition from the conspiring rebels, who have been miserably misled by mistaken members of your own body. If you want this college saved, then let all join me to save it.”

Here followed the action of the Board on the petition of the disaffected students, among whom were those who had been disciplined. While the face of this paper shows that the President and the college authority were sustained, yet there was an undercurrent of feeling the other way; and the students somehow were made to understand “that he daren’t do it again.”

ACTION OF THE BOARD.

WHEREAS, The difficulties at this college seem to have been the outgrowth of misunderstanding and complications which it would be idle to attempt to explain, therefore,

Resolved, That the Board declines to entertain the petition of the students touching the action of the President, and that the authority of the President in the government of the college be sustained.

Resolved, That as much of the refusal of the students to submit to the authority of the President seems to have been brought about by misunderstanding of motives, and by "encouragement received from persons in whom they had confidence," the students who have refused obedience be given permission to return to college on condition that they severally agree to submit to the rules and regulations of the college and the authority of the President.

Resolved, That the extreme punishment of expulsion shall not be exercised until after a full trial before the whole faculty and sentence be approved by the committee on discipline. (By the rules adopted previously by the Board the whole executive power was in the hands of the President.)

The above is a true, correct official copy of the action of the Board of Trustees of Palatinate College, adopted December 5th, 1882.

J. E. HIESTER,
Secretary Pro. Tem.

Victory for law was won. But the number of students diminished, and that scared the Board. The break could not now be averted. Eclipse came soon. Permission had been given for the offenders "to return on condition that they severally agree to submit to the rules and regulations of the college and the authority of the President."

Law, the president stated, has a twofold object and end: for the general good and for the individual well being. Transgression subverts both these. Every violation of law destroys the harmony of the whole body, and wrongs the common life. Punishment is meant for wholesome restraint and for correction and improvement of offenders. Acts of discipline should therefore reach through the subject to the common safety. Lawbreakers owe something to the majesty of the law. If this be paid there is a concession to law and an acknowledgment to the necessity of obedience. All who refuse to submit to known conditions are lawbreakers—rebels against good government. Such as put themselves beyond the reach of proper penalties are outlaws.

These parties voluntarily submit therefore now to the order of this institution; in so far as they have violated the law, they accept hereby its penalty. 1. They are present at this public

bar of the institution to suffer this rebuke for their willfulness. 2. They now receive the solemn reprimand of the college. 3. They confess their transgression by this public act of humiliation. 4. They pledge new obedience to all proper regulation, and promise faithful attention to college duties. We welcome them therefore with full sympathy and confidence to their former places and duties.

Then followed my resignation. The Board had no legal right to take its secret action in the premises. My acceptance of the call to service is *by the year* and cannot be terminated at will. The three weeks' notice to quit my domicile here is not at this season of the year a reasonable time in which to make the change. It would require longer notice to remove legally a monthly tenant.

The Board knew of my intention to resign at the next meeting falling only a few weeks after this time. A committee of the Board was lately informed to that effect; and my resignation was already written. But for the good of the institution it was not thought proper to break in on the college year to make it public.

The meeting at Reading was an outrage on courtesy and right, without notice to me, or leave to make any statement for their benefit, or mine, left no room for a word of self-defence or stay. Such snap judgment could send any one adrift with a character that might stand in the way of future work in the church, faithfully served for thirty years with the best offerings of his life. In all charity the action there taken should have been avoided.

You violate your own contract and take away my equitable rights. Obeying your call in good faith, I came here, suffered pecuniary loss. The salary and other valuable considerations are promised "per annum," that is to run by the college year. Your action breaks up all this, and is therefore plainly illegal, while it inflicts more loss on me now at this going than was incurred in the perhaps too thoughtless and now regretful coming. All the gabble of persons who owe the college protection

and defence is not based, it is pleasant to know, on any charge of misconduct, immorality, or want of faithfulness to duty.

It is said, the standard of college discipline based on Christian morals, and executive fidelity to the office as head of the faculty, was too high. If held on that charge and condemned in your opinion by your Board, no one should be unwilling indeed to leave an institution of learning where such elements are not desired.

As a matter of historical fact, the withdrawal and removal from the college building occurred three months before the end of my second college year. The president pro tempore did however before the removal try to cut off the heat from the rooms, as far as he was able to control the steward, and sent notice that my family must now "pay board" to him.

A few years later Dr. W. C. Schaeffer became its head for a time. But even he, with all the general rally, could not keep that college successfully running with the incompetent management of its Board of Trustees unless he should buy it. As a feeder to Franklin and Marshall it has ceased to live.

Some of those who were students at the Palatinate College during my administration have turned out well. It is a pleasure to see a number of them in the ministry and other professions. But so far as observation goes they were not of those among the rebellious disorderlies who created the trouble. In all the other places of teaching trusts, my students generally were one with me in sympathy and dutiful obedience. It is my conviction now, that if there had been no improper interference and bad counsels given those at Palatinate, they would have learned to stand by the president to the last man.

Of the four college presidencies offered to my hand, this only full acceptance was perhaps the very worst of all. It is possible that this one also should have been declined with thanks. Still, no one knows what reflex influences may go out from the work that was done during those few years in Palatinate. In view of their debt and poverty, I remitted from the

start fifty dollars a year on salary for the president and acting treasurer.

All through my life, it has been a puzzle to me to determine just what are divine calls. Sometimes, it now seems to me, I have run when not called. And at other times perhaps there may have been real calls which were not heeded. As matters have in the events turned out, there were times when it seemed as if called to a work; but later, the evidence was rather against the conclusion to which at the deciding time the mind and heart brought the will. Then again, looking back with the light of after years' experience, it does seem that there may have been something unnoticed, when an apparent call was examined and in all the known circumstances it was judged best to decline. Such facts seem to be determined by something like the case where the prophet bade the king smite on the ground. He struck but thrice, and then stayed; whereas as he afterwards learned, it had been better for him to have given seven or more strokes. Or, where Moses struck the rock for water more than once, and so, sinned. Or, where Peter was moved to speak on the mount of transfiguration, and did not know what he was talking about. We have no pope to decide such things absolutely for us.

ROBBED THE BANK.

When we were about leaving Myerstown, the outgoing conditions were very different from what they were at the time of our arrival. No *Pax Vobiscum* was pronounced upon us when we packed up to quit the college. Two years before, we were welcomed, feasted and feted by some of the splendid families of the town. Many of the kind hearted people made it pleasant in the social circle; and by special invitations to their hospitable homes with most excellent cheer, rich suppers and congenial intercourse they won our esteem. But now in our exit from their town, though we had not personally offended a single one of the people, they seemed with one consent to shun us on the street; and finally left us to take our departure with-

out making a sign or giving formally a single good-bye. They had put us under the ban. The town in such cases hangs together in unbroken chain.

Having made ready our effects and settled with the finance committee of the college Board showing a good balance due us for advances made from my purse, the books were passed to a new treasurer. It was found that there was paid out of my pocket for the use of the college treasury more than \$300 in settling bills and paying dues to the professors, besides a note also of \$600 due me for money personally advanced to pay a claim they had incurred before my advent. This last was in a Reading bank and had come down through years of a previous administration. This money was now needed for my use. Without it there was barely enough cash in my pocket for car-fare; and more would be otherwise required very soon after my departure. In vain my earnest personal appeals were made to the new treasurer and also to several members of the finance committee present at settlement to relieve the situation by advancing some part of what was thus due me. This had often been done by me here in favor of others and for the college treasury. But they were simply obdurate in refusal to follow better examples. Well then, I went to the bank to close up the deposit book account of my treasurership. Books were balanced by the cashier and mine receipted in full was handed over to me, apparently in correct form. Then the unused stamps of the check book were passed to the new treasurer, Judge Coover. On that was found \$1.50 to be refunded and he gave me a check on the bank for "\$1.50 dollars." But he refused to give even a due bill to show the large balance due me as late treasurer of the college; because, as he entered it, there was "no corum" of the committee present, although the two of the members of the finance committee present certified in my favor on a memorandum, simply stating that the account was "*correct and the settlement satisfactory,*" with such a balance due to the former treasurer. With no smooth feelings, in my haste of starting for the cars, I sent a boy to

the bank for my \$1.50 on Judge Coover's check. He came back with a *handful of gold*, which when counted showed \$149.75. Then he was told: "John, there is some mistake here. Run quickly, so that you get here in time before the bus leaves for the train. Tell them at the bank there is some mistake about this money." Almost out of breath he returned again with the gold saying that they told him at the bank "*it is not a mistake, but all right,*" for since they had balanced my check book they had discovered there were twenty-five cents yet due the bank for some item for which they had retained that twenty-five cents from the check.

There was no time for further parley; entering the waiting buss away we went, thinking on the way that the members of the finance committee most likely had sent me this, and the amount was duly credited on the memorandum held as balance due. It made me feel good—with thanks to them.

Money in the pocket left less gloom for the railroad ride. It had been without this cash otherwise a close drain. The surplus was soon paid out. A notice in a few days came from the bank, that \$148.50 was due from me. The deposit book said, No; and the cashier's signature said it was all right. But if they meant that the money John Mertz had brought was not mine, after the notice that there was a mistake which they denied indignantly as not possible—because the bank makes no mistakes—it was plainly their own fault. It was their mistake on the face of Judge Coover's check. Having used the money it could not just then on call be replaced as they saucily demanded. An order on the finance committee however for the amount was given against the balance that they owed me. Thus the bank was saved by me from its own error.

But the tangled facts in the case got mixed up with garbled stories reported to the public and circulated at Reading and elsewhere, to the effect that Dr. Russell had robbed the Myers-town bank. They received their money back in full credit on the college due bill. If the bank was robbed of anything in this transaction, it was only of its conceit of infallibility—not

of its gold. Their mistake was no crime of mine to be charged against me. They did not pay accurately the \$1.50 check, nor had they exactly balanced the check book by 25 cents, as settled with me. They seemed to have some rule of addition, subtraction and remainder, but no golden silence and regard for honor.

Nearly all the men on the college Board in those days are dead. Those who tried to cover their errors have gone to their final account. In most gracious charity, it must be said, moral wrong was done me—which is now forgiven. They probably acted up to the measure of their light and ability. Prejudice and jealousy had more to do with warping judgment than what some may charge to real badness. Among them also it is a joy to know were some sterling Christian men and brethren, who remained truly my warm personal friends to the end. The good Lord accept their offerings, and mine!

Palatinate College was never afterward able to assert itself, nor recover any positive character which it had lost before my time. As foretold in my argument before the Board for the better moral support, it became a mere uncertain quantity. It went down still further in the hands of several later successors, until in the end it was a confessed failure, and had to be sold. It died of unnecessary debt, of unskilled nursing of mistaken management and of misunderstood cries. A written formal offer to buy it in personal interest, was evidence of love for it, by him who is now thankful for relief from such a burden. It had some ardent friends who deserve well for their services. Requiscat in pace!

For Mont Alto

RETURNING from the Palatinate College to Waynesboro, we found no resting place for the soles of our feet. In order to secure a temporary home, a place was bought two and a half miles west of the town along the turnpike. It adjoins my mother's birthplace. From here an oversight could be had of the ancestral homestead, bought in 1875, and where we had lived before being inveigled to Myerstown. In this new home everything was in bad repair, and it took some time to put it in neat condition. But though only chosen for an intended temporary stay, till other church work should offer, it proved a pleasant retreat for us during these later days of turmoil. A tenant farmer does the work required in the agricultural pursuit.

It was expected from the first, that having the property paid for, we would have at least a comfortable moderate and cheap living here, without much direct trouble or grinding expense, till we could take some charge again in the ministry; or as several times before, do gratuitous service for the church. The repairs engaged much spare time and prevented the days from hanging heavily on our hands. It was a great change of life both for me and my family.

Before long there came a committee from the Mont Alto charge, ten miles away across country roads, requesting me to become their indefinite stated supply. They could not, it was said, pay much for a regular pastor or supply as the membership numbered only about thirty or less; and some of these being furnace people on laborer's wages, had not much to spare. Col. Wiestling, an elder of the congregation, told me however, that for liquor and tobacco the largest part of the pay roll was regularly spent, for other than religious privileges. Of course all the families did not belong to the Re-

formed church. So that for more than the eight years of my continued supply service there, the salary received ranged at a mere nominal sum of what they could pay; never more than \$200 a year—and some of them thought that rather a fat thing for the preacher. Rain or shine, hot or cold, good drives or bad roads at times mud nearly to the hubs, or frozen into rough bumpers; there was absolutely no omission of service. Bolts had to be carried in assorted quantities for contingent repairs of carriage, and sometimes it required extensive general overhauling. The attendance, which Elder Wiestling reported from actual count, had been at an average of from 20 to 23 at regular service for the previous three years, gradually increased now to about one hundred and twenty-five or upwards, on all ordinary occasions. The membership also began to grow meanwhile, till there was a net gain, above all transient heavy losses, of one hundred and nine. Some of these were very substantial and as is thought also godly people.

The principal elder was a great stay to the preacher. Col. Wiestling was a many-sided man. A faithful friend, a genial companion, a domestic man at home, a good singer, a finely skilled organist, a valuable elder, a safe adviser, a first-class Sunday-school superintendent, a general manager of men, who had been in the war times a regimental and brigade commander, and had worked a thousand men in a tunnel and on a railroad construction; he had great personal magnetism in organizing and running a political convention, or making an off-hand speech; and he was entirely at home on any part of the twenty-three thousand acres of mountain land held by the furnace company; or in the most select family or social circle of polite society. He made the Mont Alto furnace in its reorganized condition produce more iron in a week than it had been able to run out in a month, before it came into his hands. He discovered that furnace fires can be banked on Saturday night, and without Sunday work be opened early Monday morning with no necessary loss to the works. He found and developed some of the richest mines of iron ore on the extensive property;

and reconstructed the furnace itself, so that it became a wonder to iron men, who came from far to see its workings.

He organized out of the roughest mountaineers a Sunday-school and made it the best in the county; keeping it in successful and prosperous operation for more than thirty years. An effort had been made in previous times under the old administration to get up a Sunday-school. The Episcopal Bishop and a pious lady member had planned for its opening, by appointing the former furnace manager as superintendent. After having taken on a little extra allowance of whiskey, he had gone on a certain Sunday, by the Bishop's appointment to the chapel, now well filled with the children of the furnace people. Looking at the motley assembly, the first thing he did was to raise his gold-headed cane threateningly and with oaths say: "You dirty little rascals! how dare you come into this place of worship wearing such torn clothes and with unwashed faces. Off, to your homes, every one of you; and come back next Sunday in better condition, or I will not have you in my Sunday-school!" They cleared out; and came back the next week after on their way down having washed up at the force pump's running stream; but little better, still leaving streaks of black grime on their faces and their clothes. The bishop's appointee appeared again, and with even greater wrath at their mockery attempt at cleanliness, he drove the whole pack out of the chapel. That ended his Sunday-school work.

Well, on the first Sunday after the new superintendent had taken charge of the furnace, he noticed in the morning a knot of men and boys gathered on a three cornered plot of grass left between the wagon roads. Inquiring what it all meant, he was told that they had come out for their usual Sunday "sport" and pastime. This it was said, consisted, as it happened generally, of cock-fights, then dog-fights, and often winding up with men fights. Col. Wiestling immediately started down to disperse the boisterous crowd. When they saw him approaching they began to call out: "There comes the Kurnell! Make way, byes, for the new shuperintindint!"

and an opening was at once made for him to come into the circle and "see the sport." Instead of accepting their kindly meant offer, he asked what it all meant for a Sunday morning? Being told, he said in brief, that these rough usages must be stopped under the new administration. Some protested, as having worked hard all week, they must now have some pleasure. He then laid down the riot act to them and bade the whole lot go quietly to their homes; also telling them, that the next Sunday there would be a Sunday-school opened in the furnace chapel, to which they, their wives and their children should come.

That was the beginning of the new Sunday-school to which he gave about thirty years of valuable service; and from which, after I became the stated supply of the Mont Alto charge, were gathered by confirmation some of our best members in the congregation. His sisters and, since his death, Elder David Knepper, his successor, still labors on in the same good work. He believed in young people's work, and encouraged the circle of King's Daughters, and the Society of Young People's Christian Endeavor. The mark of that one man's influence and labors is plainly evidenced in this mountain section, and some of it may remain in the long years following. For some years he gave to former pastors an amount equal to that contributed in earlier years by all the other members together for the support of the church. He once offered a gold dollar to every one of the Sunday-school scholars who would "learn by heart" and repeat accurately the answer to the first question of the Heidelberg Catechism. His promise to them cost him the next Sunday twenty odd dollars. We buried him in the family vault with his pious Reformed fathers in the cemetery at Harrisburg, Pa. I still bear with me some of his warm appreciation of my work for eight years of supply among the people of the Mont Alto charge; to which we regularly traveled in all extremes of weather and over bad roads, some ten miles each way.

The church edifice in the village has been neatly repaired

and much improved. I preached at its rededication services. A beneficiary student for the ministry was sent out from among those whom I had baptized and confirmed. A number of those received were from families of Dunkards and Seventh Day Baptists. One of these became a most reliable and efficient elder. These sects do not pay their preachers for the free gospel; so there were members in our church who, like them, hitherto had not paid anything to the support of the gospel for upwards of sixteen years—traveling towards the better land without even a “free pass” properly issued. The collapse of the furnace interest and some deaths besides that of Col. Wiestling, made a difference in the condition of congregational finances. They have since sought a cheaper preacher, and the church is reaping according to its sowing.

IN COG. EDITOR.

For between three and four years thereafter I was in cog. the editor again of the Reformed Church Messenger, October, 1895-1899. Few people knew this, but the editorials for two to three columns then on the eighth page, gave the paper peculiar character, so that many spoke of its great improvement, an impetus from which it reaps benefit in following years. Its reputation throughout the church was on the rise; and once established, it runs well now and therefore it is easy to hear often a good word for the church paper. Having established a renewed character it continues on with fair momentum. My relation during those years was often a cause for fretting and worry, especially shortly after the death of Dr. C. G. Fisher, the proprietor. Not being at the office, nor in close contact with the management, they sometimes made verbal changes, or withheld such things as would have gone as intended more directly to the hearts of the people and awakened a church spirit that now simply slumbers.

More directly, the paper should make itself popular with the people, rather than strong with the few who are more highly educated as the ministers and professors. It must not be *too*

much edited, or run on too high a standard filled with merely learned articles. The church paper, by many thousands majority, is to be what will reach the people and do the most good to the masses. That has been my idea, and the paper should bear that impress. It has therefore been many times said by those who ought to know that I have the knack of making a good and popular and readable church paper, because it is best to touch the hearts of the whole membership. Up to this time I have not been able to convince the powers that be, of the importance of coming up to this ideal, which would mean a much larger success for the publication. It must not be treated as a theory but as a condition, and hence you have witnessed the frequent failures of those in charge. My set articles for the Interior, written at request of the late editor, Dr. Gray, are well received and paid for at what you would regard very fair rates—and welcomed elsewhere, when occasionally obtained. This being outside of my own opinion the references to such facts are free from self-praise. It is not proud ambition to say what you know to be true on the independent testimony of good judges.

Yet it is plain to me, that if editing were my chief fittedness, the Lord would find me a place. So also for pastoral work. Or for any special administration. He that believeth in Him *shall not make haste*. We do not need to hurry the course of divine Providence, like Jacob tried to do in securing the birth-right privilege. Water will find its level, no matter what obstacles intervene. The only trouble we have felt at such turns is that years run on. But the Lord knows the time.

Once Rev. Dr. M. Kieffer made a plea for western missions at one of our synodical meetings. It was while he was professor at Tiffin and had the western fever fresh and very bad. He was making it a duty for all our young ministers to "go west." About that time Iowa was the main State calling for eastern help. It was often put so forcibly that some young men began to believe if they did not go to Iowa and preach, they could hardly be saved. Of course quite a number went out,

but not to stay. It was my privilege, then living in Pittsburgh, to secure cheap tickets, or a free pass, for the man who from time to time was sent as missionary. Often without a commission, and generally with no salary or very little promised and always less paid; the call for railroad tickets began to attract Mr. Wm. Thaw's attention. He was a benevolent gentleman of large means, and president of the main railroad lines running west from Pittsburgh. One day he said, while issuing another pass for a young married preacher and his wife: "It seems to me you are sending a good many missionaries to Iowa." "Yes, sir," was answered, "quite a number are sent, but few remain long in the field." Their pious zeal runs out when they realize how poorly it pays, and then from homesickness they returned east on their own tickets.

Well, to remedy this part of the evil, the theological professor above named, in that peculiar argument which was intended to be very strong, told the young men that they could make on investments from one to three per cent. a month in the west if they were only sharp enough to find the places where such advantages could be reaped; while they need not be hindered at the same time from preaching. All that a man needed was \$1000 to begin on, and then watch for opportunities. He did not tell how to get the \$1000, nor where were the opportunities. It is not told either how much he and any of the young men were enriched thereby. This per cent. argument was made to me also once personally and directly by an elder in favor of Kansas City mission.

If we count the time since my ordination, and deduct the years of nonprofessional employment intervening, and then allow for the double duties assigned to some of the other periods, there will not be any years to set down for entire idleness. It is not intended by this to say that there has been any work of supererogation; but that we need not complain of the special years when not working at a given post. This is some comfort, for while years and health are given, it is my desire still to be of some use to the end even if no salary be

paid. This was repeatedly made known to missionary superintendents. Let me come to my rest with the harness on. Among the Jews, the priest ended his service at so many years. So is it in the United States army, or navy, or judiciary. But our church constitution requires that a minister must serve in his office "as long as he lives," sick or well, old or young, paid or stinted. This does not make allowance even for accidents or other sorts of disability.

Thankfully it must be here acknowledged, that my ministerial life has not been troubled with ill health. In student days, there came a siege of fever. Since then, there has been nothing to speak of except a serious trouble with asthma. That came on during the time when exposed to all sorts of weather, while collecting funds for the Publication Board. My asthmatic attacks were spasmodic, sudden and often severe. There were times, when death seemed quite near. Most probably there will be no more trying suffering when the end does come. This malady lasted in degrees for more than twenty years; and yet no attack ever came on me while in the pulpit, and I do not remember of any appointment but once not filled because of this trouble. If it came from exposure in the service of the Board of Publication, they have done little to relieve it. Dr. Hayes has given treatment that sets me well nigh free now for more than ten years.

A CHURCH PROJECT.

The summer before Dr. Harbaugh was elected professor in the Theological seminary he had elaborated a plan for combining a theological and missionary institute to be established somewhere west of Ohio. In his project as repeatedly laid before me, he had places especially for Dr. Bausman and myself who were expected to join him in its undertaking. It included a scheme for a school and farm to be run for support, and for mission work in the surrounding large cities of the west; and an investment in real estate which by natural growth was to furnish all the necessary extra means to sustain the whole en-

terprise. Small beginnings, like that of the Roman Catholics in the outskirts of the growing cities, would in the course of time produce values of no mean proportions. It is a fact that Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, St. Louis, and other places where land was still cheap at that time, have made much capital for those who were wise enough to take up then ground in the suburbs.

Being near at hand, and preaching around at outlying stations, encouraging immigrants of our church to settle and organize in given localities; and then keep them from disintegration, when some one stirs up trouble enough to scatter them into other churches, would have made large gains and multiplied strength; which like ripe fruit has fallen for others to gather. Had we been able to retain all our natural growth, the statistics of the western interests of our Reformed church would be far different today. The Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists and Baptists are stronger today for our neglect to harvest that which was ours to reap, especially from Germans and their children. Not too late for some good plan now. See examples in Cleveland, Reading and Baltimore.

FIRE.

August 27, 1897, we had settled around the table at home for a pleasant reading in the evening, when our little Australian boy directed attention to a light at the barn. This was a large strongly built stone walled structure, eighty feet long. It was what is called a Switzer, or bank barn; with stables and feed rooms below and two floors and great mows above. We had just threshed the largest part of the wheat and hauled some of it away; but there were probably something short of three hundred bushels still remaining. Near two hundred bushels of oats were just lately put in the bins and from forty to fifty tons of prime hay were housed in the bays, while the great stack of new straw stood near by in the barnyard. All this in a flash was ablaze, inside and out, and burned to utter destruction. Hurriedly running up, the fire was found on three sides

of the horses in the stable and within less than ten feet from the alarmed animals. Speaking encouragingly to them in confident firmness they were unfastened each one in turn from the manger, and led separately with my own arm over the neck of each to the door. Outside the straw stack adjoining the overshoot was also burning furiously not more than ten feet from their only way of escape. Yet with but little trouble they were induced to dash singly by like a shot and reach safety. The feed rooms and the other stables were full of fire, feeding on the light and inflammable stuff within. The grain bins were also now burning, and but few movable articles could be reached. All in the great floors above and the mows with contents together with two wagons, and other farm fixtures were beyond saving. The carriage shed and the corn crib containing about three hundred bushels, at the north end, was partly shielded by the stone gable wall. This we set about saving, and it was all that did not burn up.

Very plentifully had they used lumber in the olden days when the barn was built; and being dry as tinder the devouring flames reveled in the swift uncontrollable destruction. The great light shone out in the evening gloom so that for miles around people came to witness the conflagration, until there were hundreds congregated shouting unmeaning orders and not doing the least possible useful work to prevent further damage. It was difficult to get any who had buckets of water, to sprinkle what was near and threatened. The house and its contents were saved, and we felt thankful for the immediate shelter and safety of the family for the night, and the live stock ranged the fields.

Four months later at midnight, January 4th, 1898, we were awakened by a glare of light in our bed room. Looking out we found the sheds that had escaped the former big fire were now in a sheet of flame, as well as the new frame stable built for the animals; a large rick of fodder adjoining, containing two thousand bundles, was also burning. It was a close call again for the cattle. The rescue of horse and cows was a

desperate undertaking for myself alone, as no neighbors were yet aroused. The bedding litter was burning under some of the feet of the cattle and the thick smoke inside their closed stable almost blinded and choked me each time I re-entered to untie another singed cow. All were however rescued, costing me the loss of one side of my beard and hair, with blistered hands and a badly scorched face on the side of which a burn as broad as your hand left its painful mark. Only three neighbors were attracted later at dead of night to the fire. For more than a day our scorched and shivering animals wandered about with no shelter from the weather and not a bite of straw or hay, or fodder to satisfy their hunger. Then one kind neighbor sold me seventy-five bundles of fodder; and I hastily changed a pig-pen into a shed for the cows. The horse was sent out to board at another farm. The house was also again saved.

Partial insurance covered some of the losses. But the insurance companies thereafter fearing other incendiary acts, cancelled their policies on the house and other property covered from jeopardy by fire so that we began to feel lonely and helpless. It was a strange feeling, and shows how heartless the world is, unless it can make something without much serious risk. Right good neighbors, as that word goes, were afraid to befriend us, even to the caring for the horse for pay, lest the fire fiends should take revenge on them; and their own time of loss might come. One not far from us had the barn burned three times in two years; another twice, and a number once. Fires of stables in the town occurred nearly every Saturday afternoon, for a long while. Incendiary fires became epidemic. They were certainly not all by the same hands; but because it had been done by others, any one bad enough who wished to wreak spite, took this common way of getting even with the party to be thus visited.

Some Appeal Cases

GENERALLY appeals come before the church courts with dirty faces. Always unwelcome, often exceedingly unpleasant, or positively disagreeable. Not one in many but should have been settled before being brought to such a hearing. They are time consumers, patience killers, and seldom in fact receive a full or impartial examination. Yet some appeals are not only necessary evils, but help also to promote justice for persons and churches; also developing a clearer sense of constitutional provisions in favor of the right. Only once has there been in my long life an appeal case taken for myself; it was made my duty however, to represent the defense several times for individual interests of other persons, and also of churches. It is generally better to stand for the defendant than to be in the prosecution; that is, better take the part of the under dog. A single exception is remembered; when the Eastern Synod at its Hagerstown meeting in the later "sixties" appointed me officially in its name to prosecute its charges against the veteran editor of the Reformed Church Monthly. While the case was won for the Synod in a heated controversial contest and trial, yet the bitterness of its results lasted in personal grievances for years. But to the eternal honor of the defendant, Dr. Bomberger, it is here recorded that before his death he had mastered the sore feeling, and even showed me personal and helpful kindness, while president of the General Synod at Lebanon by ruling fairly some law points in favor of my appeal, then before the court. Principles of law are always claimed on one side or the other to be involved in appeals. No two are alike, yet they can be classified in formal principles.

The first case to be mentioned as falling to my hands is that of Elder A. B. Wingert against the Greencastle consistory, taken by appeal to the Mercersburg Classis. He was a well known

active elder in the church, treasurer of the Seminary, member of the Board of Publication, and often on standing committees of the Synods. He was a sound debater, safe counsellor, and influential in much public church work. He had occasion to admonish his pastor in a consistory meeting in a given case and told him that his action was "more like that of a wolf than of a shepherd." For this, he was called to account, as an act improper from an elder towards his spiritual superior. The elder claimed to be ordained to a ministerial office and also in the line of official duty; and holding his words to be true refused to withdraw the offensive statement.

Without affording the elder an opportunity to prove the assertion made, he was put upon trial, charged with lack of respect for the pastor and other similar wrong things; and finally he was suspended from office and expelled from church membership. This was done by the "Spiritual Council," consisting in this case of pastor and one elder.

An appeal against this sentence was taken to the classis. This case came on for a hearing at my first meeting with that body in 1883, and the classis appointed me to represent Elder Wingert. On short time for preparation, the main point taken was on the right of an ordained elder in the consistory to call in question any improper act in the official conduct of a fellow-member, even if it were the head of that body itself. The pastor was not so spiritually superior in office to the elder as to be above the reach of sincere fraternal criticism, admonition and exhortation to duty. The ministry just then in the church discussions had been held up in its high official character. And we claimed that the eldership according to our liturgical ordination and the constitution was a real part of the true ministry too in the Reformed church. If that position were correct, then there was no cause for extreme discipline, such as suspending and excommunicating an elder for courage and fidelity in referring on good and proper occasion to the conduct of his pastor, when considering in consistory the spiritual condition of the church.

Other points, such as need of fair trial, etc., were not pressed. The classis sustained the appeal, and restored the elder from suspension and excommunication. The defeated pastor then appealed to the Potomac Synod; and also took the ground that a sentence of a lower court stood till reversed by the higher court appealed to. But that is just what the classis did in the Wingert appeal here sustained and so reversed lower action. The pastor did not however recognize the restoration ordered by the classis and so improperly held Elder Wingert as still under sentence and he was kept excluded from the communion of the church and office of the eldership. In this status and condition he soon thereafter died. His death occurred just before the case could finally reach the Synod for further adjudication. As attorney for Elder Wingert, whose dead body I helped along with Dr. Apple to bury, I claimed that the restoration by the classis was complete, putting him *rectus in ecclesia* till the Synod decided otherwise. And as there was no *sentence* then left in force by that action, therefore the new appeal by the pastor, as against the decision of the classis, found the elder restored both in office and in church membership; so that really he had died in the communion of saints. In the absence of the pastor, word was sent for me by the dying man, and on his death bed, and the Lord's supper was administered to him. This was reported afterwards to the classis and approved, and the consistory's record of suspension and excommunication as it still stood on the book, was ordered to be expunged.

This appeal case then settled this much of church law: That of the co-ordinate relations of pastor and elder; and further the fact that a restoration by the higher court left no sentence from below involving suspension from which the defendant had been relieved by that act. Hence the appeal from this act of the classis did not continue to be again put in force, or renewed as the previous penalty of a former sentence by the lower court was now reversed.

This same pastoral charge for years was fruitful of appeals; and I was again employed later to represent two deacons who

had suffered similar suspension from the same hands. They had led in a large petition for the pastor's removal. One had been the accepted and trusted Sunday-school superintendent for a dozen years, and the other was a wheel horse in all hard consistory work, as in raising money for back standing salary, etc. They crossed the pastor's will for cause, petitioning classis to dissolve the pastoral relation; and refusing to retract certain true things which they maintained, they were sentenced to suspension by the "pastor and only one elder" assembled as "Spiritual Council." The disciplined men carried the case to classis, and were easily restored. Then it went on up from the Potomac Synod to the General Synod, where by a stampede under certain technical misrepresentations, the case was lost. It was however afterwards reconsidered by the Greencastle consistory itself under another pastor, and all records thereof unanimously rescinded because of its misapprehension in the higher court, and the officers were restored to usefulness later, one as elder, the other as trustee.

A still more flagrant case from the same pastoral charge, soon after, was the "Shook appeal." The cashier of the First National Bank was assessed personally without his consent, by the pastor to the amount of \$150 towards the payment of a large debt of the church which had been growing for some years; and which if not provided for to the amount of about \$1600, the classis had resolved it would be proper to send a committee to inquire why the congregation was growing so weak as to threaten the loss of the parsonage property pledged by an overawed consistory on notes to the pastor for back salary. The bank cashier declined to pay the assessment. Then followed various disputes as to veracity and double dealing. On the charge of "lying, dishonesty, filthy lucre and contumacy," this man, by the "Spiritual Council," i. e., the pastor and one elder, was excommunicated. It seems he had indicated as was charged more willingness to pay such a sum to have the pastor go away than to secure his continuance. This was the gravest offence.

He appealed to the classis. It came on for a hearing at the annual meeting held in that charge in 1893. Again came my appointment by the classis as advocate for the party appealing against the wrong. A mass of testimony specially made for the case was produced from the minute book of the consistory. Witnesses were brought forward however to show that the records themselves were not reliable, as they had been "doctored," interlined and put in special form by one man himself, not by official action; some not having been adopted at all by the consistory, and some contained what had been illegal. No witness testified that the accused ever put anything on the subscription list or ever said he would pay \$150, as the pastor had assessed it. His affidavit denied ever having promised to pay anything towards the debt for old salary in form, and also claimed the right to make his gifts without assessment, only by his own voluntary act. The charges of falsehood, dishonesty, filthy lucre and contumacy were all overruled and the appeal was sustained entire.

The action of the classis also carried with it an order to have the consistory appoint a committee of its own members to correct the minutes and erase therefrom any made up parts foisted in from unauthentic sources. It was found that a large part of the minutes must be thus expurgated. The right to do that, it was claimed, rests on the privilege and duty of any deliberative body to correct and amend its own minutes, when it becomes clear that mistakes, errors and wrong entries have been made. This is however a law point on which the General Synod has not as yet ruled.

These three cases of appeal all having been carried against the same party, were no doubt greatly irritating to his feelings, and he took ground personally against the counsel on the side opposed to his positions. The case also in the classis by open inquiry in regard to the danger threatening the sale and loss of the parsonage property for notes held by the pastor on back standing salary, confessing discharge and ordering the same to be put on record to bar all further claim for the same, be-

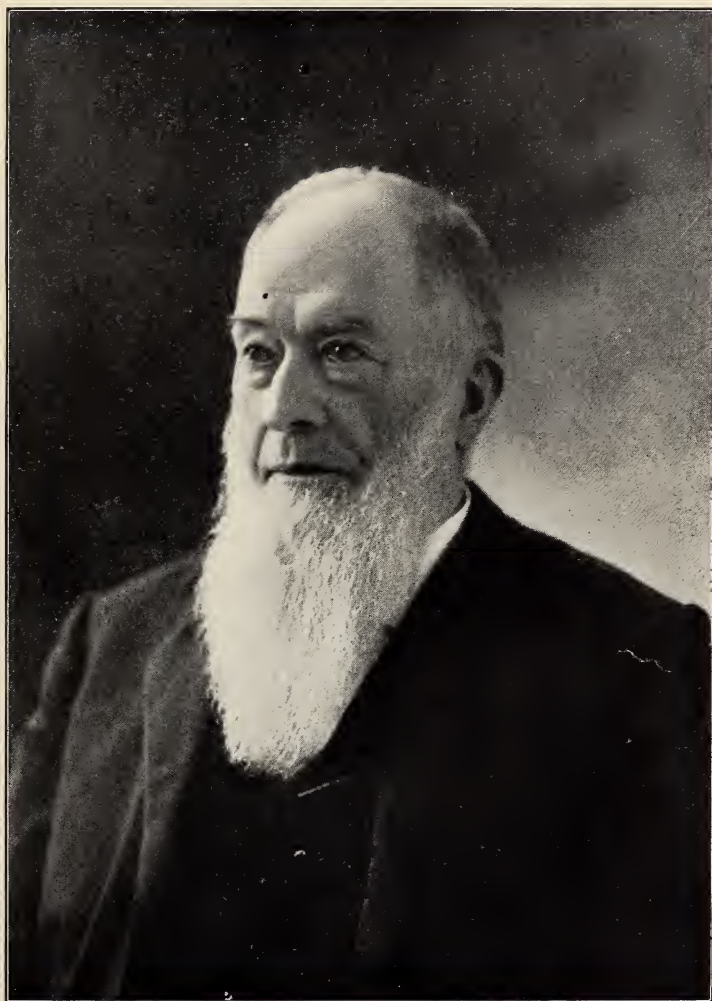
came a cause of additional bitterness against me, the counsel appointed by the classis. We had pressed it to an open and clear acknowledgment, requiring it to be publicly declared that all those notes should be covered by special subscriptions to be obtained by the pastor himself for that very purpose. This set the parsonage property free from possible sale. But he told an eastern elder: "If it had not been for that big headed Russell, there would have been \$800 more" in his favor against Greencastle. That service cost me dear in subsequent hostile persecution, culminating in another appeal in which the disturbing pastor involved me.

Appeal at the General Synod

UNDERSTAND clearly this appeal to the General Synod is based on a personal and also a general grievance, because of an action of the Potomac Synod held at Carlisle ordering the Mercersburg Classis to do over what it had already of its own motion, in the discharge of its duty after full and patient consideration, finally *concluded*. To reopen that business in obedience to the Potomac Synod's order, was unlawful and injurious personally to me. The action of the Synod was based on a complaint of Rev. C. Cort against the *negative decision* of the classis adverse to a paper referring to "rumors against a minister." The classis in preliminary inquiry found absolutely nothing justifying further proceedings on the contents of said paper. There was no case, no findings, no sentences. Hence the complaint to the Synod against the classis for its negative or non-action was groundless in toto.

It was of course the duty of the delegates from that classis to defend its conclusions, standing simply on the *official copy* of its minutes. If they had explained and stood to these, that alone were sufficient to squelch the unlawful and rancorous "complaint." But incompetency or fear in the classis' representatives left the Synod in the dark to be stampeded and commanded by the unrestrained accuser, to commit wrong to the classis itself and a personal injury to me, against whom no finding had been sustained; in stirring up afresh false rumors which had been by all right and law forever quieted by the refusal of the classis after full examination to consider them having no scintilla of truth to show any reason in the first instance for entertaining the paper for fuller trial.

The delegates of the classis present at the Synod however did not appeal in protection of law from the Synod's action; and the good souls thought that it would in the end involve me



AFTER WINNING APPEAL BEFORE THE GENERAL SYNOD
BY ABOUT 200 MAJORITY.

as well as the classis and it was therefore my duty more than theirs to have been at the Synod as the defendant against the said complaint which was against classis, not me. And the scared members of the classis in fear of threats of the complainant, began to hold special meetings afterwards and prepare to obey the unlawful order of the Synod, though its action was plainly nugatory, empty of law and full of evil and all unrighteousness. My recourse was therefore properly to the General Synod, so that justice and right might stand forth in the light.

Points as to personal rights and self-protection called for this appeal to the General Synod against an action of the Potomac Synod. A complaint was lodged by the Greencastle pastor against the Mercersburg Classis as to a false rumor brought to its attention and declared after thorough examination that the paper was unworthy of further action. After patient deliberation, the classis by a unanimous vote, except two nays—interested parties—the complainant and his elder, saw fit to dismiss the whole matter from all further constitutional inquiry “without detriment,” to the minister named in the paper. The complainant, who had no personal relation whatever thereto, wanted the Potomac Synod on his ex-parte statement and against and contrary to the official records of the classis, to compel a new hearing of the so-called “scandalous rumors” already proven to be absolutely unfounded. And such an order from the Synod was passed.

If this order were obeyed it would wrong the classis and me. To avoid such perversion of justice, an appeal was taken as soon as informed of it to the General Synod. A rambling paper, signed by two elders, had been laid before my classis referring indefinitely to “scandalous rumors” about my treatment of neighbors and animals. It was referred to a special committee for a formal report. It was then shown that the pastor of these two elders had himself drawn the paper and *persuaded them* to present it to the classis. On the day set for

a public hearing on "fama clamosa," information was in open classis repeatedly called for, but none was given.

One of the signers then met the committee at their request. He gave no word of adverse information—had never heard of the rumors hinted at in the document till he came to this meeting and his preacher here told some of the ministers of them, but for himself he knew not of anything wrong even on public rumor. The other signer did not meet the committee anywhere, nor give the slightest information as to the contents of the paper. At a later time he personally swore out an affidavit before an officer of the law to the effect that his preacher "had lied to him." The classis after reasonable further inquiry by a yea and nay vote, dismissed the whole matter of the supposed "scandalous rumors." The Synod, as above stated however ordered a rehearing. The chairman of its committee wrote me that the action of the Synod "was not constitutional, but it was to prevent the airing of stench by that man." The stated clerk also wrote me during the Synod to come and "defend the classis" or they would let the "complainant *do as he pleased*"; and so, for some bad reason, they did. Against that action of the Potomac Synod taken at Carlisle, an appeal was therefore taken by me to the General Synod.

Through overawing fear of the complainant doubtless, after that meeting of the Potomac Synod, though my appeal had been taken regularly from its action to the General Synod and thereby had lifted the matter and halted all further proceedings, yet the classis actually under the order called a special meeting to try the same matter again. A committee of the classis now sought for something in those old false rumors, which at the full annual meeting after days of patient, wide and thorough examination had been judged groundless. Then also a roving commission was sent to ferret the whole land and make exciting inquiries among unsuspecting people. For so doing, my Mont Alto consistory gave notice to desist in their irregular process till the General Synod would act; warning

that if they did not heed this notice the civil courts would be invoked.

The self-constituted prosecutor, without notice to me, had also actually called a miscellaneous public meeting of all sorts of people at a Waynesboro hotel, and there discussed his libelous paper publicly without rule or church law. To befog the simple people, he threw out a sort of drag net and discussed deferences to sins in articles 92, 93, 94, 97, 98, 105, 108, 109, 110, etc., as though all the crimes therein forbidden as real offences had been charged in the complaint against me. The adversary of the church could not have done a worse diabolical piece of work.

All settled down to the rumor of driving a lame mare for some months when going to preach as supply at Mont Alto and a threat made against a drunken tenant. The limping mare was not sore or hurt in limb by use, for all had long been healed and in that condition she jumped a post and rail fence five times in one day. Our regular driving horse had died, and the small income from the Mont Alto supply did not afford to buy another. The vengeful prosecutor had it all his own way at Synod, and the Synod's mistaken action at his request ordering the classis to reinvestigate what it had fully ignored and "dismissed without detriment" to me, was the wrong done, calling for this appeal against its command to the classis. The "fama clamosa" only came to flimsy existence *after* these mistakes were made by the order of Synod.

I. The first point laid before the General Synod was my thirty-six years of useful mission work. This alone should secure a presumption of ministerial record not to be set aside by a slanderous charge which was invented and found not valid before the classis, where much of my life was known. The man now acting as my active prosecuting enemy had previously and repeatedly been defended by me in *his own* numerous and notorious trials in the church courts east and west; but who now owed me a grudge, because of having been officially

detailed to conduct three other Greencastle appeal cases with success against him.

False and flimsy rumors as far as there were any such attaching to me were first started by *himself*, only as it was shown and aired lately at the classis to the ears of a few other ministers—and this he called *fama clamosa*. But no one of these brethren informed me of this ministerial assassination, and the paper of his elders came as a thunder clap. The bogus paper laid before the classis was prepared by himself after his defeat in some of the other cases, and he pressed his elders to sign and submit it. No charge however is true until proven. But ill reports against a minister, true or false, must be properly investigated. Such only are to be tried by the classis, the sole judge, when it deems such trial necessary to preserve the purity of the church. No man needs to prove himself innocent on a false rumor. Those who make the charge are to prove the guilt. On this point in my appeal is my personal right.

The largest liberty in classis in favor of any rumor was given and courted. The accusers' wild and vague statement found no basis or charge calling for trial. Committee and open classis alike could discover absolutely nothing, and finally after two different days set time for a full hearing, the paper was "laid on the table without prejudice to Dr. Russell." How could the Potomac Synod then on such minutes of the record by any possible law or gospel send back to classis an order to do this negative work over? The classis itself as grand inquest threw the whole paper out of court. No one knew of these three or five year old matters till at this meeting one elder heard his preacher tell the story. There was no trial, no sentence, no judgment. The Synod had no power to order new proceedings before the classis which was the only judge of its merits, whether for trial or not.

The satanic advocate did not himself even say much in the open session when the classis was calling for evidence. Nor did the zealous prosecuting preacher "vindicate purity" by uttering any testimony himself before the classis, though he was

challenged to do so. The other signer of the paper, avoided taking any part in the investigation by going home before the set time came for the hearing, and he subsequently gave as before stated, an affidavit, sworn out before a civil magistrate, that his pastor had *lied, and deceived him* by false statements in this and other matters.

The only pretext for another trial then, which was of course unlawful, was set upon said preacher's statements made in the Synod, that all the witnesses after three separate days dealing with it in classis, to find any "fama clamoso" were not heard. No one was refused a hearing of any testimony. The alleged facts, if any there were, did not lie beyond the easy reach of the tribunal then and there sitting in the very midst of the community where the defendant resided, and where such rumors if real, could most easily be traced, if the vague contents of that paper could in any manner be said to be based on truth. No other roving committee need therefore according to our constitution (Article 101) be sent with a synodical authority in commission to gather what was already here, if it existed at all; or to stir up "outside" strife. The minister and the purity of the church were then by the sufficiently thorough investigation absolutely and legally clear, by the non-finding of any charge in the classis which for several days had given to the subject in the most public way possible full ventilation. All gainsayers must henceforth as to this have their mouths stopped. Malignant and self-appointed prosecutors running their ill-concealed enmity through complaint, appeal, retrial and all sorts of church suits, can go no further, *except as vile slanders*.

Ecclesiastical *barratry* in this matter, however, knows no limits; and like necessity, as to this, it knows no law. It is simply illegal and devilish. It is against this mischievous power that his appeal is made to the General Synod for the self-protection of all. Let the voice of this highest church court go out ordering this bad and unchristian work forever to stop. The General Synod's decrees must in its decision

interpret and settle here these rules of church government. One of these it is asked now to make plain: *That the classis is the only court competent under the constitution to examine into the moral character of its ministers;* and that having duly passed upon a particular or given charge, without finding in its honest judgment ground for trial—*no Synod has authority to order a new hearing in idem re.* That sets an authentic seal on the record made by the classis dismissing the slanderous paper forever, and so clearing me.

II. Another reason for my appeal is that new, specific and unlawful conditions were attached to the order given by the Synod to the classis. The Synod, if it could lawfully give any order in a matter at such a stage, erred in ordering the classis to do over what it had in its best judgment thoroughly, as its minutes show, already once done. But still more, on the illegal order, sending back a matter of original complaint already thoroughly examined and finally adjudicated by the classis, as unworthy of further action, as a so-called case and providing for "*testimony to be submitted,*" without limit as to what kind and on what ground the Lord only knows! If the classis by its finding had first made it a "*case*" requiring in its good judgment a matter for judicial trial; and if it had taken action on the issue joined, in a sentence of conviction instead of clearing the accused of the charge, it might then possibly under review of an appeal, have been remanded for another hearing, under certain new aspects of a given case. But I was not even one counted as "*accused*" in that sense before the Synod. And when there was absolutely no "*case*" worthy of being taken up for trial made out hitherto, by the original action of the classis, the Synod had no possible show of moral or lawful right to say even carelessly there was a "*case,*" and then direct the classis to give "*the case*" another trial with open door to whatever "*testimony TO BE submitted*" which might be made up without limit of law. No civil court in the land would do that, without ground for previous proceedings on some finding of a grand

jury. Sustaining this appeal overrules the mistaken order of the Potomac Synod.

III. No appeal from a lower to a higher court can be made on the ground of *non action* below. That is broad primal law. You cannot appeal against any court on a negative action by the grand inquest. Nor can the higher church judicatory make a *non action* in the court below, a "case"; so that it can be "sent back as a case," for a positive sentence. Neither the law, nor the Lord, nor the church demands such a course to try and try till a man is condemned. A decree of a Synod therefore, like the order given at the session at Carlisle, breaks down one's highest constitutional rights. Until the grand jury indicts an accused individual on a specific charge, and the court of original jurisdiction finds thereon a verdict of guilty in a criminal matter, the higher court has nothing whatever to do or to say in remanding the "case" on some individual's request; so that something more be heard on "testimony to be submitted" below. This mistaken decree of the Potomac Synod therefore gave bad precedence for the self-appointed prosecutor after its unlawful action to go roaming over the land, making and writing forced new statements to the damage of a minister on such "testimony to be submitted," as could thus be obtained by importuning signers; or when they refused to sign, he for them personally signed his own self-drawn, defaming papers with the name of these simple people; who were supposed to tell merely the sheerest "hearsay" of some other story teller like that fiendish "*advocatus Diabolus*" himself. That might be made a backbiting attack on evidence enough to hang an innocent dog, on such *post facto* manufactured *fama clamosa*. Sustain the appeal for this reason.

IV. The Potomac Synod's record referring back to the classis is such as to do me hereafter much personal wrong in recorded history. Though the dirty smirch may not stick, because it rests on nothing, yet the suspicious mark is left in the printed minutes with no reference to show how the docket was cleared. It places me there under a charge which was by my

classis after a full examination wiped out because there was nothing in any rumors "detrimental" to me. Yet the synodical record, without a scintilla of testimony or any hearing proper at all in my absence nor of my knowledge implies that on some "testimony to be submitted" to establish a charge should be further heard; and in so far censures the classis. Now that action as it stands on the minutes violates a principle of law as well as wrongs me in my ecclesiastical rights and smirches the records of classis. It presumes there is something yet in a charge which was examined and found baseless.

But the original court, having once refused to make out a true bill, after all possible effort to find evidence, and which had by its vote dismissed the whole matter, cannot be called for another hearing of the same in further proceedings. No man can be *tried more than once* on the same charge. While the minister referred to was willing and ready indeed at the first instance in the classis to have all rumors thoroughly ventilated, examined and investigated; yet he must protest against having it go on repeatedly and forever. Let me strenuously object in self-defence, to be held up to public gaze on the same bogus rumors and surely not to be slanderously pilloried in the synodical minutes. My appeal to the General Synod, if sustained, rules in my favor and relieves me of this wrong record.

V. This appeal is pressed further in favor of general righteousness. If indeed personal and voluntary statements were made in full from myself before the classis, more than any others could be found to give light as referring circumstantially to any ground for the "scandalous rumors" raised by the false and manufactured paper, it was to give my classis the fullest possible knowledge, more than my enemy himself had been able otherwise to produce. Nor was the law of time limit by lapse of years claimed to screen myself. But if thus willing then, the painful thing should now be over once for all.

For instance, if some boaster wagers that he can throw you across a muddy ditch, and on trying fails so that the effort comes far enough short, and souses you into the dirty water,

it were amazing folly indeed for him to claim repeated throws under the bald pretext that he could *possibly* do it eventually if only he were allowed to make the trial *often enough* to prove his ability to do what he claimed. Whoever would agree thus to let him make his wager good, would be the bigger fool. One ecclesiastical or legal test is enough. Let me claim the General Synod's protection against all lawless repeated efforts to keep on as Dr. Spangler Kieffer argued, "investigating" me publicly as it were in the use of a fine-tooth comb, on either "fama clamosa" or personally made rumors, to show before the public that a minister may after all be lousy.

Three to five years intervened before any breath of rumors was discovered. That were enough even if they were likely true to have outlawed them; but no such plea was claimed. Long dead, if ever alive. Eggs may get too old to hatch, but if stale they can be used, if thrown, to befoul men. So the drunken ex-tenant difficulty was beyond the statute four years or more, though it had been only in self-justification defending property. And the use of the lame mare in serving the Mont Alto charge five years ago on a salary not enough in a whole year to buy a good horse, was atoned for then in penance of the pastor's drives. But neither these were in continuance now.

This appeal therefore to the General Synod demands protection for the present and future against the careless and lawless order of the Potomac Synod. It is respectfully asked, that for the reasons given, in the name of law and gospel, you sustain me in peace and righteousness. You will thereby rule on the following points:

1. *Rule.* That a Classis only has original jurisdiction of the morals in conduct and acts of its own ministers, in the first instance; and in all issues it may judge by proper inquest whether their personal and official conduct demands trial or not. If on due investigation, the classis finds no cause for a trial in any matter brought to its attention, then no Synod may order new proceedings on the same.

2. *Rule.* That "fama clamosa" is not such a hidden thing

as to require days and weeks of search at large, when it is said to exist a long time right before you. In its very nature, it must, if there be *fama clamosa* at all, be public and largely known.

3. *Rule.* That the classis, having publicly and fairly challenged a complainant or self-appointed prosecutor to produce any such rumors, claimed to be public; and having afforded full time and opportunity for him to discover the same to the inquiring classis; then, if nothing be found that calls for a trial, the matter of course falls. And all such pretended and false reports are forever quieted and wiped out. There is therefore here no "case."

4. *Rule.* That any self-constituted strolling investigator, or an illegally appointed committee, undertaking as rovers to burrow into the privacy and peace of a community or family, and thus unduly excite and agitate ill feeling by creating hurtful talk against a minister, by making, retailing or publishing rumors quieted by official act of the classis—exceeds the duties and requirements covered by the constitution as to maintaining purity.

5. *Rule* also: That the classis having once sifted such alleged rumors, and finding nothing at all worthy of a charge for trial, and in the exercise of its full right and duty having dismissed the whole matter "without detriment" to the person assailed, against whom there was no judgment, it cannot be ordered by any Synod to make room again for a *possible* trial by another process formally of the same. That is not required either in the interest of religion, or for the purity of the church, and surely not to gratify an enemy holding a grudge.

THE DECISION.—Without debate, the General Synod proceeded to vote. Out of the whole body of delegates, upwards of two hundred, on a *yea* and *nay* record, only twelve refused to sustain the appeal, and some were non liquets. The President of the General Synod then announced officially: "That by an overwhelming majority, the Russell appeal was sustained."

The strong array of attorneys, advocates and self-appointed managers against me were, in chief, Rev. Dr. J. Spangler Kieffer, Rev. Dr. J. C. Bowman and Rev. Dr. C. Cort. Their stinging defeat was not much salved over with the above given very meager minority of the whole vote. One historical fact may be yet mentioned: Rev. Dr. John M. Shick, of special committee to examine and report on the regularity of the appeal papers, and before anything was heard from the plaintiff's side, expressed in advance voluntarily his opinion that the proposed appeal was not worthy of any consideration and moved that the committee recommend that it be thrown out of court. The big majority vote in favor of the appeal shows the value of his premature opinion. Having been my own sole attorney, and the righteous Lord my defender, there was nothing further to settle but to thank God for the favorable result.

The points established by the decision of the appeal in my favor, help to make clear the law for such rulings in the lower courts. It repaid me also for the wearing tax on feelings and patience of the whole General Synod in bringing the vexing issue to a triumphant conclusion. My family too, having been partakers of all the persecutions and malicious wrong, were of course sincerely gratified. We all joined in the heartfelt offering to the dear Lord for His guiding care, defence and deliverance.

The effect then of the General Synod's action on my appeal nullifies the Potomac Synod's unlawful order to the Mercersburg Classis. The work of the disturbing committee of the classis acting under the wrong order of the Potomac Synod was stayed and its bad work ruled out forever. Those who had refused to take part in the diabolical behests were relieved of all fear of threatened harm to themselves; and the main bull dozer found his favorite occupation, for once, gone. In the appeals before noticed, he had been invariably the main accuser. Himself, and one elder constituting the "Spiritual Council," swearing, or giving himself the form of an oath, so he could testify in his own court, making needed testimony to

carry his charges, ruling out statements of defence, then deciding his own cases, and finally as judge giving sentence in his court against the helpless defendants; that sort of court made trouble which had to be met and settled, as is hoped forever.

Means of Living

MANY have wondered how it was that our dependence has not been contingent on income from current salary in the service of the church. Even when serving a regular place, the salary has not been as a rule a full one. For some three years of my ministry, it was gratis, or next to nothing. Only for a few years of my whole official life was there anything like a moderate salary. My beginning at Pittsburgh after my ordination was on a \$500 commission, good part of which was paid by the mission; and at no time in my service even after the church was built, and the congregation self-supporting, was it more than seven hundred. In fact more than for my fifty years active ministry it has averaged less than five hundred dollars, at times only \$300 or less, per annum. It kept us of course living in very moderate measure, and always required continuous self-denial for myself and my family, and then it alone did not always reach our needs.

Some have guessed that most likely other substantial means had come to us by inheritance or speculation. But really, not any of our substance has come from either of these sources; nor was our living made, as the above will show, off of any fat salary in the hard years of church work. At the outset, my life was under the stern stress of poverty. Early Dr. Franklin's motto: "By industry we thrive," became a rule, and necessity enforced economy. It is some satisfaction to reflect, that the church was not taxed in any way for what we have. Even my education was obtained by self-struggles, without a dollar of beneficiary aid having ever been received, or asked for. Still I am very favorable to beneficiary help, and have given evidence of this in numerous cases, mostly in secret. Speculation was indeed in one case tried; along with many other simple minded people in our Reformed church, we dip-

ped in the Baker Silver Mining Company's stock; this as all know now sorely was a stupendous failure—not for me only, but for the many, even widows and girls as well as poor preachers, who fooled away their money in the same way.

No; not off the church indeed has my living and property come. It has always seemed a shame, if not a sin, to take unearned money as salary and pile up a fortune from what the people give for the gospel. Inheritance is quite another thing; but neither has that from any quarter come to me. However, the Lord has given me blessing in fair business tact, cultivated by early necessity; so that incidental work could be made to prosper without interfering with my ministerial calling. My first small savings were invested in some western land, unimproved, sold me by a friend who doubled his money on it. This was exchanged by me later, for a city lot. That was sold at an advance; after marriage the South avenue cottage in Allegheny was bought for a modest home to save rent, where myself and wife lived alone. It made one feel good to set foot on our own ground. It was the first home ever possessed since the family's loss in my early childhood. The first year of gratis service in the Allegheny mission, however cost us \$900 for living expenses, all the profit made on the sale of that property was thus used for the church. But the next home, bought on Sturgeon street, second bank of the river, to take us out of the reach of high water when the river overflowed, made up for what was thus apparently consumed. It cost \$3000, and after being somewhat improved was sold, when we had to remove to Philadelphia in church work, for \$7500 cash. Our Thirteenth street house in Philadelphia, we left after the small pox infection by the death of my brother. It was sold at a small loss. Then we returned to Pittsburgh.

Our Edgwood property then, was the next purchase for a home, in the eastern suburbs of Pittsburgh. This became our welcome retreat from the small pox plague. But in order the better to serve the Zion mission, East End, Pittsburgh, which had come into our hands, in less than two years from our pur-



TREK'S END—OUR HOME.

chase, we had to sell this delightful suburban place and move up into the city at East Liberty. The short time we had held it, brought quite an increase in value; so that we sold it at a net gain of several thousand dollars. This large profit was not an operation made in any sense as a speculation. It came to us without plan, simply in the path of duty and service to the church. The East End property however which we next secured while in the service of that mission, had to be sacrificed at a heavy loss, after our hasty removal in obeying the Board's call to Washington, D. C. In return for this sacrifice made for that church, we had to bear most shameful treatment from the Bi-Synodic management of missions, before the end of the second year. The loss by that remove was greater than the whole amount of salary received for the service while in Washington, which was so unnecessarily brought to an end. In that city we rented by the month, making payment always in advance. This continued after our discharge, as well as living expenses, for over six months waiting and hoping for a call elsewhere, after the summary action of the Board.

When we retreated from the Palatinate College storm, a farm property was bought for cash near Waynesboro for a home shelter. We expected, that with our habitual practice of frugal living we would at least be free now for the time of necessary sojourn, from all pecuniary pressure. But in an hour when we did not think, the evil of another's burden came upon us. One day the sheriff came into the yard; and after a pleasant greeting as an old friend, served an official writ on me for the payment of a long standing indorsement for a friend, amounting to upwards of four thousand dollars. Another of the same sort followed some time later, so that with principal and interest the extra sum to pay here was about \$6000. It seemed a heavy stroke. These helps for friends had been written long years ago, when they were regarded as perfectly safe. In a similar way, my father's good nature in our early days, had cost his family his earthly possessions, and had cast us all into absolute poverty. From that adversity, of course, a

hard lesson was learned, and early in life it was resolved not to be caught in a similar trap. But there are exceptions to all rules, and long safety from such trouble, and kindly feeling for others left me blind to the possible dangers against which Solomon in the Bible warns. Now the evil had come to touch us in the most tender place. With a heavy heart and resigned will, without salary, we gathered from our other slender available resources all that was within reach, and borrowed what more was yet needed to get out of the law's clutches. For eight or ten years next following, to the surprise of the people who did not know the circumstances, we lived rigidly poor; paying yearly interest and as much of the remaining principal from time to time as was possible. But it was a glad day therefore, when the uttermost farthing was paid and we again felt free. Without adequate salary and in no secular calling, except the limited income from the small farming interest by a tenant on shares, it was a slow process.

From the Mont Alto charge which was supplied for eight years, the meager income of near \$200 a year, did not more than help to pay our living expenses. Yet with all these apparent drawbacks, and including the years of gratuitous preaching in several other fields of missionary labor, we are better off today substantially, than some who during all these years were paid full salary. The Lord does not allow His servants to labor for naught. We are now moderately comfortable and have tolerably well provided for a rainy day—thanks to the dear Lord!

The penniless boy who began at the age of twelve years to earn wages at three dollars a month, afterwards by purchase and taking over property for indemnity, was encumbered at one time with upwards of seventeen hundred acres of land—none of which came by inheritance. More than half of what he owned in fee, he donated and conveyed by deed to Catawba College, North Carolina. This is undeveloped mineral land, for which the college expects to realize an endowment fund for a professorship in History and Constitutional Government of the United States and of the Reformed Church.

The last of the farms sold was noticed thus in a local item of news by the Herald:

HISTORIC FARM SOLD.

DR. RUSSELL PARTS WITH OLD HOMESTEAD.

Dr. Geo. B. Russell has sold his fine 100-acre farm in the Marsh Run district to James E. Welty. Dr. Russell has held the title to this farm from the estate of the late Henry Besore, since April, 1875, that is, thirty-two years. The line of possession runs back with but two changes, through his grandfather, David Besore, to his great-grandfather, Daniel Besore, 160 years, or to the days of the Indians. The original large tract, of which this farm is the last remaining part, included the Lecrone, the Omwake, the two Sarbaugh's, the Geo. Carbaugh farms and the whole of the properties of Polktown. The large home buildings, a stone house and barn, were erected more than one hundred years ago—about the largest and best style then and now in the whole neighborhood; and they are yet without break in the walls. Dr. Russell's age forbids him longer to manage the farm, and no male member of the large ancestral family is found to continue the historic line.

He can now almost literally sing the old song:

"No foot of land do I possess,
While trav'ling thro' this wilderness."

DONATION TO CATAWBA COLLEGE.

Some of my savings years ago were loaned to several college friends dealing in mineral lands. In course of time they offered to pay the loan by deeding to me 880 acres of mineral land. This was accepted rather than suffer loss. And that is how I was able to make the donation of *eight hundred and eighty* acres of rich mineral land in Somerset county, Pa., to the Catawba College, at Newton, N. C. These lands, as yet undeveloped, had been taken up by a fellow student, who had many years ago became a teacher, a surveyor, a lawyer, a President Judge. A large body of such mineral land along a projected railroad had been secured. But for long years the completion of said road had been hindered, and money was borrowed to hold the property. Finally to satisfy my loan a part of these

lands was deeded to me in fee. That is how it came to me, held for more than twenty-five years.

Meanwhile a lumbering company cut into my timber and stripped several hundred acres. A competent attorney laid claim for damages and secured enough from the trespass to re-emburse me for the loss of what was cut off. That left me nearly whole on the investment. Then it was offered to the N. C. College people. They willingly accepted and a deed in fee was made by me and witnessed by lawyer W. Tell Omwake, to the Trustees of Catawba College. After the Wilhelm gobble by Lancaster, it was not to be offered to the institution there. And it was impossible to convey it to Pittsburgh Synod—self-adjudged.

According to estimate it was worth then \$10,000. The President of the college says they had an offer of \$18,000 for the lease of the coals, leaving the iron and surface of the land still held by the institution. My advice was to close with the offer. But some parties who ought to know, tell them to hold on for more. They would perhaps take \$25,000. My idea was that the proceeds of the sale funded in a few years at interest would be better than a contingent higher sum later. But that is their affair. My gift is no mean thing for a needy college, and should be made available capital without risking coming opportunity. Other donations to education, churches and missions, run into thousands more, devoted to the cause of Christ—which may He bless!

Twenty-five years or more ago my eldest brother became financially embarrassed. I went to his help to the amount of \$10,193 in hard cash and notes. At first this seemed nice and easy. But when my own living income grew short and times with me were hard it was found impossible to realize anything at all even as interest from what was put in his hands. This stringency continued about twenty years, to the end of his days; and I never could find it in my heart to press a settlement by still more troubling him in forcing the property security to lawful sale. The interest was not paid me for over nine-

teen years; and this could not now be added to the principal. His town property and the merchant mill at Russell Station were by mortgage deed in the hands of his brother-in-law, a Chambersburg attorney, but it was not foreclosed at the time of his death. The Adams county mountain property had been deeded to me, in payment for my advances, but I could not realize on it, owing to a claimed reserved twenty-five years' lease encumbrance. When finally a few years ago it was sold, the amount fell more than six thousand dollars short of what was due me; and for the relief of his widow, I besides set apart \$3000 of the proceeds of the sale for her sole use; and to keep peace with the greedy heirs, a compromise settlement cost me \$2500 more in cash, besides to quiet that bogus lease. These things are mentioned to correct loose statements made by parties who do not know the facts. The above property contained four hundred and thirty acres of mountain land in Adams county, Pa.; which with the eight hundred and eighty acres in Somerset county, Pa., made quite a landed possession—from all of which there is now happy relief. The farm left gives me more than trouble enough to have it cared for by the tenant farmers. When it is remembered that the poor boy walked along the road by this property years ago, weary and lonely with not a dime to his name, it is a matter for humble gratitude to the "giver of every good and perfect gift," that He has provided without strain of integrity in business a comfortable home for the homeless child and also, now for his family. His early years were clouded with the loss of our father's place, and he for a large part of life was tossed about by uncertain changes in hope only of final rest in heaven. No earthly home such as is now left for my family was in remotest expectancy. It all comes from above.

My fields of ministerial labor actually number only seven for the more than fifty years since my ordination. A remarkable circumstance too is that in all this ministry in different places for me there was never an installation. At the beginning of a new mission there is of course no congregation over

which to be installed, or settled. And after months of service, when the organization has once been effected and officers elected it seems awkward then at that late day to begin to settle the missionary by such a service, which if it mean anything ought to take place if at all at the entrance of a minister into a new charge. Paul and Barnabas were never installed, but only set apart for the general missionary work, even where they continued for years in the same place. So Philip was not the settled pastor when he, on the way, baptized the Ethiopian eunuch, nor was that new convert attached or "joined" to any local church. In some such sense my ministry has fallen out. I once baptized a child, the little daughter of a Quakeress, who in a strange part of the country, out of my charge, in very earnest faith desired the baptismal sign and seal of grace in behalf of her offspring—though for reasons strong enough as was supposed to herself, she thought it best, that she should remain in "the covenant of the Friends." Some brethren to whom this fact was mentioned think the act irregular and not lawful under our church rules; but if there is any grace for the baptized child, pledged on the unquestioned faith of the mother, what was I, to withhold its administration?

Well, about calls and overtures. The next received after having been settled in Pittsburgh, already on faith without sight accepted, was one only the next year after settling in my first mission, from Dayton, Ohio, in May 1855. This came to me while at the Ohio Synod's meeting at Xenia. A committee brought me the call and for special reasons, urged its acceptance. I had less than a year and a half before, started in at an important mission point. It seemed to me therefore both foolish and trivial to drop a useful work only just begun, in order to take up what they urged was a better and more important and promising one. Rev. G. W. Williard was then lodging with me where we were both entertained together at Elder A. H. Baughman's hospitable home. When the object of the Dayton committee's visit was mentioned to my fellow lodger, he at once vehemently declared that I "deserved richly

a whipping for entertaining a thought of leaving my promising mission." Telling him to hold off mercifully with his threats, for such had not at all been my thought or intention, but that to get rid of the application, the committee would be turned over to him. He, it seemed, gladly took to that proposition. In some weeks thereafter, he seemed to have changed entirely his notion about the sinful impropriety of my leaving Pittsburgh and its mission; for, in an urgent letter, he begged me to come and take his place at Columbus, Ohio, so that he might go to Dayton. Oh, no; he was answered, it might cost a deserved whipping to leave Pittsburgh unless it were not as great a sin to remove in favor of Columbus to gratify the editor of the Western Missionary as to go to Dayton on a call which unsolicited came to me and which was turned over to him. It was found quite possible for him to leave, nevertheless, his mission at Columbus; and to Dayton he went.

The next place, besides the overture to Dayton, and out of it indirectly another to Columbus, was a formal call to Tiffin, Ohio. This was backed up by a long argument in a letter from Rev. Dr. Moses Kieffer, pressing me to a favorable answer, and holding out offers of coming honors besides, from the college there, of which he was then the acting president, along with his professorship in the Semniary. It was to some degree a temptation to a young man, who might now possibly leave a tolerably well established three-year-old mission. Inasmuch as no family ties then held him, it would have been comparatively easy to break up the then existing relations and leave for a new place. But there was grace enough to decline the flattering call.

Westmoreland College, of which mention elsewhere has been already made, was to be put in operation, not long after the Tiffin matter was declined. The presidency of the new institution was formally offered me by an actual election. But just then there were some considerations that still kept me at Grace church. Less than a year, however, after the overture was declined the presidency so strongly urged, would have been a

very easy thing in fact perhaps a relief to have taken the place, so lately pushed from my own shoulders. The turn of the kaleidoscope changes the combination of the figures.

Elder John Wiest then, after we had begun the work on the Allegheny side of the river, wanted me to give a favorable consideration to an overture from John Wanamaker to take charge of his then infant Bethany project in Philadelphia, with the promise that the church should be made Reformed; as his mother, sister and brother were members formerly at Chambersburg and later in that city. It did not suit me to go down on the particular Sunday indicated; and the Rev. Dr. Lowrey was invited to come instead. He took charge and Bethany was made a Presbyterian church.

Hagerstown, Md., was the next call formally made me. A committee consisting of Dr. Berry, E. M. Recher and a third gentleman whose name is not now recalled, came to me at Waynesboro while visiting my mother for a few weeks of my vacation, and brought me a pressing call from the Hagerstown charge. Mr. Recher had been one of my former students, and would not take no for an answer. Rev. Dr. Harbaugh and Judge Syester, a college classmate, also added their urgency to the call. It was a prominent and historical charge, and in the bounds of which my paternal grandfather lay buried, and some other preponderating influences favored the acceptance; yet it was reluctantly declined. Often since then, the decision would have been otherwise. The present pastor, then a young man, who had been one of my successors at the head of the Middletown school, was next recommended by Dr. Harbaugh, and he accepted.

Another election came to me as the first pastor of the Trinity congregation now at Seventh and Oxford streets, Philadelphia. Drs. Maybury and Gloninger, Elder Graver and Rev. Dr. S. R. Fisher pressed that call upon me; and a good salary was provided by our rich members in that city. It had its drawings too, and for some reasons the inclinations were in its favor, especially as they wanted me settled near the Mes-

senger office. It is hard to say just now satisfactorily why that call was not promptly accepted. Had it been doubtless my history and the shaping of the new congregation, out of which so much wealth has come for Ursinus College, might have been different. If mistake was made, the good Lord pardon it. It is one of the regrettable things in Protestantism that these decisions are left so much to the personal influences at work in any case. Informal offers through Dr. S. R. Fisher, next came from Emmittsburg, Md., and another from Somerset, Pa., and overtures from various other places, though the matter was not put in the form of direct calls. In those times it seemed calls and overtures were flush. Later in the years, when nothing was in hand, some of these would have been very acceptable indeed. But the dead line, though nearing, had not yet then been crossed.

The superintendent of missions offered me the appointment to the newly proposed church enterprise at Kittanning, Pa., and strongly urged me to accept. Having some years before preached the first Reformed minister's sermon in that place, it may have been a pointer in the line of duty. But an opening was provided for Rev. D. S. Dieffenbacher, my former elder in Grace church, who had been urged by me to enter the ministerial office in which his father had served till death; and so he was recommended by me in my stead at the time he was licensed.

Similar was my course in reference to Martinsburg, W. Va., before the present pastor was called to that charge, through my suggestion to Dr. Fisher, who had asked me to entertain the overture made to me. At that time very little of its condition or of subsequent promise was known to me, and small sympathy ran that way. Some time after this, came Elder Richard Gray's offer of the Winchester charge. Since becoming better acquainted with the church and people there, it sometimes seems to me as though it were well had that pleading request been answered in the affirmative. Only the Lord can see the end from the beginning. We are short-sighted.

The Delaware people, in a formal call, also sent through the personal persuasive letters of my warm friend Elder J. G. Brown, in 1881, made it hard for me to give them a negative answer. In the light of what has since happened them the matter is much to be regretted.

While in Boston collecting for the new church in Pittsburgh, Deacon Moses Grant became interested in our mission work. He not only gave me recommendations to some benevolent men of that city, who responded in subscriptions running well up towards two hundred dollars for Grace mission, but gave a flattering personal offer besides. After several full exchanges of discussion on our church's theology and history, he became so alive to our position, that he offered to buy "The Tremont Chapel," between the Boston Commons and the State House for \$15,000 and present it to the Reformed church; *provided* I would come at once and take charge of the new interest, bringing our positive gospel to theologically hungry New Englanders. He felt convinced that Puritanism had about run to seed; and the negative crop was Unitarianism, Universalism, Spiritualism and bald Infidelity. Real positive religion resting on the old faith, he thought would help to save it. He would venture that much of his large Christian benevolence in the effort to do so for his people in Congregationalism. Had it been Dr. Harbaugh or Dr. Higbee, the offer might have been taken. It was urged in turn by me upon both of these men, at that time to accept the noble and well meant gift. But their hands were also tied as well as were mine at the same time; so nothing further came of it. The Presbyterians and Episcopalians have been reaping in that harvest field since 1857, and have grown strong. Had our system of positive faith and real Christological religion been planted in Boston then, it might have conquered New England for us. Instead, the Roman Catholics, then few, are coming to be in the majority in some parts of the home of the early Puritans.

Harrisburg, some time after the Boston offer, came next in a tentative overture on conditions, through the Kelkers. One

of the brothers asked me to "write out in-extenso my ideas on practical religion and politics," especially politics. Although not in sympathy, it seemed rather uncalled for to undertake thus to catechise and examine me with a view of becoming the pastor there. The other calls accepted and under which service was given, have been referred to before. Mention especially may also be made additionally of Dr. Schaff's offers to have me join in his overburdening work in New York, at what was regarded in our church a high salary, a combine of \$4000. This offer was something of the same kind that came with the overture from Kansas City, where the elder said three per cent. a month might be realized on investments, to accept the good opportunity. Money was not however the keynote in any call to me. After that fact became somewhat known, some niggardly offers were made to me, here and there, to act as agent or secretary, or on committees to raise funds for interests which could well afford to pay for such work, and did in fact afterwards pay others.

Of the several calls accepted, some became sources of regret and sorrow, whose effects are felt to this day. One was the position of editor tendered by the Eastern Synod, placing me in what became an irksome relation to the Publication office. another was the appointment as first missionary to Washington city, D. C. And the third, equally as bad, was the election and acceptance to the presidency of Palatinate College. Each and all of these drew me away from my original and historical relations to the church work in Western Pennsylvania; where my life's service ought to have been continued uninterruptedly, with prospect of greater usefulness and success. Surely, it seems more ground would have been made and doubtless more fruit gathered from continuous service there, to which full training had been previously given. But my hour-glass is running out, and no second time do we "pass this way" in our weary pilgrimage. One lesson was indeed well learned and burned into bitter experience: Avoid "Boards"! Boards, indeed! These may have their uses, for some purposes and

some men. Some men and their work, and some church enterprises may doubtless be the better for them; but others too may have many reasons to shun them and regret them as so many necessary buzzing and irritating pests. Boards perhaps are now better, and they may have learned much.

The overture looking to my proposed election to the presidency of Heidelberg college, carried with it all that was necessary—except the formal vote of the Board of Trustees, which was certain and sure as indicated, had only consent thereto been given in advance. Of this, the principal men then interested again assured me recently at Tiffin. But as stated in my letter of declination, another man had been for years under the full conviction that he then was the only proper man for the place. In some considerable sense that was logically true. Any other man who should be placed there, except himself, would soon find as several did to their sorrow, that chair too warm a seat. Besides, he was more in sympathy, than myself, with the reigning spirit then more than now of the New Measure caste in the Ohio Synod; and therefore it was felt by me, that he was better suited for the place. It was my honest opinion apart from personal considerations of ease and comfort, that everything pointed to him as the right man.

In so far as his election and administration has been for the prosperity of Heidelberg, it is gratifying to me. But in finding his true level, he was afterwards by the force of circumstances shoaled out of office and made to feel the sand and gravel gritting hard on his fretted feelings and ambition. This law of compensation in history is as sure as shooting, or sunshine.

Some of the principal members of the Board of Trustees had written to me in September, 1865, "We are now looking around for a new president of the college, and your name has been mentioned. We have settled down upon you as being not only a suitable person to take charge of our college at Tiffin, but as *being the most suitable person* that we have in the church east or west." "We can secure your election if there

is any prospects of having your services. . . . For the sake of our church in the west, give us a favorable response." I declined beforehand.

Rev. Dr. J. C. Bucher and Rev. Dr. C. Z. Weiser, both proposed to me similarly in personal overtures to gain my consent near a score of years later, to stand for an election to the same office at Lancaster. That project was not encouraged.

An actual election to the presidency of Westmoreland College came to me, when that institution was bought and reorganized. The office was declined by me in favor of Dr. F. K. Levan.

The projected Pittsburgh, or Wilhelm's College, was also formally put in my hands as acting president; and the institution could have been made a success, had not underhand work, by men more friendly towards the east, brought on premature disaster.

And so also came the Palatinate College presidency, which was accepted in 1881 and for several years served with much promise of success, till it was gladly resigned.

In the discharge of all hard and useful duties there is likely to be suffering going before glory; as is exemplified in the case of Joseph in Egypt. Yet there are some places into which some men force themselves, without obtaining glory. Out from these self-made appointments they will in due time think it more comfortable to escape. My rule has been *never to fish for a charge, and never to scheme for a place*. As the church must give you the outward call to official work, and the authorities directing the local duties must choose you, it is worse than folly to take all that into one's own hands. Until in this sense some man has hired me, there may be reason enough when the Master asks about standing in idleness, to tell Him that we have not been officially engaged. Run not before being called, lest the question comes, What hast thou to do, to engage thus in the Lord's work? If He has something for His servants to do, the voice will surely come; though Paul was kept in prison two whole years, and Luther was similarly con-

fined and cut off for an equal time from outside work, yet that was the Lord's way to the end. This must bring some consolation for the waiting ones, unemployed. Since my relief from asthma and with easier finances, it has been an ardent desire to be again more directly in the harness; but for years no pastoral charge or mission called me.

Some eight or more years ago, the classis and some of the mission board were notified that my health would justify me in serving a charge and my private means be the support. While no place in commission of the Board could be taken on the pay of the treasury, yet my own resources with self-denial would satisfy my family and thus be a saving to the church in men and money. This conditional offer of service was repeated and made more than once. Inquiry direct of a board officer as to why nothing came of it, he replied that it was because he did not take me as in earnest nor think my offer really meant that the service would be wholly gratis!

To help in the solution, several places known to be open for occupancy were mentioned, as Charlotte, N. C., or a second effort in Washington, D. C., or a mission Sunday-school even in our own town. Yet none of the possibilities were tried, and no opening at my own charges was offered. If that means that the Lord has no such call for me, and "no man hath hired me," by those who sit in authority—then the result must be accepted. It would have been in some sort a comfort to me, if another fair trial had come for work in Washington, where success would have become the best answer to the mistake of laying me off, in those years of unfair treatment long ago by the executive committee of the Board. Perhaps humiliation needs to be made more complete. At all events, it cannot run much longer till the end will reveal what there is hidden in the as yet unreached solution. He that believeth in Him shall not make haste, and the best interpreter will make the riddle plain. They also serve who only stand and wait.

Speaking of the "pious Germans," who brought on the rebellion against Dr. Schaff's "Romanizing teachings" in the Sem-

inary, take the following instance as a specimen of those men. Four of them at the end of the winter term, started for a good time on a vacation "Reise," like the students in Germany used formerly to do, and something like tramps do now, without any funds to pay their way. The first day brought them early in the afternoon to Waynesboro where they soon reached a good elder's store. As he was one of the Synòd's Board of Visitors to the seminary, and known by name to them, so these theological students set themselves down there and piously patronized him with all sorts of learned religious talk, till night drew on. Although he had a large house, it was not just the thing according to his notion to take all the squatters in for lodging. When he finally suggested the neighboring hotel, they were well pleased, but notified him plainly that they could not pay for the entertainment. To make the best of it, however, he politely agreed to do them that kind service, and took them over, having engaged rooms and supper. Being hungry they did full justice to the occasion and ate most heartily. Then they proceeded to order up all sorts of extra conveniences and hotel comforts to their room; where they held high revelry amid thick fumes of old tobacco pipe smoke, in real orthodox theological discussions, till after midnight. The next day when morning drew well on towards noon, they left without making any sign of thanks to their generous entertainer. The hotel man reported that since he had kept that house he never had to clean up after a filthier set of men than these who seemed to have done their worst to soil up the beds and rooms; a lasting memory of those same pious German theological students! They are all dead now, and have ceased to buy tobacco to burn, and to impose for necessities on good will.

I wrote a history of that "German Rebellion in the Seminary," for a society of Inquiry's assignment. It was put in the archives in care of the Charta-Philex; and if it has not been lost or destroyed in the removal, it ought to have still some of the primitive fact relating to that unrighteous treatment of Dr. Schaff. Had he resigned and left the church too at that

time, he could not have had much blame laid to his charge. That course at least was demanded by self-respect. The worst of the disorderly set went to Tiffin, and were welcomed and received with open arms, as champions of the true faith. The rival seminary regularly received them and afterwards by party feeling they entered into the holy ministry. Their tracks can be traced in the history of those times, showing the evil effects of too pious partisan prejudice.

Dr. Schaff himself was cured of some of his first crude notions. In the earlier part of his years here, he thought America should be Germanized to some extent, literally in language as well as in spirit. One great thing however he did find it possible to do: that was to awaken an interest on this side of the water in German literature, philosophy and theology in New England as well as in our church. English born students were soon led in the direction of German thought and more thorough investigation of truth. To this end we attended his lectures delivered in the German language; and joined the German Rauch literary society, "Gesellschaft," getting so far as "reading, declamation, debate," and finally reaching its presidency and also conducting the exercises in that tongue, not one word of which was at one time thought possible to me, and not enough is known now. While we tried to cultivate the rich German, we could not so well fall in love, as Keafauber said, with the coarse specimens themselves. Perhaps we did not always meet the best class of that wonderful people. One of those, who became a minister and Doctor of Divinity, I once heard stoutly assert and hold by stiff discussion, that Adam and Eve spoke German in Paradise; and he then set up an argument to prove that this, because of its fitness, was the original language of the whole earth. Such ignorance and prejudice and much such like nonsense bring upon German people the common American reproach of being "dumb Dutch."

My address, delivered forty odd years ago, before the literary societies of Heidelberg College at Tiffin, Ohio, had for its subject "The Influence of the German Element in America."

That, you may notice, was long before there was as much of its odd millions and power and fashion known among scholars as now. There were then considerably fewer German scholars and students, and books, and some false as well as good theological teachings, in the original and in translations, than at the present day. A professor or preacher nowadays cannot set himself up for much in this country, unless he has been to Germany and has also brought back with him some of its good and, it may be, bad peculiarities. But that address then made, on what many thought was new ground, was in the correct line of historical thought coming into view before it was fashionable and popular. And it has doubtless produced some good fruit in calling attention to the rich stores of thought, collected by the honeybees of the fatherland, which have since been more fully opened to the earnest men of America. Recently, after so many years, the Rev. Dr. M. Scheelig, shortly before his death, wrote to me, asking if I had anything more in that department of literature, in which he had now also come to have large interest.

The foreign-born German Americans are now not as deeply set against the change of their language to our national English, as were those of the first half of the previous century. The conservatism that so tenaciously held to the old tongue was perhaps stronger in our Reformed people especially in those who had settled in east Pennsylvania before days of free schools, than is found in the cities of the west and among those of later immigration. It was a serious loss to themselves and their immediate descendants to oppose the English in the churches; but still more, a great damage to the Reformed church. One of my most earnest efforts in all my public ministerial life has been to reconcile as far as possible the Germans to the inevitable necessity of providing their English growing children with church homes in our own church, by fostering close relations of fraternal confidence between the German and English congregations of our own denomination. It is a satisfaction to know that this has won the confidence of some

of the leading German ministers who know that it is not in order to take advantage of them, and deplete their churches; but to save the young people to our beloved Reformed church. One of them in a late General Synod, soliciting my aid for one of their plans said: "we regard you, Dr. Russell, as a *fair man*; and you go straight, where we also can come."

Ecclesiastical Meetings

THE Westmoreland Classis was my official home immediately after entrance upon the work of the ministry. Having been examined and licensed by the Eastern Synod at sessions in Philadelphia, October, 1853, I was then placed under the care of the Lancaster Classis, which ordained me on a call to a new mission, February 13, 1854, and dismissed me to the Westmoreland Classis in whose bounds then was the proposed first English-German Reformed church of Pittsburgh. Eleven annual meetings of that classis marked my regular attendance as stated clerk or president, besides special meetings of which no register was kept; having held all the offices and shaping much work. Then a dismission to the St. Paul's Classis came, in which then lay my work, and of which I was a member at six annual meetings, and also once president. My next classis was the Philadelphia, for three years. Returning thence to Pittsburgh, where a new classis had meanwhile been formed out of part of the Westmoreland and St. Paul's, called the Allegheny Classis, becoming a member and was also once president, having attended its annual meetings for six years. Thence, they dismissed me to the Maryland Classis, where membership was held for two years; was present previously at three other annual meetings of the same body, before my ordination. I remember having been present also at two meetings of the Clarion Classis, while living at Pittsburgh. And only once was member of the old Lebanon Classis, while President of Palatinate College at Myerstown. The Mercersburg Classis was my next home, and for a longer time, of which also in course I became president. Twenty-four annual, besides a number of special meetings are already counted in the last list, besides several absences. Thus making a total of some fifty

odd classical meetings, in most of which it was my duty to take working part.

At synodical meetings the attendance was also quite varied. The Ohio Synod, 1854, was the first to which my membership belonged. It met then in "convention"; and for nine annual sessions I was in attendance; during which a wide range of experience in its business fell to my lot, working on many special committees and once, at Dayton, as president of that body. At one of the Synod's meetings, it was made my commission to act as corresponding delegate from the west to east, afterwards from the Eastern Synod to the Western, bearing its fraternal greetings to the west.

The Eastern Synod claims to be the "mother of us all." Besides having ordained me, it also sent me as just stated to greet the brethren of the west. In one of its annual meetings, at Lewisburg, while Dr. Fisher was acting president they appointed me to act temporarily for that year in his office of stated clerk; also sent me as delegate to the Dutch Reformed General Synod after our three hundredth anniversary. At fifteen of its annual meetings it was my privilege to be in attendance. During some of these meetings much of our most interesting history was made and we there met the master minds of the church.

Thereafter, came six annual meetings of the Pittsburgh Synod, as a member and holding office and bearing some of its early burdens. From enjoying its highest favor, they brought me also through suffering and sorrow, to subsequent glory. Tribulations are not pleasant but grievous, though afterwards come the peaceable fruits like a welcome relief from toothache. It was during this period that the bitter trouble and injustice arose in the transfer of "The Reformed Era" to the eastern Publication Board. Few can know what that tribulation was to me.

With my transfer to Washington, D. C., and subsequent removal to Waynesboro, my synodical relations were changed again, this time to the Synod of the Potomac, where for long

years I had strong enmities to encounter and overcome. My duties as delegate from the classis to this body have not come as regularly nor as frequently as in years gone by to the other Synods. Only ten times has it been my call to meet with this Synod. Nor is there felt the same personal interest in its proceedings. The spirit in these meetings is changing. The old warriors are passing away, and the young men have something to learn; but occasionally the chariots of Israel and the horse-men thereof have ascended also from these realms.

Of the General Synod attendance mention is made with a good degree of pleasure. From the Triennial Convention at Winchester, Va., came as an outgrowth of its action, the first meeting of the General Synod at Pittsburgh, November, 1863. It was my privilege to take large part of the western committee from the Ohio Synod in the preliminary work of the formation of the General Synod; and have been present at all the meetings from the beginning till now except three: Akron, the first at Baltimore, and the first one held at Tiffin, and though a delegate to Allentown, was unable to attend. Vice-president, corresponding secretary, twice chairman of the committee on the state of the church, once on a committee to amend the constitution, and other appointments on special business, made a full proportion of work where there were giants in this high court. All my relations with the General Synod have been most pleasant, and it is to be hoped profitable; though the former stated clerk inadvertently entirely omitted my name as a regular delegate from the minutes of a whole regular triennial meeting. And other records put my name on the wrong side of several aye and nay votes; and credited one of my regular reports to another member of a committee. These instances are mentioned to show how fallible are human records of what is usually taken as true official history.

The Alliance of Reformed churches holding the Presbyterian system held its meeting in Washington, D. C., in the fall of 1899. At this, it was my privilege to represent, along with other delegates, the General Synod of the Reformed Church in

the United States. It was my first and only election to attend that venerable body, made up of delegates from all lands in the world, where there are Reformed or Presbyterian churches. The button badge of its membership given its members, is among the keepsakes of the grand occasion. "*Lamps many light one.*"

This record may also make mention of dedication sermons at more than a dozen churches and cornerstone layings; also the dedication address of the new Diagonthian Hall, Lancaster, and the one at the formal opening of the St. Paul Orphans' Home, Butler, as well as that of the Bethany Orphans' Home, Womelsdorf; besides one before the literary societies of Heidelberg, at Tiffin, and the one at the Female College, Greensburg, one at the Westmoreland College, Mt. Pleasant, and one at Palatinate College, 1870, and afterwards, 1883, the Inaugural when made president of the same. Later, 1900, the literary address at Catawba College, N. C., and the same year at Massanuttan, Woodstock, Va. The Alumni address at Lancaster, 1882, and an annual at Pen-Mar Reunion, and at the National Y. M. C. Association when a delegate at Cincinnati, Ohio, and at the semi-centennial at Mercersburg, 1885, containing a bold prophecy, since then come true. Yet this has not made me a popular platform speaker. Off-hand in the rough is perhaps my fort, before a miscellaneous audience especially in form of debate. A man is as much a creature of circumstances and surroundings, as an original agent or factor.

It has been my good fortune to have met many excellent men and women, of whom it is an honor to be recognized as an acquaintance and fellow laborer in the work of the age. Noble souls, holding rank in the Lord's service, give spur and inspiration to even a modest one needing help and sympathy. But the other sort are also to be met in much larger number. Perhaps most of the many men of many minds are to be found with one's antagonists. But my early sturdy stoic training from boyhood made it possible to meet this class of people and hold my own with them. Some were magnificent fighters, cor-

dial haters, and endowed with great capacity for jealousy, gnawing envy, and superb selfishness. As ministers, according to St. Paul, are men of like passions with their fellows, it is not very surprising to find some of them yet under partially unsubdued and uncrucified nature. David had still some of the bitter grit in him, as can be traced in some of his utterances against his enemies, who were more numerous than the hairs of his head—and he was not bald-headed either. And some of the brethren in our day certainly are true descendants of Adam, who begat Cain that quarreled with Abel. These have repeatedly rough-shod crossed my path. Occasionally there is found a sort of ministerial assassin, whose weapon strikes you in the back, related to an ancient lot, for backbiters were known in the early church. I have never been converted to non-resistance pure and simple against such devilish work.

About in proportion as these antagonists are pious, or suppose themselves to be so, the more troublesome they are to resist. When they tackle one they are like Saul in his zeal starting on the journey towards Damascus; and if not restrained by a power from on high, they become fearfully and wonderfully “mad” in their furious persecutions. God has given me grace however at times to meet such shocks with suffering fortitude but firm challenge and even fight as did Paul with Barnabas, or when withstanding Peter to the face; and possibly my combative nature here and there was unduly active on the side of the flesh. While our Christ love may hate sin, and “resist the devil,” there is danger however that the carnal may take a little too much credit to itself. If we only negatively with good do resist evil to overcome it, the result is satisfactory. As far as known therefore, let me say my contests have not been waged from mere carnal enmity, but from a sense of personal duty in behalf of Christian self-respect and regenerate manhood. We may cherish however no hate to any who have been persecutors, or to the mistaken leaders of wrongs done, or sought to be done to me or my family. The Lord pardon

whatever has been amiss, in thought, or word, or deed! As much as in us lieth, we must withal be peacemakers.

What makes me think my work and writings have not fallen still born, is the manner of approval they have met with generally from a number of our most prominent ministers and laymen. Spontaneously and entirely free from solicitations many letters came to me at different times referring to a wide scope of subjects treated. It was satisfactory as well as flattering to have warm words of sympathy and encouraging approbation come from Drs. Nevin, Schaff, T. G. Apple, F. W. Kremer, A. H. Kremer, Ellis N. Kremer, Bowman, Zacharias, Harbaugh, Whitmer, Keafauver, Swander, Kerr, Noll, P. C. Prugh, Wingert, Gross, Kunkle, Santee, Hacke, Leonard, Levan, Brown, Gray, Gerhart, Miller, Hoy and many others not now called up by memory, who were kind enough to address me with their hearty favor and extend approbation for something said or written, done independently during those years of living history. If the divine favor were as decided, there is hope for reward.

It is in no small degree gratifying that from the most obscure and unpromising beginnings, handicapped with poverty and without social or family influences or fortuitous conditions the average man may rank *primus inter pares*, in the historical settings of the ages. Not for pride is mention made therefore of such things. Life from this end view is something more than that, and when report is made of what enters into particular history, there is occasion to fill in such facts. Testimony from third parties is not self praise. It is not profitable to put on record the bitter opposition evoked. If there were some lively contest and hard knocks, the vigor was not all on one side.

The Confessional as established, held and enforced in the Romish system is no part of my religious practice or faith. The priest, as such, has no business with my personal lapses in sin. With a thin partition between him and penitent sinners, he cannot control or efface transgressions. Nor does that order

prevent like occurrences of evil in the lives of his people. According to that system, the priest must also confess his sins to another priest or bishop, and the bishop so on up to some one else. My private shortcomings and personal offences against the love and law of God, need not be revealed to any other man; for when you confess and lay all bare to the priest, that does not wipe the stain from the soul. Jesus is priest enough for me. Hence, what is sinful and unholy in my long life, though great and innumerable, need not be put on record in these pages. Only the blood flowing from the cross washes away the stains. It is not priestly confession, but Christly absolution that cleanses the record from its past blots. If that be mine, no human ear or eye need know my secret faults. Because not enumerated here, it is not therefore to be claimed that there has been nothing to regret and no repentance for many wrong doings and neglected duties. Our merciful High Priest knows all and makes the atonement, without requiring a detailed rehearsal to be given. And I do not like to say that "by the authority given to me," an absolution is given to the people.

It is not at all likely that the miscellaneous writings under different names and no names, appearing in the papers and periodicals through a long course of years, will even in part ever be collected into volumes and published. But for reference by any historian gathering up the constituent elements entering into controversies and discussions of the times, they may be of more value than now appears, so reference is made to the current literature of those years.

It is running well into fifty-four years since my ordination to the office of the gospel ministry. Of these, a number must be deducted for intervals not in active duty, amounting in fact to some years. There should however also be account made of such periods as carried extra work; for instance, when teaching and preaching regularly in a charge, or when in a pastorate and at the same time publishing and editing—as also contributing at irregular intervals to the periodicals and making books

for the people. The times thus employed in estimated extra work, fully make up for the off years spent as vacation times so that recuperation was provided for new service. Hence all the years of my ministerial life may be averaged together as officially employed.

Nothing was needed to be counted off on account of sickness or inability from decrepitude of age. For me, it always seemed easier to work than to suffer, as many invalids have testified. My thankfulness for this, is far less than the mercies of our Lord require. A life of long years devoted to the heavenly calling may possibly bring forth fruit more than appears on the surface; because the power of divine grace works in the hidden mysteries through feeblest outward means. While humbly lamenting the apparent barrenness of my best efforts, it will be a matter of joyous surprise if the glory of the Lord appears in the final day to have been in any way promoted in my help to His cause. My hearty prayer is that the seed sown may all germinate and bring forth fruit for eternity's harvest, when we shall join in shouting the "harvest home." It is not a vain stretch of faith to look for such gracious fulfilment of the Master's promise. Do we serve these years for personal considerations of any sort, or for the highest purpose of doing good in the name of Jesus?

Homeward at Fourscore and Four

OLDNESS is not my complaint. If the infirmity of age ever does come to me, it will be in light afflictions, "fewer than our sins and less than our guilt." Entering on fourscore and four draws one toward the natural end, bearing the cross in the homeward way. The swan song must soon come now, or forever remain unsung. Days and years gliding silently into the ever closing wake of time admonishes one of the measured and full age approaching the "House Appointed for all living." As you watch the sun descending to the western hills, it sinks rapidly towards the horizon, seeming to move with accelerating speed to its setting. Its pace, the while, though steady and regular as at high noon, does not close the day with a rush. It rolls no more rapidly now than at midday in the heavens. But it does not seem the same towards its going down in robes of golden glow, changing anon to duller tints fading rapidly. Our faith then waits for another dawn. Thus peaceful at our terminal comes the change of life, folded in gracious promise for a new morning of eternal day.

Exceptional strength lasting above the fourscore years is for the more part, as the Scriptures tell, but labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away. But a shock of corn gathered in its season tells in its emblem truth of happy old age, full of ripened blessings. As it is not a sad thing for the sun at its appointed hour to set, because it shall rise again, so in a similar sense it is not an untimely ending for a full aged Christian to die. He shall indeed rise again in the resurrection morning. The Sun of Righteousness shall bring in the eternal day, and give to age new bloom of lasting youth.

Having reached the limit of the inevitable, we seem to draw near the unseen ocean's shore in the flowing river of time, and

the resounding roar of the tide as we approach is heard nearer and clearer. The voyage to the unknown realm beyond to which we are hastening, must soon begin. As you near eternity from the sand hills of this life, you may in advance hear the indistinct murmurs of the breakers sounding louder and stronger till more certainly the deep tones fall on the expectant soul. In this experience there is no call for undue alarm. It is a mistake of wrongful habit to clothe age with dread foreboding. Better familiarize one's self with the Christian comforts brought to faith—sure in the last hours, of spreading a halo around the death bed of the pilgrim. Let my last end be the Christian's triumph in the peace of Jesus!

To pass one's eighty-fourth birthday gives a somewhat nearer view of the heavenward side of earthly existence. It is now not terrible at all to me. My mother who was nearing her home in her ninety-first year, in cheerful answer to a remark made for her peace and comfort, said: "Oh, George, I am not at all afraid to die." This helped to comfort me, and possibly one reason for my own diminishing fear of the dread messenger has been the fruitful example of her strong faith. Many times and through trying years there was to me something exceedingly unwelcome in the possible nearness to death. It was hard, for instance, to see and realize how the blessed martyrs could without dread look upon their immediate approaching dissolution. Of course it was by faith, strong at their trying and dying hour. But the personal question was, how would it be with me? A shrinking fear often became master, as when the small pox came into our house and took my brother. And a sudden call of some near accident as on a railroad smash-up, would at times have been terrifying and alarming. God be praised, that in Christ Jesus there is full victory over that fear—not only for the martyrs, but for our friends and for me also. The Lord makes it stronger!

There are what are called infirmities of age common to octogenarians, which generally make life a burden to themselves and to others. From these, my lot has been remarkably free.

Except an attack of grippe years since and formerly a long tussle with asthma, of which a partial cure was happily effected in the last decade of the century just closed, there is nothing of such like to note. But even with all their ordinary ills, many old people are not only willing but perhaps solicitous to continue under their weight of years and sorrows for an indefinite time, instinctively almost as keen and strong as in youth. As to the definite termination of the "days of the years," the most ancient of the fathers remembered, give the standard by which to calculate. The high eighties or even nineties which they are disposed to have set are hopefully for their allotment.

Our main concern is not so much to know the final definite measure and end as to use the waning time of the Lord's appointment in passively fulfilling His will. Old age doubtless has its divine purpose in glorifying the God of our lives. However feeble and impotent the physical powers may grow, as compared with the vigor of years gone by, yet in the patient waiting on the Lord there may be one blessing and a happy example of service in His name. If some fruit in old age appears, the greater is the power of grace. To come to the end in peace is the Christian hope.

At any time now for me, may come the happy release. The call to the laborers at the end of the day is to *give* them their wages—"to every man a penny." It is indeed my constant duty to stand on the watch, in obedience to the admonition, "Be ye also ready." And now in this frame of mind with firm faith, there need be no occasion for alarm or uneasiness because the messenger shall sooner or later—and soon at the latest—be sent with the call at the end of my life's day. No reflections this side of death, however, can solve the universal mystery beyond. Each one must await its unfolding as an individual experience; and this brings to nature more or less instinctive dread. But the way to look at it now, at my advanced age is not to regard it as a dreadful thing to die. If the end of the day comes when the work is done, the ready servant enters gladly into rest.

This, in faith, courage and hope, by divine grace, is what gives us comfort and peace.

My chief regret is that my life has been so comparatively barren of fruits, and that the results have been so much smaller than could be wished. And yet, considering the unpropitious start, there is surely much indebtedness for divine favor and help in what was accomplished. At no point now within present memory could more have been done with the same light and convictions of duty. Though there be many shortcomings and occasions of conscious failure which with my past experience and present concepts, could have been very much improved or turned to better account,—yet as to a faithful desire at the time and with the ability given then in the same circumstances, only small difference could be expected, in going through another such trial. Imperfections, mistakes and failures are deeply deplored; and wrong-doings, falls and sins are sincerely repented of; while my prayers also have been that the Lord would forgive the failures, so as to complete the imperfect, prosper the good intent, make full what fell short of its great end; and finally crown all with the fullness of Christ—thus making all things work together for good, to His glory and for our gracious reward. Fully conscious of this great need, I humbly leave all the sowing, the unskilled culture, and the final heavenly harvest to the overruling love and power of our heavenly Father, in Christ Jesus our Lord. My work in the main has been indeed rather commonplace, and so far as there has been fruit, nothing remarkable stands out above many servants.

Eminence on life's roll as that word goes has not been my chief aim; nor has it been my satisfying attainment. But to work up from a low position towards a higher condition for greater usefulness at least an average grade of man, was an early and deepseated purpose. It was however more for the sake of my mother and sisters and later my family than for myself personally; all for Christ and quite as much for general service in my day and generation in the church and civil so-

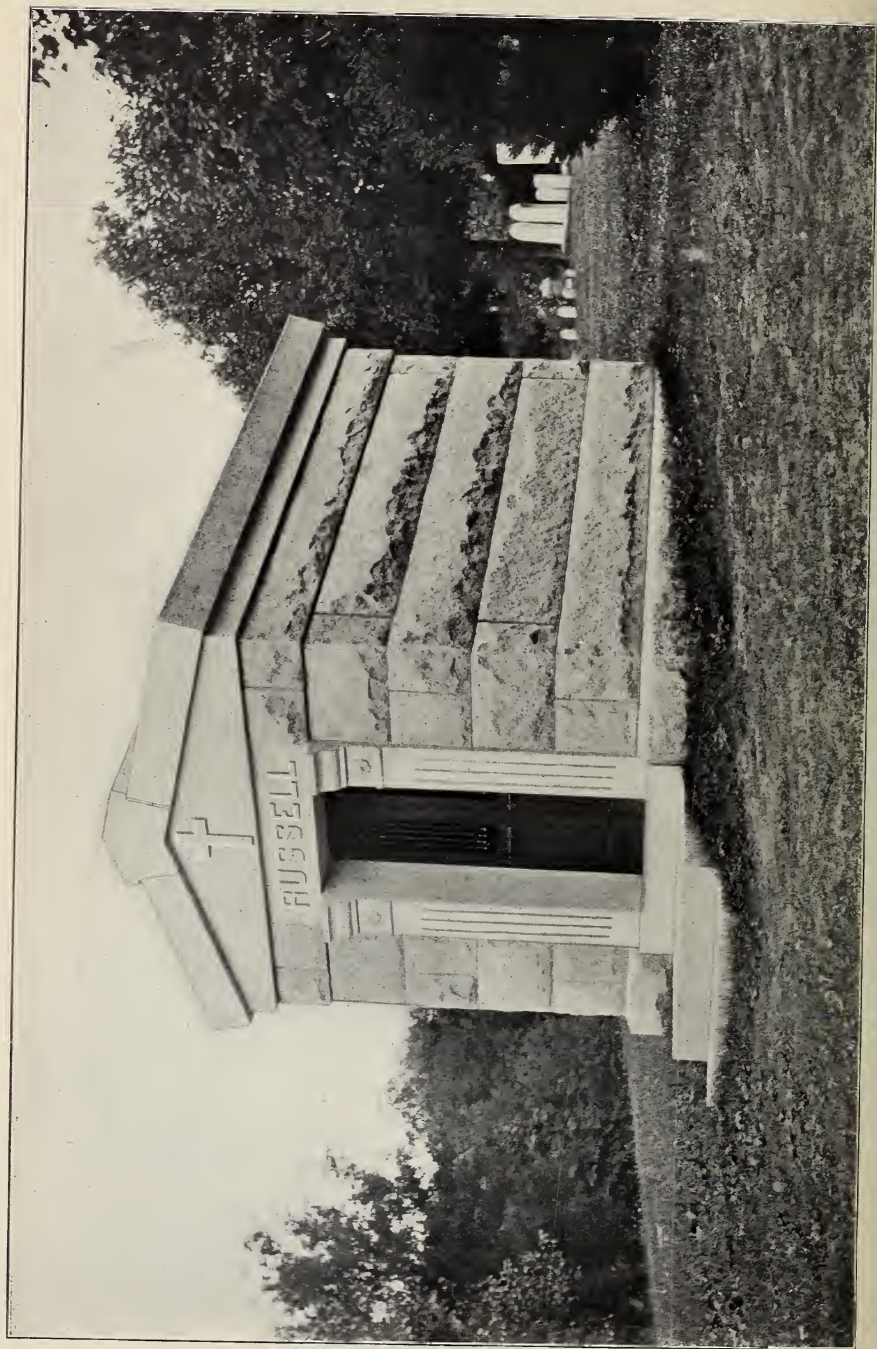
ciety. It was no small success indeed, for a poor boy to have started with a very meager slice of common school advantage and with no pecuniary means, and in a rush of short time, preparing for college in only seventeen weeks' study of Latin and Greek, having been barely admitted though unsolicited to the Freshman class (on probation); and from sheer necessity, in order to get self-supporting means, losing weeks and months oftentimes, of college attendance each year; yet holding fair rank in his class, and graduating with next to the first honor. These losses had to be made up, so as to maintain class standing, besides rising above the low grade held at the start, while preparing also his own meals for several years, and ending only half a point in the average grade of the whole course, below the highest class honor of one who had not been so handicapped at the beginning. The real difference some thought, between the first and second honor borne off on that commencement day was perhaps in favor of the graduate who stood in the next to the top place. In general, the grade here as elsewhere, has been only fair average, rather than a distinguished first. Some other vocation might have made a more brilliant record than the ministerial calling. First rate lawyer, or politician, or financier, or business man, however were not to be compared to serving in medium rank or lower the gospel ministry. Rather a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord, than conspicuous position or great distinction elsewhere. Commonplace, medium, or low in general work for the church was my choice, and always a willing service.

As to different plans and purposes, undertaken or projected, there was not always the degree of hoped for success; but the efforts were often in a measure even thwarted. Thus it seems as if mine, in regard to some of these, were indeed a mistaken calling or ill-timed design. Yet the failures or defeats may have been only divine preparations perhaps for the main success otherwise not yet to be fully realized, that is to be reached under some other persons in the order of Providence. Take for instance the unfulfilled purpose of furthering educational

work planned for western Pennsylvania, long very dear to me. Or, the several publication schemes, and my prevented but promising work in the mission at Washington. Some growing though later results already in my life time are appearing from seed thus sown. The harvest will follow in the Lord's due time.

Doubtless there was good reason for the providential check-rein so often drawn on me for steady holding. From the low pressure of the early condition of childhood and youth an undue rebound afterwards might have been too much for one's good. For instance, on entering college, the lowest seat in the class seemed good enough for the probationer not well prepared as a Freshman. Even that grade was thankfully held in sincere self-judgment as high enough for the start. No just claim then promised more—in fact, so much could hardly have been expected. But ending the course with a top round mark of the ladder at graduation, in a condensed period short indeed as to years from the common school start, while others had full term of years in which to do the same work, was at least a credit. Honors in the class and the literary society came unexpectedly in the limited period of that course. More than ordinary success too in teaching the Classical High School, and the subsequent years in the tutorship of the college taking along also the seminary studies at the same time; besides exceptional advance in the ministry in half a dozen missions, and average general popular favor while editing on several church papers—all these might have led to personal vanity, if not held in by check.

Uncurbed prosperity and rapid advancement, giving further, one might have thought, as some one here and there is met often do think that all the work of the church would fail in great measure, if he were not prime manager. No one in fact, let it be learned, is an absolute necessity for the success of God's work. One man being laid off does not stop the harvest. The backset of some years therefore relegating a worker like Paul, or Luther, imprisoned, to comparative retirement was perhaps needed to mellow undue aspirations.



THOU WILT BRING ME TO THE "HOUSE APPOINTED" FOR ALL LIVING.—Job. 30:23.

These were indeed sufficiently fed and flattered in repeated offers of advancement to places supposed to be high in outward earthly conditions. Possibly for more good, the bright sunshine of distinction may at times better be shaded a while for the sweeter enjoyment of the evening radiance in the peaceful setting day.

This record is now made instead of some more pretentious and costly monument. Yet it may be mentioned, that by an unexpected extra dividend, fortunately, of a machine company's stock bought some years ago with the insurance money received for the incendiary burning of our barn and crops, a suitable burial lot and plain mausoleum was lately provided as a final resting place for the remains of myself and family in the Green Hill cemetery, Waynesboro, Pa. It fronts on South Potomac avenue extended. In that modest structure of lasting Barre Vermont granite, marked only with the simple sign, the cross, of our faith, we shall wait the resurrection call.

"There sweet be my rest till He bids me arise,
To hail Him in triumph, descending the skies."

The town Herald says:

THE RUSSELL MAUSOLEUM.

ONE OF THE FINEST RESTING PLACES FOR THE DEAD IN THE VALLEY.

Rev. Dr. Russell has improved his finely located burial lot in the Green Hill Cemetery with a costly Mausoleum that adds much to the high artistic beauty of that city of the dead. It is of the best Barre Vermont granite, in size 13.6 feet long, 10 feet wide and 8 feet above ground, on a 5 foot concrete foundation. It contains over 60 tons of granite blocks, 16 inches thick each way and without joints the whole length. The roof is three massive plinths, hammer-dressed, weighing 15 tons; the cap-piece, fitted in accurately prepared grooves to the sides, laps over them so as never to need repair for ages. At the entrance are two dressed pilasters with bases and capital forming the door frame eight feet high. The folding doors are of heavy brass plates with grill work openings, on the inside of which are hung thick plate glass shutters. On the front gable, finely dressed, is a large Roman cross; and

extending above the door on the range plate in large bas relief letters is the family name "Russell."

The whole structure is massive, plain, appropriate, beautiful, and there is nothing like it hereabouts. Inside, the finish, also rock dressed, is a vestibule nine feet square, and at the further end are the transverse catacombs, for receiving the caskets of the entombed remains to be hermetically sealed. These are framed in black slate bases and sides. The beautiful front panels are of highly polished white marble, having the names of the whole family, the living and the dead, engraved in the marble slabs in gilt and enduring gold. In a crypt below, already rest the sacred remains removed from the church graveyard, of the mother, unmarried sister, and the younger brother, who died in 1871.

Finally a wish is here most heartily recorded, that my funeral be in harmony with my quiet life, and that my burial be private. "Let no awkward squad fire over my grave," nor any lying eulogy be uttered at my resting place. It is hard to find a truthful obituary; let none be published about my imperfect life. What has been incidentally told in the foregoing story, is not so much boastful, as intended only to be true. Flattering words of friends, or detractions of enemies will not change the conditions of the rest beyond. My times were in the Lord's hands, and my redeemed soul is committed to His faithful care and keeping.

Jesus, just when dying for the salvation of mankind closed His work in the words: IT IS FINISHED. My work however, now and at every stage through the years, is, alas, not finished. At this end it must be written of the best of it, that it is imperfect, defective and incomplete. But my comfort and plea must be found in that other word of Scripture, "Ye are complete in Him." The mercy and goodness of our Lord accepts what is laid upon the altar of sacrifice. To this He adds the full gift of eternal life.

My late report to the Mercersburg Classis for the last year is a possible brief farewell. In the name of the Lord. Amen! As to ministerial work done, there is not much to be said. But if blessings and mercies were enumerated the list would be long as life eternal can sing the numbers.

Increasing years climbing over the fourscore mark, the highest mentioned Scripture measure given to human life, together with other circumstances, naturally limit the conditions of active official service. Especially as you know, for several years past, no pastoral duties regularly claim attention. Yet as far as willingness goes it is never too late to do good service. Nor am I beyond the "dead line" too far to engage in word and deed for the work of the Master. It is counted a high privilege to be called in any degree to bring forth fruit in old age.

Although having no parish work, yet the ministerial commission still keeps me under the constitution while life lasts. Hence calls to service in the exercise of official functions, if not many or continuous, have still been heeded. Assisting at sacraments and at funerals, as well as preaching the Word when special occasions called at least ten or more times during the year, is about all that can be here mentioned. This of course leaves out results.

Writing for the church papers has also been a voluntary service; for which a dozen prominent men lately sent me flattering acknowledgments—all unsolicited. For none of my late work was there any pecuniary reward received. My health has been such, that more of the same kind of work could have been done, had opportunities offered. A moderate income from economically guarded means, has given my family sufficient resources for a comfortable living, without call for ministerial relief in old age, leaving also the usual tithe for benevolence. While no manner of aid has ever been given me from the church, even from my early college days of struggle, with no beneficiary help, till now, it is my privilege to make some judicious distribution of the Lord's portion. Many calls besides for more and larger contributions had to be refused, because of restricted ability for larger liberality.

Thankful for manifold benefits and boundless grace in the past of a long life, with continued present blessings; and looking for full pardon for all shortcomings and sins, the free promise of salvation in Christ our divine Lord gives me faith

to finish my course with joy. When the last sunset of our pilgrim days shall end our earthly life, may we all, my brethren, in the General Assembly, finish our reports made complete in Christ our Saviour! Yours in Grace.

What has been written from memory, in this desultory and unadorned story, in the odd intervals since my later birthdays, may not be just what could be wished by all who read it. With more time and proper care to have set these memorabilia in classified order, aided by references to records from which to draw more fully the data, perhaps some parts to great advantage, might be either modified, or omitted; and others of more general interest could have taken their places. Much indeed in cursory review has been cut out without material loss.

If only a chapter could be written from beyond the tomb, about what is to be found on that side, after the experience of an equal period, it would make up for much of what is less acceptable!

But to the future seeker after the truth of such historical facts as are herein incidentally contained there may be found real value for corrections of other people's mistaken records. This rehearsal, given in large charity and with little personal bias and feeling about "Men and Things in My Path," will be judged by those who live after the record has been made up. It is now for the use of my immediate family, at whose request it was chiefly prepared. They cherish me here and will guard my memory, till they follow me to the home of other blessed ones gone before to glory, where we shall all meet in the presence of our dear Lord, to praise Him forever!

Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word. For he trusteth in Thee. Amen.

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