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APPLES OF GOLD

By C. E. Rowley

Affectionately inscribed
To my dear wife,
Hattie L. Rowley

Published by
C. E. Rowley
Findlay, Ohio

Printed Book Copyright 1925,
by C. E. Rowley

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PREFACE

The author of this book desires that those who read may receive spiritual help, and to that end speaks freely out of his heart. Even now being well along in the evening time of life, a retired minister of The West Ohio Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, while not strong enough for "the active work," he ardently hopes to render a service of helpfulness through the printed page. This volume can hardly be called an autobiography, although the writer gleans largely from his own personal history, which course he hopes will not give offense, subjecting him to the charge of egotism. He surely deploras such a course, and seeks to avoid it. Having promised before the open Conference to "preach and maintain" the doctrines of Methodism, his life has been largely given to the "spread of scriptural holiness over these lands."

While the author has a peculiar love for those in the enjoyment of "The Fullness of the Blessing of the Gospel of Christ," and he has often spoken of "the holiness people" as "the best people in the world," he is free to say they have made some serious mistakes, and would tenderly admonish them, hoping thereby to "show them the more excellent way." And this he does, fully

determined, whether men will hear, or forbear, to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." Let us be faithful to the end. Amen. C. E. R.

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INTRODUCTION

"Of making many books there is no end," said the wise man. There are many books we could well get along without. There are other kinds we could well have multiplied. This book, by one of God's men, is the kind we do not have enough of. "Apples of Gold" will be a blessing to thousands of people. It deals with life; life as it was lived by the author himself. It tells of his rich and wonderful experiences, of how the holy Spirit led him in his mission in life, and worked through him to the glory of God.

We have known the author for many years, and have worked with him in various revival campaigns, and we know a book written by him will throb with interest and spirituality to all its readers.

It is not a book written by inexperienced youth, but by one of mature life, and hence rich with wonderful experiences. "Holiness unto the Lord" has been the motto of Brother Rowley for many years, and in addition to telling his own beautiful experience in being baptized with the Holy Spirit, and being led by the Spirit, he also dwells upon the holiness movement. Those who like spiritual themes will like this book. We take pleasure in introducing it to the reader.

When Brother and Sister Rowley were united in marriage, they stood together, after the ceremony, and sang, "Jesus, Lead the Way." All through these years that has been their song. Verily, He has led them. In song, in ministry and personal work, until now, in the glowing sunset of life, the memories of other days are sweet.

Dear reader, may your own heart be warmed and rededicated as you read these pages. God is no respecter of persons, and what He has done for the author of this book, and through him, He can, and will, do for all who live the surrendered life. These are days of sifting out the wheat. Daniel says, "Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried." The trying times are on us, and it behooves all who have been made white to stand their ground, and keep looking unto Jesus. The victorious Christ still lives, and His conquering feet still press the paths of earth. Let us look unto Him.

When Suwarrow, the Russian general, was being borne wounded from the battle field, his soldiers, discouraged at the disappearance of their beloved commander, fell into confusion, and fled. When the bleeding general saw it, he leaped from his litter, mounted his horse, and exclaimed, "My children, I am not dead!" He rallied the faltering forces and led them back to victory. Shall not all faltering Christians arouse themselves, and take new courage, as they hear the

This book will stimulate a greater faith in Christ. Blessings on it, as it goes forth on wings of love!

F. W. Stanton
Leipsic, Ohio,
May 1, 1924

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01 -- CHAPTER

Birth -- parentage -- first public performance -- first information about heaven -- childhood impressions about religion-- trances and visions -- Love-Feast-Tickets -- love for the rhetorical-art -- popgun speech in school -- speech in prayer meeting -- gold excitement in California -- great sorrow came into our home-mother killed by runaway accident.

The writer was born at Red Lion, Warren County, Ohio, thirty miles from Cincinnati. I am the youngest in a family of twelve children -- five sons and seven daughters -- and at the time of my birth all of the children were living, three of the daughters being married, and settled in Illinois. My parents were born in the State of New York. My mother's maiden name was Susan Montgomery, a near relative, I am told, of General Montgomery of the Revolutionary War. My father had a little experience in teaching school, the requirements for teaching at that time being quite limited indeed. I have heard my father say the scholars were not expected to go beyond "The Rule of Three," or "Simple Proportion." My father declared: "I don't know anything about Grammar, but I'm a good judge of language." He was careful to see that his children had good educational advantages, and if he thought the District School was not properly equipped, as to teaching, he would employ a teacher himself, and he would install a select school in our own house, and some of the other children of the neighborhood would be permitted to attend. Our house was not a large one, being a log house, and yet we seemed to have room enough for our family and the school. I remember, at the close of one of the terms of school in our house, we had an "Exhibition;" that is, a program was given, consisting of recitations, songs and dialogues. I distinctly remember to this day, I had a part in The Exhibition, although quite a little boy -- probably about four or five years old. I had been assigned to "speak a piece," but those in charge were fearful I might "break down," and so appointed me to sing a song, which was "Jewels Bright," with the pleasing little chorus, "Tra, la, la, la, la," etc. I think I got along all right; it was my first public performance. The first instruction I ever had in regard to Heaven, as I now remember, was one evening by one of my sisters, who took me up in her lap and told me somewhat of the glories of the Heavenly Home, and in my simplicity I asked my sister if they would not step on my toes in Heaven; and she said they would not -- which I thought was very fine. My little brother (some two years my senior) and I were carefully instructed to pray. We always remembered our little bed-time prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," as we were cuddled up in our bed upstairs. Our praying was not always very devout, I fear, for sometimes we would run a race in saying our prayer, to see which could say it first.

In my early childhood, I was strongly impressed by what I saw and heard in the religious meetings of that day. My father and mother were Christian people, and as my father was very punctual and constant in his conduct of Family Worship after the morning meal, a most salutary effect on my mind was produced. I enjoyed the recital of personal religious experiences, and I did

believe people told the truth. However, I was VERY GREATLY tormented with the temptation to doubt when I was but a very little child. I was fearful that finally I could not believe the Bible, and would become an infidel, although I do not remember of ever hearing any account of infidelity at the time of which I am speaking. This temptation to doubt was with me many years indeed, until I experienced religion, when I was in my thirty-second year, after having been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church seventeen years! Sad, sad, indeed! When I was very young, say six or seven years of age, I would frequently go alone to pray. I prayed, for I wanted to be blest in my soul, as I had heard the people relate their experience in the Class Meeting, and also in the Quarterly Meeting Love Feast. In those days Christian people were more or less demonstrative; some would weep when they were speaking, and others would "cry out and shout," according to Isaiah 12:6. In those days trances were quite common especially during the revival meeting. These occurred to those only who were the most earnest in religion, and never to giddy and worldly minded people. Persons so wrought upon would become insensible to their surroundings, and they certainly appeared as though they had left this world; in this state they were liable to remain for two or three hours at a time, and might so continue for one or two days. It should be observed here that such experiences, or any other remarkable demonstrations, never occur when spirituality in the church is at low ebb. Everybody of intelligence must admit that Mr. John Wesley was a man of great candor and sound mind and yet, during The Great Wesleyan Revival the most remarkable demonstrations and phenomena occurred. I remember very well hearing my father tell of a most remarkable thing which happened when he was but a little boy, the subject being a young lady in the neighborhood where my father's family resided. She announced days in advance that she was going from earth to heaven, which attracted a crowd of people to the home of this Christian girl. My father, being just a little boy, was enabled to crowd right in between the people, close up to her side. Just at the time predicted she became oblivious to all about her, and continued in that condition perhaps a couple of hours. When she came back to consciousness she related what she had seen in her heavenly vision. Some people standing by, desiring the fullest proof of her sincerity and the genuineness of the case, probed the fleshy part of her hands with pins, quite deeply, and she did not flinch at all.

Rev. James B. Finley, one of the great itinerant preachers of Methodism, had a most wonderful experience on that line, which he records in one of his books. At that time he was a Presiding Elder, and the day for him to go to his Quarterly Meeting found him very ill with fever. But all at once he seemed to be taken to the heavenly world, and his soul was exultant with the beatific vision; then, suddenly, he sprang from his bed, dressed himself at once, and, mounting his horse, rode away to his Quarterly Meeting. But perhaps the most wonderful and beautiful of all is "The Child's Vision of Heaven," written by Rev. B. W. Gorham, and published in "The Guide to Holiness," Rev. Gorham being its editor at the time. The subject of this wonderful account was a devoted little girl about nine years of age. Personally I have never coveted any such experience, although I have never doubted their genuineness, much less have spoken lightly of them. In those days "The Amen Corner" seats on either side of the pulpit was in good repute, being always occupied by a number of earnest Christians, who would frequently respond to the preacher with hearty "amens". I think they helped the preacher. People were not supposed to find fault if the sermon was an hour long; indeed, that was just an ordinary length of time for a man to preach. The Quarterly Meeting was looked forward to with great anticipation, for the people would come in large numbers from all over the circuit -- in big wagons, of course, as they had no other way to come, if they took the whole family. Some days before time for the Quarterly Meeting, the

preacher-in-charge would supply each one of his members with a Love Feast ticket, to gain admission into the Love Feast, the ticket to be handed to the door-keeper upon entering. It was against the rules for an unconverted person to attend the Class Meeting or Love Feast more than three times. Also, a lady could not attend the Love Feast with any "artificial" on her bonnet; again, the Sacrament of The Lord's Supper could not be partaken of by any one with a ring on the hand. These rules and regulations were at one time in full force in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

I was quite fond of reading, and frequently read aloud to others. My father seemed to think me rather proficient in reading, for when he had occasion to "go to the store" in some little village near by, I being with him (he usually took me with him), he would say to the men in the store: "Would you like to hear my baby read?" The men would say: "Yes, Mr. Rowley, we should like to hear your little boy read;" so my father would draw me right up to him, telling the men to give me something to read -- say a newspaper -- but I was mortified to be called a "baby," and would promptly say, "Pa, I ain't a baby;" then, having the paper in my hand, I would proceed with the reading. I think I must have been about six to seven years old at that time.

I came to be very fond of the rhetorical art, so the teachers could count on "little Charlie Rowley" to take his part on the Friday afternoon program. I remember very distinctly to this day, as I was to perform, I thought I would just have a little fun; so I provided myself with a little "pop-gun," well loaded with a paper wad, the popgun concealed beneath my little coat, and performed as follows:

"When I first stepped my foot upon the stage,
My heart went pit-a-pat;
For fear those standing by would say,
'Whose little dunce is that?'"

My pop-gun was aimed at the forehead of the teacher, who was standing back against the wall. She dodged instantly, and the paper wad stuck against the wall where her head had been. I think she thought it was cute, for she did not reprove me for it in the slightest manner. I think I was then about eight years of age, possibly somewhat younger. I remember of attending a spelling school one night at a neighboring school-house, when I was about twelve years old, and to my surprise, during the exercises, there was a call came loud and clear, "Charlie Rowley! Charlie Rowley!" and they wanted me to "speak a piece," as it was termed in those days, so I stepped forth and delivered one of my favorites, with appropriate gesticulation, beginning:

"I have labored for the continuance of the Union, the rock of our salvation." I have always thought I should have been very fond of the stage, but, being taught that theater-going was wrong, I have never attended one in my life. A prayer-meeting was held in our log cabin one night, our home at that time being on a farm two and one half miles from the village of Sullivan, Ashland county; Ohio; and through the day my brother Alfred and I talked in regard to the meeting expressing ourselves as desirous of taking part, that is, when it came to the speaking so we decided we would each of us provide ourselves with a pocket handkerchief, certainly not for sport, but to make it as nearly real as we could; so, when the time came for "speaking," each one of us rose and said something.

I was six years old when the great gold excitement in California broke out, and the men who, with great fortitude, in 1849, pressed their way on to The Golden State, on the Pacific, in search of their fortunes, were called "The Forty-Niners." The little village of Blandinsville, Illinois, furnished three men, brothers who went in quest of the "shining metal," one of the trio William Blandin having married my sister Elvira a few years previous to that time; another one of the trio Charles Blandin married my sister Cordelia, on their return from California. It was perhaps in 1850 that "the Blandin boys" took that trip, and they were somewhat successful. Another brother-in-law by the name of Alfred Ingalls, who married my sister Lucia, greatly desired to go to California to better his condition, and very earnestly sought the consent of his dearly loved companion, which, he hoped to gain, but whenever he introduced the unwelcome subject she would shake her head, for she could not endure the thought. To younger people who may read this account, what I am writing may seem quite strange, as in this day the trip to California is not a serious matter at all -- just a honeymoon trip, a pleasure ride, or trip for tired nerves. In those days "the iron horse" was but of recent origin, and perhaps no mortal on earth had ever, for one moment, entertained the thought that "The Great American Desert" would ever be crossed by the railroad. To make the transcontinental trip in those days required several weeks of time, a resolute will, a good horse, and opportunity to join a large company of men for protection from hostile Indians, liable to be met in large numbers on the way. It was a hazardous undertaking, to say the least. I remember very well, at about sunset one day (perhaps in March, 1852) a pleasant gentlemen by the name of Gibbs rode up to spend the night with us. Mr. Gibbs come that day about 40 or 45 miles, and he was the bearer of tidings. My sister Lucia had a little babe of perhaps six months old; and as Lucia was in quite delicate health, unable to care for it, the little one was tenderly nursed by some good people in the neighborhood where they had formerly lived; and Alfred, being a carpenter, was in that neighborhood working at his trade. He was a fine workman, and, being a good scholar, he was an excellent teacher. He was blessed with a strong and vigorous constitution and almost prodigious physical strength. Withal, he was a man of many noble traits of character.

I now proceed to relate a remarkable chapter of history in our family, in which the noble brother-in-law above referred to was the chief actor. I was speaking of Mr. Gibbs, "the bearer of tidings." I well remember our dear mother had gone to see some of our neighbors for a few moments, and possibly just a little while before she returned Mr. Gibbs made the sad announcement to Lucia that her baby had taken sick and died. In her feeble condition this was a terrible shock -- to lose her dear darling baby boy, "Charles Alfred." The great depth of her soul was all broken up! Little Charlie was her first-born, her only child! But her husband -- her precious, loving companion -- where was he? So she inquired again and again, "Mr. Gibbs, why did not Alfred come?" Oh, that was indeed a difficult question. He could answer it, but he dared not do so just then, for fear it might be too soon to let the full burden of sorrow rest upon her bleeding heart; so Mr. Gibbs sought to evade that question by replying, "Oh, he could not very well come just now." The sad fact was, her husband not having heard of the illness of the baby, was even then on his way to California. A sadder or more severely grief-stricken soul is ever seen than was my dear sister that night; for about midnight Mr. Gibbs told her all -her darling baby had died, and her beloved companion gone to California! In those days the facilities for the transmission of news were very limited indeed, so the first communication from her husband was a letter written when the company reached St. Joseph, Mo. I distinctly remember we were fearful that my dear sister would lose her mind, and it was about six months before she smiled; and one day, as our

dear father returned from the little village, he tossed a package of candy into her lap, as we supposed, to make her smile, and she did. My brother-in-law rode a good horse nearly across the continent, and incurred some risks in swimming dangerous streams, one of which, though not very large, was of a rapid current, and took the noble steed down from under him, and it was drowned; but he, being a good swimmer, succeeded in swimming safely to the opposite shore.

A few days after this, the news came to our home that my sister Sylvia, next younger than Lucia, who, with her husband William Ingalls -- at this time living in Summit County, Ohio, had become the mother of her first child, a little girl, and it was decided that my brother Martin, then about nineteen years of age, should drive our pretty "Jenny Lind" gray mare, hitched to our open buggy, and so take our dear mother to see her dear daughter and the little baby girl.

"Jenny Lind" was very pretty, but wicked; she would run away upon the slightest provocation. That was May 20, 1852, and I was in my ninth year, yet how well I remember that fateful day. It so happened that my sister Artilissa and I were alone in the home, after our mother and brother were gone. Our father was out in "the clearing," some considerable distance to the west of the house, working with the hired man. A young man knocked at our front door, inquiring: "Is this where Mr. Rowley lives?" My sister Artilissa answered, "Yes, sir." "Did your mother and brother leave here this morning?" "Yes," answered my sister. "Well," answered the young man, "the horse ran away: your mother is nearly killed, and your brother is badly hurt. Where is your father?" My sister directed his attention to my father in the field, as he could be readily seen, looking from our back door, then standing open, and he was quickly beside my father in "the clearing." To this day my mind recalls it all so vividly. Very soon after the young man reached my father in the field, my dear father quickly started for the house; and when he came in, he hurriedly put on his coat, and was soon in the saddle just vacated by the young man, leaving him to saddle one of our horses for his return, and our father was quickly gone. Sad and lonely day for "Artie" and me. The hours dragged heavily on, but frequently through the day we sought consolation in the thought, and so expressed to each other, that "maybe Ma wasn't hurt as badly as that young man said." With all our hearts we hoped so. Perhaps no mother was ever more tenderly loved by her children than was our mother. Quite a number of times through that day, for a little diversion, Artie and I went down the bank at the north end of our log cabin, to look into the nest of a little wren; small diversion, surely, for children of our years, soon to become orphans, never again to have her loving kiss imprinted upon our cheeks, or to be tucked in our little beds by her loving hands. That afternoon, about four o'clock, we saw a number of conveyances coming from the south, all together, and we knew what it meant -- they were tenderly bringing the lifeless form of our precious mother back home again. Our father reached her side some two or three hours, at least, before her spirit took its flight, and she was conscious to the last. The accident happened some five miles from home, in front of the home of a family by the name of Vanderhoof -- good Christian people -- as the little gray mare had run away, overturned the buggy, and my mother and brother, having become tangled up with the lines, they were dragged some distance, and the people carried her into the house, doing for her all that could be done. Our brother, glad to state, was not seriously injured. Among the very last words which fell from the lips of my precious mother was my name -- "Charlie" -- for I was her youngest child, her "baby boy." Not long after my mother was taken away, my father took me one day to the home of my sister Sylvia, in Summit County, to spend the summer with her and help take care of the precious babe, named "Susan," after my mother. Many an hour I rocked her in her little cradle, and I trust I made myself useful, to a little extent at least. It

was my first experience in being away from home, and I became very homesick how happy I was to get back home again! Mother gone, to be sure, but I had my father, and brothers, and sisters, and all were glad to see me.

But to return to Lucia. She did a very wise thing; she planned to do something, that her mind might be occupied, and also that she might be making her "own living." There were two things she could do, she believed, though she had never done either; she could sew or teach school, and she did both, in each of which she succeeded well. She was regarded as an excellent teacher, having studied at Oberlin, and had the natural adaptability to "manage a school." The reader may be interested to hear what the wages were in those days for a good teacher. She received twelve dollars per month, and "boarded around!" She was a happy Christian young woman, cheerful in all her work, whether in the tailor shop or in the school-room, for she knew her husband was working hard in far-distant California, whither he had gone to accumulate his fortune.

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02 -- CHAPTER

Short term of school in our home -- four days, then wedding-angel stepmother -- Dr. and Mrs. Phoebe Palmer -- very strict observance of The Lord's Day -- reverence for the church-- sacred place -- dared not smile -- my little brother Alfred a remarkable boy -- cherries -- chestnuts -- climbing trees -- my brother died -- great sorrow for me -- new home near Ashland -- Horatio Bradley the pastor -- early convictions on the higher life -- seemed reasonable -- joined church at eleven-- disappointed -- trip to Iowa -- long horseback ride -- stayed all night in Chicago -- eighty thousand people in 1855 -- stayed with family of seventeen children in Iowa -- had preaching there on Sunday.

According to my father's custom, heretofore spoken of as the fall of the year had come, after our death, he began to inquire for a good teacher for our family, and finally went to Oberlin to secure the best one he could; and, upon inquiry from prominent people in Oberlin, he heard of Miss Bradley, just at that time stopping at the home of her brother near the village of Pittsfield; and he was assured that she was very efficient as a teacher, having had many years of experience; accordingly he drove out to the home of Erastus Bradley, saw the teacher, and agreed to come for her in two weeks, to take her to our home, some seventeen miles away. The first night she spent in our humble home was Monday night, and our school started Tuesday morning. My brother Alfred and I noticed that an unusual supply of stove-wood for the parlor stove was needed each evening; and we soon found that our father and the teacher had visiting on hand during the evenings. On Friday evening the term of school closed with a wedding! Very short term of school! The change was brought about so quickly and suddenly, it was indeed a great surprise to us children. We now had a "step-mother;" but I am delighted to be able to say, dear reader, that the odium usually attached to that word does not apply in this case, for I usually speak of her as "our angel stepmother." My father was a judge of human nature, and, with Divine Guidance, no doubt, he made a wise choice. And I have heard her say she regarded it her duty to come into our family in response to "the proposal" to do for us children. She came of an excellent family in Berkshire County, Mass., and taught school in The West -- Indiana and Illinois -- for twenty years. She had been brought up a Presbyterian, but as our people were Methodists, she united with the Methodist

Episcopal Church. When she came into our family, it was about the beginning of the wonderful career of Dr. and Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, as evangelists, both in this country and in Europe.

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, as an evangelist and author, was pre-eminently above all Christian women of her day. There is perhaps but little danger of over-estimating the results of her labors. Soon after she began to send out some of her writings on Full Salvation, her magazine -- "Guide to Holiness" -- and some of the little books from her pen, found their way into our home, giving the most helpful instruction on "The Way of Faith," the name, as I remember, of one of the little books written by Mrs. Palmer, young as I was at this time -- nine years -- I perused this literature to some extent. My father was very strict in observance of the Sabbath. We children were all taken to the Church services with our parents; that was the rule of the household, and we never sought (much less expected) any deviation therefrom. Two and one-half miles to the village Church, long services, including the Sunday School and Sermon, of perhaps one hour in length; then, the return home again in "the big wagon," which would suffer greatly in comparison with the speed and comfort of the elegant automobiles of today. I was very glad when our dinner was ready, and I used to get very hungry. Then, after dinner, my father would say to me: "Charles, take that book, and sit down and read," at the time handing me a book for my perusal. We children were not permitted to roam the fields on Sunday afternoon, fly the kite, play marbles, or anything of the kind. I remember I related the above some years ago in a "preachers' meeting," and one of the very good pastors spoke as follows: "Brother Rowley, I wonder that you ever became a Christian;" but it did not seem that way to me, and I have ever been glad of the discipline I had with regard to the sanctity of the Holy Sabbath. As I learned to read the Holy Bible, when I was quite young, I knew quite well that the fourth commandment was: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." I believe God meant what He said, so it was not very difficult to restrain my steps along that line. I do not say I would adopt just the precise methods adopted by my father; and yet, I do not feel at all inclined to find fault or to criticize. The laxity of Sabbath observance in our day is greatly to be deplored, and non-attendance at church, as well, the former being largely responsible for the latter. Also, my teaching was such that I came to have great reverence for the House of Public Worship. It seemed to me like a sacred place, and I never dared to violate the rules of decorum in the least, even to smile, during the public service, for I thought it would be an offense in the sight of God and man. Neither would I neglect to kneel in time of public prayer, for it seemed to me such neglect would be sinful. In those days Christian people, as well as many who were not Christians would invariably kneel or stand during prayer; and it has seemed to me that the only attitude for public prayer recognized in the Bible is either KNEELING, or STANDING. Any young person reading the above statement in regard to the invariable custom of kneeling during public prayer, which formerly obtained, may be greatly surprised, as it is so little observed today. I think the change began to come about twenty-five years ago, and I was not a little surprised when in our prayer-meetings, instead of kneeling, the person leading in the public prayer would do so in the sitting posture! Today it does not occasion surprise, but I have never seen the propriety of it, and I feel that the church has suffered by this innovation.

My brother Alfred was a remarkable boy, strong and active, always winning high grades in his studies and in his deportment. He was very ambitious, and would not be beaten in any of the sports or contests of the day.

My brother and I were nearly of the same size, although he was some two years and three months older than myself. Now, what may seem rather strange, although he was older and much stronger, yet he would depend on me to "take the initiative" in ventures of our boyhood days, or ask me to do the hardest part of the job. In the morning, on our way to school, when the cherries were ripe, it was hard for us to pass the orchard of Mr. and Mrs. Penn, one-half mile down the road, without a taste of those lovely, luscious, red-ripe cherries; so Alfred would invariably suggest: "Now, Charlie, you go in and ask Mrs. Penn if we might come and pick a few cherries." So I would always follow his suggestion, he being my senior, and, I thought, had good judgment; but it was a difficult task, although we knew well enough that Mrs. Penn would very kindly grant the request, as she was a good, kind woman. So with great timidity (for I was very bashful), I would make the venture (if it might be called a venture), and, speaking very softly, would say: "Mrs. Penn, can Alfred and I pick a few cherries?" She would always say: "Yes, Charlie." And so Alfred and I would soon be helping ourselves quite freely.

In our part of the country, chestnuts were abundant, growing on trees of medium size, and also on very large trees. The children of the neighborhood, comprising quite a number of families, made a very early visit to the big chestnut trees, when the hard frosts came and brought them to the ground; but my brother and I were not forgetful of the smaller trees, even before the frosts were hard enough to bring the chestnuts down to the ground. So, as Alfred and I would look up at the laden boughs of the chestnut trees, he would invariably suggest, to climb the tree would be required; that needed no argument, for the hard frosts had not yet come. I was very fond of climbing, but Alfred did not like to climb, and so he would say: "Now, Charlie, you just climb the tree and knock them off, and I will pick them up." So the difficulty was soon surmounted, and we soon had the chestnuts. My brother and I were very fond of each other. In the month of May, about one year after the death of our dear mother, as I was attending the village school, and boarding at the time, I one day heard that Alfred was ill, so I went home -- on Thursday, I think -- and when in plain sight of our house, I saw a horse and buggy standing at our front gate, by the road-side, and my heart sank within me, for I was very sure it was the doctor's rig; in that I was correct. My brother's life was despaired of, and we came to Friday morning, Alfred having been taken down on Tuesday previous. All remedies were of no avail. I well remember, my little brother and I talked freely in regard to his departure, as though he might be just going to the little village. A few minutes before he passed away, he "made his will," consisting of marbles and various little keep-sakes. As we were all gathered about his bed, with deep sorrow of heart over the great loss we knew we were to sustain, very calmly Alfred said: "John, pray for me." John was our older brother, a Christian man. In just a few moments the spirit of my dear brother Alfred flew away. To diagnose his case seemed very difficult, and what at that time was called "inflammation of the bowels," would now undoubtedly be called "appendicitis."

Possibly, on account of so much sorrow coming to us as a family in our Sullivan home was largely the cause of our moving to another part of Ashland County; for, in the fall of 1853, when I was a little past ten years of age, my father sold our big farm, and purchased a small place near Ashland, the county-seat, and we attended church services in the town of Ashland, some of the time Horatio S. Bradley being pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church. According to Methodist polity in those days, a preacher could stay only two years at a time, before going to some other appointment. I remember we had some very good neighborhood prayer meetings, and I enjoyed them, although I had not "experienced religion." I am a believer in the conversion of children, and I

feel that the church today is sadly missing its greatest opportunity to build up the Kingdom of God by its neglect of the children. Pity, indeed! Many people, I am sure, entertain the thought that "they are too young." Kind reader, please allow me to record some of my convictions upon the subject. I am sure I had as clear an understanding of the necessity of genuine repentance on my part, and God's infinite mercy and forgiveness, before I was twelve years of age, as I have ever had since that time. Indeed, I think I was keenly and intelligently convicted of sin when I was from eight to ten years of age. Perhaps you say, "It depends a good deal upon the teaching a child has had," and I grant it readily. However, let me here bear witness to a VERY STRONG AND CLEAR conviction I had with me constantly upon what is commonly termed "The Higher Life," and I was then about seven or eight years of age. It really seemed very reasonable to me, as I read Matthew 5:8, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." I did not see anything mysterious about that statement, which fell from the lips of our Lord. Another verse with which I was familiar was (Heb. 12:14): "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." I saw nothing mysterious about that either; but "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," seemed to me very difficult indeed; I could not understand it at all, and, as I studied upon it, I was greatly troubled. How could any human being be perfect? and yet there must be some possible explanation to it, for it is in the Bible. Thus I reasoned. At that tender age I did not know that, theologically speaking, those three portions of Scripture are used interchangeably; while I could understand Matt. 5:8, and Heb. 12:14, I was greatly disturbed over Matt. 5:48. In reference to Matt. 5:8, "Blessed are the pure in heart," I reflected upon the religious status of those who were Christians in our family, like this: "They have religion -- they are Christians -- but they are not 'pure in heart,' for sometimes they give way to temper, they get angry; they would not show a bad temper if they had a pure heart." I believed the Lord could make the heart pure; not only that He could forgive us our sins, but that He could cleanse our hearts entirely from sin.

I have never seen any necessity for changing my views upon the subject of heart purity. It has always appeared to me that the Holy Spirit Himself impressed these blessed truths upon my little heart: I do not remember ever having been instructed thus by anybody. As the years advanced, my religious convictions became stronger and stronger. Finally, I began to think about uniting with the church, hoping it might help me somewhat in my search after God. I greatly desired to be converted. I observed that some of the people who were "blessed" in our prayer meetings, held from house to house, would throw up their hands and shout; so I tried that; I threw up my hands and tried to praise the Lord with a loud voice, as best I could, hoping "the happy feeling" would come to me of which I heard people speak when relating their religious experience; but the "good feeling" I sought failed to come. But, one Sunday morning, at the regular preaching service, Bro. Bradley, the pastor, gave the invitation; that is, he "opened the doors of the church." Maybe some one told of the little boy who wanted to join. Although extremely bashful, and my heart was in a flutter, I bravely walked up the long aisle of that big church, and the preacher took my little hand into his hand, and received me into the Methodist Episcopal Church. Yes, I had really become a member of the church, which I felt was right, but I did not experience any change of heart, which I had heard people tell about, and I was disappointed. My father heard that young horses were very salable in the West, and brought good prices as well, so he thought he would make the purchase of a pretty bay mare, and have me ride the horse until we found a good sale for it. My parents rode in a comfortable spring wagon, and I rode the young bay mare, for which my father paid \$80, and when we reached the center of the state of Illinois, he found a ready sale of the colt for \$125. It was a long horseback ride for me, and I was glad indeed when the colt was sold. I remember we

passed through Chicago, and stayed all night at "The Garden City House." Seemed like a big city to me, and a population was claimed at that time of eighty thousand. I remember I took great pleasure in looking at the very high buildings -- three and four stories high. That was the summer of 1855. We continued our journey until we were well into the state of Iowa. We went as far as "Fort Des Moines," and the capital of the state of Iowa was Iowa City, and at that time there was not one foot of railroad in the state. One Saturday afternoon my father, desiring to find a place where we could stay over Sabbath, drove up to a very humble-looking residence (a log house) and inquired if we could stay with them over Sabbath, to which request they kindly gave their consent. Their name was Bishop, and they had seventeen children, all of whom were living, and all at home but some two or three. Besides us three, a man traveling alone sought entertainment, and they took him also. They were good Christian people, and they had preaching there that Sunday, and we got along without any particular inconvenience. In those days we had no trouble as to where we should sleep: if not enough beds to accommodate all the people, there was always a chance for a good place to sleep on the floor.

* * * * *

03 -- CHAPTER

Return from California -- great rejoicing -- immoral young men on our farm -- became very wicked -- the great awakening -men could not sleep -- testimony of Charles G. Finney -newspapers contained large accounts of revivals -- Mr. Finney's great meeting in London -- 1500 rose to their feet -- conversion of Orville Gardner -- Jerry McCauley -- school-mates converted-- I failed to enter in -- groping in darkness many years -seldom ever smiled -- better day coming -- prayer in the hay-mow.

Finally we returned home again, perhaps about the first of July, to our eighty-acre farm "on the creek," in Ashland county, my brother Martin having looked after the farming that season, and they had a very happy story to tell us, even the return of my sister Lucia's husband from California! Yes it was really true -- Alfred Ingalls had returned! Lucia was teaching a fine school one mile and a half "up the creek," so my brother, glad to be the bearer of the joyous tidings, started after her with a horse and buggy. Her husband had a brother by the name of Norman Ingalls, and, fearing almost to tell her that her own dear companion had actually returned from The Golden State, he said to her at the schoolhouse door, "Lucia, Norman Ingalls has come!" Whereupon she hastily dismissed the school, and soon they two were hurrying to the "farm on the creek" to see her dear husband's brother, as she supposed, and she said: "Martin, don't you think Norman looks a good deal like Alfred?" The brothers did resemble each other very much, so he could easily agree with her in that. Upon their arrival at the front gate, as my brother was hitching the horse, he said: "Now, Lucia, wait for me, and let us go together;" and just as they had entered the kitchen door, and in a moment they would open the "parlor" door, and she would be in the presence of her dear companion. whose absence she had mourned for three long years, my brother's wife, fearing the shock would be too great, gently touched her on her shoulder, saying: "Lucia, it's Alfred!" At that moment Alfred opened the door, just in time to catch her as she was going down in a swoon; but in a few moments she was all right, and the bliss of the reunion can be better imagined than described. Perhaps the reader will be curious to learn somewhat as to the financial outcome of the California experience, and I understand that his labors were quite liberally rewarded; but upon

reaching "The Isthmus" (Panama) coming back, they were informed that the San Francisco Bank, containing their deposits, had gone down, and he lost all but fourteen hundred dollars! But the happy couple were soon on their way to Iowa, where they made their future home for many years.

My brother Martin having moved to Indiana, seeking a home for his little family, my father was obliged to depend a good deal on hired help, some of whom were very immoral, and then the enemy improved the opportunity of sowing an abundant crop of "tares" in my life, for I had quit praying, and had gone into "a far country." Yes, I had become a prodigal, and "had been sent into the fields to feed swine." With my religious teaching, and the clear conceptions I had of the fundamental principles of the religious life, I certainly began to sin against very clear light. I tried to steel my little heart against the convicting power of the Holy Spirit. I took an inward satisfaction when I could use profane language, for I entertained the thought that it was an indication that I was becoming "manly". I remember, once or twice, I took the name of God in vain! It was hard for me to do so, but I gloried in my shame. And so I lived for a time -- say for about two years. It was by far the worst part of all my life. It is a wonder that that time of sowing of the tares into my life had not resulted in my utter and eternal ruin. With what carefulness and vigilance should Christian parents guard the associations their children have, lest they be eternally ruined.

Earnestly aspiring to manhood, I thought if I could only acquire the habit of using tobacco I would be making rapid progress; so one Sunday, being left alone in the house, I found the pipe and tobacco, and in order to hasten my progress in the school of vice, I would chew a while, and then I would smoke a while, and I was delighted to see how well I was getting along; but sometimes the devil overshoots the mark, and he certainly did so at this time, for in a few moments I was very sick, and that was the end of my tobacco experience.

Possibly some who may read these lines are not informed in regard to "The Great Awakening" of 1857-1858. Indeed, I am very sure very many people scarcely know what is meant by "a general awakening" or "a great revival." Today many revivals, so-called, scarcely last more than six months. But think of the depth and stability of religious work in the days of John Wesley, for he greatly deplored the fact that, in his day, "a revival seldom lasted more than thirty years." In 1857 and in 1858 there was a general awakening, and a great revival, for everywhere the revival spirit prevailed excepting in the Southern states.

The wonderful revival began in the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting, of New York City, a noonday meeting specially for business men, having begun with a small attendance, but increasing to large proportions. The revival was ushered in, all over the country, in answer to prayer -- the way revivals always come. Deep and pungent conviction came upon people throughout the whole country, so that people who had never before prayed, did pray then; infidels were awakened, and began to call upon God; men could not sleep, neither could they eat; many people began to fast, for it was altogether involuntary. I have heard some inquiring, "Will we ever have a great revival again?" My answer is: "Yes, when we have the people praying, as they did in those days." Charles G. Finney, of Oberlin, Ohio, one of the great revivalists of the century, said: "Any church can have a revival that wants it." Must be some churches do not want a revival -- not in their program -- for what with all their lectures and concerts, suppers, bazaars, grab-bags, etc., to raise money for the church, there is not much time left for the revival.

The general topic of interest in our County newspaper (had no dailies) was the all absorbing one about the revival. Not just a little "local", but the paper was largely filled with news of the revival.

I think in order for the church to help promote the revival, the preacher needs to preach awakening sermons from texts likely to awaken the people. I remember one night during our "protracted meeting" at the village of O___, our pastor preached from Revelation 6:17: "For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" The preaching certainly took hold of me, for I knew I was a great sinner. The prophet Isaiah, in chap. 58, verse 1, directs how a preacher should preach: "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins." Are not many preachers afraid to preach along awakening lines? Some of their members might not be pleased with their preaching. The great Apostle, Paul said: "Do I seek to please men? For if I yet pleased men I should not be the servant of Christ." We must remember the admonition of our blessed Lord (Luke 6:26): "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you." The true servant of God will surrender himself fully, to declare the whole counsel of God, whatever results may come from his preaching; he must be willing to be treated somewhat as was his Lord, who said, "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you." Mr. Finney, in his autobiography, speaks of being called to London, England, for revival work, by the pastor of a certain church in that city, and after having begun the series of meetings, one day Mr. Finney spoke to the pastor in regard to where they might conduct the inquirers who might be seeking instructions; Mr. Finney was told by the pastor of a certain room that was available, but the evangelist was not satisfied with the selection; he told the pastor it was too small. "Well, Mr. Finney," said the pastor, "if that is too small, you select the room," so Mr. Finney went out over the city and found a good large hall, and informed the good man that he had found the place, and so went on with the meeting, perhaps several days, when, being impressed one day to "make the call", Mr. Finney said, "If there be any present who desire to become Christians, will they please stand?" when behold, fifteen hundred people arose to their feet, and the great evangelist said, "Follow me!" and the great company followed Mr. Finney as he proceeded to the large hall he had chosen for the inquirers.

During one of Mr. Finney's revival campaigns in the United States, and just at the close of a meeting at a certain place, a young man came from an adjoining town, with a horse and buggy, to get Mr. Finney to return with him to his place of residence five miles distant, to hold a revival meeting in that town, in regard to which Mr. Finney seemed quite disinclined; but the young man was very desirous that Mr. Finney should go, and he finally gained his consent, but not without Mr. Finney inquiring of the young man "if that horse ever runs away." "Why, no," he said, "why do you ask?" "Why," Mr. Finney replied, "If the Lord has a great work to be done over there, I should not be surprised if the devil were to put it into that horse to run away and kill us before we get over there." Mr. Finney said later: "Now, strange as it may seem, that horse ran away twice in going that five miles, and we narrowly escaped with our lives."

Evangelist Moody tells us that the thought came to him, "It remains yet to be seen what God can do with a fully consecrated man, and I made up my mind I will be that man." That explains the marvelous work wrought under the ministry of the flaming evangelist. In the year 1843, Mr. Finney was called to hold a revival meeting in the city of Rochester, N. Y., and Dr. Lyman Beecher said: "As a result of that one meeting, one hundred thousand were added to the church."

But I was speaking of "The General Awakening" in '57 and '58. Pity that it did not remain longer, and that it has never been repeated. The Civil War came on in 1861 and continued until 1865. Spirituality in the church declined greatly, and it has never been fully restored. During the great revival above referred to, a very wicked man in New York City, by the name of Orville Gardner, was happily converted to God. He was so notorious they called him "Awful Gardner". In the joy and gratitude of his heart, Orville Gardner went to the State Prison, of New York, to declare what the Lord had done for his soul, and among those who heard him that day was Jerry McCauley, to whose heart and life Mr. Gardner's testimony became a great benediction; in fact, that night, in his cell, Jerry McCauley, by the grace of God, wept and prayed his way to Calvary's Cross. Who has not heard of Jerry McCauley? One of the greatest soul-winners in mission work ever known to New York City. Dear reader, let us remember the words of our Lord, in Luke 18:1: "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint." He assures us again and again that all things are accomplished by prayer. I doubt not, if the church would pray as she ought, we should soon have another "General Awakening." Amen and amen. We need not wait till all are engaged in prayer; let us begin now to pray for the revival. I had come to be fourteen years of age, and I was very serious; I was fearful I should be cut off in my sinful condition, and as I was retiring to bed one evening, I promised God that I would go to the Mourner's Bench the next evening, which promise I kept. Quite a number of my schoolmates went forward during the meeting, and were happily converted to God. I was quite sure they were "born again," for I saw it in their countenances, and I saw it unmistakably in their conduct, at school. Oh, how I wished I might be converted in that revival meeting! But oh, the conflicts, the heartaches and the sorrows awaiting me in the years to come. I was wretched indeed; and yet, because I lived a prayerful life, was so serious, and read the Bible so much, the people took me to be a Christian boy. They called me "Brother Rowley," and one Sunday afternoon appointed me to lead the neighborhood prayer meeting at the home of J. F. I read the Bible a great deal, and I nearly prayed myself to death. I was almost too unhappy to live, and yet I was not fit to die. What could I do? As it appeared to me, the greatest sin of my life was the breaking of the promises that I made to God. Because I broke so many, I felt that I was one of the most wicked persons living. I prayed everywhere, all over my father's farm, in both barns, in my chamber and everywhere. I could not find my Savior, and was fearful I should never be converted to God. As I observed the conduct of the seekers at the Mourners' Bench, I was much impressed with their loud praying, and I came to think there was a good deal of virtue in that part of it. They prayed very loudly -- in fact, hollered and cried aloud for mercy, and it seemed to me very important, if not essential, and I did not see how I could ever do that. I just felt, if I could only break away and cry and holler, as the others did, I would surely gain the victory; but somehow I could not bring myself to it. In order that I might have more freedom to make a loud noise in my praying, I went to the woods repeatedly; and as I had heard men, in giving their personal testimony, say, they were converted "by the side of a big beech tree," or, perhaps, "by the side of a big hickory tree," I would take a look at the tree, at the foot of which I was kneeling, so I might, in time to come, state definitely the kind of a tree by which I knelt. But, although I had resorted to the woods, so I might have freedom to pray with a loud voice, I was afraid some one might possibly be passing through the woods, and they would hear me; so the enemy of my soul defeated me again. Doubtless this may seem very strange, and it surely was, when we consider the rich and abundant provision of grace in Christ, our Lord. Oh, yes, I now see very clearly I should have yielded myself at once to the will of God, "whose promise faileth never." But be it far from me ever to belittle, disparage or speak lightly of "The Mourner's Bench," simply because it was not efficient

in my individual case, while many thousands upon thousands of men and women of the church found the Savior at this sacred shrine. I cannot say I received benefit directly through the expedient under consideration, and possibly never would have done so; but I am glad I never spoke against it, for I knew very well the trouble was with myself, being witness to the wonderful and glorious deliverances obtained by many, while "kneeling at the mercy-seat." I do not know if Mr. Wesley made use of the mourner's bench, as such; for under his pungent and soul-searching preaching, there was likely to be the mourner's bench all over the place of assemblage. That was prior to the card-signing dispensation in the revival work; men away from God fell prostrate before His face. Sometimes they fell unconscious, and for a time appeared as if they were dead. James B. Finley, one of the early itinerant Methodist preachers, tells of a great Camp-Meeting in Kentucky which he attended when he was an unsaved young man, with a proud heart, and people were wondrously wrought upon, so that in one moment he saw five hundred people fall to the ground under the power of God. He says: "I would not have fallen to the ground for the whole State of Kentucky." So, to save his dignity, he left the Camp Ground at once. Let us speak well and kindly, brother, of any expedient that has helped men and women to forsake their sins, and find "The Lamb of God Which Taketh Away the Sin of the World." But for years and years I was very sad, "having no hope, and without God in the world."

In those days, I seldom, if ever, smiled, for I feared it would be trifling with the Spirit's conviction upon my soul. Indeed, I was fearful my reason would be dethroned; but, in great mercy, my kind and compassionate Heavenly Father very tenderly watched over me and preserved me. Thank God, there was a better day coming! Among other harvest hands my father employed on our farm was one of our class leaders, by the name of Henry McGill, and he and I were working together, "taking up the oats" (I was raking and he was binding), when, all of a sudden, he turned to me, and, in a loud voice, said: "Brother Charles, the Lord has a great work for you to do." Well, I did not see how that could be possible, but possibly his very kind prediction did give me some little encouragement. My true condition, as the weary years of my youth passed on, certainly seemed unmitigated, and I could sincerely adopt the language of the poet:

"It seemed as if nothing less likely could be,
Than that light should break on a dungeon so deep."

And I am certainly glad that I was not deceived -- that I did not settle down to the thought that, because I was a member of the church, and lived a life of prayer, and read my Bible, and was called "Brother Rowley;" I would just make the best of it, and not bother myself about the Witness of the Spirit, and a satisfying, happy religious experience, of which I heard so many, many people speak in those days; "for," I reasoned, "if it is for other people, it must be for me also." Finally, one day, I remember, as I was engaged in a season of prayer in the hay-mow, I did pray that God in His great mercy would save me sometime!

Could it be possible that God's omniscient eye did then discern, in that prayer, the presence of the least glimmer of faith, like the "mustard seed?" Be that as it may, I am happy to say to the glory of my merciful Lord, in years to come, the darkness was all dispelled, and the heavenly light flooded my soul, and with gratitude I now exclaim:

"I know not what it is to doubt,

My heart is ever gay."

I am now quite certain that, having been blessedly delivered from the sad, sad experience briefly outlined in the foregoing pages, by true repentance, and simple faith in my loving Savior, I am better enabled to help those who have passed through similar conflicts.

* * * * *

04 -- CHAPTER

My father's full deliverance -- great hymns of church -- Mr. Wesley's danger signal -- health failed -- Typhoid Fever -- two doctors one night -- The Great Physician arrived first -- He greatly helped me in answer to prayer -- fiery horses -"Kicking Bill" -- narrow escape from an awful death -- good pastor Rev. N. S. W., a good man, but not great orator -- old fashioned class meeting -- "When you get through, quit" -remarkable account of a horse which went all through the Civil war -- stood at front gate.

With a sense of gratitude to God, I trust, I desire here and now to record a most wonderful occurrence in our home life; and that was the full salvation and perfect deliverance from "indwelling sin," in the case of my dear father. That the reader may not fail to understand, I will endeavor to speak plainly. My father was certainly a Christian man, and he gave evidence of it in the family circle, as well as at the church. He was a man of quick faith; I do not remember ever hearing him express a doubt with regard to Bible history or Bible doctrine. He was a real believer, and not a doubter; but my dear father had a very serious trouble; he had a grievous, besetting sin, and this besetting sin must have caused him many a heartache and awful soul perplexity. As our dear step-mother brought into our home the little books written by Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, together with The Guide to Holiness, doubtless our father was helped somewhat by the reading of that literature. To be sure, we were Methodist people, and the church had flourished greatly under the preaching of the mighty Bishop Asbury, who regretted, on his death-bed we are told, that he had not preached holiness more faithfully all through his ministry; yet, coming down to our time in the church, in "the fifties," the pulpit was painfully silent as to clear and definite preaching and teaching upon this wonderful theme of "The Fullness of the Blessing of the Gospel of Christ." How well Jesus knows a hungry heart, and He says: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." And thank God for the hymns, especially the precious pearls from the Wesleys. Thank God for our heavenly heritage, in the old hymns of the church, one of the most valuable being "Love Divine."

Reader, notice these two stanzas:

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art,
Visit us with Thy salvation,

Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

Breathe, oh breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty;
Take away our bent to sinning,
Alpha and Omega be."

Doubtless my father had a very hungry heart, and the above extract from that immortal hymn gives a faithful representation. Although my father had a definite religious experience, and was frequently the subject of heavenly gales by the power of the Holy Spirit, not infrequently being prostrated to the floor during a meeting, where he would lie for a considerable time: yet, possibly within the brief time of a day or so he would be in the grip of a fearful temper. His temper was surely his "besetting sin." And now, when I saw the great change that came over him, in his having perfect victory over his besetting sin; now, under very trying circumstances, which formerly would have caused him to become angry -- now he was "kept in perfect peace;" he was as calm as a summer evening -- I was not surprised, nor did it seem strange to me, for I saw it was according to the teaching of the Bible, and also according to Mrs. Palmer's teaching in her little books, and "The Guide to Holiness." It looked very reasonable and plain to me. I just thought my father now has a "pure heart," he is sanctified, according to the Bible teaching, which all seemed so plain.

In this heavenly and glorious state my father continued to walk for several weeks, say six to eight weeks. Young boy though I was I knew very well when my father received the great blessing of a pure heart, and I also knew when he lost it. Great pity, indeed, that my father could not have been instructed as to how to retain the wonderful experience of Perfect Love. Mr. Wesley, great prophet that he was, put up a danger signal, for he said: "To retain the grace of God is much more than to gain it; scarcely one in three does this, and this should be strongly urged on all who have tasted of Perfect Love; but if it can be proven that any of our leaders, or local preachers, speak against it, either directly or indirectly, let him be a leader or local preacher no longer, for I doubt whether he should continue in the Society, for a man that can speak thus in our congregations cannot be an honest man." Finally, my health seriously failed, and for some three or four years I was unable to attend school. My failure in health gave the enemy a special opportunity to attack me and to depress my spirits. I was in my eighteenth year when the Civil War broke out, but, although considerably improved in my general health, I was not strong enough to enlist as a soldier. In the autumn, after my eighteenth birthday, I came down quite suddenly with the typhoid fever. I had been ill about ten days. The doctor, residing at the county-seat six and one-half miles distant, had been to visit me one day, and pronounced me decidedly better; but along about sundown, I became worse, and continued to grow worse for several hours, until my case was indeed serious. My breathing was quite difficult, as they had to fan me constantly, so I might be able to breathe with less difficulty. I told my friends if I did not get help soon, I could not live, it appeared to me; so a messenger was sent on horseback to get Dr. K. to come to my help. He was much surprised, and said: "Why, I was there today, and he was better." So it was with some difficulty that he was persuaded to answer the call that night. The roads were bad indeed. My doctor always drove two

horses, and with much persuasion, he finally said he would come, and did so. But as I grew worse, and suffered extremely, a messenger was sent for Doctor S., residing in the village of O___, two and one-half miles from our home, and both physicians came. But before either one of the physicians came, I thought of the Great Physician, and, although I had never received the Witness of the Spirit to my acceptance into the family of heaven, I thought it might be God's will for me to ask Him for help, and so I prayed, "If it were God's will, He would help me;" and, quick as thought, I was instantly relieved, sat up in my bed, and told the people that God had helped me; I was quite comfortable. The neighbors had gathered in, out of their kind sympathy, and all were glad and rejoiced with me, as I simply related what God had done. I felt I did not need to have the two doctors come, nor even one doctor, for I was comfortable. But after awhile the physicians arrived, and had their word of "counsel" together. And yet, notwithstanding this remarkable answer to prayer, I could not profess to be a child of God. I never dared to give any definite testimony; never claimed to love God, for I felt that meant so much.

My father seemed to have a special liking for fiery, high-spirited horses; he was a good horseman, much better than were some of his children. He came into possession of a good-looking little brown horse that we called "Bill," and, by way of marked distinction, we called him "Kicking Bill," for he was the worst animal to kick I have ever seen, and was really a very dangerous animal.

This horse had such a propensity to kick that we dared not attempt to hitch up the tugs, without first taking the precaution to hold up one of his front feet, so it became impossible for him to kick. One Sunday morning, and I think, about February, 1862, my father and I were going to the village of O___, to attend the morning service. It had frozen a little the night previous, and now, along in the forenoon, it had thawed just a little. I was riding "Kicking Bill," and about fifty feet in advance of my father, who was riding one of our other horses. As we were riding just leisurely along, all at once the dirt gave way where my horse was stepping, and he instantly fell on his left side, pinning my left limb under him. I was alarmed at my situation, for both of my feet were in the stirrups. Now, I did what would seem to be the most foolish and reckless thing possible under the circumstances; that was this; I took my right foot from the stirrup over on his right side, and drew it over across his back, and placed it upon the ground, my left foot being in the stirrup, of course, and tightly wedged in! Instantly "Kicking Bill" sprang to his feet, and my left foot was high in the air, with no probability of my being able to disengage myself. Knowing how vicious was my horse, and how wickedly he would kick, I thought how near I was to eternity! I thought of my unsaved condition, and how unprepared I was to meet my Maker! My situation was very fearful. This mental picture came vividly before me of the horse running, dragging me and kicking me to death! But, in great mercy God delivered me. Instinctively I grabbed for the bridle rein, and the quick motion of my hand, in the effort to reach the bridle rein, frightened my horse, and he sprang like a deer and ran up the road, and the suddenness of his spring was what delivered me, and, by the blessing of God, saved my life. By afternoon, I could bear but little weight upon that foot, my foot being very tightly wedged in the stirrup.

We had a pastor by the name of N. S. W., who may not have ranked very high as a pulpit orator, but he was certainly a very good man. We had some excellent class meetings immediately following our Sunday morning services. I remember one class meeting in particular, for it was a

good one. The members were very ready to speak: it was one of those good "general class meetings," when the people just spoke voluntarily. Two or three would be on the floor at once, as out of their hearts they spoke of the goodness of the Lord. The pastor felt a little hurried, as he must start in a short time to his afternoon appointment, five miles away. Brother W. ordinarily spoke quite slowly, and he arose to say something to his members, but he could not well tell them what he desired, as two or three were on their feet. He made several efforts, and finally made out to say, "I was just going to say," but could proceed no farther; then he made the attempt again with "I was just going to say," and several others were on their feet, speaking from the gladness of their hearts; and then he would make the effort again.

Finally, as if to make one more desperate effort, Brother W. proceeded while a number were on their feet, "I was just going to say, brothers and sisters, just go on with the meeting, and when you get through, quit!" I have often thought I would rather have a meeting that is hard to stop than one that is hard to start.

Another incident in regard to horses, which may be of interest to the reader; men were going about the country buying up good saddle-horses for a certain cavalry company formed in Cleveland, Ohio, and came to our farm to purchase a horse. We had a pretty sorrel four-year-old mare which was for sale, and this pretty sorrel went into that company, in the early part of the Civil War, and, according to our best information, went with that cavalry company to the far West, and continued in the service till the very close, when, to our great surprise one day, that young mare (older then by a number of years) came back to our farm and stood right at our front gate! The animal had regulation U. S. Army brand on her shoulder, of course. My father, being a very particular man in all his business transactions, would not open the gate for her, and give her a welcome back home, for fear that he might be accused of dishonesty in the matter, as the government had paid him his price for the mare when he sold her, and now he was fearful of being accused of dishonesty if he took her back into her old home; so one of our neighbors, M. C., living a short distance up the creek, took her to his farm home, and she was never called for. When my father sold this young mare into the cavalry she would not jump a four-rail fence, but upon her return she would scale the highest fence.

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05 -- CHAPTER

Fall of 1862, I went to Rowsburg, to visit my sister A. and her husband -- met H. S. Lehr, teacher and Supt. of the village school -- accept his urgent invitation to attend school -great blessing to me -- went with my friend Lehr to Mt. Union for next Spring term -- roomed together -- kept "Bachelor's Hall" -Mount Union College flourishing -- O. N. Hartshorn President -Prof. S. S. Hammill visits chapel -- organizes class in Elocution -- great teacher -- gives me much encouragement -James Brush the Valedictorian at Commencement.

In the fall of 1862, I went to visit my sister A. and her husband, residing in the village of Rowsburg, Ashland County, and there I met H. S. Lehr, teacher in, and superintendent of, the public schools of that little town and he was very kind to me. He hoped I would attend school, and offered to pay my tuition himself if I would agree to come, as I lived outside of the school district;

but I thought I could not attend school on account of the weakness of my eyes, and so explained to him; but he urged me to "just try it," which I did, and after the expiration of three or four weeks I was very sorry to tell him, one day, as we met on the street, I felt sure I should be obliged to give up school on account of "the trouble with my eyes;" but my good friend simply said, "Rowley, just try it a while longer, and maybe your eyes will get stronger;" and, what seems strange, they did increase in strength; that seemed to be about the turning-point, for they improved very much, and so I was in his school all the term, until spring. As before stated, I had lost a great deal of time on account of ill health, and I was away behind in my studies; but that term of school at Rowsburg was simply invaluable. Mr. Lehr took great pains in the reading lessons, and reading was my delight; however, I was somewhat severely tested in regard to that study, for I was fearful if I should give my part of the lesson its proper interpretation, and should read as I felt it should be read, it would possibly provoke unfavorable comment on the part of the older ones in the school and my fellow classmates; but I determined I would read my portion of the lesson as I felt it should be read, or as nearly so as possible, and run the risk of criticism and this I did. I could not fail to see that I was supported by the teacher, so I felt very comfortable. Mr. Lehr had rhetorical exercises each Friday afternoon, and he gave me special encouragement for the part I performed. Our teacher gave us a very helpful lecture each Monday morning, as a rule, principally on historical lines, endeavoring to inspire his pupils with a laudable spirit of emulation. These lectures were of high class, and highly beneficial to the scholars. Mr. Lehr spoke to us frequently about going to Mt. Union to school. It was just a new college, the president of which was Prof. O. N. Hartshorn. I had a desire to go to Mt. Union with my teacher, spoke to my parents in regard to it, and they approved of it, although quite a distance from home -- perhaps some seventy-five miles. Mr. Lehr had been a student at Mt. Union several terms, and ranked then as freshman. My teacher was quite limited in his financial abilities, his parents being poor, so he was compelled to practice the strictest economy. He and I decided we would "keep bachelor's hall" -- that is, we would hire a room and board ourselves. So, upon our arrival, we engaged a room in what was known as "The Bobby Hilton Block" (owned by a good Quaker brother), purchased a little coal for heating and cooking, and we were ready "to set up housekeeping." We had just one small room, perhaps about 10 by 12 feet, and as for furniture, we had, I think, three hard-bottomed chairs, one little stove for all purposes, and for study table and dining table we used a large box turned upon its side, which served for our pantry as well. I forgot to mention a bed, which was quite comfortable, providing the tick was well filled with good straw. My good stepmother was an excellent buttermaker, and she provided me with a bountiful supply -- I think about twenty pounds of choice butter. Mr. Lehr took with him from home a good big ham; also some potatoes.

Mt. Union College, as before intimated, was in its infancy, and at that time had only about 125 students. The school had an excellent corps of instructors, and the pupils were alive and active in their work. We had two excellent literary societies, "The Republican" and "The Linnean", Mr. Lehr being a member of the latter, and, of course, I went into that one. I enjoyed the "literaries" very much, although I could not contribute very much of interest, I am sure; yet the society was a great inspiration to me. Prof. Clark was teacher of a large class in Elocution, and also taught a class in Vocal Music. I do not remember that I for one moment entertained the thought of studying Vocal Music, although I loved music greatly; but I had not the slightest idea that I could ever learn to read music. But I did dare to undertake the study of Elocution, as my good teacher at Rowsburg had encouraged me much along that line. In our Elocution class was a young man by the name of C. M. Hoover, and he was a Christian young man. Hoover and I decided we would spend

an hour each morning, from five to six, in the "leafy grove" near by, in the study of our lesson in Elocution, and greatly enjoyed the hour together; but immediately before we would begin our practice we would drop on our knees and invoke God's blessing upon our study. I greatly admired Hoover as a Christian young man, but felt deeply to deplore my own unspiritual condition, for I was only a "church-member". Reader, will you not pardon me if I record an incident which occurred while I was at Mt. Union that term, which my modesty has not allowed me to speak of but a few times to my friends, privately, and yet, in the preparation of this book, perhaps I may write the account without the charge of egotism. I will make the venture.

Early in the term, one morning, at Chapel exercises, we were favored with a visit from Prof. S. S. Hammill, a distinguished Elocutionist, who proposed, if sufficient encouragement were given to organize and teach a class, the tuition to be governed by the number joining. The class was organized, and I was one of its members. Mr. Hammill was a superior teacher. One of the most beautiful and helpful lessons he gave us was "Grouping in Speech."

One day he announced that he wanted each pupil to give an example of their speaking, from the platform, the selection to be one of their own choosing, and he would call upon them from the roll in alphabetical order. With all his masterful ability as a reader and speaker, he was very searching and severe in his criticism, both as to intonation, articulation and gesticulation. I remember quite well to this day, my selection was "Jack Halyard's Speech." When I had finished my recitation, and as I was returning to my seat in the rear portion of the class, I was greatly surprised to discover he was speaking commendably of my speech as rendered, and by the time I had reached my seat he addressed me as follows: "Mr. Rowley, have you ever studied elocution?" "Only in the common schools," I answered, having special reference, of course, to the Rowsburg school. Prof. Hammill continued: "Mr. Rowley, there is something fascinating about your voice. About once in six months I hear a voice like yours. I would give ten thousand dollars to have such a voice." All this was humiliating to me, of course, and yet very encouraging. My good friend, Mr. Lehr, was elated beyond expression, as he had been instrumental in bringing me to Mt. Union, and when we reached our room, returning from the class, he expressed himself with great joy: "O Rowley, I wish your father and mother had been there, and heard what Prof. Hammill said. O Rowley, go on! go on! You will be an elocutionist." The young men who were present and heard Mr. Hammill speak to me as he did, halloed to me across the street, "Rowley, what will you take for your voice?" So they made out of it a good-natured little joke. As I continued in my study of elocution my health began to improve, and different young men told me they noticed my voice had grown in strength. I practiced some two hours each day-- one hour each day, at five a. m., with my friend Hoover, and another hour throughout the day in my room. Frequently some of the boys rooming in "The Bobby Hilton Block" would cry out to me, "Rowley, shut up!"

All in all, that term of sixteen weeks at Mt. Union was very pleasant and profitable. It proved a great blessing to me. My friend Lehr was a very diligent student, beginning his work early in the morning, and sometimes continuing his studies till midnight. His father being poor, he had to depend upon his own resources and practice the strictest economy. His parents were excellent people, being members of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Lehr told me he was converted in a Methodist meeting, and should have united with the Methodists, but the preacher was unwilling to baptize him by immersion, that mode being his preference; he had already been baptized by sprinkling, so he united with the "Disciples of Christ". Although H. S. Lehr became a great

educator (one of national reputation), he did not know his letters until he was twelve years of age, and then began teaching at sixteen. He became noted as a teacher before he finished his college course.

He went to Ada (then called "Johnstown") to take charge of the public schools in that little town. He was obliged to go to Kenton (the county seat) for his examination, and did not reach the place where the examination was held until two o'clock in the afternoon; so, upon entering the room and making known his business, he was told that it was too late then for him to begin; but he requested the examiners to give him a list of the questions, and they simply told him it was too late; the others had been working since early in the morning, and it would do him no good to undertake it; but he pressed his case, and asked to see the questions, so he was handed the List of Questions, which he took with him to a seat and went to work, and then got through before any of them, and away he went!

Mr. Lehr and I continued the self-boarding plan as long as our provisions held out, and then I decided I would join a club of students, a few doors away, conducted by Mr. and Mrs. B., the price being \$1.30 per week, with tea and coffee, or \$1.25 without tea and coffee, and I omitted the tea and coffee. "Uncle Jimmie", a colored man, was the college janitor, and his wife did my laundry work, the price for which was three shillings (37 1/2 cents) per month for washing, mending and ironing.

I remember so well of seeing the literary choir -- young men and young women -- passing by our room with songbooks under the arm, on their way to practice, and I hardly dare entertain the thought that I should ever be able to read music myself, for it seemed really beyond the possibility of attainment as far as I was concerned. I cannot explain why it seemed thus to me. Little did I dream that in a few brief years I should not only be able to read music, but should be teaching others to read music, and after five years in the Musical Convention work through Iowa and Illinois, my wife and I should be called by Mr. Lehr to come to Ada, Ohio, to take charge of the Musical Department in the Normal School, of which he was the founder, afterwards to develop into the Ohio Northern University, one of the greatest educational centers of our country, and alma mater of very many prominent people throughout the United States. The Commencement Exercises at the close of that term were held in "The New Building", Mr. James P. Brush, a most highly esteemed student, being the Valedictorian, and his subject was "The Ruins of Time." One of Mr. Lehr's classmates, I remember, was a very bright, talented young man, about eighteen years of age, who went into the Christian ministry, was made a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church (now retired), and his name is John W. Hamilton.

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06 -- CHAPTER

Went to Oberlin next fall -- taught school in the winter -sat under ministry of Charles G. Finney -- deep spirituality in Oberlin -- unconverted students would yield, or in six months leave town -- returned to Oberlin for spring term -- May 10th. met my life partner Miss Hattie Munn -- engagement July 27th over two years before marriage was solemnized -- came from Chicago to Oberlin to pursue her studies in music -- interesting incident in connection with Musical Union --

Prof. George Steele director dropped out of the Preparatory Department in the College for a time -- Grammar class no satisfactory -- took Teacher's Course in Penmanship -- studied the rudiments of music constantly -- under the direction of Hattie Moon picked out the song "Jesus Lead the way" -- attended Select School, Thos. McCray, teacher would have fun with scholars -- tickled them in the ribs -- Instruction in Square Root and Cube Root with the blocks -- engaged my second school at Science Point -superintendency at New London -- had to knock them over with a club -- health gave way -- married during that term -- gave up teaching -- made our arrangements to go into the music business, and started for Iowa -- stopping in Chicago -- visiting Mr. Wells and family -- attended Parepa concert.

The next fall, after being at Mt. Union, I started in at Oberlin, Ohio, only twenty-six miles from our home, in Ashland County. My home while in Oberlin was with my stepmother's sister, Mrs. B., whose husband, Colonel B., had not yet returned from the army. For the first time in my life, I heard Mr. Charles G. Finney, President of the College, also the pastor of the First Congregational Church. It was a great privilege to sit under the ministry of this great man if one was spiritually-minded enough to appreciate his heaven -- inspired messages. Sad, indeed, to say I was not thus prepared spiritually, having never yet "tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come." Those were days of deep spirituality in Oberlin, and the statement was commonly made that no unconverted young person would remain at school more than six months; they would either yield themselves to the Lord or they would leave the town.

I was then twenty years old, and had a school engaged for that winter at twenty dollars per month, and "board around". In some way I heard I should have a few pupils in Algebra, and I began the study of it that term. It was rather a small school for those days, there being only about thirty scholars. In a few weeks we came to Examples in Two or Three Unknown Quantities, and a certain example caused a halt for a short time. It bothered both pupils and teacher. But, of course, I could gain assistance from J. and H., brother and sister, near neighbors of ours, when it came to the end of the week, and I returned home, to stay over Sabbath, my school being only five miles from home. But to my dismay, they could not help me out, although they had given Algebra more study than had I. Finally Monday morning came, and with it a deep snow. I was obliged to start to my school quite early, for I had to walk all the way. I was trudging along through the deep snow, some twenty inches in depth, and when within a few rods of my school house I saw through the example as "clear as the sun." I was sure it was right, but before I made the fire in the big stove, I placed the statement on the blackboard, and was indeed greatly relieved. I do not remember having any more trouble with Algebra all through the term.

In order that I might enroll in time for the spring term at Oberlin, I requested my school directors to excuse me two weeks before my term of four months had fully expired, and they very kindly did so.

With great pleasure, dear reader, I am now about to record an event of great importance, greater than which I believe there is but one event in the life of any individual -- his own personal salvation. On the 10th of May, 1864, in the providence of God, no doubt, I met the one who was to be my life-partner, and on July 27th we were formally and sacredly betrothed, although the marriage was not solemnized until some two years and four months later -- but may I here say: I believe a sincere betrothal, or engagement is equally sacred to marriage in God's sight. Marriage

is certainly a divine institution, originating in Eden's Garden before the Fall, with the brief ritual recorded in Genesis 2:24: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh." If that beautiful ritual has been changed in all these years, sin has done it.

The one above referred to, whom I met on May 10th, was Hattie L. Munn, who came from Chicago to Oberlin to continue her studies in music. My excellent stepmother was her great-aunt, as also was Mrs. B., in whose home I was boarding. This young lady from Chicago gave me encouragement in regard to the study of music; she thought I had "a good voice", and so I began to undertake to do what I thought I never could do -- learn to read music.

Prof. George Steele was one of the leading music teachers in the college, and he was director of "The Musical Union", made up of the leading students of Oberlin, and this Musical Union was largely depended upon to give the Grand Concert at Commencement. I admired Prof. Steele greatly as a teacher, and had a strong desire to attend "The Union", if I could only meet the conditions of membership, one of which was to pass an examination before the committee; and the other was to pay a fee of one dollar, if you desired to waive the examination. The first I could not do for lack of information in music; and as to the other, I thought I would ask my father when he came up to Oberlin again; but when I spoke to him about giving me the dollar although he was very fond of music, he thought "it would just be throwing money away," and frankly told me so. But I persevered in my petition for financial assistance, and finally he handed me the dollar which enabled me to join the Musical Union. Fortunately, I had for a seat-mate a young man who was a fine bass singer, a good reader of music, and as we looked over the same book I was able to keep the place, at least a good part of the time. One evening, at the close of one of our musical drills, Prof. Steele made this announcement: "I desire to meet all the young ladies for special practice at seven o'clock, and all the young men at eight o'clock." Immediately I decided to be present for special drill in the morning at eight o'clock, and I was there promptly at that time, being eager to learn. When I arrived at the little chapel at eight o'clock, the young ladies were just leaving, and I saw no young men. At once I became embarrassed for fear no other young men would be there, in which case I would be there alone with Prof. Steele, something which I dreaded very much. It happened just that way. Prof. Steele spoke to me very kindly: "Mr. Rowley, you've come to sing, have you?" What should I say? I wanted to get away. I said, "Yes, sir, but there seems to be no other young men here." He said, "O, that's all right! Just come up to the piano, and take that book, and turn to ____ page," which I did very promptly, but oh, how embarrassed I was right then! I had paid my dollar, which insured my passport into the Musical Union, but somehow I felt just a little guilty. I was a member of the Musical Union, but really, I did not feel at home, because of my ignorance in musical matters. I just made up my mind then and there that I would tell Prof. Steele the true situation, and so said to him: "Prof. Steele, I know nothing at all about music; but I want to learn, and I have come in here for that purpose." "Oh, is that it?" he said. "Well, lay down the book," something which I was very willing to do. By the way, no other young men came that morning, and he devoted twenty or thirty minutes in giving me a personal drill on "the prompt attack of a tone," which proved a help to me all through the years of my teaching vocal music. Finally, at the close of this drill, he said to me: "Mr. Rowley, do you sing in the choir?" With surprise, I told him I did not. The choir consisted of about one hundred singers. He said, "Mr. Rowley, you have a good voice, and I should like to have you sing in the choir."

I did not feel worthy of a place in the choir, and so never accepted his very kind invitation. Prof. Steele did not impart rudimental instruction in the Musical Union, as its membership was made up of advanced singers; this was supplied by my musical friend lately arrived from Chicago, Hattie Munn, and thus, by her invaluable help, in the impartation of the simplest teaching as to first principles, it was not long until I began to take my first steps in Musical Notation, to the great joy of my heart. And so, whatever success in musical matters has come to me, I cannot hesitate one moment to attribute it to her, by the blessing of God, who was to be my "help-meet" all through a somewhat eventful life.

Owing to the fact that our class in English Grammar was not altogether satisfactory, I decided to drop out temporarily from the Literary Course and take a Teacher's Course in Spencerian Penmanship, and so went over to the Commercial College, having a large attendance. Prof. S. S. Calkins, its principal, and the Choreographic Department, being in charge of Profs. W. A. Drake and his twin brother, L. E. Drake, both of whom were graduate pupils of the noted P. R. Spencer, author of the Spencerian System. The Drake brothers were beautiful penmen. I was somewhat successful in my new work, taught quite a number of classes, and never regretted the time devoted thereto. I have spoken of Hattie Munn as coming from Chicago, as she had spent some time there with an aunt; but she had formerly come from North Adams, Mass., the place of her nativity. Her father was Charles Munn, who was naturally gifted in music: and although his course in musical instruction, as to organ playing, comprehended but one lesson, he became proficient on the pipe-organ, being installed as organist in a number of the churches of North Adams. Doubtless Hattie inherited much of her love and talent for music from her dear father. As to my progress in the study of vocal music, I finally became able to pick out quite easy pieces by myself, and finally discovered one in a little song book, entitled, "The Sweet Singer", a certain song which became historic, the name of the song being, "Jesus, Lead the Way," and one day as I was starting away to the village of B., where Hattie had a class in instrumental music, I slipped the little song book into my pocket, thinking Hattie and I would sing the newly-found song together, as we did. The reader will please pardon me for thus enlarging in reference to just one little song, as the singing of it together for some sixty years, under varied circumstances, in many states of The Union has entered quite largely into the story I am now writing

In the fall of 1865 I attended a "Select School" in the village of B., taught by one Thomas McCray an excellent teacher, with a rather peculiar notion in regard to order in his schoolroom, for he was so desirous of having "a good time" with his pupils that he would frequently tickle them in the ribs in order to make them laugh. In giving us instruction in Square Root, and Cube Root, he used a set of blocks, by means of which we were enabled to understand the subject much better. I desired to teach the following winter, and my friend Lehr very kindly went with me one day hunting the school, and so we went to see the directors of a school known as "Science Point" Mr. M., Mr. W. and Mr. T. -- and in our interview with the latter gentleman he asked me what wages I wanted, something, it seems, I had not given a thought; instantly I glanced at Mr. Lehr, and he held up (just a little) two fingers, and I answered Mr. T. accordingly, "Two dollars a day," and that settled it. During that term at "Science Point" I had frequent night schools, not having time enough through the day, and the Arithmetic class came in for a good share, and we used "the blocks" to elucidate the subject of Square Root and Cube Root, so that perhaps every pupil in the class could demonstrate with "the blocks", including one young boy (Mel. E., twelve years of age). Jesus, Lead

the Way. (A sung of C. E. Rowley and wife.) Arranged by Mr. C. E. B. Printed Book Copyright, 1886, by C. E. Rowley

After attending school the following spring and summer at Oberlin, I engaged a position in the public schools of N. L., as teacher and superintendent, boarding at home, my parents having moved to that place. I remember, when I called on Squire P. one of the board of directors, a lawyer of rather a gruff manner, he spoke to me as follows: "Well, Mr. Rowley, if you take our school, it will be necessary for you to take a club, and knock some of those fellows over," which was a great surprise to me, and I told him I thought not; but he insisted I would have to do it. Quite a number of young men, and young women, were among my pupils, and we got along quite well; but I overtaxed myself; for in addition to my regular school work, I consented to teach a singing class one night in the week, four miles out of town, and altogether I undertook too much, and so had a serious breakdown during the second term, and was obliged to give up teaching, and my life plans were changed; I gave up the thought of taking a full literary course in college, and Hattie Munn and I decided we would have our good pastor, Rev. J. T. K., come to my father's home and solemnize the sacred contract, and we would give ourselves up to the music business, and Iowa was chosen as our field of action, especially as two of my dear sisters were living there in the town of Independence, sixty-nine miles west of Dubuque, on "The Dubuque and Sioux City Ry." (now the Illinois Central).

One word in regard to our wedding. It was on the 8th of December, 1866, and quite a number of our very dear friends were present. Immediately at the close of the ceremony my precious stepmother, remembering hearing me say, "We will sing 'Jesus, Lead the Way' when we are married," said to us: "Now, sing 'Jesus, Lead the Way'," which we sang right then before we sat down; and to that event special importance attaches, as all these years, now more than fifty-six, we have been singing the song. Before we started on our trip to Iowa, we had the privilege of attending three different musical conventions (so-called) in N. L., in each of which I received special benefit. From Prof. S., who taught in the first Convention, I got an inspiration for solo-singing, as he sang certain selections very well indeed, especially "Ring the Bell, Watchman" and "The Snow Storm," as he sang them with great expression. Prof. T. F. P. helped me greatly, as he sang with remarkable purity of tone. Lastly, Prof. S. was a great conductor of his chorus, with a very pleasing personality. I had a little song, which I greatly admired, entitled, "There's None to Say Good-Night to Me," which I practiced upon a great deal, with the thought of trying to improve in its rendition every time I sang it. I presume I sang the little song in my study of it at least one hundred times, if not two hundred times, studying it very carefully. In the early springtime we started for Iowa, stopping in Steuben County, Indiana, where we had a delightful visit with our many friends, and, agreeable to their wishes, taught a singing class in the little country church, at Otsego Center, the class coming together three times each week. We had a delightful time.

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07 -- CHAPTER

Fine visit at home of E. S. Wells -- wholesale store entirely destroyed during great Chicago fire, in 1871 -- went to The Holy Land -- continued our journey on to Independence, Iowa -- happy meeting with our loved ones -- taught rudimental class in Independence -- gave Operetta

of Laiha -- taught in Waterloo -- journeying up The Cedar River till we reached Bradford, Iowa --about the Holidays began teaching in "The Little Brown Church in the Vale," a historic place -- song written by Dr. W. S. Pitts-- return to Waterloo -- concert by class of two hundred girls-- youngest singer Mamie Strollman of Independence-- Frank Wellman greatest child-singer in the world -- returning to Ohio taught class in Fremont -- great guitar player -- father opposed his learning to play -- bunch of cows for audience -last class in Illinois at Princeton -- met Mr. John Bryant once evening.

From there we went to Chicago, to visit at the home of Mr. E. S. Wells and family, where Hattie had spent about one year and eight months before coming to Oberlin, Ohio, previously referred to. Her uncle and aunt -- Mr. and Mrs. Wells -- were estimable people, Mr. W. being very prominent in the Sunday school work, contemporary with D. L. Moody, in the beginning of his great work in that city.

Mr. Wells, knowing that we were very fond of music, coming home from his business one day, presented us with tickets to the great Parepa Opera. This proved a great blessing, from the musical standpoint, especially as we were just beginning our musical career of considerable magnitude. Possibly not all my readers may be familiar with the name Parepa Rosa, so I take pleasure in saying she was perhaps the greatest singer in all the world, without any exception. The great Peace Jubilee was held in the city of Boston soon after the close of the Civil War, with a chorus of twenty thousand singers and one thousand players on instruments, and Parepa was the great soprano, her voice being heard above all the voices and instruments, accompanied by the great organ and firing of cannon. The great conductor of this mighty chorus was Mr. Carl Zerrahn, unsurpassed as a conductor of large choruses in all the country. I had always been taught that theater-going was wrong, and had never attended one up to that time, neither have I since that time; so, although I had never been converted to God, when Mr. W. kindly presented us with the tickets to the Grand Opera, to hear Parepa, I was somewhat fearful it might not be just the right thing to do, but we have always felt glad for the privilege of hearing the great prima donna, and the charming chorus in "II Trovatore." To hear such music was indeed the privilege of a lifetime, and one never to be forgotten.

Mr. Wells was a wholesale grocer, of the firm of "Wells & Faulkner," on South Water Street, and he told me they were in need of a book-keeper, and, knowing that we were coming, they had kept the place waiting some six weeks for me, and he intimated that my salary, to begin with, would be one thousand dollars a year; but I dared not undertake the work, not having yet fully recovered from the breakdown I had sustained while teaching in N. L.

At the time of the great fire in Chicago -- October, 1871 -the Wells & Faulkner store was completely destroyed, and soon after that Mr. Wells was sent by the Presbyterian Church, of which he was a member, as a delegate to some important Church Conference in Scotland; then, following the Conference, he took the delightful trip to the Holy Land before his return to the United States. He was a noble Christian gentleman. After spending a few days in Chicago, we resumed our journey to Independence, Iowa, where we had the great pleasure of being with our loved ones. Here we had a splendid reception into the home of my brother-in-law, Alfred Ingalls, who was the principal actor in the almost tragical story of his going to the Golden State (previously related), to seek his fortune in the early days of the great gold excitement. They had a beautiful home and two

fine children -- Kate Frances (Kittie) and Willard H. (Will), aged about eleven and seven years, respectively. We taught in Iowa some four years, deducting the time taken to go back to Ohio for a few weeks in the summer-time, to do some teaching again in the Buckeye State, and then returning again to Iowa. I will not detain the reader to any great extent, in giving an account of our work in Iowa, but will speak of a few things, and then record one year's work in Illinois immediately following our four years in Iowa.

Our first class in Iowa was in the Rudiments of Music, which we taught in Independence; after which we gave the beautiful little operetta of Laila, in which our little niece Kittie, took the part of the Fairy Queen, although before attending our rudimental class in singing, she was unable to sing the scale; for, after singing about three or four tones of the scale she would give them all the same sound. But we assured her that she could learn, and she did; her part as Fairy Queen was performed in a creditable manner. To be sure, there is a great difference in children as to their musical talent, some having large natural endowments, enabling them to excel, while others can achieve only a mediocrity of success, and still others find it somewhat difficult to accomplish anything musically. But I have for many years contended that all people can sing; anybody who can talk can also sing, for there is not so much difference, after all, between singing and talking. In the homes of some families, I have heard expressions like this: "Mary can make a singer; Mary has real musical talent, but John has no musical talent whatever, and he never can sing." So John, supposing that is the true situation, dares not attempt to sing, and so he never does.

The next place in which we taught was Waterloo, where we had quite a good class, in the organization of which our good friend-- Mr. H., the choir leader of the M. E. Church on the East Side-- very kindly gave his valuable assistance. Although it is now more than a half-century ago since we taught our first class in that place, it was even then a town of some 4,000 or 5,000 inhabitants. We understand it has become quite a city. We continued our musical work, as we journeyed along up the Cedar River, until we came to a little town by the name of "Bradford," in Chickasaw County, in regard to which I am happy to relate a bit of history of much more than ordinary interest. A prominent teacher of vocal music had taught one or two singing classes in this little village some three years previous to our coming, and had written a beautiful song, which was to have a place in the hearts and homes of more people, possibly, than any other Gospel song in all the world. The name of this famous song is "The Little Brown Church in the Vale," or, "The Church in the Wildwood," by Dr. W. S. Pitts. We were not aware of the existence of this beautiful song, for sometime after we went to Bradford, not having been printed up to that time, but Dr. P. had it in manuscript form. This was a Congregational Church, of which, at that time, Dr. J. K. Nutting was the pastor, a very estimable man, and a highly esteemed minister of the Gospel. This little brown church still stands in Bradford, used regularly as a place for preaching, being designated by a tablet over the door, the letters printed in gold, and to this sacred shrine many young people come, from all over the country, to celebrate their marriage. Dr. Pitts lived to a good old age -perhaps some eighty-six or eighty-seven years -- and some time ago I had the great pleasure of receiving a beautiful letter from him in reply to one from myself. Dr. Pitts was living in Brooklyn, N. Y., at that time, the letter having been written a few months previous to his death. Our first singing class in Bradford was begun a little before Christmas, 1867. Dr. Nutting's last work in the Public Ministry was in the pastorate of "The Little Brown Church in the Glade," at Crystal Springs, Florida. Some of the members of our first Singing School at Bradford are still living,

among whom we are glad to mention Mrs. I. M. Fisher, of Cedar Falls, Iowa. Her portrait is here given.

* * *

The Little Brown Church

The author of this volume finds great pleasure in being able to insert a true picture of "The Little Brown Church," located at Bradford, Iowa, and that of Dr. W. S. Pitts, author of the world-famous song, as the writer and his wife came to Bradford and taught, singing in the same little church in the Winter of 1867-1868, three years after Dr. Pitts had taught there.

The writer is very happy indeed to present right here a true picture of "The Little Brown Church in the Vale," as it was when he first saw it and as it is today; also a picture of Dr. J. K. Nutting, founder and pastor of the church, and a picture of Dr. W. S. Pitts, author of the famous song, accompanied by a brief note from Mrs. Loraine E. Kout, of Nashua, Iowa, giving the activities of the little church at this time: "Services are held there each Sunday afternoon. Some Sundays nearly every county in Iowa is represented by car numbers, and thousands of people register there each season from every State in the Union. The church is self-supporting. Tourists contribute generously, and five dollars is charged for the use of the church for each wedding. One hundred and ninety-one wedding ceremonies were performed there last year. The pastor is the Rev. George Hanna, who is also pastor of the Congregational here. The church is the First Congregational Church of Bradford, as you will notice by the sign at the door, and has always so been, although other ministers of all faiths come with their choirs and hold Sunday services here. A big Catholic choir was there last summer. The people of Bradford help support our minister here. There is a man who takes care of the church and grounds now. Many picnics are held there. The people of Bradford have tried hard to keep the church's fame from being commercialized, and to keep the surroundings as they were. It is about two miles from Nashua, and the people around here donated funds to erect markers along the principal roads leading to the church and our railroad station."

We taught a number of classes in Waterloo, the last one being composed of two hundred girls, of all ages, whom we drilled for a grand concert at close of the term, from which we were to receive our compensation for the instruction given, as we gave the singers their drills free of charge. The large hall was packed with a very appreciative audience, our two hundred girls being seated upon elevated seats; and the people said, the moment the beautiful large curtain of the Red, White and Blue was drawn aside, exposing to view the entire platform and singers, the girls all dressed in spotless white; the sight was beautiful indeed, well worth the price of admission. The youngest performer in this concert was Miss Mamie Strollman, of Independence, two and one-half years of age, whom we placed on top of the piano, and she rendered her two favorite selection -- "Belle Mahone" and "Shoo Fly" -- to the great delight of her audience. It is with great pleasure that I now make mention of a little boy residing in that city -- Frank Wellman, of twelve years -- who, together with little Phebe Wright, nine years of age, performed some beautiful duets. Following the great concert above described, we took these children with us for a series of concerts, the last one being given in the city of Keokuk, Iowa. I am very glad to speak of this little boy, Frank, as he was wondrously endowed with musical talent. Two of his favorite songs were

"Nobody's Child" and "Come, Birdie, Come." His voice had a remarkable range, especially his high tones, and he sang like a bird, with piercing and thrilling sweetness, so that when he sang "Nobody's Child" (in particular), people would be melted to tears, and we did not hesitate to advertise him as "The Greatest Child Singer in the World!" Very soon after the Keokuk concert, Phebe's people sent for her to come home, some of her folks being sick; so we sent both of the children back to Waterloo, J. E. going with them, and we have never heard from either Frank or Phebe from that time to this, over fifty years. It was perhaps a few months previous to this time, as we were then stopping in Independence, I told Mrs. Rowley one day, I had a mind to write my old friend, Mr. Lehr, and I would direct my letter to Ada, Ohio, as I understood he had gone there to teach school. So, although it seemed quite uncertain as to his receiving my communication, I would run the risk anyhow; maybe my letter would reach him. Just about that time, as Mr. Lehr has since told us, he said to Rev. J. W. Hill, the resident pastor of the M. E. Church, of Ada, as they met one day at the post-office: "I wish I knew where my old friend Rowley is, they being in need of music teachers at the Normal," Prof. Theodore Presser having been teaching in the school, and had gone, or soon would be gone, which made it necessary to find other help in the music. Many, if not all, of my readers will at once recognize the name of Theodore Presser, editor of the renowned musical magazine entitled "The Etude," published these many years in the city of Philadelphia. Upon the reception of my letter that day, my good friend Lehr was unspeakably glad to hear from us, and in a few days I received his reply, requesting us to come to Ada, to take charge of the Musical Department in the Normal. But my dear sister Lucia was in poor health, and wished us to defer going back to Ohio for one year, which we decided to do, and so informed Mr. Lehr, engaging to go at the beginning of the fall term in 1872, and we made all our arrangements accordingly. I would like right here to speak of a great musical treat we had at Fremont, Ohio, one summer, when we had returned from Iowa on a visit, also to do some teaching. We had quite a successful class in Fremont, closing up the term with a concert, as usual, in the big "Mammoth Hall."

We heard the people speak of a remarkable performer on the guitar, by the name of Professor Doll, and, hearing his playing so highly spoken of, we felt we must hear him play, and so one evening went to his home, and he gave us a kind reception, saying: "Well, I suppose you have come to hear me play." We told him that was what we came for, whereupon he picked up the instrument, and we were royally entertained by this master of the guitar, not simply a repertoire so often heard, of a lot of simple exercises, with "The Spanish Fandango," but this great artist, for such he was, played on the guitar like a Paderewski on the piano. So Professor Doll favored us with the revelation of a master, giving us transcriptions of favorite melodies, like "Home, Sweet Home," in a most charming manner. He told us somewhat of his childhood experience in learning to play, for his father was bitterly opposed to his guitar playing, for some unaccountable reason, and the little boy, then twelve years of age, would go to the woods and play, and had a bunch of cows for his audience.

Our last teaching in the West was in the spring of 1872, in a number of towns in Illinois, closing up in the beautiful little city of Princeton, with the operetta of Laila. While there, we had the pleasure, one evening, of meeting a brother of one of our greatest American poets -- William Cullen Bryant -- his name being John Bryant, highly gifted also as a writer, and Princeton was his place of residence.

Among the many Iowa towns in which we conducted Musical Conventions, we desire to speak of D., a place of some one thousand people, where we had a pleasant and successful work. Upon arrival in the town, we first secured our boarding-place, and then the writer went to see the Rev. S., pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, telling him we should like to engage the Methodist Church for our Free Musical Entertainment that evening, for the purpose of organizing our Musical Convention, and the pastor thought there would be no objection; he would go with me to see the trustees, and we soon set out to call upon these officials. But after calling upon several of them, the pastor thought we had seen a sufficient number of them, who unhesitatingly consented, and he suggested we might distribute our hand-bills at once and proceed with the entertainment. But a little while before dark, we were called upon by the pastor, inquiring if it would make any difference to us if we were to occupy the basement of the church, saying the basement was a pleasant room, at the same time informing us that one certain man on the Board of Trustees objected to our entertainment being given in the upper room -- the main auditorium -- as they kept it very carefully, not even holding any of their funerals therein, the church being quite a fine edifice for those days -a large two-story brick structure. That particular member of the Board had not been consulted. But we told the good pastor it was all right with us, and so, at the appointed hour we were greeted with an appreciative audience, and we were informed that immediately after we finished our first selection -- which was "Jesus, Lead the Way" -- this same trustee who had entered the protest hurried home at once (their residence being very near the church), and excitedly made the announcement: "Wife! wife! come over to the church, quick! Haven't heard such singing since we came from old England." Suffice it to say, we had two delightful conventions in the church, the second immediately following the first, with the concert at the close of each term of lessons, both of the concerts being given in the upper room.

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08 -- CHAPTER

We attended National Normal Musical Institute in Chicago -great array of talent on teaching force -- Carl Zerrahn great conductor of chorus -- had absolute pitch -- took few private lessons in singing -- large telescope -- great surprise to hear of Henry Truman Safford being with us who was a mathematical prodigy when a little boy -- leave the Institute a little while before the close -- arrive at Ada six o'clock in the morning on Saturday in time for the opening of the term Monday morning -take dinner with Prof. Lehr and family -- go to boarding-place engaged for us at home of father and mother Matthews and Bro. and Sister Rice -- coming home from Urbana Camp-meeting on Monday -- two hundred in attendance that fall term -- in a few years fifteen hundred in attendance at once time -- four days musical convention -- great success -- great surprise by visit of Prof. Hammil -- came into Elocution class -- great success of music pupil, Will Pontius.

For some time we had been reading of Dr. George F. Root's great musical project in Chicago -- the National Normal Musical Institute -- at the Baptist University, near Douglas Place, by Lake Michigan, that being vacation time for the University, and we made our plans to attend the Institute, feeling it would be of great benefit to us, fitting us more fully for our new work in the school at Ada. Mr. Charles Munn, Hattie's father, together with his family, had moved from North Adams, Mass., to Chicago, just the Wednesday prior to the Great Fire in October, 1871, but

fortunately located on the West Side, so they were outside the burnt district. Each Sabbath during our attendance at the Musical Institute we had the pleasure of being with "our folks" in their home.

Dr. Root had planned wisely for a very successful Musical Institute, securing some of the greatest teachers in the country, among whom was the great Carl Zerrahn, of Boston, to conduct the heavy choruses.

At that time, as I remember, Mr. Zerrahn was about forty-five years of age -- possibly fifty. Our chorus met each afternoon for drill in the study of some great oratorio. An item of great interest to us was to observe that Mr. Zerrahn had absolute pitch, it never being necessary for his accompanist to aid him in the least by "giving the pitch" on the piano when he called a halt for a few moments, as he would spend a short time in speaking to the singers about their parts, illustrating by his own voice; but never, for one moment, finding it necessary to have the pianist "strike the tone." He was the only one I ever knew who had absolute pitch. In wielding the baton, directing the chorus, he was free from extravagant demonstrations, but he had great control of the voices, with but apparently little effort on his part. He had the perfect confidence of the singers in his ability to direct them. I availed myself of the privilege of receiving a few private lessons from Mr. Z. in voice culture, or, more particularly, solo singing, and, having observed his wonderful accuracy in all he did, I ventured to speak to him about it one day during my lesson, and I said: "Mr. Zerrahn, how is it that you never make mistakes?" In his broken English (he was German) he replied: "Meester Rowley, a teacher moost not make meestakes!" Certainly a good rule, but I have not always kept it. Our staff of instructors were, in the main, as follows: Dr. Geo. F. Root gave the rudimental instruction, he being unsurpassed in presenting the First Principles of Musical Notation for the benefit of the teachers in their work, the Institute being composed mostly, if not entirely, of music teachers; Professor Goldbeck was at the head of the Piano Department; Carl Zerrahn was in charge of the chorus work; Frederick W. Root, son of Geo. F. Root, taught Harmony and Composition, also the tenor class; P. P. Bliss and Professor Gill each taught a class of ladies, and, if I mistake not Dr. Root taught the class of bass singers.

At that time the University had a very large telescope, said to be the largest of its kind in all the world, and one day Dr. Root made the announcement that arrangements had been made whereby all the members of the Musical Institute would have the privilege of viewing the moon, through the large telescope, from the great observatory on the top of the University building, and they would be admitted as their names came, in alphabetical order. This would require a number of evenings, there being some 175 on the roll; so, by the time our name was reached, the moon had gotten out of position to see her; but we were told we should have the privilege of viewing Saturn, which would be very enjoyable -- to see her "golden rings" and her several "moons." Mrs. Rowley had a peculiar experience looking at Saturn, as, all at once, she cried out, "Who is moving the telescope?" as it seemed to her; but she was told: "Nobody is moving the telescope; it is the motion of the earth."

We had a delightful evening, and began our descent about the midnight hour; but as we were going down, some one made a remark that attracted my attention greatly: "Professor Safford was not out tonight." And I quickly interposed: "You do not mean Truman Henry Safford?" "Yes," they replied, "Truman Henry Safford." "Why," said I, being greatly surprised, "Is he here with us?" I was then assured he was with us in our Musical Institute, he being one of the regular instructors

in the University, whereupon my interest in the matter was raised to the highest pitch, for, quite a number of years previous to that, I had read of him in a book entitled "The Philosophy of Arithmetic," which told of marvelous feats in mathematics he performed when about seven or eight years of age, being a mathematical prodigy, and now I was very desirous of talking with him personally, and so ascertain whether it was true what I had read of this wonderful little boy. It was perhaps the very next day, while Dr. Root was giving a lesson on "The Philosophy of Pitch," some one said to me, "That is Professor Safford standing there," and I approached him at once, and told him I was very anxious to talk with him, and inquire if the wonderful things I had read of his doing when a little boy were true, and he replied that his father was always careful that nothing about him should be published that was not true. And then I went on to inquire of the truthfulness of several statements I had read. I said: "Mr. Safford, I read that you went through Adams' Arithmetic in four days." He said: "I did, and I solved every problem; I began Tuesday morning, and finished the book Friday evening." Now, "Adams' Arithmetic" was a rather difficult book, used in the Public Schools before Rays' Arithmetic came into use, and perhaps a little larger book. I said: "Mr. Safford, I read that, in taking up the study of some of the higher mathematics when a little boy, you were in the habit of beginning at the middle of the book, and working out, going both ways." He confirmed what I said about that, also declaring that such books were not properly gotten up, as the most difficult things were put into the front of the book, which he could not understand, so he would read and read, until he got to a place where he could understand something, and then he would work his way out. Also, I spoke to him about his making an almanac when he was just a little boy, which he readily confirmed, and other things as well, of which I spoke. There was another observatory out on the Campus where he would make important calculations, and of a nature so difficult and intricate that an ordinary mathematician would require perhaps thirty minutes for the solution of the problem, but he would announce the answer instantly! He held the hand of his little boy, of about seven or eight years of age, standing by his side, and Mr. Safford said: "This little boy is a prodigy; I do not send him to school, because their system of teaching is not right. I teach him myself at home."

We were obliged to leave Chicago before the close of the Musical Institute, in order that we might reach Ada in good time for the opening of the fall term, which I think was on Monday morning, August 2. So we took the P. F. W. & C. Ry., reaching Ada at six o'clock Saturday morning. Immediately across the R. R. track from the old depot, Mr. Samuel Arbuth not kept a hotel, which we patronized to the extent of getting our breakfast that morning, and then I started out at once to find my good friend Lehr, the president of the school. On looking behind me, I noticed a gentleman following me, and asked him if he could tell me where I could find Professor Lehr, and he very kindly offered to go with me, and so we walked on together, until we reached the little white cottage occupied by the Lehr family. But Professor Lehr not being at home just at that time, Mrs. Lehr replied to Mr. Shannon's question, that he was probably at "the new building," meaning "the new Normal," so we retraced our steps, going across the railroad, and then I met Mr. Lehr, my splendid friend and teacher, whom I had not seen for six or eight years. That was indeed a happy meeting for us both. Professor Lehr, being "just a bundle of nerves," was greatly excited, and was happy to introduce me to everybody along the street. We had our dinner that day with Professor Lehr and family, never having met Mrs. Lehr till that day. In the afternoon Mr. Lehr took us over to our boarding-place, which he had engaged prior to our coming -- the home of father and mother Matthews, together with their daughter, Mrs. S. Rice, and her family -- all of them except Mrs. Rice and little girl, being at Urbana, attending Camp-Meeting, and they were coming home very

soon. The next day being Sunday, we went with Mr. Lehr to the different Sunday Schools in the village, and sang a little in each School, coming back in time for the preaching service at the Methodist Episcopal Church, that being our regular church home.

Ada! yes, Ada! We are really here, an unattractive little place, with but few sidewalks, and poor at that; humble-looking dwellings, unpretentious business houses, people quite common, who had scarcely begun to dream of the possibilities of this educational institution located among them. What an outlook for the future! From out of these halls of learning in a few years shall emerge many noble young people to bless the world, many going back to the farm whence they came, just plain, happy, intelligent farmer boys and girls; others as flaming heralds of the Cross of Jesus Christ; physicians, lawyers, statesmen, judges on the bench, and rulers with gubernatorial honors. Yes, the School at Ada had a great future. To be the Founder and President of such a school, the student body, for the most part coming from homes where the strictest economy was necessary, how wisely Divine Providence ordered the life of this little boy Henry Solomon Lehr -- who first could say his letters at twelve years of age, so tightly pinched in a home of poverty, where these noble Christian parents had a struggle to maintain a family of twelve children, feed and clothe them and send them to school. Coming up through such difficulties, the reader may readily understand how the Founder and President of a great school could tenderly care for and watch over the boys and girls who were compelled to practice the most rigid economy in order "to make both ends meet."

Just a little school then -- the fall term of 1872 -- with an enrollment of two hundred, those figures to jump in just a few years to fifteen hundred, with an annual enrollment of three thousand! The addition of other buildings soon became imperative, and the popularity of the Ada School was assured. Prof. J. G. Park's great efficiency as teacher of English Grammar did much to attract the students to Ada; while Prof. Sniff was perfectly at home in the arithmetic class, and helped the pupils to feel that way also; and then Professor Maglott made the study of geography delightful by his most intimate acquaintance with the subject. Then there was Professor Pence, "the writer without hands," so happy in his work, and so genial at all times, and an expert ball-player as well; and so on, in all the departments of the school, the classes were well manned, and the young people greatly enjoyed it at Ada. Mrs. Rowley and I had our hands full, giving private lessons in piano, organ and voice culture, with various singing classes, in Ada and other towns, and throughout the country also. On coming to Ada, I was at once placed in charge of the elocution class, which I enjoyed greatly. The class was composed of some seventy or eighty pupils-- young men and young women -- the time of recitation coming just before Chapel in the morning, and one morning Professor Lehr surprised us by bringing into the class-room a distinguished visitor -- Prof. S. S. Hammill, the great elocutionist, my former instructor at Mt. Union College; and, although I was always quite at home with my elocution pupils, I am free to admit that was a moment of real embarrassment to me; fortunately, I thought, it was very nearly time for the Chapel bell to ring, and Mr. Hammill was most cordially welcomed to the Chapel exercises, and before the close he gave some fine readings from Shakespeare, and he remained a few days to do some special teaching.

Mrs. Rowley and I were very busy indeed, having many private lessons to give, either in voice, piano or organ, and some of the time we had a singing school somewhere each night in the week, except Sunday night, of course. My wife did not go with me to all of the singing classes.

After we had been at Ada some time, we conceived the idea of having a big Musical Convention of four days' continuance, three sessions daily, free entertainment being very kindly furnished in the homes of the splendid people of the town, the whole plan having the sanction of Professor Lehr and faculty; so we issued the invitations to the leading singers of various towns all over the country, which secured fine responses from thirteen different towns and cities, bringing together a chorus of one hundred voices, the parts being well represented, especially in the bass, which gave splendid richness of tone, so much desired in the chorus work. We surely had a delightful musical treat for four days, as we studied some of the grand choruses from the great masters, such as "The Heavens Are Telling," "The Hallelujah Chorus," "The Anvil Chorus," etc., etc., closing after four days with the Grand Concert. "Squire" Anspach was our great stand-by among the bass in the rendition of the heavy choruses, he being one of Ada's citizens; then there was Professor Ohr, regular instructor in the Normal, having a voice of great depth and power. Mrs. Rowley was the pianist for all the chorus work and for the special music, consisting of solos, duets, quartets, etc.

When we first came to Ada to teach music, we certainly found a field of virgin soil to cultivate, there being not one young lady or young man who could play church music, the instruments at that time being the little, cheap cabinet organs, no one at Ada having dreamed of a fine piano for church, a magnificent pipe-organ or the splendid orchestra. Our good friend, Mrs. H. Y., played the little organ some, especially at the Presbyterian Church, although she had advanced but little in the study of music. After Mrs. Rowley had taught piano and organ just a few years in the school, there began to be players galore, some of whom became quite eminent in music. It affords me great pleasure to speak of one of our pupils in particular -- Will S. Pontius-- who came from the farm near Upper Sandusky, Ohio. We gave him his first lessons in voice and piano, and he has surely become an honor to his teachers and to the Institution at Ada, for in a few years he had won celebrity, both as performer, composer and author. We have recently been informed that at present (now 1923) he is in charge of a large Musical Institute in Minneapolis. We are delighted to hear of his eminent success in his chosen profession.

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09 -- CHAPTER

Relate my experience of conversion, April 13, 1875 -- singing humorous and comic music my besetting sin -- ten days holiness meeting in our church -- pungent conviction stirred me to action-- greatly led out in prayer on way home from meeting --attack of Satan -- kept on praying -- victory on door -- at great peace came some hours afterwards -- "this is it, this is it" -constant flow of peace except one momentary interruption -requested to preach, and did so two different Sundays.

And now, with sincere gratitude to my Heavenly Father for all His tender mercies, and with true filial recognition of His providential dealings all through my life, though so unworthy, I am now most happy to begin the recital of my religious experience -- real religious experience -- and some gleanings from years in the public ministry, which God, in His wisdom, saw fit to give me. I certainly desire to speak first of Divine Providence in bringing us to Ada, that we might be brought under the definite teaching of Holiness by a pastor in the Methodist Episcopal Church --

Rev. I. N. Smith by name -- whose soul, in 1875, was aflame with the wonderful Gospel of the uttermost salvation through faith in Jesus Christ, and who "constantly and explicitly" preached the glorious truth as enjoined by the great Wesley in his earnest exhortation to his preachers. My wife and I being members of the M. E. Church, we were to have the inspiration and blessing from the ministry of this humble man of God; but, to my shame, be it said, his preaching was an unwelcome message to my ears, as it brought deep conviction, and I thought seriously of leaving that church and uniting with another denomination in the village, where I knew I should be safe, such teaching and preaching being scarcely allowable with them; but I was withheld from such a course as that for very shame, thank God. Although, up to that time, I had not been converted to God, with a church membership of seventeen years consecutively; yet my pastor appointed me a class leader, which was indeed a great cross for me, but I dared not refuse, for fear such refusal would be displeasing to the Lord. I knew that in my class there were a number of spiritual members, they being advocates of, and witnesses to, the blessing of Perfect Love. But fortunately for me, as it seemed to me, my pastor was usually present, and held the general class. For years and years I was fearful somebody would inquire: "Brother Rowley, when were you converted?" Only one answer could I give at all to that question. I knew I could tell when I "joined the church," and many people would inquire no further. How I did wish no one would. There was one thing which I did, for which I suffered condemnation year after year. It was not for dancing or theater-going, having never been in a ball-room or theater in my life.

The particular thing to which I now refer was the singing of humorous and comic music, and I knew it pleased the people attending our concerts, and I deemed it quite important that we "bring down the house," and so had a liberal supply of songs along that line, as indicated by "Look Me in the Eye, Johnny," "Dad's a Millionaire," "Jolly Jonathan," "Jilted Jonathan," "Give the Old Man a Chance," etc. I suppose I was somewhat gifted with the power of imitation, and I was quite willing to follow the course which was sure to produce amusement for the people, although in opposition to the Spirit's admonition, for He constantly kept before me the words of the apostle, found in Col. 3:17: "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." I felt I could not sincerely invoke the blessing of God upon the entertainment, as I held the program in my hand, and so continued in the way described by many "professors of religion," who declare they "do many things which they know they ought not to do."

Now, I do not mean that this was my only sin, for I was a sinner; I lived a life of sin, and, as sin is a disease, what I have referred to above was simply one of the symptoms of my soul's disease. Sad, indeed, that many people who occupy a place in the church today, never having experienced the New Birth, are endeavoring very feebly to control their sinful tendencies, and gradually lop off their sins, instead of surrendering themselves completely to the Lord, to be made new creatures in Christ," the only way one can live the Christian life.

The reader will doubtless think it strange that my pastor appointed me a class leader when in an unconverted state but they must understand that I was generally regarded a Christian, and some of my friends even thought me a good Christian, and I desired to avoid hypocrisy, for I was afraid of it, thinking it the most horrible of all sins. Indeed, I never claimed to be a Christian; never was heard to give a Christian testimony; I never said I loved God, for I well knew that love was the Bible test of discipleship love to God and love to man. But, although I was exceedingly

uncomfortable under the preaching of my pastor, who constantly urged the duty of "entire consecration" upon the church, I scarcely knew what to do or which way to turn, for I was superintendent of the Sunday School, and I was leader of the church choir. I thought, if our pastor would only quit preaching to the church; if he would turn his attention to the "outsiders," and let the church-members alone; it would be indeed a delightful change; it would surely give me a rest; but no, he kept right on, urging "entire consecration" upon all the members. Holiness preaching took hold of me as nothing had ever done before. Finally, about the first of April 1875, our pastor began a ten days' Holiness Revival Meeting in our church, and the people came "from far and near." I remember two of our neighboring pastors who attended that meeting and gave valuable assistance Rev. George Matthews and Rev. John Parlette -- both of them good preachers and eminently successful in the ministry. Several persons came from Bucyrus, Ohio, some of whom were noted in the ranks of the laity, of whom I now mention Hiram Ackers, educated for the practice of law, a confirmed infidel and a hard drinker, of whom I shall speak later on; suffice it now to say, Hiram Ackers attended that ten days' meeting, gave his humble testimony to God's redeeming grace, greatly to the interest of all who heard him; but I did not hear him, for I carefully planned to be absent from the meetings for several days.

That meeting was conceived in the atmosphere of prayer, and in the same humble spirit was carried on from day to day. The time of my deliverance was near at hand. Oh, glorious thought! Can it be that I, who for so many years have wandered in darkness, am I really soon to be translated into the Kingdom of His dear Son, and know in my own heart that my sins are all forgiven, and God truly owns me as His child, and my name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life? Yes, yes, a thousand times yes. Although very busy with my teaching, I planned to be at the church for a morning meeting; it seems to me it was on Tuesday morning. I know it was the 13th of April, with much interest in the meeting, as shown by the large number present; and, when the altar call was made, I pressed my way to the front, although the altar proper was full, with two or three deep kneeling about the altar, and I was among them. A good woman, residing quite a distance from Ada, evidently interested in my case, very kindly knelt by my side to speak whatever words of comfort she might be able; but I was provoked, and answered her accordingly -sometimes a pretty good indication when a seeker "gets out of fix." I was heartily ashamed of it, and tendered her my apology a little later on; but she said she had not noticed it. I think that service closed about ten minutes after twelve -- noon -and I started home, intently thinking and praying as I went along. How well I remember it all. Without slacking my pace, I prayed earnestly as I continued walking, with my heart lifted up to my Heavenly Father, the enemy contesting every foot of the way. This was the last great battle with the powers of darkness before the God-given victory came sweeping down into my soul. Right here I recalled so vividly the teaching of Mrs. Phebe Palmer so often given seekers under her most excellent instruction, as again and again she would refer to the words of Jesus in John 6:37: "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." I plead the promise of my blessed Savior, but the tempter whispered: "It will do you no good to pray. Don't you know you have done a great deal of praying years and years ago? Do you think you can pray any more than you have done?" But I knew there was something I had not done. With all my praying in years gone by, I never had really trusted my Lord to save me. So, within me I reasoned thus: "He says if I come to Him, He will not cast me out; so, then, He must receive me, if I really take Him at His word." "It is my privilege and duty to believe He receives me when I come to Him." So I determined to trust Him then and there, and, having reached the little cottage home, standing upon the door-step, I looked up into the face of my Savior and exclaimed:

"Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I will be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me."

I knew it was done, I knew I trusted, something I had never done before, and immediately I went into the house to tell my dear wife that I was converted, which was the first real Christian testimony I ever gave. As I remember, that was about twenty minutes after twelve o'clock. I had to "fight the good fight of faith" all that afternoon, but as I lay my head upon my pillow that night, how sweet to reflect I had given myself to the Lord; I knew I had done so, and that alone gave me infinite satisfaction. Heretofore I had been seeking "the blessing," the experience in my own heart, which I had heard so many testify to, which they themselves had received into their own hearts; but I was not looking for anything in my soul, for I could exultantly exclaim:

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine."

And so I continued trusting for perhaps thirty-six or forty hours, without any special manifestation or "blessing" in my soul; but I was converted on the door-step, for there I gave myself to God, and trusted Him to save me. Yet, the door-step in front of our little cottage in Ada was truly my Bethel. God does not postpone the salvation of a soul the briefest moment of time, when the soul surrenders and trusts the sinner's Friend. Many people would say, and perhaps correctly, that the heavenly blessing of peace which I experienced some hours subsequently was the Witness of the Spirit, having been delayed some hours that my loyalty and faith might be tested agreeably to God's infinite wisdom. He kept me steady; I am not aware that I wavered for one moment. Oh, how blessed it was to trust! But one morning, in a very quiet little meeting at the church, perhaps the second day after my door-step experience, suddenly there came into my heart an experience of peace and rest never known before, and I inwardly exclaimed: "This is it! This is it! This is what I have been wanting all my life! Oh, yes, this is it! This is it!" And I declared to one and all that I was "sanctified." It does not seem at all strange to me that I should claim to be sanctified; I certainly could not avoid saying so, for I was so happy, so happy. Why should I not say I was sanctified? Indeed, according to the teaching of Mr. Wesley, I was sanctified, although I might not be "wholly sanctified." How very clear is the teaching of John Wesley in reference to "sanctification" and "entire sanctification," as he reviews the words of the Apostle Paul to the Corinthians. I was truly "born again." I could say, "I know my name is written down in the Lamb's Book of Life." How many people, alas, do not know what is meant by being "born again," and yet their names are on the church-rolls. Let us remember the words of Jesus to Nicodemus: "Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again." That is, we must be created anew we must be made new creatures. A good many have an idea that to be a Christian is simply to "do better," live a better life than we have been doing; at least, make an effort to live better. No, no, that is not it, my brother, for to be "born again" is to have "a new heart," for God has promised to take away the "stony heart out of our flesh, and give us a heart of flesh." Mr. Moody, the great evangelist, was right when he said the Bible does not talk about our having "a change of heart;" the Bible teaches

us that God gives us a new heart. Yes, that is it. Paul says: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." God imparts His own nature to His obedient and trusting child, and thus it becomes natural to love God and live the Godly life. Previous to my conversion, I could not "testify," for I had nothing to testify about pertaining to experimental religion -- certainly not. But now my life and testimony were altogether spontaneous. My spiritual life was natural, just as was my physical life; I did not "try to serve the Lord" any more; I just served Him naturally, as I breathed naturally. Have never been timid about coming in contact with devoted Christian people for fear they would ask me when I was converted; I could tell them with great pleasure -- "April 13, 1875!"

Well may the poet sing:

"O how happy are they,
Who their Savior obey;
And have laid up their treasures above.
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love."

How expressive the old hymn we have sung so much:

"O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior, and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."

One day Rev. T. J., pastor of a little church some two miles east of Ada, asked me if I would fill his appointment the following Sabbath, as he was going away; but I told him I had no authority to preach, never having been "licensed," this being perhaps some three or four weeks after my conversion; but he said that was all right; he wanted me to go. So, when I told him I would do so, he very kindly informed me in regard to their custom as to the class meeting. He said: "Now, Brother Rowley, when you get through preaching, you can just turn the class meeting over to Brother C., the class leader, and he will lead the class, and I told him, "All right! I will do so."

It being my first effort at preaching, I began to wonder what I should have for a text, for I supposed I must have a text; and I felt I must have "a holiness text," being converted under the distinct preaching of holiness; so I decided on Matt. 5:8: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." At the appointed time I was on hand, and arose and announced my text, and talked, as I remember, about thirty minutes, saying: "We will now have the class meeting," and the good brother arose and spoke as follows: "Now, brethren and sisters, take up your cross, one after another, in quick succession, and it will soon be over with." Seemed a little amusing to me, but the class leader meant it all right, I am sure, for he was a good man.

About that time another one of our Methodist pastors having a church a few miles west of Ada, desired me to fill his appointment also, as he was to be away from home: desired that I should preach at two different points, morning and afternoon, respectively; but I demurred, saying I

was no preacher, but he said it was all right, if I would consent to go; so I told him I would. As before, I felt I ought to talk upon Holiness, and so I chose the seventeenth chapter of John, and did as well as I could; but as I spoke of the great importance of the glorious experience, something seemed to say to me: "Are you really in the blessed experience?" And I was just a little fearful I was not, although I had not the slightest doubt of my conversion. Thank God, I knew that and I knew it well. I began to be very hungry for something, and I did not know what it was. I have often said "I was as happy as an angel and hungry as a bear."

I had not the slightest idea what was meant by the "hungering" in my heart, but the Lord knew, and He would surely fulfill His promises in Matt. 5:6: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." I was certainly a happy young convert from day to day and moment by moment, with only one exception, which greatly surprised me. One day, in our happy home, without any provocation I have ever been able to recall, all at once I became impatient, and, speaking a foolish by-word, flung my hand down by my side, all of which greatly surprised me, and grieved me; but at once I looked to the Lord for forgiveness, and my peace continued to flow on, with just that brief interruption. Had I been at that time properly instructed in regard to my privilege as a child of God, I might have, right then and there, claimed the blessing of a pure heart as my rightful heritage; but I did not know of my heaven-bought privilege as to purity, and the Lord most tenderly cared for me.

I had a delightful Christian experience all that spring and summer, without any spiritual declension, save the momentary one I have referred to, and God in His great mercy forgave me.

* * * * *

10 -- CHAPTER

Confirmed infidel and hard drinker by the name of Hiram Ackers, gloriously converted to God, sanctified once week later, great Bible student, and successful evangelist -- Foolish young man by name of "Jasper" converted and sanctified in meeting held by Bro. Strong and wife, and G. I. Stone, returned missionary from India -- Moody's first text in London on the subject "The Five Things which God hath Chosen," from 1st Cor. 1:27, 28

Those were the early days of the Holiness Movement here in the United States, and volumes might be written of the wonderful occurrences all over these lands. By the way, we shall doubtless look in vain for the marvelous happenings when the church is at a low ebb.

It gives me great pleasure to narrate the experience of Hiram Ackers, of Bucyrus, Ohio, spoken of on a previous page. He was educated for the profession of law, but never practiced in the legal profession. He had a Christian wife, but he himself was a confirmed infidel, and badly given to strong drink. He had a small dry goods store in Bucyrus. The pastor of the Methodist Church in Bucyrus was a devout man, and was being assisted in his revival meeting by a holiness evangelist. Mrs. A. had sought to have Mr. A. accompany her to the church where the meeting was in progress, and he frankly told her he would go with her to the meeting if the preacher would preach from a text he might choose, and told her what it was. His trouble was in regard to "election," as told in the ninth chapter of Romans, where the apostle is speaking of the calling of

the Gentiles. Mrs. Ackers spoke to the preacher about it, and he consented to take that for his text at the following service in the evening.

However, when it was near the time for starting to church, Mr. A. declared he would not go; but Mrs. A. urged him to, reminding him of his promise, and he put on his hat and went with his wife to church that evening, a very unusual thing for him to do; and now, as I have many times heard him declare, "Before the preacher was half way through his sermon, the props were all knocked out from under me, and I was in the kingdom!" When the altar-call was made, to the surprise of everybody, Hiram Ackers, in company with others, humbly knelt at the altar, whereupon a brother knelt by him and inquired if he had come seeking the forgiveness of his sins, to which he promptly replied, "No, sir, God has forgiven my sins." Following the altar service, an opportunity was given for personal testimonies, and again, to the utter surprise of the Christian people, Brother Ackers then and there testified to the saving power of Christ.

Early in the morning the preacher determined to visit the little store, to have a conference with its proprietor, Hiram Ackers, to ascertain if it was really a fact that he had given his heart to the Savior, and the preacher was there at that early hour, when, to the delight of his soul, he found it was gloriously true! Hiram Ackers, though once with the bad record of a confirmed infidel, and in the abject bondage of strong drink, and so wicked generally that preachers and Christian people seldom ventured to speak to him personally upon the subject of religion, was now an avowed disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. In one week after his wonderful conversion, Brother Ackers sought a pure heart, and complete emancipation from the bondage of abnormal appetites, including that of tobacco. To the eternal praise of God be it here stated that, in one week's time, Hiram Ackers was justified freely, and sanctified wholly, realizing the glorious fulfillment of the wondrous statement in Romans 5:20, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." God intended him for the Christian ministry, and he "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision," and the Lord made him a mighty champion in the field of holy evangelism, for he became a great preacher of Full Salvation, and was successful in winning many souls to Christ. In his reading, he was decidedly "a man of one book," paying but little attention to any book but the Bible, and studied it constantly, reading it "by course," going through the entire Book doubtless as many as one hundred times, at least, and, it may be, twice that many times. I never have seen any one so constantly and carefully given to the study of the Holy Scriptures as Brother Ackers.

Mr. and Mrs. Strong, of Eastern Ohio, together with Mr. G. I. Stone, of Berea, were successful holiness evangelists, the latter laboring several years as a missionary in India. During one of their revival campaigns in Ohio, and when holding a meeting in a certain little town, a foolish, weak-minded young man by the name of "Jasper" _____ was happily and gloriously converted to God, following which, in one week, he was sanctified wholly, and became very efficient in winning souls to the Lord.

During the altar-call, Jasper would eagerly go up and down the aisles of the church and, throwing his arms around the necks of the people, he was enabled to greatly help on the work of the revival. Immediately after this meeting, the evangelistic party were engaged to hold a revival meeting at the town of S., perhaps some twenty-five or thirty miles distant, but the people had heard of "the foolish boy," and so they wrote the evangelists to leave "Jasper" at home when they came, and these good people decided to do so; but the meeting would not go without "Jasper," so

they had to send for him to come and help them. I may not be misunderstood when I quote from I. Cor. 1:26-29: "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence." I remember that Mr. D. L. Moody, the great evangelist, chose as a text for his first sermon in the city of London, when he and Mr. Sankey went there for their first meeting, "The Five Things Which God Hath Chosen," embracing the Scripture above quoted.

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11 -- CHAPTER

Provisionally led to Ada -- holiness preaching and teaching -testimony of Mother Matthews -- "I esteem others better than myself" -- youngest daughter, Genevra, married Bro. Rice --invited by Bro. Rice to go into the house and meet Bro. Strong and wife, but dared out do so -- company went to Churubusco, Ind., to hold meeting -- wondrous deliverance of Sister Smith -- restored mentally, and sanctified wholly -- I had hungry heart, and we went to Urbana, to attend the National Holiness Camp Meeting -- introduced to John Inskip -- pastor invited Bro. B. W. Gorham to come to Ada to hold ten days meeting -- the heavenly baptism came upon me -- can never describe it -wondered if God would bless me to death.

The writer believes in providential dealings and guidance, and attributes much to the Lord, Who says, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Doubtless the way was providentially opened for us to come to Ada to teach music in the school, in response to the call from Prof. H. S. Lehr, the president. It would be a great blessing to us, and we were to do our part in helping to build up the school. But we were to receive great spiritual help from the holiness preaching we were to hear by certain Methodist pastors, particularly Rev. I. N, Smith and Rev. J. W. Hill, the former being my "spiritual father," under whose ministry I was converted April 13, 1875, and early the following September swept into "the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ."

With sincere gratitude, I am most happy to include help from the laity who represented the wonderful Holiness Movement in and around Ada. Perhaps few places in all the country have been more highly favored with a deeply spiritual membership than Ada and the country round about. First of all, I mention Brother Jonathan Matthews and his wife, Rebecca Matthews, who were precious people of God. I am wont to think of Father Matthews as a very godly man. "Mother Matthews," as she was usually called, was a wondrous inspiration in the revival meeting, whose personal testimony at the time of her sanctification was, "I esteem others better than myself!" Their son, Roland Matthews, was for many years very prominent and efficient in the holiness work, and always reminded me of "Father Abraham," who was called "the friend of God." Samuel Patterson married Lovina Matthews, daughter of Jonathan and Rebecca Matthews, and was one of the most efficient laymen in soul-saving work I ever knew. I heard him say, "I had thought I was to be a preacher, but the Lord made a sexton out of me." He lived a life of great usefulness. There were many, very many others of whom we would be glad to speak, but "the time would fail us" to tell of

them. The youngest daughter of Jonathan and Rebecca Matthews, Geneva by name, married Squire Rice, who, by the blessing of God, became a great soul winner, and was instrumental in the sanctification of many of the people of God, in the town of Ada, and in a wide area of country. Brother Rice did not admire the name "Squire," which his people gave him, and seemed to think it strange that he should be thus christened. Possibly many who read these lines were acquainted with Brother Rice, of whom I shall have occasion to speak many, many times in the following pages, as we were yoke-fellows in the evangelistic work, and traveled together thousands of miles in the various states of The Union during a term of some ten or twelve years. Brother Rice was undoubtedly much interested in my spiritual welfare, but for between two and three years previous to my conversion I did not come into very close personal contact with him. I really shunned spiritually-minded people for fear of being "cornered." I was so fearful people would ask me when I was converted, and I knew I could only tell them, truthfully, when I "joined the church." I remember, one day, he asked me kindly to come into his house and meet Brother and Sister Strong, who were stopping with them, saying: "They are very holy people;" but I dared not go in. If he had said, "They have the smallpox," the effect would have been the same. I dared not come into contact with holy people.

Finally, a revival meeting was to be held in a church in the country, some two or three miles from the town of Churubusco, perhaps twenty or thirty miles north of the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana, and quite a little company of workers went from Ada to hold that meeting, consisting of Bro. Rice, Bro. Roland Matthews, Bro. Samuel Patterson and Mother Matthews, and, having reached Churubusco, they stayed awhile at a little hotel before going out to the church where the meeting was to be held. Besides this elect company named above, a certain strange lady by the name of Mrs. Smith, from near Arcola, some distance west of Fort Wayne, accompanied by her lady companion, also stopped at the little hotel on her way out to the meeting. There was something very peculiar about this lady, and she was observed as being fashionably and richly attired. The conversation turned upon the subject of the "believer's rest", as taught in Hebrews, fourth chapter, ninth verse, "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." Some of the evangelistic party kindly asked this Mrs. Smith if she would not like to have that rest, and she said she expected to have it when she got to heaven.

The fact in the case was, this Mrs. Smith had lost her mind on account of serious trouble occasioned by her daughter, a young girl in her early 'teens who had run away from home to get married, and, besides that, caused her mother a great amount of trouble. The husband of this woman was a very good, kind man, and prevailed upon his wife to go to the meeting, suggesting to her that it might do her good, and so she was willing to go. Now, to return to the meeting out near Churubusco: they all went to the little church for the first service that afternoon, including Mrs. Smith, and Bro. Rice preached upon the subject of "Rest," upon which they had been conversing at the hotel; then at the close, an altar-call was made for those who desired to enter into that rest, and Mrs. Smith came, with others, as a seeker for "that rest."

In answer to prayer, the Lord came to her in a wonderful way, for suddenly she was transformed by the Holy Spirit, and she declared it seemed to her she was "a pillar of glass," and she thought her body was perfectly transparent; she thought people could look through her body, and she called upon the people to praise the Lord! She was then and there completely restored mentally, and felt she desired to return to her home near Arcola, and did so; but upon entering the

door-yard at home, her husband met her, and, being greatly surprised at the heavenly look on her face, said, "Wife, what is the matter with you?" But she, supposing some mud had spattered into her face as she rode along the way, put her hand to her face as if to wipe off the mud; but he told her, "No, your face shines like the face of an angel," and Sister Smith said, "Come in, and I will tell you all about it."

The "hungering and thirsting" in my heart "after righteousness" increased all the time; I longed to have God fill me with Himself! Mrs. Rowley and I heard of the great Camp Meeting to be held at Urbana, under the auspices of The National Holiness Association, and we decided we would go, to stay from Saturday until Monday, when we must return to our work in the school; accordingly we went, taking with us Mrs. Rowley's little sister, Lillie. It was during intermission when we arrived, and I remember Bro. Hill had me come up on the platform to meet Mr. Inskip, when he introduced me as follows: "Brother Inskip, this is Brother Rowley, one of the sanctified singers from Ada." It was a wonderful meeting, to attend which was indeed the privilege of a lifetime. It was largely attended, and there was a strong force of preaching talent on the ground, but Mr. Inskip was the great leader of the occasion. People who never attended one of the early Camp Meetings of The National Association can have but a faint conception of what God can do in this dispensation of the Holy Spirit. Besides John Inskip, there were present among the preachers such men as J. A. Wood, William McDonald, W. H. Boole and B. W. Gorham, but Mr. Inskip had the general charge of all the services and the immediate conduct of all the altar services. Inskip was a man of great simplicity, and in all he did he impressed people as one who knew the Lord. Some individuals who were unwilling to accept the Wesleyan teaching of Full Salvation spoke in a very light and trifling way, calling it "The Inskipian Doctrine." Quite small business, indeed, it seems to me, to thus use the name of John Inskip, so signally owned and blest of God in his ministry. After a season of earnest prayer around the altar, a company of men and Women standing, Mr. Inskip would say, "Children, what are you doing?" They would respond, "We are trusting." "Trusting, are you? Well, I should think you would be very comfortable," he would say.

When we were ready to leave the Camp Ground, Monday morning, as I shook hands with Dr. Boole, he said, "Hold Him up!" which I understood to mean I should hold up Jesus to the people, in His sanctifying power, as I gave in my personal testimony, and I determined in my heart to do so.

Our good pastor, Bro. Smith, arranged with Rev. B. W. Gorham to come to Ada soon after the close of the Camp Meeting and hold a holiness revival meeting, which he did, but the revival set in before the evangelist arrived. Great conviction settled down upon the people, especially the young people of the school. Bro. Isaiah Reid came from his distant home in Iowa, and rendered valuable assistance.

Up to this time, some four months and a half since my conversion in April, I had lived a happy Christian life, knowing every day and every hour that my sins were forgiven and that my name was written in heaven. I had ceased my "trying to serve the Lord," or "trying to trust Him," and was actually serving Him, for the Lord had made it natural for me to do so. Thank God for the new birth! I needed no longer to look to the world for anything to satisfy my soul in the least degree; so I could sing:

"Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free."

I never went to the lodge after I was converted to God -- why should I? I had nothing to go for. I could heartily agree with the Psalmist when he said, "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

I was very happy in the Lord all the time, but I had trouble with "the man-fearing spirit," making it rather difficult to testify.

Although very busy with my teaching, I would go hurriedly to the church from time to time, and one afternoon -- perhaps one Friday -- a testimony meeting being in progress, all at once the heavenly baptism came upon me, and I arose to my feet, exclaiming: "Brethren and Sisters, I can't keep my seat any longer!" I looked across the room, where our pastor was standing, and, smiling, he said, "I guess he's got it!" I thought, "What does he mean? Haven't I testified to sanctification all the past months?" I just wondered a little as to what my pastor meant, but I knew the great longing of my hungry heart was being completely satisfied. To fully describe this event I shall never be able; it is simply indescribable in the fullness of love and power, for it is "the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ."

The Apostle Paul said: "I am sure that, when I come unto you, I shall come in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." Rom. 15:29. The Lord certainly gave me "joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

The pure love of God which came pouring down from heaven increased continually from day to day, until about the following Wednesday, when the thought came to me, "Is the Lord going to bless me to death?" Surely, I was not afraid to die. In my first experience, in April, I was quiet, and undemonstrative; but now, I was very loud and demonstrative.

We had a number of students rooming in our house, and it was with some difficulty that I was able to restrain my feelings, so eager was I to praise the Lord with a loud voice at a very early hour; but I kept thinking of the holy command of God, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," so I was quiet, in order that others might get sufficient sleep. My soul was so blessedly on the wings of heavenly love that I should have been glad to turn my large elocution class, held in the chapel each morning, into a meeting of prayer and praise; but the thought came to me, "I am employed to teach the class, and I should be faithful to my trust." I spoke to many people personally in regard to their spiritual condition, as we met on the street, as well as to my private pupils in Voice Culture. It was not long until the report got out that I had lost my mind. One day I saw, in "The Crestline Advocate," a statement to that effect in about these words, "Prof. Rowley, who has been teaching a class in singing at Bucyrus, has lost his mind on the subject of holiness, and is now an inmate of the insane asylum at Columbus." To be sure, it was not very pleasant, but it did not particularly disturb me. It did not seem very strange to me that the people so regarded me, for I had been simply a nominal member of the church, and "Redeeming Love" had become my theme. Several weeks after the holy baptism was given me, Professor Lehr told me that he had

received letters from students formerly at school, expressing their regret that "Prof. Rowley had lost his mind." Soon after Mr. D. L. Moody received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, as he was greatly led out for the salvation of souls in the city of Chicago, he was commonly spoken of as "That Crazy Moody." As I am here referring to the great spiritual transformation which God wrought in my soul, let no one imagine I am telling of some ordinary blessing of delight and joy, great as that might be; no, to the praise of my adorable Lord, I am most happy to testify that God came in answer to the longing of my hungry heart. He came and filled me with Himself! This He did, because it was in the Divine order that I should "be filled with the Spirit," as it is His will that all of His children should be filled with the Spirit, that they may be strong to live for Him, and bring precious souls into the Kingdom.

I do not apologize for shouting: I give Scripture for it, as found in Isaiah 12:6, "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." I am sure that God filled me with His pure love and sanctified me wholly. My man-fearing spirit was gone, blessedly gone, and I had indeed "mounted up with wings as eagles."

I am sure there is but one remedy for fear, and that is Perfect Love, for "perfect love casteth out fear." God had flooded my soul with Perfect Love! This wondrous gift from God, for which abundant provision in the atonement has been made, and which He lovingly offers to all His trusting and obedient children, is thus described by Mr. Wesley: "This marriage feast signifies the entrance into the highest state of union that can be between God and the soul in this life. This birthday of the Spirit of love in our souls, Whenever we attain it, will feast our souls with such peace and joy in God as will blot out the remembrance of everything that we called peace or joy before."

Bible students are very familiar with Acts 1:8, our Lord's closing message to the church, after having bidden them to "Wait for the promise of the Father," assuring them, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be Witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

"Ye shall be martyrs to me," or "my martyrs," for multitudes of the early Christians attested the glorious Gospel truth with the sacrifice of their lives. Doubtless many could say, with His servant Paul, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

It was the grace of Perfect Love that enabled His servant Polycarp to triumph joyously at the stake; and the same heavenly experience gave Madame Guyon such complete victory; that, although for years she suffered the penalty of imprisonment at the hands of ecclesiastical persecutors, she Was made "more than conqueror," and joyously sang:

"They know who thus oppress me
'Tis hard to be alone;
But know not One can bless me,
Who comes through bars and stone."

The great founder of Methodism -- Mr. Wesley -- constantly urged upon his preachers the importance of preaching Holiness, definitely and explicitly, "whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear." He alleged that, "Where the doctrine of Christian Perfection is not preached, there is seldom any remarkable blessing from God." He also said: "This is the word which God will always bless."

Bishop Francis Asbury, that flaming herald of the cross, regretted on his death-bed that he had not been more faithful in preaching Holiness. The saintly Bishop Hamline, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, spoke substantially as follows: "Any preacher having taken upon himself the solemn obligations before the Annual Conference, upon being received into full connection, and then can go out and speak lightly of Perfect Love, is fit for anything but the pulpit." What wisdom is shown by the questions propounded by the presiding Bishop at the Annual Conference, as the young men are expected to answer affirmatively the following as to their Christian experience before being admitted into Full Connection: "Have you faith in Christ? Are you going on to Perfection? Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life? Are you earnestly striving after it?" What solemn obligation is imposed upon every young preacher as to his fidelity concerning the doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church. "Will you preach and maintain them?"

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12 -- CHAPTER

Called to the evangelistic work -- talk with Prof. Lehr in regard to it -- Bro. S. Rice my co-laborer in evangelism -willing to be a one-horse preacher -- he was gloriously converted after returning from the army -- subsequently sanctified wholly -- sanctified as a result of attending Urbana Camp-Meeting -Bro. Rice and I joined together in evangelistic work -- our wives detained at home followed us with their prayers -- and cheering letters.

Not long after the Lord came to me in the fullness of His love, I began to feel drawn to the evangelistic work, and I made some little mention of the matter to our friends in Ada. And so, one day, Professor Lehr came to see us, so that he might secure us permanently as his music teachers in the school, upon a stated salary; and then I said to him: "I have been thinking of engaging in the evangelistic work." To which he replied quickly: "I heard it!" However, I told him I could not at that time state positively in regard to going into the evangelistic work: I did not want to be premature in the matter; so he suggested I should take some time to study over the matter, and he would come again to talk with me about it. He mentioned, I think, about "six weeks," but gave me an extension to that time, and still I could not decide, so fearful was I that I might go ahead of the Spirit's direction; but I ventured to tell my good friend Lehr just how I felt, and so told him as follows: "When I think of continuing my work in the school, it looks all dark to me, but when I think of going into the evangelistic work, it looks all light to me!" At once he replied: "You ought to go! You ought to go!" And so it was decided, and I began to make my plans to give up the teaching, and go into the work of holy evangelism, which was contrary to the advice of quite a number of our best friends, some of them being preachers of the Gospel. They would say: "Brother Rowley, your place is right here in the school, where you are brought into contact with so many young people; you can do more good here than anywhere else." But, notwithstanding their advice, very decidedly given, I continued to feel just the same. In the spring of 1876 my resignation took

place; I was licensed to preach by the District Conference, at the recommendation of my good pastor, Rev. I. N. Smith, and the way gradually opened up for my chosen field of work. We read in Luke 10:1 that our Lord, in sending out His disciples to preach, "sent them two and two," and doubtless the same is in the Divine plan today. I have no doubt it was the will of the Lord that Brother Rice and I should be "yoke-fellows" in the work of evangelism. Although I was his senior by some six months, yet he had been a Christian, I think, about five or six years longer than I had. As a tribute of grateful appreciation, I desire to say, I shall doubtless praise God to all eternity for the close association I had with this man of God for the ten or twelve years we were permitted to labor together. In some respects our experience had been quite similar -- each of us unconverted church-members many years, Brother Rice fourteen years, and I seventeen years. As to physical endurance, we were unlike; he was strong and rugged, while I was of weak constitution and unable to endure hardship. Brother Rice had three years' experience in the Army of the Republic, while I was unable to undertake the life of a soldier. Although unconverted, and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he was strictly moral in his outward life, having never used a profane word in his life, and never acquired the tobacco habit. In the relation of his personal experience, I have often heard him say that, in every "protracted meeting" he attended, he was always a candidate for "the mourner's bench," and the church people "always had one seeker to count on," for he would always respond to the call, and so "he became an object of pity." So he continued for many years.

A few years after his return from the army, he was gloriously converted to God under the ministry of Rev. B. L. Rowand, of Ada, and perhaps about two and one-half years subsequently, as a result of his attending the National Holiness Camp Meeting at Urbana, Ohio, a few days after returning home, while reading in the fourth chapter of Hebrews concerning "the rest which remaineth to the people of God," he plainly saw, "We which have believed do enter into rest." Some time previous to his entering into the Fullness of Blessing, he had contemplated going into the Christian ministry, but had an ambition to be "a great preacher." But now, as the fullness of humility came with the fullness of love, he felt willing to be "a one-horse preacher." Both of us residing in Ada, and only a few blocks apart, it wasn't strange that we were led to engage together in permanent evangelistic work. Brother Rice was "a natural born leader," of the Joshua type -- "strong and very courageous" -- as the Lord bade His servant Joshua -- with a religious experience rapidly maturing, he was a great blessing to me, in my very happy and glorious experience, although lacking maturity; for, as J. A. Wood has made it very clear indeed, there is a difference between "purity and maturity." To be so closely and constantly associated with Brother Rice was a most valuable school for me. Also, my dear brother, often expressed keen appreciation of my assistance, and he failed not in recognizing the hand of the Lord in bringing us two together, especially as he was unable to sing; that is, he always depended upon others to lead in singing, as he could but feebly join in the singing of hymns the most familiar, when the congregation would take up some of the great hymns of the church.

Persons acquainted somewhat with the great work of evangelism know full well how important a part is taken by lively and appropriate singing, as the revival meeting sweeps on day after day and night after night.

Yes, I doubt not that the Lord brought us together. For the purpose of helping to support his family, Brother Rice conceived the project of stocking up a small dry-goods store, and upon

inquiry as to whom he could secure in the person of some reliable young man as his clerk, he was told of a young man in New York by the name of S. W., of large experience in the sale of dry goods, very devout, very bright and intelligent, and, withal, perfectly reliable; so this young man came on, and took charge of the store, and the business was run on the strictly cash basis.

In connection with my music teaching, I had done a little in the way of selling musical instruments, and now that I was not teaching in the summer and fall of 1876, I continued selling the Estey Organ, and took Bro. Rice in with me in that business; and, being in many different homes, we improved the opportunity of doing a little evangelistic work in a personal way. At this time Mrs. Rowley had a large class of music pupils, which, indeed, she had at all times, and the Literary Societies were largely dependent upon her assistance in the musical part of the weekly programs. Also, at this time, Bro. Rice's wife had little children to take care of, so that our good wives could not well go with us; but they lovingly followed us with their prayers and charming letters from home. I had not long been engaged in the evangelistic work until my wife found it in her heart to announce a meeting at our cottage home, specially for children; but as they did not attend very well the meeting was changed to a Holiness Prayer Meeting, and was held each Monday evening for quite a number of years, and many were converted to God or sanctified wholly in that meeting.

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13 -- CHAPTER

Called to Gustavus, O., for Union Meeting between Methodists and Congregationalists -- our faith claimed great meeting -- proved to be so -- obliged to hold overflow meeting -- many converted and sanctified -- meeting held few days after the terrible R. R. disaster at Ashtabula -- P. P. Bliss and wife burned up in the awful disaster -- hearts of people tender at this time of sorrow-- called to hold another meeting at Wayne, five miles away in Congregational church -- could stay only once week -glorious work -- perhaps greater than at Gustavus -- what was called chicken pox while we were holding the meetings, proved to be genuine small pox as we were informed soon after reaching homgreat sweep of small pox, malignant -- many died -- we were vaccinated afresh -- came through all right -- Bro Rice's little store failed, assignment made -- Bro. R. paid once hundred cents on the dollar -- old miser said to be worth half-million dollars, claimed to be robbed by Fred R., brother of the evangelist -- Fred R. exonerated at Court in Kenton -- my brother Rice was said to be implicated -- Mr. A., Pres. of Bank, said he would not believe it if Gabriel would tell him so, and he would reply to the angel Gabriel he did not believe it.

Our first evangelistic engagement in a meeting of large proportions, some distance from home, was a union meeting between the Congregational and Methodist Churches of Gustavus, Ohio, not far from Ashtabula, the scene of the terrible railroad wreck on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway, caused by the falling of the railroad bridge, burning up a train-load of passengers at the time, Prof. P. P. Bliss, noted song-writer, with his wife, being among the passengers, as they were returning home from a holiday visit with their relatives in the East. This was one of the most terribly shocking railroad disasters which ever occurred in the history of our country. For some considerable time P. P. Bliss had been traveling as director of music in the

revival work with Major Whittle. Our engagement for the Gustavus meeting had been effected by correspondence with Rev. Donaldson, of the Congregational Church, cousin of Bro. Rice's wife, and the meeting was to be held one Week alternately, in each of the churches, during the campaign.

We were very kindly received by the people, and were provided with a good home in a private family, Where we spent much time in prayer and reading our Bibles, and from the very beginning of the meeting we felt impressed that the Lord was going to do a great work, in which we were not disappointed. Full Salvation was our theme from the beginning to the close--pardon for the penitent sinner and purity for the consecrated believer.

After the meeting had progressed about one week, our faith was strongly tested, for the interest so strongly apparent when the meeting first began seemed to have greatly waned, and it looked as though we were destined to see a great failure.

Kind reader, allow me to make an extract from a letter to my dear wife in regard to the Gustavus meeting, under date of January 19, 1877, over some forty-six years ago, this being May 8, 1923. The extract is as follows. "The Lord is pouring out His Spirit upon this people. This is already the most wonderful meeting I ever saw in some respects. The Lord has put His hand upon this people, and everything seems to yield in glorious submission to His blessed will. Nothing can stand before this mighty power. The work here seems like the great work at Pentecost, when three thousand were converted to God. Special invitation last night to the unconverted, and they just came in groups, pressing their way through the immense crowd to the altar. Could hardly find room enough for them to kneel at the altar; suppose there were about twenty-five seekers."

At the close of one of the afternoon meetings, a minister came to the front and made himself known to us, being the pastor of the Congregational Church at Wayne, five miles distant, and he gave us a very urgent call to come to his church and hold a revival meeting when our work was through at Gustavus. It seems he had been in our meeting one day previously, and, being well pleased with it, he reported it at their church on the following Sunday, and gave his people to understand that, if agreeable to them, he would return and extend to us an invitation to come. Brother Rice and I were quite disinclined to arrange with him for the meeting, as we had been obliged already to postpone some meetings in Indiana, and, should we accept his invitation, it would necessitate additional postponement, which we could not see our way clear to do; but as he very insistent we finally agreed to "pray about it," and he told us afterwards that, "when we said we would pray about it, he knew we would come." And so immediately at the close of the Gustavus meeting, we went to Wayne, Ashtabula County, beginning the meeting one Thursday afternoon, Bro. Rice being in charge of the first service, reading and expounding the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, after which he gave the "altar-call" (though there was no altar, it being a Congregational Church), and almost every one came forward and knelt down -- perhaps, about forty people. We kept Holiness to the Lord continually before the people, and such was the reward God gave them for their obedience that, by Saturday night (about two days from the time we began the meeting), unconverted people were eagerly flocking to the altar of prayer, coming down from the gallery and all over the large church. The revival swept gloriously on, from day to day, for one week, when we closed, and the results seemed greater even than they were in the Gustavus meeting.

During both of these meetings we had splendid sleighing, and great crowds attended the meetings, but at the close of the Wayne meeting the snow all disappeared and the rain set in. A few days before we left that part of the country, a certain malady came to many of the homes, which was pronounced "chicken pox," although it was claimed there was one case of "smallpox," but really it was all "genuine smallpox," so we were informed by a letter from Rev. Donaldson soon after our arrival home. His very kind letter warned us to attend to our diet, and prepare for the smallpox, because what had been diagnosed as "chicken pox" when we were with them in Gustavus had turned out to be "genuine smallpox." Soon after our return home from Gustavus, we made arrangements to have a Memorial Service for P. P. Bliss at the Methodist Church, and all of the hymns used on that occasion would be those written by P. P. Bliss. Now, what should we do? We had doubtless been thoroughly "exposed" to the smallpox, as many people had been coming right from the sick-rooms to the meeting, and the attendance was so large we were obliged to have an "overflow meeting" one Sunday night. The morning we left that community it was raining, and as we had to ride ten miles in an open rig to reach the railroad, we stopped at a house and obtained an umbrella, and it was claimed they had "the chicken pox" at that home, but all of the "chicken pox" cases were "genuine smallpox," Which became very malignant, and many of the people died. The "chicken pox," so called, had been going on all the time we were holding the Wayne meeting, and the following night we held an extra service at Gustavus, which we had agreed to do, before starting on our homeward trip the following morning.

We desired to do just the best thing, of course, and so counseled a physician in Ada, and he told us as follows: "You have advertised a Memorial Service for Mr. Bliss, and expectation is on tip-toe; so keep your mouths shut; no danger of exposing others until you know you have the malady yourselves." We took his advice, being vaccinated afresh, and we came through all right; did not get sick, and had a successful Memorial Service.

The little dry-goods store proved unsuccessful, and soon after our return to Ada, Bro. Rice's clerk, S. W., gave the very unpleasant information that "the creditors" were calling for payment of their claims, so that a "receiver" was promptly appointed. And now the beautiful part of the story is, that Bro. Rice paid one hundred cents on the dollar, to do which, however, meant some real sacrifice, uncalled for legally, even to selling of the carpets from their floors! In the settlement there was not one cent of deficiency. Thank God! Just about this time an exciting affair occurred. A strange old man, a miser, supposed to be worth half a million of dollars, came to Ada, as, indeed, he had done so several times before, as he traveled quite extensively through the country in the garb of a beggar, very ragged, never paying for any meals or for lodging among the people. He just wandered through the streets, picking up rags, depositing them in a long sack thrown over his shoulder. He was an intelligent man, and professed religion. One day, in Kenton (the county-seat), he went into the bank, inquiring "what they were paying for rags." The cashier replied they were not buying rags. "Then," said he, "What are you paying for Government Bonds?" Upon receiving the proper information, he took off his hat and handed therefrom into the cashier's hands seventeen thousand dollars! Well, now, this strange man, the miser, after this claimed he had been knocked down one night in the country where he was staying all night, and his assailant had taken from him a large amount of money. The man he accused of the horrible crime was Fred. Rice, a brother of S. Rice, the evangelist. And then, not the strangest thing in the world, somebody started the story that Bro. Rice was accessory to the horrible crime! This was thought to be somewhat feasible, as he had failed in the dry-goods business, and the two brothers, they said, had

arranged to share the spoils between them! The matter was taken up to the county-seat; the case of Fred Rice was tried, and he was fully acquitted.

Mr. N. A., the president of one of the Ada banks, in conversation with Bro. Rice one day in regard to the strange report of his being guilty of helping to rob the old miser, said to Bro. Rice: "If the angel Gabriel should come from heaven and say you had a hand in this matter, I would tell Gabriel I did not believe it."

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14 -- CHAPTER

Great meeting at Huntington, Ind., Rev. C. E. Diabro, pastor -Bro. Collins, man of piety, said he found inbred sin in his heart -- the people wondered how it was with the rest of them -in meeting at Antioch a certain local preacher did not believe in instantaneous sanctification, and while so expressing himself one evening, the Lord sanctified him, and he gave praise to the Lord -- the report obtained that Rice and Rowley were just out of the penitentiary, -- great meeting at Roanoke, Ind., between the U. B. and M. B. Churches -- seventy-five seekers once afternoon -- great value of opposition and persecution -- part of our inheritance -- call for convention at Warsaw, Ind. to organize State Holiness camp meeting -- called Rev. Wes. McDonald and Rev. J. A. Wood to hold the first Camp Meeting -subsequently National Holiness Camp-Meetings held there, with John Inskip as the leader -- opposition to holiness seen to be dangerous -- violent opposers punished, some with death -- it down if so ordered by pastor -- you can get up again.

Our next meeting was at Huntington, Ind., in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. C. E. Disbro, pastor. Bro. Disbro was a lovely Christian character, and a noble man to be associated with in the revival work. I was entertained very kindly at the home of Bro. Swick, a tailor, and Bro. Rice at the home of Bro. Collins, deputy postmaster of Huntington. Both of these men came into the Fullness of Blessing during the meeting. Bro. S. was a local preacher in the Methodist Church. To our surprise, one day, in the afternoon meeting, during the testimonies, he spoke as follows: "I have put all on the altar; the altar sanctifies the gift." This he did repeatedly, day after day, and God honored his simple child-like faith, and he became a strong advocate of the blessing of entire sanctification, and for many years was a bold defender of the truth as it is in Jesus. Bro. Collins, the deputy postmaster, one day arose in the testimony meeting in the afternoon, and spoke as follows: "Brethren and sisters, I found there was inbred sin in my heart, and I took my case to the Lord, and he has taken the trouble all away." The people were much surprised, for this Bro. Collins was regarded as a very noble Christian man; so much so that, in the Sunday School, Whenever the people desired to cite the attention of the children to an exemplary Christian man, they were accustomed to refer to Bro. Collins, and the people just said: "Well, if Bro. Collins has found anything wrong with his heart, I wonder where the rest of us are?" We have for many years observed that, as a rule, the most spiritually minded people in a church are the readiest to receive Holiness teaching and the first to "enter into the promised land." Of the twelve men who were sent to spy out the land of Canaan, there were only Caleb and Joshua, two who had "followed the Lord fully, "and they were in favor of going up at once to possess the land. The attendance in the Huntington meeting was large, night and day, and many were justified or sanctified wholly. There were many open doors for our work, and we saw many blessed revivals. However, we were not

without opposition and misrepresentation. We were told that the report obtained that "Rice & Rowley," as we were called, were "just out of the penitentiary," and "the women with us [our wives joined us later] were not our wives, but some other women." I have observed a statement in Wesley's Journal like this: "The work increases in proportion to the opposition it meets with." Again: "We now begin to meet opposition from every quarter." I made the statement above, "Our wives joined us later," but this was only temporary -- a few months at the most. Following the Huntington meeting, our next place was Antioch. Brother Brown was the pastor of the Methodist Church, and the Lord blessed the meeting. There was one quite remarkable case in the meeting at Antioch; that was the sanctification of Bro. L., a local preacher in the Methodist Church, who did not at first yield to the Holiness teaching; but one evening, during the testimonies, arose to speak somewhat against it; and greatly to his surprise, as well as to the surprise of those who heard him, as he began to speak against the instantaneous feature of sanctification, the Lord gave him the blessing right then and there, for which he began promptly to praise the Lord for His sanctifying power!

Our next engagement was a Union Meeting at Roanoke, among the United Brethren and Methodists; and although, according to what was told us, some people were strongly opposed to our holding the meeting, it pleased the Lord to give us a time of great victory. The meeting was held in the Academy Building of the United Brethren Church, being large and convenient. Great interest was manifested in the teaching given on Holiness and Christian Perfection, especially on the part of the preachers in attendance, some of whom were greatly blest, and became able teachers and defenders of the Faith of Our Fathers. I now recall, in one of the afternoon meetings when the altar call was made, seventy-five seekers responded to the call, most of them for the blessing of Perfect Love. From this meeting, the preachers went all over that part of the country to spread scriptural holiness. Brother Rice and I were permitted to engage in many good meetings, and we witnessed the salvation of many precious souls. During that campaign, in Indiana, we conceived the idea of issuing a call for a convention of holiness preachers -- pastors and presiding elders -- to organize the Indiana State Holiness Association, for the purpose of holding a large Holiness Camp Meeting at Warsaw, Indiana, that summer, and each summer subsequently, Which was accomplished, and we engaged the services of Dr. William McDonald and Dr. J. A. Wood, both of whom were men of national reputation as among the ablest preachers and teachers in the Holiness Movement. These brethren were on hand in good time for the engagement, but Brother Wood was in rather feeble condition, and so was unable to remain. The meeting was one of great power and blessing, and the revival fires sprang up all over northern Indiana. How significant the words of Mr. Wesley, "This is the word which God will always bless;" also, "Where the doctrine of Christian Perfection is not preached, there is seldom any remarkable blessing from God." Holiness Camp Meetings were held at Warsaw quite a number of years, some of which were under the direction of the National Holiness Association, and among the great leaders those years was Rev. John Inskip, whose abilities in guiding the Hosts of Israel at such times were perhaps unparalleled in all the world. And yet, glorious and amazing as was the change which came to individual hearts and lives in the various churches, among the ministry and laity, opposition to holiness testimony and teaching, in varying degrees of intensity, was seen on every hand. I heard of a certain presiding elder who, having gone to one of his appointments to hold the Quarterly Meeting, the pastor informed him that at that point there were some holiness professors, and he had "made up his mind to fight them," and the presiding elder suggested it might be better to fight sin." All Bible students are familiar with the sacredness which attached to the observance of the

Sabbath, in God's dealings with the children of Israel in the wilderness, when "they found a man that gathered sticks upon the Sabbath day; and all the congregation brought him without the camp, and stoned him with stones, and he died, as the Lord commanded Moses."

It may be that not a few people have suffered spiritual death by their wicked and determined opposition to God's sanctifying power, which brings in the "rest" which "remaineth" to "the people of God." The worst opposition to holiness from a preacher, that I ever heard of, was the case of a certain preacher sent to Ada by the annual conference, but his pastoral term was not very long, for he was led into the most disgraceful sin and was expelled from the conference. I have heard Rev. J. W. Hill, my former pastor, tell of a man in the bounds of one of his charges who was a violent opposer to the doctrine of Christian Perfection, and while "feeding" the threshing machine, when they were threshing wheat, he was accidentally caught and drawn down into the machine and killed. The worst opposer of the blessed doctrine I ever met was a prominent member where I once held a meeting; and not long after the meeting, his horses ran away with him and injured him so badly that in a few weeks he died. But God's dear children have little if anything to fear from opposition, for we read in His blessed Word, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee: the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." I have heard Mr. Wesley quoted as saying: "The best means of growth in grace is ill-treatment and persecution." How beautifully Mr. Wesley exemplified the meek and quiet spirit," when he was cruelly and shamefully entreated, and always spoke kindly of the church which shut her doors against him, and never would consent to "leave the church," though urged to do so for many years. Pity, indeed, that many Christians, especially holiness people, have forgotten the value our Lord attached to the persecution and wicked opposition His own dear children might be called to suffer, for He said, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." Doubtless Peter, on one occasion, was desirous to know what would be their happy reward for having become His faithful followers, so he said: "Lo, we have left all, and have followed Thee." And Jesus answered and said, "Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold, now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."

Hear the Apostle Paul: "For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake." Col. 1:29. On this passage Matthew Henry speaks thus beautifully and truly: "Here are two precious gifts given, and both on the behalf of Christ. (1) To believe in Him. Faith is God's gift on the behalf of Christ, who purchased for us not only the blessedness which is the object of faith, but the grace of faith itself: the ability and disposition to believe is from God. (2) To suffer for the sake of Christ is a valuable gift, too; it is a great honor and a great advantage; for we may be very serviceable to the glory of God, which is the end of our creation, and encourage and confirm the faith of others." And there is a great reward attending it, too: "Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you, for great is your reward in heaven." Matt. 5:11,12. "And if we suffer with Him we shall also reign with him." II Tim. 11:12.

A popular religious experience, though it has the tab of "holiness" placed upon it, is not only undesirable, but is to be shunned and greatly feared. One may have supposed that, for us to be

fully saved, and filled with love to God and man, would vouchsafe perfect immunity from misunderstanding, or misrepresentation, and opposition; but it never will in a world of sin and wickedness. Jesus said, "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you." Many persons, in the early and beautiful glow of Perfect Love, have become impatient of restraint, and so have complained that their pastor told them to "sit down!" But I heard Brother Glascock say, "If your pastor tells you to sit down, Why, sit down -- but you can get up again."

Here, right here, much serious trouble takes its start, when the happy child of God sees unmistakably his heaven born testimony is not only unappreciated, but decidedly distasteful, even to the prominent people in the church; so he feels "hurt" and "grieved," and freely mentions the matter to his intimate friends, and they pronounce it a "shame!" They "would not go to such a church. Better go to some other church, where they will treat you better, and where they will receive your testimony." Sad, indeed, that thousands of lovely Christian characters -men and women -- because people in the church began to treat them with treatment similar to that endured by our Lord and Master, though in but a small degree, began to think evil of the Church, and ultimately decide to go away from her. Reader, allow me to speak plainly, but I trust kindly. May I tell you of our own personal experience on this subject?

* * * * *

15 -- CHAPTER

Bro. Rice was a plain Gospel preacher -- people could not fail to understand his preaching -- tender and kind to all -- Dist. Conf. at B. we were both on hand promptly -- Bro. R. gave his report as local preacher in humble manner -- in those days considerable opposition to The Holiness Movement among the preachers -- discussion of four hours mostly upon The Holiness Movement -- voted against renewal of his license -- my license was renewed -- Bro. R. felt it would not be proper for him to preach without a license, so decided to join some other church--sent his Church letter nearly two hundred miles -- placed his membership with The Wesleyan Methodist Church at that place -- I felt he was making a mistake -- could give no reason why I thought so -- in about one year I took the same step -afterward saw it to be a serious blunder we had made in separating from the church -- found many excellent people in new church home -Bro. Rice being strong and vigorous carried my suit case as well as his own, to favor me -- showed his great kindness to me.

My highly esteemed co-laborer, dear Bro. Rice, was a man of strong convictions and unswerving fidelity to the truth, as he understood it, so that after his gracious deliverance from "Egyptian bondage," in which, as an unconverted church-member, he had sadly toiled many years, and then in two and one-half years subsequently having swept over into the Canaan "rest which remains to the people of God;" his joy and delight in helping others to receive their blest inheritance can never be told. He was plain and forceful in his preaching, and people could easily understand the message he brought to them.

Bro. Rice was very happy in his work, and withal, was tender and kind in all his ministry, while he greatly yearned to help those to whom he preached. Through his faithful labors large numbers were saved with an uttermost salvation, and we doubt not he will have many stars in his

crown of rejoicing. For him to be away from his dear wife and children so much of the time, in his holy evangelism, was a sacrifice not every one could understand; and yet he made the sacrifice willingly, that he might win precious souls for the Kingdom. Bro. Rice and I were local preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, hence were amenable to the District Conference. God, in His great goodness and mercy, had put His seal upon our labors, and "many were added to the Lord." In those days (some forty-six years ago), the attitude of some of our preachers was decidedly against the Holiness Movement, and this condition obtained in our District Conference to quite an extent. The fall session of that year was held at B., and we were promptly in attendance when the usual program of exercises was directed by our Presiding Elder. All went well until the discussion that followed the report of Bro. Rice as local preacher, he being expected to submit a report to the District Conference at that time he arose and gave a brief account of our meetings in a humble manner, and the members of the District Conference began to speak to the question pending, as to the renewal of his license, pro and con. Great excitement prevailed, and four hours were spent in that discussion, most of which was upon the Holiness Movement as such; and when the question was put, the majority of votes was against the renewal of his license as a local preacher. My name came immediately following his name, and I said but a few words. Bro. Rice's report would really include my work, too, as we labored constantly together; but there was no discussion on my case, and my license was promptly renewed. I might say right here, some of the prominent members of that Conference were not present, having gone away to Camp Meeting, good friends of ours, who had faith in our work, or the vote on Bro. Rice's case might have been different.

My dear reader, I am sorry to be obliged to include this feature of our experience as evangelists, and had indeed thought of omitting the history as to opposition and separation from the church, which resulted in our own cases, as it has done in the history of many thousands of the Holiness people all over these lands, for I felt quite sure I was liable to be misunderstood; and would it not be better to remain silent upon the subject? But I have felt it my duty to record the unmistakable conviction of my heart upon the subject of separation from the Church, coupled with some gleanings from our own personal experience, also including some brief extracts from the teachings of Mr. John Wesley upon the subject. I venture this statement, that, to separate from the church and to organize other churches where they can be exempt from opposition and misrepresentation, is the greatest mistake our Holiness brethren have ever made. I am aware that many people think they have a perfect right to separate from the church whenever they choose to do so.

Bible students cannot fail to see that God's people throughout all ages have been a tried, afflicted and persecuted people, but Divinely protected and sustained as they have continued to trust and obey.

Remember the "three Hebrew children" in the fiery furnace, and Daniel in the lions' den. James says: "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." God, in His infinite wisdom, gave this grand old patriarch as an object lesson to the church and the whole world, that all men might see his keeping power in behalf of His deeply afflicted children. Here we have a little gleaning of the history of God's precious children, as found in Hebrews 11:37, 38: "They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy): they wandered in deserts, and

in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." How tragic, and yet how glorious the death of His servant Stephen, the first Christian martyr. "They stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep." Under the searching message which Stephen delivered at this time, it is said of the people: "They were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." Dear reader, you know we have always heard, "The blood of the martyr is the seed of the Church." How true it is! Mr. Wesley said: "The work of God increases in proportion to the opposition it meets with."

I would not pray for persecution, nor would I run from it. When it comes, as a result of our walk with God, and our faithful testimony, I would accept it as a part of the inheritance." I well remember hearing Bro. Rice speaking of his early experience in the sanctified life. He told his dear friends and loved ones, if they desired to increase his joy of heart infinitely, to turn him out of house and home. The true child of God will perhaps never know greater depths of peace and love in this life than when suffering under false and cruel treatment. We read in Daniel 12:10: "Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried." When His servant Ananias, of Damascus, was commissioned to pay a visit to Saul of Tarsus, "that he might receive his sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost," and as he seemed fearful to meet the man Saul, on account of the fearful "havoc" he had wrought among the Christians, the Lord, in addition to the statement, "Behold, he prayeth," also said to Ananias: "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake."

Paul said but little about the persecutions he was called to endure, but briefly referred to that phase of his experience in 2nd Cor. 11:24-28: "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Beside those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." To read of this is good tonic for the spiritual appetite.

Years ago the writer knew a certain Methodist Church in Ohio which had a very unpleasant experience, quite a number of its members being holiness people; but the pastor, who was rather young and inexperienced in the ministry, said something very displeasing to the sanctified people of his church, and perhaps of an aggravating character, and they determined they would not remain in that church, but would withdraw from it, and did so. There were perhaps twenty-five or thirty of them who withdrew in a body. The church could ill afford to lose them, for they were good people, and being deeply spiritual, their exodus was a great blow to the church.

As above stated, the District Conference at B. had failed to renew Bro. Rice's license to preach, and thinking it might not be right for him to preach without a license, he decided to unite with the Wesleyan Methodist Church of America, and in order to which he sent his church letter nearly two hundred miles -- to Damascus, Ohio -- and there put in his church membership, and they restored his license to preach. He had left his old church home, in which he was converted to God, after many years of struggling, and then a little later, under the wonderful ministry of some of her

illustrious sons, he was gloriously sanctified, and called to an evangelism of many years of great efficiency in winning souls for the heavenly Kingdom. Somehow I felt he was making a mistake in withdrawing from the church, but was unable to give a reason for thinking so. However, in about one year later, I took the same step, withdrawing from the Methodist Episcopal Church, and united with the Wesleyan Methodist Church. We did not know what a serious blunder we were making, having never read the teaching of Mr. John Wesley upon "Separation," and were not aware that he had advised against it. As we were constantly engaged in the interdenominational evangelistic work in various parts of the country, we also organized bands of Holiness people into Wesleyan Methodist Societies, and supposed it was the proper thing to do. In our new church home we found many excellent people and became acquainted with very many choice characters, both in the ministry and in the laity, and doors of usefulness were opened to us. In the midst of our most active and happy evangelism our souls were illuminated and inspired by the Savior's teaching with regard to "The Christian Use of Property," as found in Matthew 6:19-34, and very many other portions of Scripture. To this line of teaching we gave great prominence in all our meetings, upon which, I am sure, the Lord gave His unmistakable approval. To aid us in the promotion of this glorious truth, we published a monthly paper, entitled "The Holiness Conservator." These were very active and happy times with us. Bro. Rice and I greatly enjoyed our work together, and had a very simple method of dividing up the services between us, alternating from day to day. He was watchful over me, for fear I would overdo my strength, and so, instead of each one carrying his own suit-case he would carry them both, so as to favor me. In this way he showed his great kindness.

In all our abundant labor of evangelism, God, in His great mercy and love gave His blessing, notwithstanding we made some serious mistakes. As we now view the matter, we erred greatly in regard to "Separation," because of opposition to the Holiness Movement, especially among the preachers, in the church where we had our "home" After several years of constant evangelism in the most definite Holiness work, the Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier, called each of us to a sudden halt with regard to our own inner life, and He gave us to see we had unconsciously drifted away from the tender, gentle, Christlike spirit we once enjoyed, and had become (without intending to be) severe in our "Holiness" ministry. In my own case, I now distinctly recall, while I was engaged in holding evangelistic meetings in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, a certain very good brother, who was interested in the meetings, kindly told me one day that I had become "ensorius," and I did not feel comfortable under his kind reproof, which I am sure was needed. I fear that not a few who are able defenders of the Faith of Our Fathers, and who "constantly and explicitly" preach Holiness to the Lord, at the same time fail to exemplify what they preach. Sad omission indeed!

"What! never speak an evil word,
Or rash, or idle, or unkind;
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find!"

Many of our holiness friends, in all parts of the country, were greatly surprised and shocked when Bro. Rice and I freely and fully confessed we had lost the precious pearl of Perfect Love, and they were, some of them, inclined to doubt, it would seem, the correctness of our position in the matter; for we had been "actively and constantly engaged" in promulgating the

Gospel of Jesus in its fullness. But it was all very plain, sadly so, to our hearts. But, like the woman our Lord tells about, who lost the piece of silver, we, too, "lighted a candle, and we swept the house, and we sought diligently till we found" the precious treasure; and like the woman, we called our friends and neighbors together, saying: "Rejoice with me." The Lord most blessedly renewed us in love, and we realized great tenderness to all who erred. Surely, it would seem that, from any one in possession of Perfect Love, and especially if committed to the preaching of the doctrine, one might look for nothing in word or action contrary to it; and yet, are we not sadly humiliated in the recognition of failure to exemplify the beautiful Christlike spirit of love -- yea, Perfect Love?

Dear reader, as I am recording these lines, I am doing it with a sense of shame, on account of my own personal failure. I am free to confess that many times I have recalled words I have spoken which cause me to inwardly groan for the lack of true humility and pure love, while at the same time I took pleasure in making use of very strong statements as to my own personal experience of entire sanctification! I took delight in making my testimony very emphatic. How mercifully He dealt with me! There was such a marked change in the preaching of both Bro. Rice and myself, after our humiliation and renewal in Perfect Love, I am very sure that many of our friends among the Holiness people who listened to our preaching, really thought we had lost our power, and I am sure we had, in a certain sense; but we could afford the loss, for we were more gentle and Christlike. Dear brother, I beg that you charge not the writer with hypocrisy and a dishonest profession; I was mistaken though honest, and had for many years great fear and dread of hypocrisy, so that, in my unconverted condition, though a church member, I never dared to make a distinct "profession of religion" without the clear witness of God's Spirit; and so, no one, at that time, ever heard me say that I loved God, or that I loved His people, for fear of hypocrisy, which would bring me under condemnation. I was an earnest worker in the Holiness Movement, devoting all my powers to its promotion, urging upon the people everywhere the importance of the beautiful graces of humility and love, and yet did not know that I, myself, was falling short at the same time. Because of my real honesty at heart, I did not come under condemnation. God, in His great mercy, granted His child the abiding assurance in His heart that he was accepted, and his name was written down in the Lamb's Book of Life. "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

The Holiness people are my people, and I regard many of them the best people in all the world; and yet, I think they have made many mistakes. Many of the Holiness people seem to go upon the assumption that there is but little if any, danger of losing the blessed experience, and some are frequently heard to say: "I don't have to keep the blessing; the blessing keeps me." While that is true in a certain sense, yet it may be very misleading.

Many volumes have been written upon "How to obtain," but few indeed on "How to Retain." The great Wesley said: "To retain the grace of God is much more than to gain it; scarcely one in three does this, and this should be strongly urged on all who have tasted of Perfect Love." We do not hesitate to state that every one in the early glow of the fullness of blessing realizes a peculiar tenderness and gentleness of spirit, so that he cannot for one moment give place to severe censure or criticism of a brother. We have known some professed Holiness people who, because of many years of Holiness profession, seemed to arrogate to themselves the privilege of criticizing some of their brethren with shocking severity, thinking, perhaps, because of their many years in the

Holiness profession, they had acquired special privileges on that line -- they had arrived at a certain maturity, to which many people were strangers. I remember to this day my feelings, and some things I said, after leaving the home of my childhood, the church in which I was happily and gloriously converted to God, and in a few brief months after was transported into the heavenly grace of Holiness; yes, I am sorry to say, I sometimes spoke harshly of "the old dead church" which I had left, and thought I had the right to speak in that way. Bro. Rice and I had our membership in the Wesleyan Methodist Church, which became an important haven for many disaffected Holiness people. We were ordained elders in the Miami Conference, which flourished largely in the central and southern portions of Ohio; also, having the ecclesiastical authority, we did not hesitate to organize little Wesleyan Societies, to be the church homes of some of our friends, because they were called to suffer somewhat for their allegiance to the glorious truth of Holiness, never thinking for one moment of the harm such a course would inevitably bring; we erred unwittingly, and hence God's love and tender care continued with us. How ignorant we were of John Wesley's teaching upon the subject of "Separation," and so continued until, on one of our evangelistic campaigns, in reading "The Life of John Wesley" for our own personal edification and information, we came upon his clear and unmistakable teaching upon that subject, which was indeed a great surprise to both of us, for it was entirely new; we had never known that Mr. Wesley held to those views.

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16 -- CHAPTER

Bro. Rice greatly surprised when we first discovered Mr. Wesley's instruction upon "Separation" -- Copious extract here given of what he taught on this subject -- He shows how the revivals promoted by certain religious bodies soon declined on account of their separation, but it was not so in the case of The Methodists: they did not separate from the church, and the great Wesleyan revival continued many years -- Our holiness brethren greatly surprised and shocked when we discovered we had lost Perfect Love, and so freely confessed it -- Decided to apply to Dist. Conf. for recommendation to join Central Ohio Conf. of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Holiness people very wisely quote Mr. John Wesley's teaching upon Full Salvation, knowing him to be of pre-eminent authority as a writer, having been Divinely led in the promotion and conduct of one of the greatest revivals of religion recorded in history; may the same wisdom be shown in approval and obedience to his instruction as to Separation. Dear reader, may we kindly invite your attention to a brief extract from his sermon on Schism, Vol. 2, page 161: "To separate ourselves from a body of living Christians with whom we were before united is a grievous breach of the law of love. It is the nature of love to unite us together, and the greater the love, the stricter the union. And while this continues in its strength nothing can divide those whom love has united. It is only when our love grows cold that we can think of separating from our brethren; and this is certainly the case with those who willingly separate from their Christian brethren. The pretenses for separation may be innumerable, but the want of love is the real cause; otherwise, they would still hold the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. It is therefore contrary to all those commands of God wherein brotherly love is enjoined; to that of St. Paul, 'Let brotherly love continue;' to that of St. John, 'My beloved children, love one another;' and especially to that of our blessed Master, 'This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you.'"

"Yea, by this," said He, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." And as such a separation is evil in itself, being a breach of brotherly love, so it brings forth evil fruit; it is naturally productive of the most mischievous consequences. It opens a door to all unkind tempers, both in ourselves and others. It leads directly to a whole train of evil surmisings, to severe and uncharitable judging of each other. It gives occasion to offense, to anger and resentment, perhaps in ourselves, as Well as in our brethren, which, if not presently stopped, may issue in bitterness, malice and settled hatred, creating a present hell wherever they are found as a prelude to hell eternal.

"But the ill consequences of even this species of schism do not terminate in the heart. Evil tempers cannot long remain within before they are productive of outward fruit. 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' As he whose heart is full of love openeth his mouth with wisdom, and in his lips there is the law of kindness, so he whose heart is full of prejudice, anger, suspicion or any unkind temper will surely open his mouth in a manner corresponding with the disposition of his mind. And hence will arise, if not lying and slandering (which yet will hardly be avoided) bitter words, tale-bearing, backbiting and evil-speaking of every kind."

"From evil words, from tale-bearing, backbiting and evil-speaking, how many evil words will naturally flow! Anger, jealousy, envy, wrong tempers of every kind, do not vent themselves merely in words, but push men continually to all kinds of ungodly and unrighteous actions. A plentiful harvest of all the works of darkness may be expected to spring from this source; whereby in the end thousands of souls, and not a few of those who once walked in the light of God's countenance, may be turned from the way of peace, and finally drowned in everlasting perdition. Well might our blessed Lord say: 'Woe unto the world because of offenses!' Yet it must needs be that offenses will come; yea, abundance of them will of necessity arise when a breach of this sort is made in any religious community; while they that leave it endeavor to justify themselves by censuring those that they separate from; and these on the other hand retort the charge and strive to lay the blame on them. But how mightily does this altercation grieve the Holy Spirit of God! How does it hinder His mild and gentle operations in the souls, both of the one and the other. Heresies and schisms (in the Scriptural sense of those words) will, sooner or later, be the consequence; parties will be formed on one and the other side whereby the love of many will wax cold. The hunger and thirst after righteousness, after the favor of the full image of God, together with the longing desires wherewith so many were filled, of promoting the work of God in the souls of their brethren, will grow languid, and as offenses increase will gradually die away. And as 'the fruit of the Spirit' withers away, 'the works of the flesh' will again prevail, to the utter destruction of first the power and then of the very form of religion. These consequences are not imaginary; are not built on mere conjecture, but on plain matter of fact. This has been the case again and again within these last thirty or forty years; these have been the fruits which we have seen over and over to be consequent on such a separation."

"I have spoken the more explicitly upon this head because it is so little understood; because so many of those who profess much religion -- nay, and really enjoy a measure of it -- have not the least conception of this matter, neither imagine such a separation to be any sin at all.

They leave a Christian society with as much unconcern as they go out of one room into another. They give occasion to all this complicated mischief, and wipe their mouths, and say they

have done no evil, whereas they are justly chargeable before God and man, both with an action that is evil in itself, and with all the evil consequences which may be expected to follow, to themselves, to their brethren and to the world.

I entreat you, therefore, my brethren, all that fear God and have a desire to please Him; all that wish to have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man, think not so slightly of this matter, but consider it calmly. Do not rashly tear asunder the sacred ties which unite you to any Christian society. This indeed is not of so much consequence to you who are only a nominal Christian, for you are not now vitally united to any of the members of Christ. Though you are called "a Christian," you are not really a member of any Christian Church. But if you are a living member, if you live the life that is hid with Christ in God, then take care how you rend the body of Christ by separation from your brethren. It is a thing evil in itself. It is a sore evil in its consequences. Oh, have pity upon yourself! Have pity on your brethren! Have pity even upon the world of the ungodly! Do not lay more stumbling-blocks in the way of those for whom Christ died."

From his sermon on "Laying the Foundation of the City Road Chapel," we make the following quotation. In speaking of the Methodist revival, he says: "It may throw considerable light upon the nature of this work to mention one circumstance more attending the present revival of religion, which I apprehend is quite peculiar to it. I do not remember to have either seen, heard or read of anything parallel. It cannot be denied that there have been several revivals of religion in England since the Reformation. But the generality of the English nation were little profited thereby, because they that were the subjects of those revivals, preachers as well as people, soon separated from the Established Church and formed themselves into a distinct sect. So did the Presbyterians, first; afterwards, the Independents, the Anabaptists and the Quakers. And after this was done, they did scarce any good, except to their own little body. As they chose to separate from the church, so the people remaining therein separated from them, and generally contracted a prejudice against them. But these were immensely the greatest number; so that by that unhappy separation the hope of a general national reformation was totally cut off.

But it is not so in the present revival of religion. The Methodists (so termed) know their calling. They weighed the matter at first, and upon mature deliberation determined to continue in the church. Since that time they have not wanted temptations of every kind to alter their resolution. They have heard abundance said upon the subject, perhaps all that can be said. They have read the writings of the most eminent pleaders for separation, both in the last and present century. They have spent several days in a general conference upon this very question: 'Is it expedient [supposing, not granting, that it is lawful] to separate from the Established Church?' But still they could see no sufficient cause to depart from their first resolution. So that their fixed purpose is, let the clergy or laity use them well or ill, by the grace of God to endure all things, to hold on their even course, and to continue in the church, mauger men or devils, unless God permits them to be thrust out."

Of what infinite value these gracious words of Mr. Wesley would have been to the Holiness people of our day, for the past fifty years, had they been humble enough to receive them and walk according thereto. "Looking that men say all manner of evil against us, falsely for Christ's

sake," having that love which "endureth all things," the "love which suffereth long, and is kind." I doubt not had such love remained with us, our country would now be in a flame of revival!

Kind reader, may I come very near, and freely speak to you right out of my heart upon the subject of Full Salvation? In the first place, we have not valued it too highly. I repeat right here the wonderful words of John Wesley, when he gave a simple description of God's sanctifying power: "This marriage feast signifies the entrance into the highest state of union that can be between God and the soul in this life. This birthday of the Spirit of love in our souls, whenever we attain it, will feast our souls with such peace and joy in God as will blot out the remembrance of everything that we called peace or joy before." To fully describe the power and glory of the sanctifying grace, our language is inadequate. We agree with Mr. Wesley when he says: "To retain the grace of God is much more than to gain it." How softly and carefully God's sanctified children should walk before Him. The writer recalls the painful confession of a noble Christian man in Indiana, who said he lost the blessing while attending a band concert one night, and indulged in laughter. For one year this good man sorrowed before he gained the priceless pearl.

This blessing of sanctification, or pure, perfect love, gives us power to suffer ill treatment and persecution, which is, per se, a great blessing to the humble Christian. Because Mr. Wesley remained in the Established Church all his life; it might be inferred that he was unwilling to separate therefrom because he was so highly appreciated and well treated. No, no; those were trying times indeed; their meetings were often interrupted by the mob, and the preachers were arrested and brought before the civil magistrate, or cruelly and most shamefully treated. One day the mob attacked John Wesley, and dragged him across the street by the hair of his head. One version of the origin of the immortal hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," by Charles Wesley, and we presume it might be the correct version of the circumstances under which it was written, was when John and Charles Wesley were fleeing from the angry mob, and they were hidden in a secluded spot by a spring; the great poet, Charles Wesley, was then inspired in his soul to write that wonderful hymn. Mr. Wesley writes: "We now begin to meet with opposition from every quarter." Again: "The work of God increases in proportion to the opposition it meets with."

When Christian people leave the church because of opposition, they forfeit a great blessing, for Jesus said: "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

It is an unfavorable indication when a Christian person is not spoken against. Jesus said: "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets."

I now desire to speak of the unity of the Spirit among the truly sanctified. The experience of Holiness in the church is that for which Jesus prayed, as recorded in John 17, properly called "The Lord's Prayer." Yes, during that most fearfully tragic time of the world's history our Divine Lord poured out His soul in prayer for all His disciples -- then, at this time, and for those who shall become so -- that they also might be "truly sanctified through the truth." Hear Him speak these gracious words: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word, that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou

gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one; I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me." The answer to this prayer of our Savior was first seen a few days after, on the day of Pentecost, for we read: "The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and great grace was upon them all." Acts 4:32, 33.

Oh, the amazing grace of full salvation! It certainly makes the children of God one. No wonder the truly sanctified people are accused of forming a clique and becoming clannish. God has sanctified them by the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and this has made them "one." Methodists, Baptists, United Brethren, Friends, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Disciples, Advents, and all the rest of them -- yes, He has made them all one. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! I believe there is nothing which the devil hates worse in all the world. Mr. Wesley says: "This is the doctrine which the devil peculiarly hates, and he is constantly stirring up both his own children and the weak children of God against it." Oh, brethren, let us pray for a revival of the work of Holiness, like it was in the days of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, John Inskip, William McDonald, Alfred Cookman, J. A. Wood, W. H. Boole, B. W. Gorham, and a host of others. Oh, who can tell the power and glory of the truly anointed ones!

It is doubtful in my mind if Bro. Rice and I would have ever seen our way back to our old church home had we not been humbled and blessedly renewed in Perfect Love. We not only saw our own decline in our personal experience, but we were willing to make our humble confession, for we were melted into tenderness. We went to the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Ada, and humbly asked permission to return, for we had been enlightened by Mr. Wesley's teaching upon Separation, as before stated. We were almost surprised to see the willingness manifested by the pastor and people to take us back. We have seen no occasion to regret the step we took at that time. It changed the whole course of our future lives.

In view of Mr. John Wesley's explicit teaching upon the subject of Separation from the church, solemnly and emphatically warning everybody against it, declaring that "their fixed purpose is, let the clergy or laity use them well or ill, by the grace of God to endure all things, to hold on their even course, and to continue in the church, maugre [in spite of] men or devils, unless God permits them to be thrust out," when Mr. Wesley has spoken most earnestly and unequivocally against leaving the church, is it not strange that the practice among the holiness people in our day has become so common? Doubtless multitudes of sanctified people have never read his teaching upon the subject, and are utterly ignorant of the views he held, just as Brother Rice and I were ignorant of his teaching upon the important subject, although we were licensed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and doing the work of evangelists. I am very glad we were humble enough to receive his teaching upon separation when it came to us, and by the grace of God began to walk therein. And now, may I not hope that the quotations I have made from Mr. Wesley may prove a blessing to those who may read them?

About one year after we returned to our old church home, as formerly stated, Mrs. Rowley and I being called to assist Brother and Sister J. W. Hill in a special meeting on their charge, they kindly spoke to me about applying for admission into the Central Ohio Conference at its next

session, at Kenton, Ohio, in September. I feared it would be a premature step, and likely I would be refused admittance into the conference; but Brother and Sister Hill were quite hopeful, and they spoke very encouragingly as to the matter, and so I went to the District Conference, held at Carey, Ohio, Rev. E. S. Dunham, pastor, and he was very brotherly to Brother Rice and myself, and he was an efficient man in the pastorate as a winner of souls.

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17 -- CHAPTER

Remarkable occurrences in four different revival meetings -- In meeting at Warren, Ind., William Lines, a farmer, was gloriously converted to God. "Bill Lines" as he was usually called, was said to be "the wickedest man" in all that region of country -heard of the projected tent-meeting, and said he would go to town to see "the circus" -- Called to New London, O., to assist Rev. Weber -- made a few visits one afternoon with pastor -called at home of Mrs. Healy -- very intelligent woman with hungry heart -- wondrously sanctified -- became eminently efficient -- Bro. Burleson and I labored together in several meetings -- called to western Penn., near Curry -- great meetings -- Miss Lorena McCray -- Albion Cordner -- remarkable incident at the meeting in the village of Cortland -- a man confessed he had destroyed his father's will.

Before beginning the history of our pastoral labors, I shall be happy to relate some things occurring in the evangelistic field. Brother Joseph Robinson, of New Jersey, and the writer, held a tent meeting in Warren, Huntington County, Indiana, and it was void of special interest until the last night of the meeting, early in the month of July. The night being warm, the curtains were up all around, while a large number of people stood quietly looking in from the outside. The sermon was over, and just before taking up the collection for the incidental expenses of the meeting (the collectors being ready with hats in hand), I heard a voice from a man at my left, outside: "Can I have the privilege of saying a few words?" I said, "Yes, sir;" and he immediately came in and stepped on the platform, and spoke something as follows: "I heard about the tent meeting coming to town, and I called it a circus, and declared I was going to town to see the circus, and so I came to meeting, but something has gone wrong with me, for I can't rest; I am miserable, and I have made up my mind to be a Christian." "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!" were the words spoken all over the large congregation, and then the men who had been halted proceeded, with hats in hand, to take up the collection, and the congregation was dismissed. I did not know the man who had spoken, but rather supposed him to be a traveler -- a tramp, perhaps -- but endeavored to speak words of comfort to him, quoting Romans 6:16: "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?" But the man was not a "tramp": he was a prosperous farmer, some four miles from the village, and was said to be the wickedest man in all that country. His name was William Lines, and he shall tell the rest of the story, as I have often heard him relate his religious experience:

"I never prayed in all my life; I never spoke the name of God, only to swear. Before I went to sleep that night I prayed, but I suppose it was rather an awkward prayer. The next morning (Monday morning) I took a walk over my farm; things looked new; everything looked good. I had occasion to go to Huntington the next day, and asked my wife to go with me, which she had no desire to do -- said she had nothing to go for; but as I continued to urge her to go, she got the little

girl ready, and herself, and I drove around with the carriage and took them in. We had not gone far before we began to converse upon the subject of religion, and soon we were weeping for joy. Neither my wife nor I had a handkerchief with us, so we borrowed one from the little girl to wipe away the tears, as we met people on the road. I did not go to the saloon that day."

Brother Huffman's folks wrote me that Brother Lines was at their holiness prayer-meeting that night, and spoke twice. Brother Lines being well known by the people of Warren, and known to be a very wicked man, everybody declared his case was genuine -- he was a changed man.

At the call of Rev. Weber, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New London, O., Pro. A. E. Burlison and I went to assist in special revival meetings -- possibly in 1877 -- and the Lord gave His blessing. Brother Weber was a choice young man, and he was seeking perfect love. He had planned to make some visits in the country one afternoon, and requested me to accompany him, suggesting that Brother B_____ might conduct the services at the church that afternoon. I readily acquiesced in his plan, and soon we were on our way. On our trip homeward, approaching a certain house, Bro. Weber said to me, "Let us stop at this place; here is where Sister Healy lives; she is in rather poor health, and she is seeking holiness." Soon after entering the home of Sister Healy that afternoon, we began to talk upon the subject of heart purity, in which she was evidently much interested; but she thought, in view of her feeble condition, she could not exercise a faith sufficiently strong for such a great blessing; whereupon, instead of discussing the matter, we went to prayer, and then we inquired: "Sister Healy, does not the Bible tell us, "The altar sanctifieth the gift?" She instantly replied, "Yes!" "Is not Jesus our Altar?" "Yes!" "Are you the gift?" "Yes!" she again instantly replied. "And have you placed all on the Altar?" "Yes!" she said unhesitatingly. "Well, Sister Healy, if the Altar sanctifieth the gift; if Jesus is the Altar; and if you have placed all on the Altar, why are you not sanctified?" "I am!" she exclaimed. Her experience for the next three days Sister Healy related as follows: "I had a battle with the enemy of my soul for three days, but I continued to trust; the third day, while carrying a pan of cookies from one room into another room, the power of God came upon me, causing me to rejoice greatly, and a Catholic woman working for me said she "wished she could have as big a blessing as that."

As the meeting progressed, one day I said to her: "Sister Healy, you be faithful, and God will make a soul-winner of you." That word of prediction was not over-optimistic, for it was not long till Sarah Healy was called into a large field of evangelism, and God gave great success to her labors.

During a session of one of the Wesleyan Methodist Annual Conferences, held at Damascus, Ohio, the writer was appointed to conduct the Sunday morning Love Feast, and the Scripture lesson selected was the fifty-first Psalm, and "an invitation" being extended for any one desiring the blessing of a clean heart, Rev. S____, a prominent member of the conference, came rapidly forward, humbly kneeling at the altar; in just a few minutes, God sent the heavenly gift to his soul. Before leaving the seat of the conference for home, he made arrangement with Bro. Burlison and myself to come to his charge, in Erie County, Pa., for a series of revival meetings in the fall; and, with full salvation in his soul, he was in a good condition to prepare the way for the meeting. We had our home with him and his good wife when we went to fill the engagement, and I am happy here to state that they did not "talk about" the members; they loved them, and were glad to do all

they could for them. Upon the singing of that beautiful gospel song the first evening of the meeting, the chorus of which is,

"O wondrous bliss, O joy sublime,
I've Jesus with me all the time;
O wondrous bliss, O joy sublime,
I've Jesus with me all the time."

we asked, "How many want such an experience?" A good number -perhaps forty people -- arose to their feet, and promptly came to the altar, and then the revival had begun in earnest, for in just a short time, each evening, the fences would be lined with teams, up and down the road, and the people came night and day. What a blessed thing, that their good pastor had himself gone over into the Canaan land, and had brought home with him the luscious fruit. Preachers failing to do this, it is no wonder that it sometimes appears quite difficult to promote the desired revival. I distinctly remember to this day, now many years, one all day meeting most signally owned and blessed of God. This church was called "The McCray Church," the membership being largely composed of "The McCrays." Very many people were converted or sanctified in this meeting, one of the most remarkable cases being that of Miss Lorena McCray, who, by faith, swept out into the Ocean of God's infinite love, and from the depths of her inmost soul she was led out by the Spirit (in the all-day meeting referred to) in giving a happy exposition of the thirty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel's prophecy, and spoke with such freedom and spiritual power that some of her kinfolks thought she was insane, and stood waiting to take her home.

It was perhaps the day following that Bro. Burleson suggested it might be well for us to go over to the McCray home, to see how "Lorena" was getting along, although we were not at all sure that we would be admitted into her home; however, we were met kindly by some of the family, gravely informing us that she had lost her mind, in proof of which they told us she was cutting her clothes to pieces with the shears; but we were kindly invited into her room, so we entered, finding her, indeed, a happy child of God, meekly submitting to such treatment as they deemed best to give her. They had put her to bed and were giving her medicine. She knew she did not need the medicine, but said in the most cheerful manner, "I must be obedient." As to "cutting her clothes to pieces," she was simply eliminating some appendages of her wardrobe, and so satisfy the dictates of her own conscience as to simplicity and plainness in dress.

The meeting went on with great power, and the most devoted band of young people was brought forth as the result, that we have ever known. These young men and young women banded together after the meeting, to do all they could for their spiritual advancement. They decided to hold an all-day meeting once every week, beginning early in the morning and continuing all day, in all seasons, throughout the entire year. They never slackened for "the busy season," whether at "corn-planting," "hoeing corn," "haying" or "harvesting;" they held their all-day meetings throughout the entire year, and they were graciously blessed of God in the work. One of the most earnest and devoted young men in this band was Bro. Albion Cordner, whose success in farming was noteworthy, and a certain infidel in that community declared: "Albion Cordner had the best crop of wheat of any one, and it was because he served God."

Sister Lewis was gloriously converted in that meeting, subsequently wholly sanctified, and became a useful evangelist.

Brother Burlison and I were invited to come to the town of C., in eastern Ohio, to hold a meeting, and we made our arrangements accordingly, arriving at the place a little late, being obliged to travel on a freight train that evening, it being the only train available that time of the day. As we were walking up to the church from the railroad station, just a little way, Bro. B_____ suggested that we kneel down by the walk for a season of prayer, that God might give us His blessing, and we did so. We called the attention of the people that evening to the subject of holiness, that being our theme wherever we went, and we had one seeker for The Pearl of Great Price -- a woman, the wife of the editor of the town paper. At the close of the services that evening, something remarkable occurred. I was a perfect stranger to everybody in that town, and I do not know that Brother B_____ was acquainted with any one. But a man came to me and expressed a desire to have a private conversation with me, to which I readily assented, of course. Then he proceeded to tell me something which, no doubt, had been a burden on his mind for years. He said his father had died a number of years previous to that time (seven years, I think), and he left a will, and he provided in that will that some seven hundred dollars should go to the church; but the will could not be found, and it was a great mystery whatever became of it." "But," Mr. H., my informant, continued, "I destroyed the will! and now what am I to do about it?" he pitifully appealed to me. I thought at once of the uncertainty of me, and how, indeed, he might not live for any opportunity, even of making restitution in the case, and I asked him if he was willing to do whatever God might show him he ought to do, and he declared he was willing; then I exhorted him to yield himself unreservedly to the Lord, so he could be assured of the divine acceptance. This man -- Brother H. -- a member of the church, was at the afternoon service the day following, and freely confessed publicly what he had confessed privately to me the previous evening, and declared his purpose to make the confession publicly in the evening service, and desired everybody to come; and so, humiliating as it was, he made two public confessions of his sin right there, in his own home town, where he was well known to the people. Surely a great burden was lifted from his poor heart; but it pays to get right with God, no matter what the cost. I am not informed as to the matter of restitution in this particular case, but I doubt not he paid "the uttermost farthing," as he became a humble, earnest, Christian man. Let us remember the gracious words found in Prov. 28:13: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall find mercy."

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18 -- CHAPTER

Received into Cent. O. Conference by Bishop Merrill at Kenton, in 1889 -- during conference rededicated The Old Mission -Mother Solomon only surviving member of the Wyandot tribe of Indians -- appointed to Rawson -- few sanctifications and a few conversions -- Third Church, Findlay -- my duty to organize the third Church, as informed by the Dist. Supt., Dr. Adam C. Barnes-- for some six weeks or so before our Annual Conf. Revs. Avano and Jameson at First Church and Howard Churches respectively held services Sunday afternoons so the people might have services until their pastor came, the writer the favored one -great awakening and great revival work at Third Church -- Bro. Rice helped us to get the work well started -- Bro. W. F.

Dauids suggested that Bro. Jones might join the church if we would speak to him about it -- became eminently useful -- Holiness Convention very successful -- great sermon by George Matthews -M. H. who opposed his wife, told her after he heard that sermon she could have all the holiness she wanted -- under the preaching of a sermon by Bro. E. S. Dunham young preacher was sanctified -- prayer-meeting six nights each week for entire year, also on Sunday E. M. -- remarkable case of young man by name of Collins, who went to the penitentiary in plane of another and was happily converted to God -- pastor told the story for him when he united with the church "on probation" -three years at Third Church, then sent to Mt. Blanchard -- had requested our Dist. Supt., to send us to new appointmentpreferring a short pastorate.

Not stopping to mention many, very many, more meetings in which Bro. Rice and I labored as evangelists in various parts of the country for a dozen years or so I now take pleasure in finishing the story of my coming into the Central Ohio Conference at Kenton, briefly referred to on a previous page. Bishop Merrill presided, and I was very kindly and cordially received by the Conference on the presentation of my Credentials from the Wesleyan Methodist Connection, and our first charge was the Rawson charge -- a circuit with four appointments -- Dr. Adam C. Barnes our district superintendent. The people were very kind to Mrs. Rowley and me, and the Lord gave the victory. A few very clear cases of conversions and sanctifications. I desire to speak of one member in particular, because his case was out of the ordinary. It was that of Dr. H____, our S. S. superintendent at Rawson, who had a very heavy practice, going night and day, and much of the time in those days the roads were almost impassable. He was very frequently called out of the preaching service to make a trip into the country, but would invariably re-enter the church and wait until the service was finished before going away, providing, of course, the call was not particularly urgent.

Only one year on the Rawson Circuit, and our next Conference was held at Upper Sandusky, Bishop Hurst presiding. We doubt not there are many people in Methodism who do not know that the great work of our Foreign Missionary Society began at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, among the Indians, under the labors of John Stewart, a colored young man, whose parents were free colored people, and resided in Powhattan County, Virginia, and they were Baptists. Their son John was converted among the Methodists, under the preaching of Bishops Asbury and McKendree, and was licensed to preach. This young man felt Divinely called to "go to the Northwest, and declare my Gospel plainly." This call he obeyed, traveling very many miles in the dense forest, enduring many hardships, till finally he reached the Indian settlement at Upper Sandusky among the Wyandots, and began his labors there in the month of November, 1816, and on account of the success of his ministry among these Wyandot Indians, in the year 1819 the great work of the Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church had its beginning. During the session of our Conference, September, 1889, one afternoon was devoted to the dedication of the new mission building, recently built to take the place of the old building, then in ruins, all under the direction of our good Bishop Hurst, accompanied by perhaps two thousand people. Dr. Adam C. Barnes, Presiding Elder, was appointed chairman of the meeting.

A very profitable and enjoyable service was held, in which "Mother Solomon" sang a hymn in the Wyandot language, she being a member, in her childhood days, of the first mission school. We were told that Mother Solomon was the only surviving one of the Wyandot Indians then living in Upper Sandusky. As a tribute to this colored boy, John Stewart, I take the liberty of

quoting a few words from the History of the Central Ohio Conference, as follows: "The good work inaugurated by this humble but excellent Christian character will never be forgotten; but as the ages come and go, and the heathen world is brought to Christ, his name shall be more remembered and honored. All admit that his success among the Wyandots led to the organization of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1819. And was not the mission school at Upper Sandusky the genesis of the Woman's Foreign Missionary work? If so, then all honor to Harriet Stubbs and Jane Parker and their worthy successors!"

Our next appointment was Third Church, Findlay, a new charge in the north part of town, with some work in the country, and we had a good time. Preachers and people should always have a good time; I am sure that the Lord has so intended. We have scripture for it, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice." We heard of a man who did literally rejoice always, would praise the Lord when walking along the street; so one day, when thus engaged, another man by his side said to him: "You are not very happy, are you?" He said, "No, not very, but the devil doesn't know it -- praise the Lord!" This Third Church had a new meeting-house, erected just a few weeks before Conference, and two of the resident pastors -- Bros. Jameson and Avann -pastors then of the Howard and First Churches, respectively, had very kindly preached in the neat little frame church, Sunday afternoons, as the people waited for Conference to send them their own preacher, and I happened to be the favored one. Now, "the good time" above referred to might not include a big salary (certainly did not at Third Church), yet might have something infinitely better -- a real revival of religion that would continue throughout the entire year, and that was about the condition of things on our new charge.

Findlay became noted far and wide on account of its oil and gas production. Referring to gas, who has not heard of the famous "Karg Gas Well?" Our part of the city was known as the Heck Addition ("The Heck" for short), so called, because a man by the name of Heck laid it out.

We had a good gas well of our own on the Heck Addition, and so we had "free gas," as its free use was counted in with the rent. There was only one vacant house on the Heck, a four-room house recently built by a young woman, and this we secured for the parsonage; so the "new preacher and wife" were very comfortably situated, for only ten dollars a month, gas included. At that time Findlay had a large number of glass factories -- both window glass and flint glass -- and the Heck Addition had a good share of them, also the wire and nail mill. Our Addition was supposed to have about one thousand people, but there were six saloons and one church! The saloons were well patronized, sorry to say; but, thank God, our church was too. The men who worked in the various factories, for the most part, were drinking men, yet they were big-hearted; many of them came to our little church and were liberal in its support. Had a fine Sunday School to begin with, Mr. W. F. Davids, Superintendent, and an attendance of 150. In just a few days we had gathered together all the church letters we could find, together with some members who had no letters, so we had for our new organization twenty-one full members and five probationers, and we were happy. The Third Church was brand new, no fusses or feuds, but all came together to have a good time. Bro. Rice, my former co-laborer, kindly responded to my call, and came to help in our first revival meeting, knowing him, as I did, to be very efficient in teaching people the way of Holiness, altogether important at this time I very well knew. This new Third Church needed the very best the Lord had for them, and that was "The Fullness of the Blessing of the Gospel of Christ," spoken of by His servant Paul, in Rom. 15:29. The Holiness Revival is an unspeakable

blessing to any church; for in it the pastor, leading on, will have such soul delights and surprises as he never knew before. His very best members will seem to be made new. Some of the members will awaken to the true condition of things -- they were never truly spiritual before. Some who were intelligent and consistent Christians before are now men and women endowed with power from on high. Some of the young people of the church are very apt to be called into the public ministry or the glorious work of Foreign Missions. Bishop William Taylor, of world-wide missionary fame, knew where to get his missionaries: they are born in the revival.

One evening a few of us had gathered in the little church, and Brother Davids said to me: "Brother Rowley, if you would speak to that young man Jones, I wouldn't wonder if he would join the church." And at once I went and spoke to him: "Bro. Jones, would you like to join the church?" He said, "I wouldn't mind." So I took out my pencil and wrote his name down, thinking it "a pretty cool way to take people into the church;" but as the suggestion was made by Bro. Davids, our S. S. Superintendent, who was also one of our class leaders, I thought it might be all right -- hoped so, at least. Now, this young man Jones was well known in that community, being "a helper" in blowing "double thick" window glass. For years he had been much given to drink, and could keep the same boarding-place only a short time. However, I have heard him say he "felt the love of God in his heart when he was a little boy six years of age," being brought up in the home of a godly uncle; but in his youth he went with a circus as a musician, as he could play well on the cornet. But he drifted into sin, and went far away from God. Having given the preacher his name, he was strongly tempted over it, "Now you have joined the church, and you have no religion;" so he was tempted to give it all up, but made up his mind to stick to it, which he did, and in a short time the Lord blessed him, and gave him the blessed assurance in his heart. He soon became very zealous to win souls to Christ, going from house to house after working hours to talk and pray with young men in their rooms, endeavoring to persuade them to become Christians. However, such a course, noble as it was, brought upon him wicked opposition at the Window Glass Factory, for when they saw him coming to work, they would hollo and say, "Here comes the preacher!" It was pretty hard for him to bear their taunts and jeers, and he thought of leaving the factory, but finally made up his mind to stay where he was, thinking of the words of our blessed Lord: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." In the midst of these fiery trials, those gracious words of our Lord were blessedly verified, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honor," as the Holy Ghost came upon him in His sanctifying power, and then he was mightily strengthened to "fight the good fight of faith."

The writer is indeed very happy to bear record concerning the results of our first revival meeting at Third Church. Sinners came home to God, believers were sanctified, and the spiritual growth of the Kingdom went sweeping on, year in and year out, the revival spirit being with us all the time. In May, 1890, we had our first Holiness Convention, beginning Monday evening, the 19th, and closing Thursday evening, the 22nd, having three sermons daily -- morning, afternoon and evening -- interspersed with prayer and testimony meetings, and excellent meetings for the children, under the direction of Mrs. J. W. Hill, an expert in working with the children. We were highly favored with ministerial help, nine pastors being on the program to preach, and one of our Presiding Elders, in the person of Dr. A. C. Barnes, of the Findlay District. Rev. George Mathews, of Leipsic, "a son of thunder," on Wednesday evening preached a great sermon from John 10:10: "The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy; I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." There were present in that service Mr. M. H.

and wife, he being an unconverted man, and was reported as being somewhat opposed to his wife (one of our members) in the favorable position she took as to the teaching of Holiness; but after hearing that powerful sermon that evening by Brother Mathews, he told his wife she could have all the Holiness she wanted. This Mr. H. was a blower of double-thick window glass, and Brother Jones, recently converted to God, was his "helper," and Mr. H. declared that Jones had "made his ribs sore, jabbing him with his elbows every time he swore." Rev. E. S. Dunham, of Bluffton, preached a very helpful sermon on Tuesday evening, when one of our noble young pastors, being present, came to the altar and made the consecration, and became very useful in "declaring the whole counsel of God." Brother Dunham was eminently qualified for the revival work, in which he took great delight, and it became necessary for him to respond to the call of some of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church to travel with them, to conduct Pentecostal services at the Annual Conferences. Bishop Joyce, especially, opened a large field of holy evangelism for Brother Dunham, as they journeyed together from Conference to Conference, and doubtless they were thus enabled to lay up much precious "treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal." One day, as Bro. Dunham was making a visit to the sick-room of Dr. S. A. Keen, the great prince of evangelists, shortly before he took his departure, he told Brother Dunham it would be necessary for him to take up the work which he was so soon to lay down, and this he did.

The Third Church of Findlay enjoys the rare distinction of having held, under its auspices, in the summer of 1891, the first Camp Meeting ever held in Findlay, with the splendid evangelistic service of Rev. Madison Swadener, of the North Indiana Conference, an excellent preacher, of remarkable tact, and the Camp Meeting was good from the beginning to the end. Rev. J. Wesley Hill, Jr., son of Rev. J. W. Hill, one of the coming orators of Methodism, coming back home on a visit from Ogden, Utah, gave his great lecture on "Mormonism" in the afternoon of the last Sunday of the Camp Meeting, to a large audience.

Our young man Jones from the Window Glass Factory on the Heck lived an exemplary Christian life, and was very useful. He sought the hand and affections of one of our noble Christian young women; the writer had the pleasure of "solemnizing the marriage ceremony," and he went with his pastor to the first District Conference after his conversion, held at Ada, and at that Conference was licensed as a local preacher. While Brother J. was now properly qualified and endorsed by the church, and divinely called and richly endowed spiritually for the glorious work of the Christian ministry, he realized his need of better educational equipment than he at that time possessed, and yet did not have the money to go away to school; however, I, as his pastor, wrote to our good President Bashford, of Ohio Wesleyan, at Delaware, to whom I told the situation, and suggested that perhaps the University might use some of the Children's Day funds to bestow the much-needed assistance, which they were pleased to do; so, in a short time, he and his splendid wife, "Lizzie," were off for Delaware, and he was in school. They were very earnest workers, and the Lord gave them a fruitful ministry. When on a charge near Corning, N.Y., perhaps ten or twelve years after leaving Third Church, Findlay, they wrote us, desiring Mrs. Rowley and me to come and help them in a revival meeting, to which we most gladly responded, and the Lord came in great blessing and power. Not many years after this meeting we were informed that they had been called from labor to reward. It is certainly gratifying to think of Brother Jones and his wife as being some of the blessed fruitage picked from the virgin soil, on the Heck Addition at Third Church, Findlay, Ohio. To God be all the glory!

I desire now to relate an incident of more than ordinary interest, which occurred in the early part of our first year at Third Church. One Saturday, Mr. Stone, manager of the Wire and Nail Mill on the Heck Addition, called at our parsonage home, and asked me if I could come to his office that afternoon at four o'clock, as he desired to see me on important business, and I told him I could. So, accordingly, I went to his office at the appointed time, and the following conversation took place: "Mr. Rowley, we have a young man in our employ who needs help; I think he would like to join your church. Now, Mr. Rowley, I'm not a Christian myself." "Well," I said, "you talk like a Christian." "No, I'm not a Christian, but this young man needs help." "Well, who is the young man?" "The young man's name is C____," replied Mr. Stone. "Oh, I said, "Mr. C____ has been converted recently in one of our meetings, and tomorrow morning I am to receive him into our church." "Well Mr. Rowley, this young man C____ has made a mistake, and he has been in the penitentiary, and that he may not seem to be 'sailing under false colors,' he wants some one to tell this for him, publicly, so the people will know all about it." "All right, Mr. Stone, where could I meet this young man C____?" "He boards right near here, at the home of Mr. Cline, and it is now about time for him to be home from his work," said Mr. Stone. So I bade him "Good day," and at once went to his boarding-place, and in just a few minutes the young man C____ came in, and we engaged freely in conversation. He proceeded to tell me that one day he went on a fishing expedition with some other young men in Lake Erie, out a few miles from Sandusky City; but when they had finished their fishing and returned to land, a great surprise awaited them, as officers served the papers and placed them under arrest for violating the law as to boundaries on the lake, and it seems the head one of their fishing party was held responsible, and now must suffer for committing a felony. But this young man C____ begged that he might go in the place of the other, as he was a married man and C____ was single, and it would not be so hard for him; so, with that consideration, the change was made, and C____ took the penalty upon himself. Now, such was the remarkable history it became my duty to unfold at our Sunday morning service in the little Church, when, as pastor, I was to receive a number of candidates on probation into the Methodist Episcopal Church. At the proper time, I "opened the doors of the church," and all of the prospective members came promptly to the front, and I received them. I then had reached the time when I was to tell the story, as I had promised Brother C____. This was a more difficult task than I had thought it would be. To be sure, Brother C____ had done nobly in making the great sacrifice he had made for the other young man, wholly voluntary on his part; but to "break the news" in regard to our new member would be a great shock; but the Lord helped me, according to His promise, which faileth never, and I think I made it plain. I then asked Brother C____ if he desired to say anything, and he said he would like to speak, and proceeded to speak quite freely, saying he felt indebted to the Government, for while he was an inmate in the prison (being then out on parole for good behavior), he had the splendid privilege of free access to the Library, which was a great blessing to him.

So this young man spoke for some little time -- perhaps eight or ten minutes -- and then I appealed to the congregation: "What are you going to do with such a young man? Are you going to turn away from him?" Then some one back in the congregation spoke out loudly and with emphasis "No!!!" Then I said: "Will all in this congregation who wish Godspeed to these new members come and take them by the hand?" And nearly everybody in the congregation at that service responded to the call. Am happy to say Bro. C____ lived an exemplary, happy and useful Christian life.

Thus three eventful years at Third Church sped rapidly away, and we shall never forget the blessed fellowship and spiritual triumphs we had together. Much of the time we had a prayer meeting every evening in the week, or every evening but one, including one prayer meeting each week which was held by the W. C. T. U., also a prayer meeting each Sunday afternoon. Isaiah 1:19 was blessedly fulfilled in our behalf: "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land." What a noble band of devoted men and women! At the home of Brother and Sister Davids, each Monday evening, we had our special "Holiness Meeting," upon which it pleased God to put His blessing. Mr. Wesley says: "Where the work of sanctification breaks out, the whole work of God prospers."

A few weeks before our Annual Conference at Van Wert, Ohio, I wrote our good Presiding Elder, Dr. Barnes, making known to him my desire to have "a change," as I preferred short pastorates. In his annual report at Conference he referred very kindly to the work at Third Church, Findlay, as he had done at each of the two preceding sessions, using the words of the Sacred Writer, as found in Proverbs 31:29: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." On Sunday, as I happened to meet Bro. Barnes, he said: "They have you down for Mt. Blanchard," and I was pleased with our prospective appointment for the coming year. So, in a few days, Mrs. Rowley and I were moved over to our new charge, where we saw a great revival, and many things of great importance occurred.

* * * * *

19 -- CHAPTER

Our good friends move us over to Mt. Blanchard, where we had delightful pastorate -- prayer-meeting all gone down and had been for six months -- announced prayer-meeting for Thurs. night-- great rainstorm through which we drove with good horse, Dick-- Bro. Dunham held good tent meeting -- great revival-meeting first winter -- one hundred souls converted to God -- wonderful meeting one Monday night -- called it The Pentecost -- two of the sisters of Houcktown church were sanctified -- L. O. and Mrs. Van S. -- Missionary Society organized -- great Camp Meeting the second summer -- had Dr. Carradine as evangelist -great meeting Henry Grindle converted to God the second winter-- he and his wife lay evangelists -- did great good in the work-- Dixen next charge -- sanctification of Bro Craig -- people asked me if I were not one of those sanctified ones -- told them I was, but not a "Come-outer" -- prepared for Camp-meeting on Dixon Charge -- H. C. Morrison engaged, but was held too late in the South -- had help from our pastors -- great meeting -desiring to re-enter the evangelistic field, took the supernumerary relation at next conference, and moved to Delaware. O.

Our new charge had three appointments, with Mt. B. as head of the Circuit. We soon learned there were no prayer meetings, and had been none for six months a strange contrast to the work from which we had recently come. But we said nothing about the prayer-meetings for a number of weeks, until one Sabbath, after preaching at Wharton, we announced that we would have a prayer meeting in that church the following Thursday evening, and an urgent invitation was given for everybody to come, and the pastor would be present, involving a drive across the country from Mt. Blanchard of seven miles. So, Thursday afternoon about four o'clock, I pushed out my

top-buggy into the alley, preparatory for starting on my trip, when my nearest neighbor, Jerry D____, across the alley, called out to me: "Why, Brother Rowley, where are you going?" "Over to Wharton, to the prayer meeting," we replied; and he said: "Bro. Rowley, I would not go on that trip in the face of such a storm for fifty dollars. They will not expect you." "But, I told them I would come, and I want them to expect me, when I say I am coming." So, in a few moments I was on the way, but the storm continually increased in intensity, and after I had gone some two miles with my faithful "Dick," darkness set in, and the roads were new to me, but with the help of a good lantern fastened on the dash-board, I managed to keep in the road. But I never took a buggy-ride through a harder rain-storm on a darker night. I passed Bro. Dan. K.'s home only one mile from Wharton, and as the window curtains were up, it did look very inviting in their home, and I listened for the church-bell, but it did not ring. Oh, I did hope the bell would ring, so we could have our prayer meeting, but I listened in vain; so I drove up to the home of Bro. Hiram Miller, who lived near the church, and in response to my knock at the door, he promptly came, and exclaimed: "Why, Brother Rowley, what have you come for?" "To attend the prayer meeting," I said. The rain was still pouring down. "Let us go and put the horse into the stable," he said, which we did, and so the new preacher stayed all night at the home of Bro. Miller, and the day following, Bro. Miller and I visited the sick people in the village, of whom there were a goodly number. After that night we had no trouble in rallying the "prayer-meeting crowd." While we did have some good interest along revival lines that year at Wharton, yet the center of overwhelming interest was at Mt. B., where victory after victory, in answer to prayer, came down from heaven, and the work went sweeping on. Our protracted meeting at Mt. B. was not held until the month of March, and four solid weeks were devoted thereto, and we feel confident that much of its fruitage will be plainly in evidence in the heavenly world. The writer had just finished the meetings at the other two points, and had returned home to Mt. B., ready to hold the closing meeting at the head of the Circuit; and as the Methodist Protestant people were on the sixth and last week of their protracted meeting, we attended, and were kindly invited by their pastor to preach each evening, from Monday evening to Saturday evening, which we did and so extended, in as kindly a manner as we knew how, an invitation for them -- pastor and people -- to attend and participate in the coming meeting, which they did. We extended an invitation to the pastor of the Methodist Protestant Church to preach alternately with us, from evening to evening, which he kindly did. I omitted the mention of valuable assistance from two sources, which I now most gladly relate.

While in attendance at our District Conference at "The Dukes" Church, a few miles from McComb, Dr. Loring C. Webster, our pastor at Carey, said to me: "Bro. Rowley, if you and Sister Rowley will come and help me in my meeting at Carey, I will help you at Wharton and Mt. Blanchard." Knowing him to be an able preacher and highly esteemed by the church at Mt. Blanchard, I accepted his proposition without any hesitation; accordingly, he came and preached some ten days and nights at Mt. B., five days in each of the two weeks. Then Mrs. Rowley and I had a very special friend, in the person of Sister Ebright, of Ashland, who very kindly accepted our invitation to come and visit us during the meeting, and help, in her quiet way, among the people, as she might have the opportunity, and she proved a factor of inestimable value as the work went on from day to day, and night to night. The first "break" we had in the meeting was the second Saturday evening, when a young lady, member of the choir -- Miss M. S. -- came to the altar, and was blessedly converted to God. The usual Sunday services were held, and no particular change was observed, only a deepening of interest on the part of the young people in our large choir, many of them appearing to be under conviction, having never been converted, although it

was a choir of remarkable efficiency, from the musical standpoint. But the meeting on Monday evening was one of such remarkable interest and power that it became historic, frequently spoken of by the members as "the Pentecost."

The meeting of Monday evening, referred to above, the writer feels sure demands infinitely more than a passing notice. So, although aware that no pen can describe the work of the Holy Spirit, yet he will endeavor, as far as possible, to give a detailed account of that wonderful service. It was Monday night, when a good-sized and quite representative attendance, as to the two Methodist churches at Mt. B., was with us, and all were eagerly watching the visible progress of the meeting, and it came to be perhaps 9:30 o'clock when our good Brother J. S., our Recording Steward of the Circuit, kneeling right by me at the altar, many people kneeling also, and some evidently under pungent conviction of sin, he spoke to me softly: "Bro. Rowley, how would it do to announce that you will not give a formal dismissal of the congregation, but all can feel perfectly free to go whenever they desire?" and I approved of his suggestion, and made the announcement accordingly. The congregation continued to tarry until ten o'clock, and when the clock on the wall indicated that hour, the greater portion of the audience arose simultaneously and took their leave, as if they had been dismissed at that time, but the meeting went on. The work of that meeting had as little, perhaps, of human direction as any meeting we ever have seen. It was a sacred hour, and we might have sung, in subdued voice: "The angels are hov'ring 'round, The angels are hov'ring 'round, The angels are hov'ring 'round, To carry the Tidings home!" And did they not carry the tidings home?" The work of that hour, I am sure, marked the course of that church for many years to come. It meant the setting up of the Family Altar, it meant better and stronger equipment in the Sunday School and in all of the work of the young people; and it meant, for many, many years to come, the strengthening and directing of strong men and women in their delightful task of promoting the Kingdom of God.

It was perhaps just about eleven o'clock that Monday night when the first glad tidings of that meeting were carried to the skies! "Rejoice! Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own!" Such a scene, dear reader, is more than earthly; it is heavenly. The woman called her neighbors together to rejoice with her, because she had found the piece of silver she had lost. Well may redeemed souls of earth rejoice when they find "the Pearl of great price!" The meeting Monday night continued until exactly twelve o'clock, when we were dismissed, the last conversion occurring at 11:55. The Revival had no need of special advertising after that night. The people of that village thronged the church from that time on, and nearly all the young men of the community became Christians, and such was the pungency of the Spirit's convicting power that if the preacher would say "Come!" the hardest hearts were immediately broken up, and the altar was filled at once with truly penitent souls, to whom God gave unspeakable victory.

The results of that wonderful Monday night were not tabulated by any of earth's scribes, but it was thought that about twenty-five people swept into the Kingdom. It seemed that nearly all the young men of the village and immediate surrounding country were happily converted to God during the progress of the revival, with a few outstanding canes of determined resistance. One fateful morning, three young men of Mt. B., desiring to "see the world," started to walk some seven miles to reach the nearest station on the P. F. W. & C. Ry., en route to the city of Chicago, with the determination of "beating their way" on the train, in which they succeeded. As they were walking down the road, just leaving the little village, some one inquired, "Boys, where are you going?"

Immediately, from one of the wildest and most reckless of the trio, came the reply, "To H--!" When the boys had reached the city of Chicago, and while the train was still going at a terrific speed, the young man who gave that horrid answer declared he was going to jump, as he was fearful of being nabbed by the police when the train should come to a stop. His companions warned him, telling him he would be killed if he jumped from the train, and earnestly endeavored to dissuade him; but, true to his word, he did jump while the train was still going rapidly, and was killed, and his body was shipped back to his little village home, which he left in gay spirits only a few hours before.

A short time before the close of the revival, the Methodist Protestant pastor having taken the pains to put the names all down, told the writer there were just one hundred who had been converted. Each Monday evening we had a special prayer-meeting for all our young converts, under the direction of the pastor, which, no doubt, helped greatly to keep them steadfast. Brother Dunham having gone into the evangelistic field, we secured his services in a tent meeting that summer, which was made a great blessing to the charge. I take great pleasure in speaking of two of our elect Christian ladies belonging to H., a short distance from Mt. B., whom the Lord brought out into the fullness of blessing -- Miss Letha O. and Mrs. Frank V. -- whose beautifully sanctified lives have always been a benediction. These two ladies were prominent and active workers in the Woman's Home Missionary Society which Mrs. Rowley organized at H., and which has been an element of great importance from that day to this in promoting the interests of The Redeemer's Kingdom. One night when Sister Ebright (previously spoken of) was staying at the splendid home of Mrs. Frank V., about one o'clock in the morning, the glory of God shone down upon Mrs. V.'s hungry soul, and she walked the floor, praising God for His Full Salvation. How many delightful surprises the Lord has for a church that is obedient, and, from day to day, walks humbly in the light as He is in the light. The Lord help His people!

While the numerical results in our second winter's revival were not so great as in the first one, yet some things of great importance occurred, and I take this opportunity of relating the awakening to full salvation of our splendid friend, Henry Grindle, whose wife was a daughter of Rev. John Smith, a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. This Henry Grindle was certainly a very prominent man in that community, but very difficult to reach. It was evident that he was interested in the work, and frequently would be free to express his appreciation when the truth was plainly and forcibly presented.

As was my custom, one Sunday morning, immediately after preaching, I suggested that we have some personal testimonies, and very boldly (I so regard it now) I called upon Mr. Henry Grindle to speak, but he very promptly declined by shaking his head; yet I called again upon him, and again he declined; but I said, "Yes, Henry, I think you ought to speak," and by that time people were praising the Lord in the rear of the house! So he arose, and began to speak, and in a very short time the blessing of the Lord came upon him, and he himself began to shout the praises of God, and so continued all the remainder of the day, barring the time he spent with Bro. Drake's people at the dinner table. Suffice it to say, he became a very useful man in the church. He experienced the blessing of Perfect Love in Brother and Sister Hill's revival meeting at Williamstown, and he and his good wife became lay evangelists of great usefulness, having calls on every hand to assist pastors in their revival meetings.

For many years we have felt that churches need revivals in the summer, as well as in the winter, agreeable to which we began in good time to make arrangements for a great meeting during our second summer at Mt. B.

The writer had read some accounts of the work of Rev. Beverly Carradine, D. D., of St. Louis, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and felt very favorably impressed in regard to securing him for our meeting, as he had just recently entered the evangelistic field; so correspondence was opened up between us, and Dr. Carradine's first communication was somewhat encouraging. I reported the matter to my good people, and requested a committee to meet us the following evening to determine if further steps should be taken to secure the services of the distinguished evangelist, upon which an affirmative vote was taken, also the decision that we engage the "big tent" from Murray and Company, of Chicago, which had a capacity for 2,000 people, and which had been recently used during "The World's Fair," for the great rallies of the Epworth League, and the tent was engaged for the coming meeting. The meeting was opened at the appointed time, and Dr. Carradine preached as he only could preach, from the text, "The God that answereth by fire, let him be God." I Kings, 18:24. No one could be in doubt as to Dr. Carradine's theme: it was "Sanctification." But the preacher seemed sadly disappointed when there was no response for the Uttermost Salvation, and suddenly he turned to me, saying, "Brother Rowley, what did you get me here for?" Of course, I had nothing to say. The people were dismissed in a few minutes, and went to their homes; a number of services were conducted before the much-desired responses were secured to the earnest appeals of the flaming evangelist. Resulting from this great meeting, many revivals sprang up in various towns in our part of the country. Doubtless the full account of that meeting in Mt. B. will only be known in eternity.

At our conference the coming fall, I was appointed to the Dixon charge, on the Ohio and Indiana state line, and my soul was on fire for the unspeakable glorious revival work. The charge had five appointments, and the preacher was expected to preach three times every Sunday, each evening closing up at Dixon, where we lived, often feeling very tired, and lacking inspiration, it seemed, for the closing service; but the sight of the big crowd which we usually had, helped to give inspiration, and so we were always able to do a little something. The first night (Sunday), going home with Bro. Craig from the church, as we stayed at their home that night, Bro. Craig said to me: "Brother Rowley, do you preach full salvation?" "Yes, I do, Brother Craig," I answered, and Bro. C. replied, "I'm glad of it." This brother was a strong man intellectually, and undoubtedly knew what was meant by "heartfelt religion." Unfortunately, about ten years previous to our going to Dixon, there had been a campaign of "Come-outism" through that part of the country, greatly to the detriment of the church, and very strongly prejudicing the good people against the precious work of holiness; but I was determined I would not allow that foolish prejudice to stand in the way of the truth. One day a brother said to me, "Brother Rowley, you are one of those sanctified folks, are you not?" "Yes," I answered, "I am one of the sanctified people, but I am not a "Come-outer'." So, all over our new charge we preached "holiness to the Lord," and God blessed the work in the conversion of sinners and "the perfecting of the saints."

At one of our Quarterly Meetings, this Bro. C. made the statement, when he gave his personal testimony, "I was three years seeking pardon, and now I'm determined to have this blessing, it it takes as much time to obtain it as it did to get the first experience." In a short time Bro. C. was enabled to rejoice in the full victory, by faith in Jesus' name.

I greatly desired to enter the evangelistic field immediately following our next conference, in order to do which I should be obliged to take the supernumerary relation, no provision having been made, up to that time, by our General Conference, whereby men could be named for the position of evangelists, and so appointed by the presiding Bishop. I was much interested in my new charge, and planned to make good use of my time while on the work; agreeably thereto, we began to plan for the holding of a great camp-meeting, and engaged the services of Dr. H. C. Morrison, as our evangelist, but were compelled to cancel the engagement, he being detained too late in The South with his meetings to permit him to reach us in time. So we called to our help for the Dixon Camp-meeting a number of our good pastors, whom we knew to be efficient in such meetings, secured a lot of new tents from Murray and Company, Chicago, and made all the preparations necessary that we could think of, for the most successful camp-meeting. People were very curious to know what a camp-meeting would be, as they never had seen one. Mr. Rodney Graham, a wealthy farmer, though unconverted, threw open for our use an eighty-acre grove, in one corner of which our "Walnut Grove" church was located, and this little brick church, with the camp-meeting ground kindly furnished us by our very kind friend, all were very suitable and convenient, indeed, and great interest in the meeting was awakened all over the country, for miles and miles, and much precious treasure was laid up in heaven. Very valuable help was rendered in this meeting by Rev. Robert H. Balmer, Rev. J. W. Hill and wife, Rev. W. S. Culp, Rev. S. Rice (then of Chicago) and Bro. W. H. Grindle, lay evangelist.

An important feature of this great meeting was the childrens' meeting one Sunday afternoon, the meeting being under the able management of Mrs. Rev. J. W. Hill, when, among many others who knelt at the long altar that Sunday afternoon, Bertha Day, perhaps fourteen years of age, came seeking the blessing of Perfect Love, having been converted a few months previous, but having trouble with a man-fearing spirit; the Lord gave Bertha the much needed blessing that afternoon, and now for many years she has been in the public ministry, having joined The Friends; so, our good Sister Hill's work continues to go on, in the person and through the efficient ministry of Bertha Day.

* * * * *

20 -- CHAPTER

Moved into our home in Delaware, -- great privilege to hear frequent addresses from Dr. Bashford, President of the Ohio Wesleyan University -- B. Fay Mills. who was laboring to secure aid for the suffering Armensans -- thrilling adventures from horridly bitter treatment from The Turks -- Dr. Bashford followed the speaker in a few words -- "have made up my mind if there is no hell there should be one" -- senior student told me about the wonderful revival held at Williams St. Church a short time prior in our coming -- mid-week Sabbath -- places of business closed up every Wed. during time of service at Church-- Dr. B. consented to preach one mid week Sabbath -- greatly hesitating decided finally to preach from John 3:16 -- power of God came down during that sermon -- many young women were slain lying prone along the floor of the great auditorium -- revival meeting was conducted by Dr. S. A. Keen -- Six hundred souls born into the Kingdom -- remarkable occurrence at Grace Church-Rev. Dennis pastor -- glorious deliverance from fear came to Mrs. C. -- met Rev. F. W. Stanton over town one day, in poor health -- desired us to go to

his church, Clark St. Church, Toledo, and hold his revival meeting during his absence in the South-Land, in quest of health told him we would do so -- good meeting at Clark St. Church -- seven all day meetings -- felt led to see our Dist. Supt. Dr. J. M. Avano about having a great revival meeting, perhaps one year hence -- what do you want to wait a year for?" he said -- in first meeting had Bro. Glasenek as our evangelist meeting held in a tent-next year another meeting with Dr. B. F. Walker, as evangelist -- Amanda Smith with us -- while we were in special meetings at Monroe, O., greatly surprised to hear of "Red Lion," the place of my nativity, and drove over one day.

Not long after going into the Central Ohio Conference, we sold our Ada home, and re-invested in Delaware, O. so we had a very pleasant residential home awaiting us, Delaware being a noted college town, the seat of the Ohio Wesleyan University, Dr. James W. Bashford, President. I was soon solicited to take the place of an assistant pastor on the Ashley charge, a few miles out of Delaware, North Ohio Conference, Rev. A. E. Thomas, pastor, Rev. E. E. Persons, District Superintendent, as the place of assistant had recently been vacated by a Delaware student. I was assured, if I would take the place, I could have some time to do evangelistic work, and so I consented to take the place for that year, and we had the pleasure of having some good revival meetings, Bro. Thomas being preacher-in-charge, a very good preacher, and an excellent brother to labor with. As usual, during the summer the writer began to think of having a camp-meeting, making the suggestion to good Bro. Thomas, which met with his approval. Ashley was noted as a center and stronghold of the Spiritualists, they having a very beautiful camp-ground, well equipped with many convenient buildings, in a very beautiful grove, and we engaged their camp-ground for a term of ten days. I well remember, Dr. Persons, District Superintendent, preached the opening sermon, with opening prayer by Rev. Wm. R. Chase, one of our near-by pastors; and so, the Methodist Camp-meeting was held on the Spiritualist Camp-ground! Our main workers were Rev. E. S. Dunham and Rev. David Bowers, and we believe much good was done.

Delaware might be called the center of Ohio Methodism, four annual conferences coming together there -- the Ohio Conference, Central Ohio, North Ohio and East Ohio, the Cincinnati Conference being the only one not thus converging. It was indeed a great privilege to hear frequent addresses from the great Bashford, President of the University. One morning at chapel, B. Fay Mills, the distinguished evangelist was present, and spoke upon the suffering Armenians, as he was at that time traveling over the country raising funds for their help. In that address of B. Fay Mills, the speaker gave an account of harrowing detail, the worst of it kept back, he told us; but the following he did relate, to commit which perhaps none on the face of the earth would be possessed with sufficient cruelty but "the unspeakable Turk." One day the little band of Christian Armenians were decoyed into their little church by the Turks, and when they had all gathered together, the doors were shut, and the Turks made the proposition to the Christian Armenians that they must renounce their Christianity; but they should be required to do but just a little thing. none need speak a word, or do anything whatever, only on passing out to raise one finger in token of his recantation, and on that condition his life would be spared; then the doors were thrown open, and the Christians were allowed to pass out, but not one finger was raised up! Every one of them was cruelly massacred by the Turks! Upon the conclusion of this fearful recital by Mr. Mills, President Bashford rose and spoke as follows: "I have been thinking, if there is no hell, there ought to be one."

Dear reader, I am very much pleased to give an account of a wonderful revival of religion which occurred in Delaware perhaps one or two years previous to our locating there, as told me by one of the senior students. The great meeting was planned and launched by the University, and to be under the direction of Dr. S. A. Keen, may we not say, the almost peerless evangelist of all the world. The main services were held in Williams St. Church, as it had a large auditorium. As the revival swept on from day to day, the interest greatly deepened, and a "Midweek Sabbath" was appointed, which means that all the business places of the city were to be closed up, during the time of public services at the church, and the regulation was observed strictly, even by the saloons in their nefarious business.

President Bashford was invited to preach at one of the Midweek Sabbaths (on Wednesday morning), and consented to do so. For that sermon he was strongly impressed that he should use for his text, John 3:16; but to use the words of that text seemed to be a very heavy cross, and he very reluctantly decided that he would do so, a little before he went to sleep the evening previous. This senior student told me that during Dr. Bashford's sermon he gave some account of his early life before he was converted to God, even at a time when he had almost gone into despair, and as the heaven-inspired preacher continued to speak, the power of God fell upon the congregation, and worldly young women were slain by the Spirit's power, and scenes were enacted similar to those at the Great Camp-meeting in Kentucky, in an early day, as related by Rev. James B. Finley, when he himself was worldly and proud, and he tells us that five hundred people were swept down at once, and, being fearful, he hastily left the camp-ground. Yes, something like that happened at Williams St. Church when Bashford preached that Midweek Sabbath. The great revival meeting continued until it was estimated some six hundred souls were born into the kingdom!

Rev. G. W. Dennis was pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Delaware, North Ohio Conference, he being one of "the old guard" in the Holiness Movement, and was co-temporary with John S. Inskip, William McDonald, J. A. Wood, W. H. Boole, B. W. Gorham, Sheridan Baker and Alfred Cokman. Brother Dennis desired us to help in a revival meeting at his church, and we secured Brother and Sister Grindle to join with us in the work. After the meeting had been in progress a few days, we decided to have an All-Day Meeting the day following, and I asked Bro. Dennis if he would announce it (in the city papers) as "A Holiness Meeting," and he referred me to Proverbs 1:17: "Surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird." So, I do not know whether he announced it as "a holiness meeting" or not, but the attendance was good, and the Lord gave us a great meeting, and I desire to mention one incident in particular, and that was the case of Mrs. C., a very prominent and highly esteemed member of that church. The sermon in the forenoon was preached from Luke 1:73-75, with particular emphasis placed upon the delightful assurance that we should serve Him without fear, which the noble Christian woman clearly apprehended as being her privilege as a child of God. She responded to all three altar-calls in that all-day meeting-morning, afternoon and evening -- and light from heaven flooded her longing soul, and in rapture she exclaimed: "O, I am now to serve God without fear; I have been serving Him with fear, but now I am to serve Him without fear." Any church, we are sure, is to be congratulated which has a membership of such spiritual discernment as to be able to appreciate the glorious teaching as above given in that scripture.

One day while over town I met our good friend, Rev. Frank W. Stanton, of Clark St. Methodist Episcopal Church, Toledo, who was then in declining health, and informed me

accordingly, telling me of his intention to go to The Southland in search of health, and he said to me: "Bro. Rowley, I want you to go to Clark Street Church and hold our revival meeting, with a revival sent down from heaven." I promised him I would hold his meeting while he was gone, so, in due time, Mrs. Rowley and I were on the field and laboring with those splendid people.

It was a spiritual church, and they were blessedly loyal to their highly-esteemed pastor, in regard to whose condition they could but entertain fears of much gravity; but the Lord, in answer to the prevailing prayer of their good pastor, brought him back to health again, and to his much loved church. During our meeting at Clark St. Church, we had seven all-day meetings, upon which the Lord gave signal blessing. It is always a delight for Mrs. Rowley and me to go to Clark St. Church.

We changed our residence from Delaware to Toledo, the latter place being an important railway center, with extensive interurban service, making it a desirable location for evangelists from the standpoint of convenient transportation. It is perhaps well to make this statement that, for lack of time and space, but a comparatively few meetings and incidents are mentioned in these pages.

After having been located in Toledo a short time -- possibly a year or so -- the writer felt strongly impressed that he should have a conference with Dr. J. M. Avann, Supt. of Toledo District, with reference to planning for a great revival meeting in the city of Toledo; and, although I was fearful that the meeting would never materialize, I determined I would see him in regard thereto, hoping for the best. Dr. Avann was a very pleasant and agreeable gentleman, and we were quite well acquainted, having been associate pastors a few years previous in Findlay. One day I called upon him, and freely told him my feelings that we ought to arrange for a great revival meeting, to be held perhaps one year hence; and he said to me, "Brother Rowley, what do you want to wait a year for? Why not have the meeting right away?" I replied that, "Usually, to secure the evangelistic help you desire, it is necessary to begin a good while in advance -- perhaps one year." But Dr. Avann was very much in favor of the meeting, and suggested that we make an effort to bring it about soon; so he, as District Superintendent, appointed the desired committee to look after the revival meeting, and a few of the committee I am now able to recall -- Rev. G. B. Wiltsie, of Monroe St. Church.; Rev. R. E. Carter, of West Toledo Church, and Rev. D. H. Bailey, of Broadway Church, and they requested me to meet with them, to assist them possibly in securing some good evangelist, and asked me to name some one, and at once I spoke of Rev. J. L. Glascock, of Cincinnati, but had my doubts as to being able to secure him for the prospective meeting. However, as the brethren were very desirous for me to make the effort, I did so, and Brother Glascock told us he could come, having a few days vacant at that time. Mrs. Rowley and I were very glad that we could have Brother Glascock for our evangelist, having been associated with him previously in revival meetings, and we knew him to be very efficient in the work. Our good District Superintendent, Dr. Avann, did his part nobly in securing the hearty co-operation of pastors and people, only one of all the Methodist pastors in Toledo failing to attend, and he was obliged to be absent from the city at that time. A very eligible location was chosen for the meeting, in a beautiful little grove, near the car line, and promptly at the time appointed for the opening service a large congregation had assembled, and, after inspiring singing, with piano accompaniment, and humbly invoking the Divine guidance and blessing, the evangelist at once began his great campaign in the city of Toledo, to secure the salvation of sinners, the reclamation of backsliders and the entire sanctification of believers; in this he was graciously helped of the

Lord, and "the whole work of God prospered." The next year another great meeting was held on about the same ground, and the evangelist was Dr. E. F. Walker, one of the very able and successful evangelists of the Presbyterian Church. The meeting was largely attended and the results were glorious, to our surprise, one day, Mrs. Amanda Smith, of Chicago, the colored woman of world-wide missionary and evangelistic fame, came into the meeting, and her presence and ministry while with us a few days, were a blessing. As we presume some of our readers may not be familiar with the name of "Amanda Smith," one of God's highly honored hand-maidens in black, it affords us pleasure to mention the distinguished honor conferred some years ago, upon her visiting the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church when in session in the city of Cleveland for, upon her entering the auditorium, the audience rose to their feet to do her honor; and thus, again, the promise was fulfilled: "If any man serve me, him will my Father honor."

A very happy surprise came to the writer one day, as we were seated at the dining-table with the pastor and wife during our meeting at Monoroe, Ohio, some thirty miles north of Cincinnati, when something was said about "Red Lion," and in much surprise I said: "Are we anywhere near Red Lion?" To which they replied: we were quite near; if it were not for those trees we could see Red Lion from the back porch, and I informed Brother and Sister Lever, the pastor and wife, that Red Lion was the place of my nativity, where I was born in 1843, and I had a great desire to see the place. Brother L. very kindly assured me that some day Mrs. Rowley and I should take their horse and carriage and go over to Red Lion, from which my people moved away when I was six weeks old, and I had never been back again. Upon inquiry in the little village, I heard of an old gentleman living within two or three miles of Red Lion who would probably be able to locate the exact place in Red Lion where my people resided at the time of my birth; so, one day, when it seemed we could endure the cold, with a good lantern under the robe, we started out on our trip for Red Lion, passing through "Shaker Town" on our way, and when within some two and one-half miles of Red Lion, we halted immediately in front of a house which proved to be the home of our prospective pilot, and upon entering their humble little dwelling, quite well bundled up, the aged couple appeared somewhat nervous, perhaps fearing their visitor might be a highway robber; but I very soon made known my errand; told them I was going to Red Lion to see the place where I was born. I said: "My name is Rowley. Did you ever know any one there by the name of Rowley?" The old gentleman assured me he did at one time know people by that name. I said: "My father's name was Enos Rowley," and he replied: "I used to know your father; I used to work for him. You had a brother John?" "Yes," I said. "John and I worked together in the time of harvest. John was about seventeen years old, and I was twenty-one years of age. When the baby was born [meaning myself] the man for whom we worked said he would give your brother John more money, as there was an addition in your family; so he added twenty-five cents to his daily wage on that account." That would make seventy-five cents a day during harvesting. So our aged pilot got into the carriage with us, and we were soon standing in front of the historic spot, when the old gentleman said: "Now, this is where you were born; it was a log house, while this house is frame. And this is the very well where your father's people got their drinking water." About that time a little girl came out of the house, and he requested her to bring a cup, so we could have a drink of water, which she did.

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Cordial invitation came from Dr. Reade, Pres. Taylor University, Upland, Ind. to visit the University, although we had been there previously -- elected as evangelists of the University -- called to hold a meeting at DeSoto Ind., near Muncie, Rev. Calvin Graves, former student and graduate from Taylor University, for a revival meeting, which was attended with great success -- young man at the altar could not get the victory until he surrendered a package of cards -- another young man, a school-teacher, came to the altar SEVEN NIGHTS, as he thought the number SEVEN was necessary, as in the case of Naaman, the leper -- great meeting at Conesville, O., near Goshucton, O. where we could find but three or four men who laid any claim whatever to Christianity -- company of Godly women, who prayed earnestly each morning at the church -- great meeting each afternoon for the children -- great revival broke out -- over one hundred converted to God.

One day Mrs. Rowley and I received a very kind and cordial invitation from Dr. T. C. Reade, president of Taylor University, Upland, Ind., to visit the noble institution, although we had been there, and had some excellent revival meetings with the students. This later invitation we accepted, not knowing of any particular business Dr. Reade had in mind; but one morning, at Chapel, Bro. Reade said: "I have been thinking of our having Brother and Sister Rowley for our Evangelists in this school, and right there the motion was made that we be elected as the Evangelists of Taylor University, which carried unanimously, and Dr. Reade said: "Now, Brother and Sister Rowley, you are our Evangelists and members of the Faculty of this college." So, for some time thereafter our names appeared in the catalogue of the University. I have never been any place where it was so easy to hold a revival meeting. In one great meeting at "Taylor," nearly all the unconverted young people in the school were converted at that time -- perhaps all but one or two. Frequently, in our Sunday afternoon services, eight to ten young men and women would be on the floor at one time, desiring to speak, and some times we would be under the necessity of begging them to remain seated -- no more rise to testify -- after these then on the floor had spoken, desiring to have altar services. They would always do as requested. Rev. T. C. Reade was indeed a noble character, scholarly, humble, like a little child in simplicity. Oh, the value of Christian fellowship with such a man!

Rev. Calvin Graves, former student and graduate of Taylor University, sent us a very cordial invitation to come to his assistance in his revival meeting at De Soto, where he was pastor, a few miles east of the city of Muncie, telling us "The church is hot," as two of the noble young men of "Taylor" had recently been there and held a few days' meeting, in which about ten persons had been converted to God. We gladly accepted the invitation, and had the great pleasure of witnessing a remarkable meeting. "Great pleasure," did I say? Yea, verily; so great that it is incomparable, and it matters little indeed what is omitted if you have the revival; on the other hand, any acquisition is small if the revival is left out. It was perhaps our first service in the meeting, when Mrs. Rowley and I sang "There's a Light in the Valley," then new and captivating, when it was easy to discern there was deep conviction and tenderness among the unconverted portion of the congregation; so, without waiting to read a Scripture lesson, or to even open the Bible, we gave the invitation, and immediately a goodly number came to the altar for prayer. Nearly all the converts in that series of meetings were men, some of them notably hardened. We remember very well one case in particular; that of a young man, perhaps twenty-five years of age, who prayed and struggled with great intensity, and as he came night after night, praying and

struggling so earnestly, it surely seemed as if he would soon gain the victory; but no, not until he fully surrendered. All at once he ceased his struggles, put his hand back into his hip-pocket, and held up high above him a deck of cards, saying: "Somebody take 'em!" And somebody at once complied with the request, and then, "quick as sparks from smitten steel," the light of heaven flashed upon his soul!" Then, in a few minutes after close of the altar service, the pastor "opened the doors of the church," and this newly transformed young man joined the church, while standing about the altar, with quite a number of others. Quite an interesting case was that of a young man who was teaching school a little way in the country, but he came every night, and every night he went to the altar -- for seven nights -- and the seventh night he was blessedly converted to God; and this noble young man was a reader of the Bible, it seemed, for after he gained the victory he said he thought it was necessary to go for seven nights, just as Naaman, the leper, was instructed by the prophet to wash in the Jordan seven times!

A very remarkable feature of this meeting was the attendance, which was specially large at the afternoon services, held at about one o'clock, for, in size, they reminded us of the Sabbath Services, the church being located one-half mile from the little village, and the people came mostly from the farms, two or three miles distant. They never seemed in a hurry to leave the church after the service at night, but usually would tarry until about eleven o'clock before starting home. Our engagements were such that we were obliged to close our labors at that place when the meeting was at its full tide; but they continued the meeting a few days, and over one hundred precious souls were garnered for the Kingdom.

Reader, I take great pleasure in describing, as well as I may be able, a meeting held at Conesville, a little mining town of five hundred people, near Coshocton, Ohio., Rev. Carpenter being the pastor. While Conesville was a mining town, the people were all Americans. The Methodist Church was the only church in the village, nor was there any other place where public gatherings were held, not even a lodge of any kind. We had been engaged for this meeting a number of months, and Brother and Sister Carpenter met us at the train, and took us to their home, where we stayed all through the meeting.

We could hear of only three men in the little town who laid any claims to Christianity, but there were quite a number of Christian women who were ready to do their part. We decided to hold a meeting each afternoon for all the boys and girls of the public schools, to whom we gave a cordial invitation, and the response was the principal, a noble young man, leading the school every afternoon in a body over to the church, but a short distance away.

The writer feels he cannot recommend too highly the practice of holding special services for the children, not only for their sake, but for the general good of the work. And we should believe in their conversion, for it is their privilege to be soundly and blessedly converted to God. Mr. D. L. Moody, the great evangelist, greatly deplored the unbelief which prevailed in regard to Childhood Conversions. "You get the children, and the parents are pretty apt to follow," we have often heard, agreeable to the proverbial, "Mother Sheep following closely after her baby lamb, borne away in the arms of the tender shepherd." Our "day-meeting" at the church was appointed for nine o'clock each morning, and what meetings we had! A noble band of women came, and how they prayed! They prayed for their unconverted husbands, they prayed for the Revival. God answered prayer, and the meeting at Conesville swept on with great power. But the Revival broke

out in the children's meeting after school. We do not know how many of the children were happily converted to God. One remarkable case was that of "Tommy," a boy twelve years of age, who had a wonderful conversion and oh, how he prayed! Soon after the Revival started among the boys and girls, some heads of families were swept into the Kingdom. Thus the work continued from day to day, up to the coming Sabbath, when Rev. F. I. Johnson, D.D., District Superintendent, came to conduct the Quarterly Meeting Services, and he gave a very excellent and helpful discourse on the parable of the Prodigal Son. No special developments occurred that day, until at the evening service, when, after preaching, "the call" being given for people to rise who desired to be Christians, they began to rise all over the congregation, and a good company came to the front. Soon we observed two men leave the room, going out of the front door, and supposed they were from a distance, and probably must go in order to catch their train, and we suggested this to the pastor; but he said, "No, they live here," and then went out to look after them, and presently returning, said he saw those two men (father and son) standing on the church porch, weeping. Soon, however, they came back into the church, up to the front, earnestly looking to the Lord for salvation. Presently the younger of the men, a prominent business man, exclaimed from the depths of his being: "Oh, we're going to have a new town!" True, indeed! The Revival makes a new town; it makes everything new. Why should not everybody desire the Revival! We could not remain until the close of the Conesville meeting, but the work went on, and over one hundred people were converted to God, we were informed.

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22 -- CHAPTER

Called to Big Stone, So. Dak., Rev. O. E. Boyce, pastor -Somewhat fearful about going to that cold country for revival meeting -should we be obliged to live in "dug-outs? -"Entertained in elegant home at residence of Bro. Sid. Gold, a banker -- great meeting perhaps eighty people converted to God up to last night-meeting continued until midnight -- estimated twenty-five souls were converted to God, including the druggist, who kept "the pool room" -- labored two winters in North and South Dakota-- fine meeting at Lidgerwood, W. E. Tomlinson pastor -- held meeting in large Grist-Mill, W. R. Movius, the Mgr. -- "Not a wheel will turn during the meeting," said Bro. Movius -- called back for another meeting following winter meeting at Fairmount, N. D., Rev. S. F. Beer the pastor -- S. A. Danford, of Jamestown, N. D. spoke to Rev. Beer over Long Distance Phone, "Is Rowley with you?" he inquired -- "Yes," answered Rev Beer -- "Does he preach holiness?" "Yes, night and day," was the answer -- "If he doesn't, I don't want him." said Danford -- arrangements made to go there -- interesting story told how he was called to preach the blessed message of full salvationrevival broke out -- Danford appointed Supt. Fargo Dist. -- signally blest of God in the work -- interesting and eloquent clipping from his last report at Annual Conferencetribute to Uncle John Cole -- happy Christian man -said he had "received its crown -- seventeen children -- Willie Cole, Pres. Camp Meeting Asso. -- Mrs. Sherman Parker, saintly womanBrother "Lem." -- Findlay Camp Meeting -- fully committed to holiness.

Having received a very cordial invitation from the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Big Stone, S. D., Rev. O. E. Boyce, to come to their charge for an evangelistic campaign, we accordingly agreed to do so, and told our friends we were going to the Dakota country to hold revival meetings, and when they would respond with a smile and a shrug of the

shoulders, which meant to us "cold country!" we did not feel perfectly sure of the wisdom of our course; however, we felt under obligations to go, having made the engagement, and in due time were on our way. We were not just sure as to the comfort of the homes in that cold country; possibly of a decidedly primitive character, and the country being so new, it might be many of the people lived in "dug-outs," but thought we would run the risk. Reader, imagine our very happy surprise to see the homes of the people, also the public buildings, well built, often of better construction than in Ohio; and when, upon reaching Big Stone, the pastor took us to our home, that of Mr. "Sid. Gold" and family, a house having twenty rooms, the home of a banker, one of five brothers -- all bankers -- whose aggregate wealth, we were told, was \$1,000,000! It did not look much like poverty. The revival began that night, and some five or six persons came to the altar. The meeting was good all the way through, and deep interest prevailed, quite a number of nights not being able to dismiss the services until midnight. When we reached the last day of the meeting, as we supposed, the pastor thought some eighty people had been converted to God. We had come to Sunday night, and Mrs. Rowley and I were to leave in the morning to fill engagements ahead. There had been no striking or unusual occurrences in the meeting thus far, and we said to the pastor: "Brother B., I think we will not have preaching this evening, but will have a Praise Service." "All right, Bro. R.; do just as you think best." So we had a Praise Service, with nothing special occurring, and the usual altar service followed, but only a few persons came forward; seemed rather dull, and the thought came to our mind: "Is this meeting going to close this way?" In a few minutes people began to kneel all over the room, and penitent souls were seeking God's forgiving love. Our hostess, Mrs. Gold, a very choice Christian character, was laboring with a man and his wife who had come for the first time to the meeting; it was the druggist of the village, and he kept a poolroom. As Mrs. Gold continued to labor with them, soon the man and his wife dropped on their knees and poured out their hearts to the Lord; then, in a few moments, God spoke peace to their hearts, and the business man of the village immediately, for the time being at least, began the work of evangelism, going out into the audience, seeking to save the lost. It was plain that the revival meeting ought not to close that night; so, although the evangelists were to go away into other fields of labor, the pastor and his good people continued the meeting, and quite a number more people were added to the Lord. That last Sunday night we were at Big Stone, it was estimated about twenty-five people were made new creatures in Christ. To God be all the glory forever! This was our first meeting in the Dakota country, where we continued to labor some six months before returning to Ohio; in each place the Lord blessed our imperfect ministry, and, did time and space permit, very much more might be recorded. It is with pleasure we give some account of the work at Lidgerwood, N. D., Rev. W. E. Tomlinson, pastor, formerly member of "the Open Church" of Methodism in Chicago, North Side, Rev. H. R. Calkins, pastor. Brother Calkins will quickly be recognized as an able writer on the subject of Christian Stewardship, and the author of the very helpful and captivating little book entitled "The Victory of Mary Christopher." We were happy to respond to Bro. Tomlinson's call to come to Lidgerwood, a town which had the credit of a population of only eight hundred people, and laid out as a town some twenty years previous to our visit, that being in about 1902. The Methodist Episcopal Church in L. was the only English-speaking church, many of the people being Swedish and Norwegian, largely holding to the Lutheran Church. In regard to the revival work, it was claimed that L. had never had a revival in its history of twenty years. There were a very few members of the Evangelical Association (Albrights) in L., two of whom were men by the name of Movius, and one of them was a preacher; his brother, W. R. Movius, was the manager of a very large milling industry in that town, and a noble Christian man. One day, in company with the pastor, we went over to the mill, where we had

a profitable time. After being there a few minutes, we inquired, "Brother Movius, do you ever pray in the mill?" "Pray if you want to," came the reply. "Would you like to read out of the Bible, Bro. Rowley?" And Brother Movius went to the other end of the room, where was a Cupboard, on the top of which was a Bible, which he took down, and, brushing off the dust, he handed it to me, from which we had a short Scripture lesson, and then we all knelt down and prayed. Again we inquired as to the possibility of our having a meeting there in the mill some day. "Have a meeting here whenever you want it, Bro. Rowley, and hold it as long as you choose, but not a wheel will turn in the mill while the meeting lasts. So we decided we would have a meeting there the day following, about 11:30, and we had a good meeting. Our next meeting at the mill was at 7 o'clock next morning, which was largely attended, and the Lord blessed us. Quite a number of souls were brought into the Kingdom during the Lidgerwood meeting, and they desired we should come to L. for another meeting upon our return from Ohio, which we agreed to do, although somewhat fearful our second meeting might not be as good as the first one; but in this our fears were groundless, the second meeting being better than the first one, the work being deeper and more definite as to the "Perfecting of the Saints." Again, we quote Mr. John Wesley, "Wherever the work of sanctification breaks out, the whole work of God prospers."

While Mrs. Rowley and the writer were doing evangelistic work in the Dakota country, we received a call from the Rev. D., pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in B., a county-seat town in South Dakota, requesting us to come to his assistance in the revival work, which we agreed to do, and arrangements were made to begin the meeting on the last Sunday of December; so, at the time appointed we were on the field, having our home in the parsonage with these excellent people.

Soon after we came, the excellent pastor told us of the very earnest solicitude he had for one of his members in particular. He spoke as follows: "Brother and Sister Rowley, I wish something could be done to help Sister ____ she is, indeed, a very good woman, so very very kind; she will come to the parsonage and work like a servant, just to help my wife, not accepting any compensation whatever." They were people of wealth, and her husband had been Lieutenant Governor of the State; just at the time of our coming had started for California in search of health. Great sorrow had come to their home, as their dear children had died, son and daughter, and they were alone in their home. Mrs. Rowley and I had seen the pictures of their darling children hanging from the wall. Now, the pastor very regretfully told us that, notwithstanding that she was such a good, kind woman, and did so much for them, she was never, or scarcely, if ever, heard to speak in any of their church services, either in prayer or by personal testimony, and the good pastor would so rejoice if this good woman could receive spiritual help. The following Thursday was the last day of the year, and we decided we would have a Watch-Night Meeting, which we did, the meeting being opened up, say about 8 o'clock p.m. We had a good meeting, and did not have to kill time. The Lord was with us. The altar-call had a good response, and "the good woman" of whom the pastor spoke, and hoped she might be helped spiritually, knelt with others at the altar, and during the altar service we called upon her to pray, but she promptly declined by shaking her head; but we continued to call upon her to pray, and after calling upon her three or four times, she quit shaking her head and began to pray, for which we were glad, as it might be an expression of obedience on her part. The usual New Year's Greetings, "Wish You a Happy New Year," were extended, and we were now in another year! Had our usual "Day Meeting" the following afternoon, and the member in whom the pastor was specially interested, that she might

receive help, was present, and the first one to give a word of personal testimony, for she promptly rose up, and with hand lifted high, she shouted "Glory!" Thereafter, at every altar-call, she would go up and down the aisles of the church seeking to win souls to the Blessed Savior.

The Lord had set her free!

And now, omitting even the mention of nearly all the revival meetings we were engaged in during both our campaigns in the Dakotas, six months in each year, we take great pleasure in recording a bit of history of unusual occurrence and importance. We had been at Fairmount, N. D., just a few days, to assist Rev. S. F. Beer and his church in their revival work, when, one evening, the pastor was called out to answer a "long distance" phone message from Rev. S. A. Danford, Jamestown, who inquired: "Is Rowley with you?" "Yes," said Rev. B. "Does he preach Holiness?" was the next question. "Yes, night and day," was the reply. "If he doesn't, I don't want him," said the preacher of Jamestown, which conversation Rev. B. made known to us at the close of the service that evening. Heard nothing more from Danford until engaged in our next meeting, when, one day, the pastor was called to the phone, to answer a "long distance" call. "Is Rowley with you?" came the question, again from Jamestown. "Yes," said the pastor. "Does he preach Holiness?" "Yes," was the prompt reply. "If he doesn't, I don't want him," came the reply from Danford as usual, and some time subsequently the arrangement was made with Brother Danford that we would come to his church in Jamestown, immediately upon filling our engagements with other pastors. We found Bro. Danford a delightful pastor to labor with, and he had a delightful pastorate. It was very evident that his church was alive. The pastor had within the past few weeks come into the Fullness of the Blessing of the Gospel of Christ, and the particulars regarding this wonderful event I will endeavor to give as Bro. D. related to me. He said, "I was holding my protracted meeting, and, sitting in my study one afternoon, the question came to me, "Will you preach Holiness?" and I said, "Yes, I will." Evidently Bro. D. felt that the question was of more than earthly origin. He said, "I was not then in the enjoyment of the Great Salvation, but I was going to preach it, for I said I would." That night was a stormy night, and but few people were at the meeting, of which I was glad. When my wife and I had returned home, she said, "Are you going to preach that way?" I said, "Yes, that is the way I am going to preach," and she said, "Well, you will not have a congregation, if you preach that way." "Can't help it, that is the way I am going to preach." It was not long until the Heavenly Baptism came upon him, and the revival came with power. What a pity that so many preachers do not make "the consecration" and wait for the enduement of power. This was the beginning of a career of great usefulness in the life-work of S. A. Danford. I remember one day he received a telegram from a brother preacher who was taking a trip westward, and as he was to pass through Jamestown, he requested Bro. D. to meet him at the train, and Bro. D. complied; so, the two preachers had a pleasant chat as the train halted a few moments, and his friend inquired, "What are you preaching nowadays, Danford?" "Holiness," said Bro. D. "There isn't anything else to preach, is there?" said Bro. D. His friend dropped his head for a few moments, then looked up and answered, "Why, no, I do not know as there is." We have never known Bro. D. to go out hunting for something new to preach. He always seems delighted with the plain old Gospel-pardon for the penitent sinner, and purity for the consecrated believer. He has a very cheerful and pleasing personality, and wins people for the Kingdom wherever he goes. In Dr. Danford's last report in the North Dakota Conference, his eleventh year on the District, he says: "These have been wonderful years, and I am glad I have had the chance to do my part in laying the foundations of the church in this new country. My only regret is that we have not done

more and better." Under his supervision as District Superintendent, the work seems phenomenal, that if building churches and parsonages on every hand, and all through the year pastors and people rejoicing in sweeping revivals. Reader, we give you here the closing words of his report: "Personally, I want to record my love for these heroes of the prairies, and thank God for the chance I have had to be their leader. It has made my life richer, and my future ministry will be infinitely better for this training at the front. I am expecting to continue in active work, and I can think of no place where I would rather be than here among the people I have known all my life."

"The records show that I joined this Conference in April, 1895, so I have been a member of this Conference nearly twenty-one years. Previous to that I was a local preacher, part of the time as a supply pastor, and part as superintendent of schools. You will find my name recorded on page 21 of the Minutes of the session of the North Dakota Conference, as pastor at Forman and Milnor, and a statement about the new Milnor Church being built. On page 36 of the same Minutes you will find my salary set at \$300 and only \$122 paid, and, though that was thirty years ago, I still remember the toilsome drives and the long, lonesome stretches of plains between settlements; but I have no regrets, either for that or the more recent toils. I would do it all over again, and thank God for the chance. Up to now the record is made, and must remain as it is. No man can add or take from it. I trust, some of it is so strong that the gates of hell cannot prevail against it.

"I have not stopped to parley, or explain. My friends did not need it, and my enemies would not believe it. So I have pressed toward this day with an eye single to the glory of God. The appalling havoc that sin has wrought leaves a preacher no time to nurse grudges or cater to friends; so, like Whittier, 'Awed for myself and pitying my race, our common sorrows, like a mighty wave, sweeps all my pride away, and trembling I forgive.'

Finally, brethren, Good-bye, as superintendent; I will meet you in the morning on some other field contesting for the Master, or if not, up yonder, 'where we shall be like Him, when we shall see Him as He is.'"

S. A. Danford,
District Supt.

Among the many good people of earth I have known, in both the laity and the ministry, whose acquaintance I have valued and whose memory I fondly cherish, I am happy to mention Brother John Cole, a farmer residing a few miles east of Findlay, familiarly called "Uncle John." He did no doubt "enjoy religion," and he made use of an expression I never quite understood, "I've got my crown! I've got my crown!" We never asked him what he meant by it, but were very sure he meant nothing wrong. If he meant the crowning work of salvation in his soul, it was correct, we surely think, for Uncle John had full salvation. Many of our readers may be familiar with the names of at least two of his sons, for they, "Ralph" and "Clint," have been members of Congress. Uncle John Cole had a family of seventeen children, and all had the same mother, there being eleven sons and six daughters. I am not informed personally as to the spiritual status of this large family, save in the cases of three of the children, viz., William Cole, Mrs. Sherman Parker and Lemuel Cole, familiarly called "Lem." For a number of years "Willie Cole" was president of the Hancock County Camp Meeting Association, which position he filled with great efficiency. How beautifully and blessedly he exemplified the doctrine of Full Salvation!

What is the tribute most befitting for me to bestow upon the memory of Mrs. Sherman Parker? Surely a prophetic of the Lord! The last few years of her life at each session of the great Camp Meeting, in the beautiful park at Findlay, Ohio, she filled her own place in her wheel-chair in the great auditorium, and betimes spoke lovely words of wisdom as one Divinely commissioned, according to Joel 2:28,29, "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions; And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit." But the Great Head of the Church has promoted her, and she has been called away to her heavenly home.

Very happy, indeed, to speak of the heavenly honors bestowed upon our brother Lemuel, familiarly called "Lem," who reminds us of his father. He heard of a revival meeting soon to begin in the little "Union Church," near which he resided, just a nominal Christian, never having "tasted the good word of God and the powers of the world to come," and he hoped in his heart to find a plausible excuse to remain away from the meeting, but was evidently drawn to the little church by the Holy Spirit, near the beginning of the revival meeting, and was powerfully and gloriously converted to God! About the second day after his happy conversion, he was blessedly sanctified. Brother Lemuel is a member of the Big Lick Quartet, composed of farmers, and they are sometimes called "The Corn Huskers' Quartet," whose pictures we are delighted to display at this time, introducing them to the readers of this volume, naming them from left to right, as they are here standing -- Milton H. Thomas, Gerge W. Egbert, Virgil V. Thomas, Lemuel M. Cole. Wish you could hear them sing. Maybe you have heard them; many thousands have heard them in the wonderful campaigns they have conducted in the past twelve years or so, as their services are eagerly sought for, and they take long auto trips in response to calls for Prohibition rallies and for their invaluable help in revival meetings.

The writer is indeed happy to quote an editorial from The Western Christian Advocate, dated September 24, 1919, with regard to the singing of the Big Lick Quartet: "The church is only too glad to welcome true gospel singing. The great audience, on Sunday evening, of the West Ohio Conference, went wild over the plain, simple, heart reaching songs of four farmers, known as the Big Lick Quartet. The people had heard plenty of good classical music; the evening was very warm; the day had been long and full of good things; the audience had a tendency to be restless. But when these four farmers stepped out in their plain clothes, and sang sweetly, and with expression, 'Jesus Satisfies Me', they were given such an ovation as rarely is accorded to any Chautauqua favorite. Some envious expert might say that it was due to their eccentricities, but the congregation would be ready to hear them again next Sunday. It is not necessary to uphold eccentricities. The fact was, they were expressing themselves in a genuine, natural way, their inmost hearts being caught up in the love of Jesus and in the desire to see men saved. Where simplicity, truthful manifestation of inner desires, and earnestness born of the Holy Spirit all are combined, those qualities are going to arrest attention. It would seem that a few of our technically trained musical performers might well take lessons in efficiency in reaching an audience by observing such men."

Then there is the Findlay Camp-meeting, with which the Big Lick Quartet is closely identified, to the delight of all the people in attendance. The writer does not hesitate to say that the

Findlay Campmeeting is very dependable, and for one in search of a meeting that will help him spiritually, he will not be taking any dangerous risk if he comes to Findlay. The meetings are always good, and are held strictly and gloriously to the holiness line. The management is satisfied that Holiness is big enough to make a hobby of. While it is interdenominational, "Come-out-ism" is discouraged, and all the members of the Association are expected to hold personal affiliation with some evangelical body, or in perfect harmony therewith.

This annual campmeeting is held in a beautiful grove, called "Byal Park," named from Mr. A. P. Byal, a splendid Christian man in the Presbyterian Church of Findlay, who found it in his heart one day to contribute largely to the purchase and fitting up of this delightful ground for this worthy object. Thank God for the Holiness Campmeetings all over these lands What could we do without them? The Findlay Campmeeting is one of the best, and we know of a good many. We have heard of some meetings where the prevailing theme is "holiness, and something else;" but that is not true of Findlay; by the terms of the charter it cannot be; the theme must be holiness. Amen and amen.

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23 -- CHAPTER

Early recollections of holiness work, and holiness workers -Phebe Palmer and husband -- "angel step-mother," and holiness literature in nor home -- Great Awakening in '57 and 58 -beginning of holiness Camp-Meetings -- Dr. Sheridan Baker"giants in those days" Rev George Ball Alfred Cookman"sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb" John Inskip said "I'll do it myself" -- Sanctification of Rev. J. W. Hill at Urbana under John Joskip's teaching -- he and his wife in labors abundant -- Dr. Wm. McDonald -- Dr. J. A. Wood, Dr. Daniel Steele -- Dr. Asa Mahan and "Prof." Finney Dr. S. A. Keen -sent to "Wesley" church, Marion, in 1905 -- delightful pastorate-- perennial revival -- Daniel Uncapher -- consterable number of young men called to preach -- O. W. Webb, Alfred Walker -- Geo. Kenyon -- J. O. Hillery -- True Yocum -- F. W. Stoll -- Good Camp Meeting -- Joseph Smith the evangelist -sent to Third Church, Findlay, for second pastorate -- Gilboa, small station, good year -- people kind to us -- song service the last Sunday eve Big Lick Quartet with us, also little Don. S., next Conference at Toledo, Bishop Berry presiding -- granted my request for retired relation.

With sincere and grateful appreciation, the writer takes great pleasure in giving some account of the wonderful work, called "The Holiness Movement," in this country years ago, and brief sketches of some who devoted their talents and energies to promote it. Personally, we do not hesitate to affirm, as briefly recorded on a previous page, that our very earliest impressions as to the possibility of heart purity were given when but a little child-perhaps six or seven years, of age -- as we saw where Jesus did say, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Then, a little later, that noble Christian woman who became our "Angel step-mother," in the providence of God, no doubt, having a hungry heart, began to bring into our home most valuable literature from the pen of Mrs. Phebe Palmer -- little booksand the delightful magazine, "The Guide to Holiness," containing helpful instructions from her pen, together with accounts of the glorious revival campaigns, both in this country and Europe, as she and her faithful companion, Dr. Palmer, conducted many meetings for the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers, with a

success scarcely equaled, perhaps, by any two people since apostolic times. These great revival meetings, held by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, were promptly and quickly followed by "The Great Awakening" of 1857-1858, all over the northern and eastern portion of the United States, at least, the equal of which has never been repeated.

A few years following the close of the Civil War, National Campmeetings began to be held, resulting in spiritual fervor and tides of salvation impossible to describe.

Dr. Sheridan Baker was one of the outstanding teachers and preachers of Full Salvation in Eastern Ohio, who, at the close of the Civil War, in 1865, found himself in possession of considerable wealth, as the result of the amazing rise in values in dry goods and general merchandise, with which he had stocked up a little store. Having made the consecration, "Here I give my all to Thee, friends, and time, and earthly store" -- he really felt he was to literally give it all, at once, as his freewill offering; but he soon discovered he would be misunderstood, even by his own family; and then it was made very clear to him that the Lord would be pleased for him to hold his wealth in trust, and dispense the same, as a faithful steward, as occasion might require. But, dear reader, please bear in mind, his "consecration" meant more than simply a repetition of words. At one time, in particular, he gave one thousand dollars to the Foreign Missionary Work. His services as an evangelist were very highly prized, and yet he would receive no financial remuneration for the same; he accepted simply his traveling expenses. Dr. Baker was the author of some highly valuable books on "The Fullness of the Blessing of the Gospel of Christ."

"There were giants in those days," and Rev. George W. Ball was one of them, especially when he would give one of his soul-stirring "exhortations" to an audience of assembled thousands, as it fell to him to "follow" the regular preacher of the hour. The great campmeetings of that day did much to encourage deep spirituality in the churches all over the land.

Alfred Cookman was an able defender of "the faith of our fathers," and countless thousands have doubtless been cheered on the way as they have heard echoes of his latest song of triumph, "Sweeping Through the Gates, Washed in the Blood of the Lamb."

The great Inskip, although a Methodist preacher, and solemnly committed before an open conference to "preach and maintain" the doctrines of Methodism, for a while was tardy in his acceptance of the precious truth of holiness, and was preceded by his wife into the glorious rest; yet, one day when he was preaching from Hebrews 12:1, and as he saw unmistakably the words, "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us," he said: "Brethren, by the grace of God, I'll do it myself," whereupon he quit preaching, and prostrated himself at the altar, and his people followed him, in a great company, and the revival broke out with power, and swept gloriously on! During his pastorate in New York City, Amanda Smith was sanctified, and God called her to cross the ocean, to occupy fields of holy evangelism. The Great Head of the Church put great honor upon her -- and who has not heard of Amanda Smith, the colored evangelist? Rev. J. W. Hill, Sr., an able preacher, at one time our pastor in Ada, made up his mind to attend the National Holiness Campmeeting, at Urbana, Ohio, conducted by the National Association, J. S. Inskip, President, although in his heart he felt he could not really agree with them in their teaching on the subject of holiness; but he made up his mind to attend the meeting anyhow, and did so, supposing, of course, that some one would preach a clear-cut sermon on the subject,

which he would be glad to hear, and if it suited him, he might make up his mind to seek the experience. But, to his surprise, in the first service, Bro. Inskip stepped forth and inquired: "How many want a clean heart? Those who do, let them come to the altar," and Bro. Hill, thinking that, of course, he wanted a clean heart, at once went forward with others, and when the song was being sung.

"Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee,"

with his hands uplifted, and realizing it was done, exclaimed, "O my Savior!" and fell over into the straw, his heart surcharged with divine glory. Bro. Hill lived many years to preach full salvation, and with the splendid help of his good wife, who was very efficient, many souls were won to the Kingdom.

Doubtless it would be erroneous to speak of Mr. Finney as an eccentric. He was too great a soul for that; yet, in spirit, he was so child-like and humble, and of such simplicity, we would not at all wonder if some people might think him properly placed in that class. The hearts of Professor Finney, President of Oberlin College, and Professor Morgan, its vice-president, were knit together like the hearts of David and Jonathan. What tender love they bore one another! At the close of a public service, it was customary for Professor Finney to call on Professor Morgan to lead in prayer, and having done so at one time, Mr. Finney noticed there was no response, for he had surely gone to sleep, which Mr. Finney could not fail to observe; whereupon he prayed for the Lord to "do something for Bro. Morgan; he is so intolerably lazy!"

The writer remembers, one Sunday morning during Mr. Finney's prayer, he prayed especially for Professor George Steele, the organist, a highly accomplished musician, with a choir ranging from one hundred to two hundred singers. He prayed thus: "O Lord help George Steele not to play so loud as to drown out the voices; we want to hear the words." Also, the writer distinctly recalls hearing Mr. Finney pray for Mr. Lincoln in one Sunday service, and it was during the dark days of the Civil War, in the fall of 1863, when many of the good people of Oberlin were tempted to regard the great Lincoln as perhaps somewhat tardy in his administration, in which Mr. Finney doubtless shared the thought with them, for he told the Lord, "Mr. Lincoln is so slow."

Mr. Finney's residence was at the corner of Professor Street and Lorain Street, and the writer passed it many times in going to and coming from Chapel exercises. Finally, this eminent servant of God came to the last night of his life, when he and his wife were all alone in the house, and Mr. Finney, being awake late during the night-time, he said to his dear companion, as his hand was upon his pulse, noticing his circulation was very low indeed: "If I were examining the pulse of some one else, rather than my own, I should say they were dying," and in just a few moments his spirit flew away to the blest eternity!

We are greatly pleased to furnish a portrait of Charles G. Finney, which we can assure our readers is a perfect likeness.

Dr. William McDonald was a man of great prominence and power in the Holiness Movement of his time; perhaps we might say he had few, if any, equals as a teacher of the Way of Holiness.

J. A. Wood was very prominent in the work as a preacher and author. His own personal experience on the subject of holiness is of great interest, and I heard him relate it myself, besides reading it in his excellent book, "Perfect Love." He was pastor of the church at Binghamton, N. Y., and his constant practice was to "give the holiness people a slap" before finishing his sermon; but the holiness people took it meekly and patiently. "They prayed for me," said he; "they did not pray at me." But in the near future there was to be a holiness campmeeting, and his members, quite a good number of them, were going, and they very kindly invited their pastor to accompany them, and they would have a good-sized tent for headquarters for the Binghamton church; and he accepted their invitation, and accompanied them. Some time during the progress of the campmeeting he was requested to announce a little "holiness meeting" which was to be held on the ground, and consented to do so. It seemed that, in the very act of making that announcement, simple as it was, all his opposition gave way, and he fell flat upon the platform, and his soul was engulfed in the glory of full salvation.

With great pleasure the writer would call attention to Dr. Daniel Steele, scholar and college professor; distinguished writer, and author of "Love Enthroned" and kindred books; preacher and teacher of the "deep things of God." He willingly and gladly devoted all his talents to the "spreading of scriptural holiness over these lands." He had the simplicity and humility of a little child. He usually read his sermons, and he was heard to say that more people had been sanctified under his written sermons than those delivered orally. At one of the great campmeetings, held in the city of Mansfield, Ohio, he and Bro. J. A. Wood at night occupied a little tent together; and one morning Bro. Wood was heard to say that, all through the night, at intervals, Dr. Steele would exclaim, "O, the unsearchable riches of Christ!" One of his later works -- perhaps the latest-- was "Jesus Exultant, or Christ no Pessimist."

Dr. Asa Mahon was called to be the first President of Oberlin College, and Mr. Charles G. Finney was called "Professor Finney", and they had heart-to-heart talks in reference to the spiritual condition of the students under their instruction. They declared they thought the students were equally spiritual with themselves, but they decided, also, they would seek for themselves the baptism of the Holy Ghost, which they did, and God heard and answered the cry of their hungry hearts, and a glorious transition, spiritually, soon occurred. Not long after the "enlargement" of these two distinguished educators, Professor Finney was chosen President of the College, and Dr. Mahan went to London, where he soon began the publication of "The Divine Life," a holiness magazine of great interest and usefulness. He also published a book called "From Darkness to Light," giving a highly interesting account of his religious experience. He was a man of great efficiency in evangelism, even before he received the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

These were some of the workers greatly used of God in the early history of the Holiness Movement.

Besides the foregoing, and coming on a little later, while hundreds might be named, we call the attention of the reader to one in particular, Rev. S. A. Keen, of great efficiency in holy

evangelism. The first time he came to our Annual Conference to conduct evangelistic services, each afternoon, he gave us this bit of his personal experience: It was in his very early experience as a Methodist preacher -- perhaps his first charge. He said he told his wife he believed he needed to be sanctified, and he intended to seek the blessing, and accordingly did so; and the following Sunday morning, as he was walking up the aisle to his pulpit, the Heavenly Baptism came upon him -- and to those who have received a like experience in their own hearts, explanation is not needed as to his great success in winning souls for the Kingdom.

In 1905, Marion, Ohio, had three Methodist Episcopal Churches, one of them being a German church; the other two were "Epworth" and "Wesley", the former of the two having Dr. A. E. Smith as pastor; the latter church enjoyed the pastorate of Rev. Robert E. Carter, returned missionary from India. Both of these pastors enjoyed the fullness of blessing. It was our happy lot to be called to the pastorate of "Wesley" in 1905, one of the most delightful pastorates we ever had, for they were a willing people, and this was immediately subsequent to Bro. Carter's pastorate. It was one of the grandest places to hold revival meetings we ever saw. This church enjoyed a perennial revival, the kind every church ought to have. Wesley church was made up largely of laboring people, many being employed in "The Steam Shovel" and other shops in the West End. It did not have the blight of wealth and fashion to contend with, but there was wealth of character seen in the lives of many individuals, one of the most conspicuous being Daniel Uncapher, a charter member of Wesley Church. Bro. U. was formerly a member of Epworth Church, and had a remarkable record as its Sunday School Superintendent, for I heard them say he had served the church in that capacity for thirty years, and was never known to be tardy even once, although his home was in the country, perhaps two miles distant from the church. Willing people? Yes, for, had the pastor announced the Thursday evening prayer-meeting for midnight, doubtless the people would have been willing to come out. The writer should be very glad, if able, to properly describe the joyful condition of Wesley Church, as we knew it; but it has been well said, "Religion is better felt than told." The nominal church is bound to criticize God's happy people, because of outward manifestations of joy, and very likely will despise them on that account, just as Michal, Saul's daughter, despised King David, when she saw him "dancing before the Lord with all his might," upon the return of the Ark. We do not think so strange of the wild and uproarious demonstrations which frequently characterize a great political convention, when the favorite candidate is placed in nomination; but when it comes to giving praise to the Lord "for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men," some people declare that things "should be done decently and in order." A good number of the members of Wesley Church enjoyed the freedom of the Holy Spirit, which helped to make possible the wonderful class-meetings, every Sunday evening at 6:30, in the Church parlors, and they were held throughout the entire year, Robert Patten and Charles E. Pine being the leaders. No trouble whatever to sustain the class-meeting, and many a time standing-room was at a premium, and quite often we found it necessary to adjourn and go into the main auditorium before finishing the delightful service, and would then conclude the class-meeting at leisure, making it a happy introduction to the preaching service. These were "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." Pity, indeed, that so many Christian people are not in possession of the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ, their heaven-bought privilege, and hence are sadly destitute of the freedom and power of the Holy Spirit. This, we think, is why it is so difficult to keep up the prayer-meetings in some churches.

Quite a number of the men of "Wesley Church" had formerly been hard drinkers, and Sam B. was said to have had about the worst record on that line of any one in the city of Marion. But the Holy Spirit wrought deep and pungent conviction upon his heart; he came to the church one evening and, in response to the altar-call, he came forward and knelt down at "the mourners' bench," and glorious victory came into his heart. In due time, at the close of his probationary term, being present when the way was opened up for him to be received into full connection, he came to the front, and in response to the first question asked him by the pastor from the Discipline, he readily answered, "Yes, yes," and, turning around, began to exhort the people in the rear of the room, saying he thought they had better come and do as he had done. Then, as another question was propounded by the pastor from the Discipline, he again said, "Yes, yes," and turning around again, gave the people in the rear another earnest exhortation, saying he thought they had better just come and do as he had done. And so he continued to do, until the Disciplinary questions were all given him, and then we said to him: "Well, Bro. B., I am not ashamed of you," and at once he answered, "I am not ashamed of you, either," which was quite amusing to Dr. F., our District Superintendent, who was seated back of the pulpit on the platform. Bro. B., a few days previous to his conversion, being on a drunken spree at home fell down stairs, and had a narrow escape from death. His former associates tried to influence him to resume his old habits, but he resisted all their temptations and lived a happy Christian life.

A very remarkable feature of the work done at Wesley Church was that of a considerable number of young men entering into the Christian ministry, of whom we now proceed to give some account: Oren W. Webb (married) was converted to God a few weeks before we came to "Wesley", under the labors of Rev. Robert E. Carter; he was naturally endowed with a pleasing personality and a ready utterance; very soon he began to show a passion for the soul-saving work, and his services were eagerly sought after. For years previous to his conversion he had been under the dominating influence of strong drink, and wandered far, far away from God, till he came near the brink of utter ruin. One day, when in a fearful delirium, Dr. B. was summoned to his home, and upon the doctor's entrance into the room where he was, he sprang and caught the doctor, and carried him around the room; the doctor, being a Christian man, dropped on his knees and besought divine aid for his patient.

Very soon after this occurrence, Bro. Carter and some of his members induced Bro. Webb to come over to the church, where he was soon converted and entered upon the Christian life. The writer introduced Bro. Webb to Rev. David Bowers, Superintendent of Lima District, and about that time Bro. Webb and family moved from Marion to Lima, and Dr. Bowers appointed Bro. Webb as pastor of Second Street Church, where he won many souls for the Kingdom. In his first revival meeting nearly two hundred people were gloriously converted to God.

In a service one evening at the church, a young man rose for prayer, and then, at the suggestion of the pastor he came to the front and stood by the altar, and the pastor placed his hand upon the head of the young man and prayed for him; he prayed that the Lord would save him, and make a preacher out of him. This was Alfred Walker, and the Great Head of the Church wrought a great transformation in his soul, and honored him with the greatest call which ever came to man, and made him a winner of many souls for the kingdom of God. These two brethren wrought nobly and well for a few years, and then, sorry indeed to state, they both gave up the work. May we not

hope that both of them will ere long re-enter the Gospel ministry, as they hear the Husbandman's call, "Son, go work today in my vineyard."

There was George Kenyon, a young man having intense yearning for the soul-saving work, and we secured a "supply charge" for him, first in South Dakota, and then later in the North-West Indiana Conference, and we have heard most excellent reports from him and his work.

I have thought that more men would enter the ministry if we would more definitely and earnestly search them out.

At "Wesley" we had a young man of promise from the educational standpoint: He had had considerable experience as a teacher in High Schools, though at this time was employed at the Steam Shovel Shops in the Draughting Room. One evening at the church we said, "Bro. Hillery, have you ever felt called to any special work?" We meant, the work of the ministry, and he so understood it, but he shook his head. Then again, after a few days, we propounded the same question to him, and he nodded his head; so in just a short time Bro. H. was licensed to preach, and has been greatly blest of God in every charge he has served. Very glad to thus report the case of James O. Hillery.

True Yocum was a very quiet and unassuming Christian young man, and God highly honored him with a call to the Christian ministry and this writer is delighted to be able to report Bro. Yocum as having constant and unmistakable success wherever he goes.

F. W. Stoll, a very prominent educator of Marion, although having his membership at "Epworth", was very frequently with us at "Wesley", as he greatly enjoyed the services, especially the class-meetings, at 6:30 Sunday evening. We spoke to him with reference to the ministry, but without favorable response until we had been gone from "Wesley" a few years, when one day a communication came from him as follows: "Bro. Rowley, I wish you would get me a place to preach, and send me away off somewhere, like you did Kenyon," to which we sent reply, "Where do you want to go?" He said, "I am willing to go anywhere." This led to some correspondence with District Superintendents, and our old friend, Rev. O. E. Boyce, of Watertown District, South Dakota, wrote us he was in need of a man, so Bro. Stoll responded to his call, and was placed upon a charge near the city of Watertown, where he was cordially received, and a field of great usefulness opened up for him. So now, for a number of years, Bro. S. has continued his labors in South Dakota, and with great efficiency wherever he has gone.

As usual, on all of our charges, we felt we should have a summer revival, as well as one in the winter, and so began to plan for a great campmeeting, to be held under the auspices of the combined Methodism of Marion, to which the pastors of the other Methodist Churches agreed: Rev. Buerkle, of the German Church, and Rev. D. H. Bailey, of the Epworth Church -- and we decided to invite Rev. Joseph H. Smith to come as our evangelist, to which he very kindly assented, and the Lord gave His blessing, as He always does when, in humility and love, His people labor to promote the work of Christian Holiness. Thank God for Holiness Campmeetings!

The old Central Ohio and the Cincinnati Conferences met together at Urbana, Ohio, in September, 1911, and were consolidated into one conference, to which was given the name of the

West Ohio Conference, and I was again appointed to Third Church, Findlay, where my good wife and I resumed our labors with willing and happy hearts. Nineteen years had sped away since closing our first pastorate on this charge, and many, many changes had taken place; but the Lord was with us, and the people treated us with great kindness. We were permitted to see the salvation of souls, and some material improvements were made, especially the selection and purchase of a house on Tioga street, suitable for a parsonage, which we moved over by the side of our church on Main and Ely streets. Our little church was quite limited financially, but the people of other churches, and business men down town, all gave freely to pay for our new parsonage home; also, Mrs. Rowley and I conceived the plan of giving some Song Services in various churches over the country, taking up a Freewill Offering at each place; and Sister C. and her husband kindly consented to go with us, to make up a quartet; also, little Don S., twelve years of age, a beautiful singer, agreed to do his part, and we sang in many churches, one of our favorite selections being a quartet, entitled, "Wonderful Love." Our good friend, Bro. W., of Lima, told a lot of the young people of that city of our work, and they formed themselves into a singing band, and gave some Song Services also, taking up a Freewill Offering at each place to help us, so one day Bro. W. came over to Findlay, and brought with him fifty dollars for our assistance, thus enabling us to fully discharge all we owed on our parsonage. Two years constituted the time of our second pastorate at Third Church, Findlay, and we went to Gilboa, a pleasant little station, for our next appointment, where we trust some good was accomplished. We were enabled to launch the Every Member Canvass System, for our Financial Plan, which worked so successfully that our Church Treasurer reported he had more money than he knew what to do with," creating a laugh in the Official Board, and they declared they had seen nothing of the kind for twenty-five years -- previously were obliged "to go down into their pockets and make up the deficiency." At our last Sunday evening service, we announced that we would not have a preaching service, but instead, a song service, we having a lot of good singers in the choir; and besides, the Big Lick Quartet was with us; also, little Don S. was present, and we had a fine musical time; also, I remember, a special request was sent in that Bro. "Lem" Cole (of the Quartet) would give his personal experience, and he accordingly did so, greatly to the enjoyment of the congregation. The coming week, at Toledo, our conference granted me, at my request, a place on the "retired list", Bishop Berry presiding. I was at that time just a little past seventy-one years of age.

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24 -- CHAPTER

Bro. Rice's closing labors in Chicago -- All-Day Meetings in various churches -- west Pullman Camp-Meeting -- R. O. Rice, the younger son of S. Rice, gloriously converted to God -- E. O. Rice became very successful business man -- list of business appointments -- strange bit of history in regard to the holiness work in Chicago -- great exodus -- labors in Philadelphia -- Dr. C. A. Tindley -- great divine -- East Calvary church largest Membership of any church in the world -- receive telegram from Seattle -- announce death of Bro. Rice while visiting at home of his elder son, R. P. Rice -- sudden death, sudden glory -the closing funeral rites held at Ada, Bro. Dunham preaches the sermon.

Brother Rice, my fellow-laborer, certainly had a delightful experience in evangelism in Chicago, where he and his family took up their residence, and where they continued to live nearly twenty years. He launched a Pentecostal Mission, for the purpose of promoting the work of holiness, from the inter-denominational standpoint, after first freely conferring with Rev. ____, pastor of St. James Methodist Episcopal Church, where Bro. Rice and family had their church home. The pastor gave the holiness evangelist a very kind and respectful hearing, and very soon the inspiring work was begun, the meetings being conducted for the most part in a hall, conveniently located. The people with hungry hearts, in the various churches, responded gladly to the call to the Gospel Feast, and for many years the holiness revival went sweeping on, the churches, of different denominations, being gladly opened to welcome the excellent All-Day Meetings, as the pastors could not fail to observe the delightful spirit prevailing and the glorious results of salvation which invariably followed. The All-Day Meetings came to be a very attractive and helpful feature of the work, at first occurring once a month, but later once every week. Bro. Rice gladly improved the opportunity thus afforded to be of great service to these splendid Christian people, building them up in the most holy faith, "that they might adorn the doctrine of God our Savior in all things."

After conducting the work in this manner for quite a number of years, securing the salvation of many, our brother conceived the thought of having a campmeeting in Chicago, South Side, and greatly desiring to engage the help of one of the best evangelists available, he corresponded with our friend, Rev. J. L. Glascock, of Cincinnati, and engaged him for the Camp Meeting, which was to be held at "West Pullman," while the writer and wife were engaged to lead the singing. Bro. Rice was a man of prayer and strong faith. His faith was tested, however, in the early days of the meeting, but he sought God in prevailing prayer, and the Lord came in glorious victory; the number of persons saved, either in justifying or sanctifying grace, in the ten days were, approximately, some three hundred; and the meeting being continued ten days longer, with other workers, the same glorious results were repeated -- six hundred in all for the twenty days! To God be all the glory!

Bro. Rice had two sons and two daughters, and in the Camp Meeting his younger son, Edward Ordello, perhaps eighteen years of age, was blessedly converted to God, and at once began a life of glad Christian devotion.

Edward was liberally endowed by nature for positions of great importance in the business world, as indicated by the following summary of his business appointments:

Cash boy for Marshall-Feild & Co., Chicago.

Messenger for Baldwin & Barnum, on the Board of Trade, Chicago.

Paymaster for Geo. L. Thompson Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Currency Teller, Admissions Department, Louisiana Exposition, St. Louis.

Manager of Credit Department, Commercial National Bank, Chicago.

Chicago Manager, Holbrook, Corey & Co.,

Commercial Paper Brokers, New York City.

Vice-president First National Bank, St. Paul.

Vice-president and Director, Highland Park State Bank, Highland Park, Mich., and Bank of Detroit, Mich.

Financial Secretary, Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky.

Business Manager and Treasurer Taylor University, Upland, Ind.

This young man, E. O. Rice, came to have remarkable success in the banking business, and his services were eagerly sought for; but, with business prospects increasing from year to year, he and his excellent Christian wife both were strongly impressed that God had other work for them to do. For some years, though living a Christian life, he had a hungry heart, and in complete harmony with his father's constant teaching, he was ever reaching out for "the fullness of the blessing;" and while myself and wife were engaged in a meeting in the little village of Metamora, a few miles out from Toledo, our brother came to attend the meeting, and the Lord gave him the priceless Pearl of Perfect Love in his heart. Soon thereafter he took up the work of evangelism, in which work his wife gave valuable assistance, she being very highly accomplished in music, both as a pianist and vocalist; in this delightful employment they were thus engaged a number of years, and many precious souls were won for the Kingdom. Bro. E. O. Rice and family now reside at Upland, Ind., the seat of Taylor University, of which E. O. Rice is business manager and treasurer.

Bro. Rice, in addition to his evangelistic work, embracing many years in the city of Chicago, in the latter part of that time wrote and published a small book of great value to the church, and the Holiness people in particular, the title of which is "Holiness and the Church."

In this book the writer gives an account of his personal experience in separating from the church, because of opposition to holiness, and also some very valuable extracts from Mr. Wesley's teaching upon the subject of "Separation." In his sermon on Schism, Vol. 2, page 161, Mr. Wesley says: "To separate ourselves from a body of living Christians with whom we were before united, is a grievous breach of the law of love." He speaks of many who "leave a Christian society with as much unconcern as to go out of one room into another." Again Mr. Wesley says: "The Methodists [so termed] know their calling. They weighed the matter at first, and upon mature deliberation determined to continue in the church. Since that time they have not wanted temptations of every kind to alter their resolution. They have heard abundance said upon the subject, perhaps all that can be said. They have read the writings of the most eminent pleaders for separation, both in the last and present century. They have spent several days in a general conference upon this very question: 'Is it expedient [supposing, not granting, that it is lawful] to separate from the Established Church?' But still they could see no sufficient cause to depart from their first resolution. So that their fixed purpose is, let the clergy or laity use them well or ill, by the grace of God to endure all things, to hold on their even course, and to continue in the Church, maugre men or devils, unless God permits them to be thrust out.*"

The above is of such importance, an apology for its repetition may not be necessary, coming as it does from Mr. John Wesley, founder of Methodism. Reader, let us consider results. Had John Wesley and "the people called Methodists" separated from the church, going off by themselves in a body, committing "a breach of love," think you the revival fires, brightly burning all over England, would have thus continued? Nay, verily.

Doubtless the spiritual fervor then prevailing would soon have died out; and the coldness of the new movement would have produced the chill of death. But the Methodists of that day were teachable; they followed Mr. Wesley's counsel, and the greatest revival of the century, if not of all time, swept gloriously on. In the early days of the present Holiness Movement, separations from the church were very uncommon, almost an unheard-of occurrence, as such a thing was considered very improper. In these days it is different; separations are common, so is deadness. It becomes my duty now to record a very strange and remarkable bit of history with regard to the work in Chicago.

It was perhaps about 1903 that some business required Bro. Rice to leave his evangelistic work in Chicago, to be absent one year or more, during which time influences were set in motion, passing strange to relate, which resulted in a sweeping exodus of the Holiness people from the various churches where they belonged, into a distinctive Holiness body, the reasons for which seemed very plausible and reasonable, no doubt. We are very sorry indeed to speak of this, as we are sure these good people greatly erred in taking what seemed to them an advanced step. This wholesale act of separation in Chicago effectually blocked up the way for promoting the glorious work of full salvation, we fear, for many years in the future; for whereas formerly the different churches were freely and gladly opened to the blessed All-Day Meetings, now they were closed against them. I repeat now what I have said many times: "The Holiness people are my people, they are among the best people in the world, but they have made some serious mistakes." Separation from the church is the worst.

During the last few years of Bro. Rice's evangelism, he labored some time in the city of Philadelphia, and in adjacent places. He planned hopefully for a meeting in West Philadelphia, and very kindly invited Mrs. Rowley and me to help in the meeting. However, the progress of this meeting was very seriously impeded by a general street-car strike, rendering it impossible for many people to attend, for the use of the automobile had not at that time become so generally employed. Bro. Rice was fortunate in securing the assistance of a very able and distinguished preacher, in the person of Dr. Charles A. Tindley, pastor of East Calvary (colored) M. E. Church of Philadelphia, Delaware Conference. Even at that time some fifteen or sixteen years ago, the services of Dr. Tindley were eagerly sought for outside his own pulpit. In private conversation, one day, we heard him state that every Sunday morning his church was packed from one end to the other. As to the General Conference, its personnel would seem quite incomplete without Charles A. Tindley; he was at Springfield, Mass., in May, 1924. We have recently heard a General Conference delegate from the West Ohio Conference make the statement that East Calvary Church of Philadelphia is the largest church in membership in the world. The greatest thing about this Christian minister is his Christian character, and his remarkable endowments as a Gospel preacher. His humility and simplicity lend great beauty and dignity of character, and his expositions of the Scriptures are hardly surpassed in any pulpit. Bro. Rice's dear wife was with him in this meeting, and our reunion with both of them was indeed pleasant. This meeting, in West

Philadelphia, together with the meeting held immediately after, just across the Delaware -- Camden, N. J. -- constituted our last campaign of evangelism with my good yoke-fellow, Bro. Rice, everywhere seeking to "spread Scriptural holiness over these lands."

In the summer of 1911, Brother and Sister Rice were visiting at the home of their elder son, Roland Preston Rice, in the city of Seattle, Wash., his son at that time being in the employ of Mr. Henry Ford, having charge of "The Assembling Plant" in Seattle. Bro. Rice had engaged to preach one evening in a certain Free Methodist Church, but recalled the appointment about five o'clock p.m., feeling quite indisposed, and so retired very early, being joined by his dear wife about ten o'clock, who told him she thought he had not wound his watch; whereupon he arose at once and wound the faithful time-keeper, and again lay down, his companion observing him engaged in prayer, when, looking into the face of her dear husband, she saw his spirit had taken its flight! Our dear brother had always preached that, to the fully saved soul, sudden death would be sudden glory. So we rejoice in the happy thought that, about ten o'clock that beautiful summer evening his spirit swept up into the glory world.

At the time Bro. E. S. Dunham, Mrs. Rowley and myself were holding a revival meeting in a little village in Ohio, when, one day, we were greatly surprised and shocked, as a telegram came from Seattle announcing the departure of our dear brother, also informing us as to the time of their expected arrival with the remains, enabling us to plan intelligently for the last sad rites in Ada, where the family had spent so many years. Coming on to Ohio, a stop was made in Chicago, where an appropriate service at St. James Methodist Episcopal Church was held. The writer was asked to take charge of the final service, and he requested Bro. Dunham to preach the sermon, and he gave a good message, using for his text Acts 11:24, "For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and much people was added unto the Lord." Rev. Thos. Christopher, and also Rev. T. J. Carey, special friends of the deceased, were asked to make some remarks, and each one responded with words of tender sympathy. As for me, I was surely bereft; my co-laborer for many years in evangelism, my spiritual guide, my faithful teacher in the deep things of God had finished his work, and now he had been summoned to his heavenly home. God help me to be faithful unto the end.

*Note. Those desiring a copy of this valuable little book can secure it by ordering from Mr. E. O. Rice, business manager and treasurer of Talyor University, Upland, Ind., inclosing ten cents.

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25 -- CHAPTER

Account of the funeral services of Dr. Henry S. Lahr, founder of the Northwestern Ohio Normal School, at Ada, Ohio -- developed into the Ohio Northern University -- from The Ada Herald; also eloquent tribute from the pen of Mr. Ralph Pirlette, a former pupil and public lecturer of nation -- wide ccelebrity; -- with heart-felt words of appreciation from the author of this volume, his pupil in the little village of Rowaburg, in the winter of '62 and '63. Then later room-mate at Mount Union and still later fellow-teacher at Ada: Dr. Henry S. Lehr, Founder of Ohio Northern Univeraity, Has Finished the course -- career of great educator closed with note of triumph, "My

work is done; I am satisfied." -- Thousands of heads bowed throughout nation in honor of grand old man.

The founder of Ohio Northern University, and one of the nation's notable educators, Dr. Henry S. Lehr, answered the call of the Great Teacher Monday morning at 4:30 o'clock at his home here, after three weeks of illness due to paralysis. He was nearing his eighty-fifth birthday. Dr. Lehr approached the close of his life of service in the spirit of triumph. He frequently remarked to friends and former students who sat at his bedside during the past few weeks, "My work is finished, I am ready to go!" "It will soon be over," he whispered to his wife, a few moments before he passed away. He approached the period of transition with characteristic clearness of mind, in spite of three weeks of suffering and eighteen days without food. The last word he was heard to utter was "Mother."

At the bedside of Dr. Lehr when death came, were his wife, Mrs. Albina Hoover Lehr; their two daughters, Mrs. Sarah L. Kennedy, of Chicago, wife of E. B. Kennedy, who is a missionary in China, and Miss Harriet M. Lehr, of Ada, and a nephew, Attorney J. L. Hampton, of Columbus.

* * *

The Funeral Service

At one o'clock, while the organ prelude was being played by Miss Ethel Warren, the relatives and intimate friends of Dr. Lehr entered. "That Will Be Glory for Me" was sung by Messers Killeen and Harrod, Mrs. J. L. Runser and Miss Brodwyn Jones.

President Smith delivered an eloquent invocation, the keynote of which was, "We come as to the coronation of a great and useful life." The Scripture reading by Rev. L. O. Mink, pastor of the church Dr. Lehr helped to build, was the well-known passage, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course." Rev. J. W. Slack read the obituary, which appears elsewhere in this issue. He also read extracts from letters and telegrams, scores of which were received from the Alumni, former students and friends Prof. R. H. Schoonover read the resolutions of appreciation adopted by the O. N. U. Faculty, which may be found in another page. President Smith then introduced Dr. W. H. McMaster, president of Mt. Union College, who read a set of resolutions on behalf of the Faculty and student body of Mt. Union College, Dr. Lehr's Alma Mater. "God Be Merciful," sung by Professors Killeen and Harrod and Miss Blodwyn Jones, followed.

* * *

Dr. Welshimer's Sermon

Dr. P. H. Welshimer, pastor of the First Christian Church, Canton, Ohio, had been selected by Dr. Lehr to preach his funeral sermon. It was generally agreed that his address was a masterpiece of eloquence and inspiration.

Speaking from Dr. Lehr's own text, "Into Thy Hand I Commend My Spirit," Dr. Welshimer declared that Dr. Lehr labored together with God, and that when his story is written, it will rival the great biographies of our time, He showed how the world had beaten a pathway to the door of Dr. Lehr's school, 32,000 young men and women studying under his supervision.

* * *

President Thompson's Address

President W. O. Thompson, of Ohio State University, placed Dr. Lehr among the men of eminence in the history of our State, and declared that he came not with words of regret, but echoing the words of Jesus, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

President Smith then introduced Mr. E. L. Miller, of Ravenna, one of the early graduates, formerly editor of the Ada Record, and a friend of Dr. Lehr for forty-five years. He characterized Dr. Lehr as "the largest little man I ever knew. He weighed only 125 pounds, nearly all brain and heart." He spoke in eloquent words of the reunion of the boys and girls of the old Normal, going on all over our land today.

Senator Frank B. Willis, under great stress of emotion, laid great emphasis on the things that Dr. Lehr would wish to have said on this occasion, "The great opportunities for service today, the immeasurable value of a good education, the joy and triumph of a well-spent life." He said in part, "Dr. Lehr never lost the personal touch; he served personally. He had no doubts about the future. I talked with him three weeks ago. His mind was fully made up as to the future; the larger life beyond the grave was a settled fact with him. Dr. Lehr did kindly deeds as secretively as some people do that of which they are ashamed. I think Dr. Lehr was the greatest teacher that the Buckeye State has yet seen. His life was an inspiration, his going away a benediction." Led by Fred Killeen, W. M., Ada Lodge F. and A. M. took charge of the service, going through their simple and beautiful ritual for a departed brother.

Led by the O. N. U Band, the G. A. R., the O. N. U. Masonic Club (who acted as guard of honor throughout the day), Ada Lodge F. and A. M., Theta Nu Epsilon and Delta Theta Phi Fraternities, the procession moved south to Lima Avenue, and then by auto to Woodlawn where the body was tenderly laid away.

Surviving are the faithful wife of many years, who is prostrated with grief two daughters, Miss Harriet, at home, and Mrs. E. B., Kennedy, Mrs. Kennedy's children, Edward Lehr, Mary G and Stephen J., all of Chicago, many other relatives, including Attorney J. L. Hampton and Miss Delle Lehr, Columbus Mrs. Gustie Bricker and Merle Taylor, Toledo Mrs. Frances Baruhart, Lodi; Miss Sadie Lehr, W. J. Lehr and Melvin Lehr, all of Wooster, present at the funeral.

Pall-bearers were E. L. McCoppin, J. E. Hare, W. W. Runser, L. A. Greer, Dana E. Welsh (in behalf of Agnew Welsh), and B. F. Snyder (in behalf of M L Snyder).

Miss Harriet, invalid daughter of Dr. Lehr, was enabled to hear much of the service at "Lehr," through a special telephone line and amplifier installed for the occasion.

A funeral sermon written by Rev. J. T. Miller twenty years ago, at a time when Dr. Lehr was very seriously ill, was received by Mrs. Lehr Wednesday morning by registered mail. Its writer passed away several years ago.

Henry Solomon Lehr was born at Weathersfield, Trumbull County, Ohio, on the 8th of March, 1838. When he was but a child his parents moved to Wayne County. Here his youth was spent. His parents were very poor, and he was unable on that account to attend school until he was twelve years old, and then only irregularly. In the spring of 1854 he went to Marlboro, Stark County, Ohio (walking all the way), to attend school under Alfred Holbrook. That winter, at the age of sixteen, he taught his first school. The next summer he followed Holbrook to Salem, Ohio, and the following year he entered Mt. Union College, spending one term at Hayesville, and taught alternately until the spring of 1861, when Lincoln issued the call for volunteers. He answered his country's call, and saw service in the 86th and 176th O. V. I. At the close of the war, having decided on teaching as a profession, he traveled over Northern Ohio, Indiana and Southern Michigan, to select a good location for a school such as he had in mind -- a school where poor boys and girls could get a good education at a moderate cost.

In the autumn of 1866 he came to Ada and took charge of the public schools. The story of the rise and growth of this school from a select school of many different departments is well known.

Early in his career, Dr. Lehr manifested, in a marked degree, the ability to select men. He gathered about him a teaching force that could not be excelled. Without any endowment of any kind, the school grew under his leadership to an annual enrollment of over three thousand different students.

In religious affiliation, Dr. Lehr was a member of the Disciples of Christ. But in the largeness of his heart he welcomed every student without regard to religious creed.

He received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Wooster University on Founder's Day at Ohio Northern University.

In October, 1866, he was married to Albina J. Hoover. To this union were born six children, four of whom died in infancy. He is survived by his wife, his two daughters, Miss Harriet M. Lehr, of Ada, and Mrs. E. B. Kennedy, of Chicago, and his three grandchildren, Edward Lehr Kennedy, Mary Gertrude Kennedy and Stephen John Kennedy, all of Chicago.

He passed away January 29, 1923, at the age of eighty-four years, ten months and twenty-one days. "Old and full of days," he has been "gathered to his fathers."

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The Founder of the Ohio Northern

How Henry Solomon Lehr Overcame All Obstacles and Taught Overcoming to His Armies of Boys and Girls.

By Ralph Parlette

They thought that frail young man, Henry Solomon Lehr, was dying while in the Union Army of the Civil War. But he struggled on for sixty years with that frail little body.

They thought he could not live on this earth. But he outlived the robust. They thought he had no chance. But he opened the doors of opportunity to thousands. They thought he was unknown. But he compelled the world to focus its gaze upon him. They thought he was not an orator. But he spoke to the hearts of multitudes, and set them to speaking. They thought he was working in obscurity. But he built the better rat-trap, and the world made a beaten path to his door. They thought he was small of stature. But he towered an educational giant.

Henry Solomon Lehr was a great teacher. His name will be forever written with the names of the great pioneer teachers of this land. Yet the greatest thing he has taught is what he demonstrated in his life-wealth, health, fame, position, influence, are trifles compared with the power of a right idea. He brought an idea of an education into a pioneer land, and it rooted and grew, and all these were added unto it.

That frail little man came into this country to found a school right after the Civil War. Today we are filling a grave, and planting a monument to mark it. These are human incidents. He lives in the great work he started, in the idea he demonstrated. His monument is a university. His memorial is the multitude of lives of achievement that he helped to fashion.

Wonderful is the work of a great teacher. He opened the vision of thousands of young men and women. He sent many into business. He sent more into school-rooms. He sent most into homes. He helped many to become artists, writers and inventors. He helped others to become lawmakers. His pupils are everywhere in this land, even on the Supreme Court benches and in Congress. He taught them the strength of struggle. He set them in competition with each other in literary societies, debating clubs, and various other organizations. He wakened them, and helped them to discover themselves.

I wonder what the history of this region would have been, had not Henry Solomon Lehr got off the train in Ada that day, in 1866? Ada was the little hamlet in the swampy wilderness. He taught the public schools. He started the select school. Little by little he developed the Northwestern Ohio Normal School, with the help of the far-seeing citizens who rallied to leadership and believed in his vision. So town and school grew. It became the Ohio Normal University before it became the Ohio Northern University. It enrolled thousands. They came from every state. These years Lehr scarcely slept. He lived in his work. He was a happy man. He could pick teachers, and could see possibilities in students.

I came to Ada to school in 1888. I shall never forget the awe I felt as I first went into the O. N. U. Office, and met this little man with the extra-wide forehead, and the lock of hair that kept falling down. All his life he kept pushing that lock back. All his life he kept that little hacking

cough. He was always clearing his throat. All his life he was twitching nervously. The boys often imitated him, to get a laugh. But they loved him. He knew how to get into the hearts of students. He had his way with them, when they thought they were having their own way. Marvelous was his patience, his love for students, belief in them, and understanding of human nature. I was in his classes. He made us love our studies. He made us want to make the most of ourselves. He had the true teacher's appeal that rises above text-books. Those years in his school, compelled to go out at times to earn more money, were wonderful years. He deserves vast credit for developing a flexible school, where a student could go in and out to work his way through, and yet keep his enthusiasm and standing.

The years that followed, I traveled all over the United States and Canada. I rarely entered a town where I did not find students asking about the O. N. U., and always with it, "How is Dr. Lehr?" Or, in the older, more intimate days, "How is Prexy?" They invariably paid him some loving tribute.

For twenty-five years his personal work has been done, while his great school has gone on growing. The gray little man with his cane, who went about Ada as the President Emeritus, was the reminiscent little self. He passed away the other day. I wish we could have kept him. But Henry Solomon Lehr lives in the great institution and Alumni, an educational Moses who has brought us to the Promised Land. We shall never cease to be grateful to him by passing on to the next generation what we have received.

And now, to my good friend Lehr, Founder of the great school at Ada, the writer is free to acknowledge a great debt of love and esteem for his kindness, and the interest he took, encouraging me to attend his school in Rowsburg, when I feared I could not study, because of the weak condition of my eyes; for he said, "Rowley, Rowley, just try it, and maybe your eyes will get better," and they did. He encouraged me to go with him to Mt. Union, also, which was a great blessing; and then, a few years later, he had us come to Ada (my wife and me), to take charge of the Musical Department.

Too much can hardly be said as to his efficiency as a teacher of young men and young women. How the students loved him!

Sometimes, when in his advanced years, he would go up town on an errand, the young men students would playfully catch him up in their arms, and with him perched upon their shoulders, they would in a great glee carry him up and down Main Street.

Possibly some Ada students of an early day may peruse this volume; if so, they will at once recognize the name of Miss Lillian Munn, slightly gifted as a singer, and I am happy indeed to insert right here her poem, "Songs in the Night." Lillie Munn is a sister of Mrs. Rowley, and her present name is Mrs. Lillian M. Mahon.

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SONGS IN THE NIGHT
Lillian M. Mahon

Job, 35:10; Psalm, 42.8

I was weary and restless, and longing for sleep,
When over my senses there seemed to creep
A consciousness of a promise of old,
A promise that God himself had told,
That even though sorrow my lot should be,
Songs in the night should be sung to me.

This song in the night that is promised to me,
Is a song without word -- yet with melody --
Life a the singing of birds in the trees,
Or Acolian harps in the summer breeze.
The same song the angels took up, when God said,
"Peace, and good-will to men."

This song in the night that shall be with me,
Is a part of the same grand harmony
That was sung by the morning stars in the blue,
When they marched to the chorus grand and true
And repeated oft o'er by the angels, when
The Star of the east told of Bethlehem.

Why should I worry and fret, and fear?
The "God of all comfort" has promised that here
I shall feel the sheltering arms of his love:
And his peace shall descend on me like a dove;
And music outrivalling the song of the lark,
Will come echoing down to me in the dark.

They will come from the east, and come from the west,
To pillow their heads on Abraham's breast;
And the weary of earth will forget their tears,
In the beauty of Heaven's unending years;
Yet while I am here, this side of death's sea,
Songs in the night shall be sung to me.

The last time the great evangelist, Dr. S. A. Keen, attended the Camp Meeting at Mt. Lake Park, Md., and having said, "Good-bye," had gone to the edge of the great auditorium, evidently thinking of something else he desired to say, at once retraced his steps, until he had reached the waiting company, when he simply said to them, "Brethren, keep on loving!"

That was but a little while before the Great Head of the Church summoned this eminent servant of God to "Come up Higher!" Dear reader, brother, sister, let us remember the words of our Savior, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

I am profoundly impressed, if we, as God's children, have love enough, and "keep on loving," we shall surely win the world to our Lord. Amen.

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THE END