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PETER DOUB, STURDY ITINERANT

**From "Men of the Burning Heart"
By Marion Timothy Plyler
And Alva Washington Plyler**

Commercial Printing Co.
Raleigh, North Carolina

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A PICTURE OF PETER DOUB

As 0699-026.jpg, a picture of Peter Doub was already on the HDM Preview-Menu CD before this publication was digitized. It can be viewed in the Preview-Menu by scrolling to its alphabetically listed title: "Doub, Peter" or by opening the file in any program capable of displaying JPEG Graphics.

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01 -- HIS PARENTAGE

For many years prior to and during the great Civil War, Peter Doub was a familiar figure to a great company in North Carolina. In stature more than six feet, of portly build, with massive chest and broad shoulders upon which rested a head of unusual proportions, he moved in a commanding way among his fellows. The deep-set grayish-blue eyes, lofty forehead, heavy brow, prominent nose, high cheek-bones, firm-set lips, decided chin, and heavy jaw, gave distinction to his strong, thoughtful face. The strength of the hills had gone into him, securing the sturdy, strong character with determined purpose written in each line of his face and displayed in every movement of his body. Though not an Apollo in feature or in form, in no crowd did he pass unnoticed. Something of the Fatherland clung to him, and the simplicity of pioneer days had not deserted this itinerant son of the soil. The German blood, the American environment, and the Methodist itinerancy combined to make him. A daughter-in-law, close to him in his later years, says:

"His habits of life were methodical, even to the putting on of his wearing apparel -- his collar must allow both hands to pass easily between it and his throat; his "neckcloth" was a bit of soft muslin, made and laundered by the good wife; his stockings, knit of homespun flax by the same untiring helpmeet, must reach above the knee and the upper part turned down over the calves. A pair of his stockings are still in my possession, also one of his collars. He ate very lightly at all times, eliminating butter from his fare altogether. Once he said to me, "I could eat everything on your supper-table if I did not know that a big man should not indulge a big appetite."

This man belonged to the strong, solid, sturdy stock from the old lands that have furnished the blood and bone for the industrial, civil, and religious up-building of this great new country. Into our own state [North Carolina] have come the hardy Scot, the resolute English, the patient plodding German, and the thrifty Dutch. Among these, none were superior to the substantial German folk that moved down from Pennsylvania and settled chiefly in the Valley of the Yadkin. These, under stress of religious persecution, emigrated from Switzerland and the Palatinate to Pennsylvania, halting for a time in Lancaster and York along the Susquehanna.

Of this lineage were John Doub, father, and Mary Eve Spainhour, mother, of Peter Doub. The father, born in Germany, March 27, 1742, tarried for a few years in Lancaster County with a stepbrother before coming to Stokes (now Forsyth), North Carolina. The mother, of Swiss parentage, born November 30, 1755, across the Susquehanna in New York, migrated with her people to Stokes about 1763. So, here in the backwoods of North Carolina, the two young people met and married about 1780.

John Doub possessed all the distinctive features of a German, received the training belonging to the better class of mechanics of that day in his own land, had a practical knowledge of chemistry, and was well instructed in tanning and all the arts of skin-dressing. Fluent in the use of his native tongue, he gained a good knowledge of English after he was fifty years of age. His

religious awakening began soon after coming to America, through the influence of Rev. Mr. Otterbein (presumably Rev. William Otterbein, founder of the United Brethren), but the epochal event in that household was in 1792.

In his Autobiography Peter Doub says that his father and mother went seven or eight miles to hear Andrew Yeargan,* the pioneer circuit-rider of the Yadkin Circuit, preach, and, after the sermon, John Doub invited the preacher to go home with them. This was the beginning of their receiving the circuit preachers into their home. On the next round, a month later, Mr. Yeargan preached and a little while afterwards he organized a society of six or eight members, two of whom were John Doub and his wife. Thus, the home of the Doubs became the meeting-house for years, and the church in John Doub's house has its present-day representative in Doub's Chapel of the same neighborhood. [*Peter Doub is mistaken as to name. Andrew Yeargan was on the Yadkin Circuit in 1780. In 1792 George McKenney and Joseph Moore served the Yadkin Circuit.]

Six or seven years later John Doub received license to preach, and was ordained local deacon in 1802. Devotion to his Lord and a desire to do good, led him to secure a fine knowledge of the Bible and of Methodist theology. In later years, a profession of sanctification manifested its reality by a life corresponding to such a profession. A citizen known for his piety, a father that ruled well his house, never omitting the morning and evening worship, a Methodist of the early type, a preacher clear and strong, he died October 18, 1813, in the full triumph of the faith.

His wife, Mary Eve Doub, a member of the Dutch Reformed Church from her fifteenth year, joined the Methodist Society with her husband, and literally became a mother of the Methodists in that land. A woman of strong mind, deep piety, good knowledge of the Bible, cheerful disposition, and great firmness of character, she watched and nourished her children, and ever stood ready to do good to others about her. She was much sought after by the sorrowing, and in his mature years her son Peter could write: "In all her domestic relations she had few equals, and it is believed she had no superior.

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02 -- THE TIMES

To appreciate more fully the times out of which young Peter Doub came, we shall do well to remember the prevailing conditions in that section of the North Carolina at the close of the eighteenth century. There was not a railroad in all the world, and not a respectable highway in North Carolina. The only outlet was by wagon to Charleston, or to some other town of the seaboard. Instead of the cotton factory, the machine shop, and the flour mill of today, were the wheel and loom in the home, the blacksmith shop by the roadside, and the grist-mill, with its ponderous wheel, down by the creek. These were the real centers of family and community life. Schools were few and provokingly inadequate. The university was taking shape, with here and there a private high school, but no general educational system was known. In 1790 Edenton, New Bern, Washington, and Wilmington were the only post offices in the State; and in 1812 there was not a newspaper printed west of Raleigh. Books were few, and letter postage almost prohibitive. To pay twenty-five cents for a letter, liable never to go in any reasonable time, did not minister to interchange of thought. Thus isolated, without schools, papers, or books, the masses did not touch

the great wide world's life. John and Mary Eve Doub, with their nine children, passed their simple-mannered, God-fearing lives limited largely to the purely rustic rounds of Stokes County yeomanry.

Peter Doub, the youngest of the nine children, was born March 12, 1796. Early taught to respect the senior members of the family, and to revere his parents above all others -- their will being the supreme law in the household -- he learned obedience to, and respect for, superiors. The family regulations were strict, though not oppressive, demanding a prompt and uniform response to the established usage. Due deference was shown all, whether rich or poor; but the impure and wicked were not allowed to become associates of the children. Ministers of the gospel, always received as servants of God, and good men generally, had first place in John Doub's home. Young Peter early received instruction and inspiration from the Methodist itinerants, such as Philip Bruce, John Buxton, Thomas Logan, and James Boyd, who often found a welcome under that roof. The impressions, views of truth, and knowledge of the Scriptures, gained in those days, filled all his after life.

Peter Doub, within a period of eight years, spent about eighteen months in school, progressing sufficiently to "read, write, and cipher" a little. A dictionary and an English grammar had small place in the "old field school" of that day. In his own words: "A good English education he never had the opportunity of securing until after he entered the ministry, and then only as he could snatch up a little time between traveling, preaching, visiting the flock, and reading his Bible."

Too much, however, must not be made of this lack of education, since influences momentous in determining destiny came to him in youth. In addition to the instruction and inspiration received from the godly itinerants in his father's home, was the school in the family. Required to learn and recite to his father, or to one of his older brothers, "A Scripture Catechism," until he knew every word of it, and then to repeat this to the preacher when he came round, proved valuable to the boy. Furthermore, he was required to give his views of the contents in his own language. Wonderful ideas of God, Christ, and the Holy Ghost came to him in these plastic days. John Doub also saw that his children read the New Testament consecutively, and during the reading gave their views on various subjects.

Though religion and the Bible came first in that home, other elements contributed to mental and moral progress. The oldest brother, John, acquainted with general knowledge, had read a few books on philosophy, sufficient to set up the interrogation point, which resulted in converting the family group into a kind of debating club. The conversations in the home, and the necessity of being man-of-all-work on the farm and around his father's tanyard, gave Peter a training too often lost sight of in the general estimate of life's formative forces. One in touch with mother earth, responding to the call of the field, holding fellowship with plain men and women away from the artificiality of the world, has no mean start in life. Peter Doub's never having seen an English grammar until he became a member of the Conference proves the possibility of much coming from little. The vigorous body, the insatiable desire to know, the instruction given at home, tutelage received in the school of life, reinforced by the strength and vigor of a good heritage, gave the young preacher a superior advantage in his long and honorable career. In him were the elements out of which greatness is born and the fiber fit for making a hero in an iron age.

The General Conference of 1816, which met at Baltimore, did some progressive work that resulted in good in enabling the ministers to continue in the traveling connection and also in securing a better trained ministry. At this Conference the salary of a preacher was raised from \$84 to \$100, and expenses. The same was allowed for his wife, if he happened to be so incumbered, with \$24 for each child under fourteen years of age. Along with this, a course of study was prescribed for the preachers, and they were exhorted to read and study more. Both of these provisions tended to secure a more stable and intelligent ministry. The young men who lived in the saddle, characteristic of the early days when a man was almost forced to desist from traveling so soon as he married, gradually gave place to conferences composed of more mature men.

In order to indicate something of the extent of the circuits of that day, as well as to show how much they paid and the form in which they kept their minutes, an exhibit of the showing made at a Quarterly Conference held at Olive Branch, in what is now Davie County, follows:

Minutes of a Quarterly Meeting Conference held at Olive Branch on the 16th of March, 1816, for Salisbury Circuit. Members present: Edward Cannon, Boen Reynolds, Nathaniel Brock, Samuel Austin, Joseph Byrd, James Ellis, Thos. Job.

Question 1: Are there any complaints?

Answer: No.

Question 2: Are there any appeals?

Answer: No.

Question 3: Does any person apply for license to preach?

Answer: No.

Question 4: What preachers' license wants to be renewed?

Answer: Benjamin Naylor, Edward Cannon, Boen Reynolds, Sec.

QUARTERAGE

Mount Zion.....	\$04.82 1/2
Wards (Davie County).....	01.50
Elles'.....	02.25
Shady Grove (Davie County).....	01.12 1/2
Mount Pleasant.....	03.22 1/2
Concord.....	00.20
Sharon.....	01.12 1/2
Prospect.....	01.75
Ebenezer (Randolph County).....	02.00

Tabernacle.....	01.90
Russell's.....	01.00
New Hope.....	00.75
Rock Springs (Davidson County)...	07.25
Center (Montgomery County).....	01.70
Hancock's.....	00.68 3/4
Taylor's.....	02.10
Bethel (Davie County).....	00.12 1/2
Whitaker's.....	01.75
Olive Branch.....	03.97 1/2
Zion.....	00.50
Appropriated.....	\$37.33 1/3
Edward Cannon.....	04.00
B. Reynolds.....	22.13 1/2
Surplus.....	\$11.02 1/2

This quarterly meeting held at Olive Branch in 1816 makes a better showing than one held at Beal's meetinghouse twenty-one years before, September, 1795. At that time the Presiding Elder asked as usual, "How much has been contributed for the support of the ministry?" Charles Ledbetter, the circuit-rider, answered not a word, but in reply held up one pair of socks.

Beal's meeting-house was erected in 1780 or 1781, and located on the north side of Hunting Creek, near Anderson's Bridge in the northwestern part of Davie County. This bears the distinction of being the first church in all that section of Western North Carolina. Local tradition preserves an interesting incident of the early years suggestive of a most hurtful provincialism even back in the good old days. The preacher closed a warm and moving sermon with a fervent exhortation that led him out in the midst of the congregation. In the enthusiasm of the appeal he laid his hand on the head of an old man and said, "My friend, don't you want to go to heaven?" Whereupon, the stranger with much emphasis replied, "Man ... go off and leave me alone; I don't live about here. I come from away up in the mountains."

These were the days and the conditions in all that section of country in which Peter Doub was born and grew to manhood. The incidents cited suggest something of the character of the times in which he began his itinerant labors.

* * * * *

03 -- FIRST CAMP-MEETING

Camp meetings flourished at this time. The first two decades of the nineteenth century were the days of triumph for the crowds encamped in the forests, ecstatic with religious fervor. At this juncture it may be well to correct an error into which Peter Doub fell, and out of which he derived some pleasure in the after years of his life. We refer to his contention as to the priority of the camp-meeting held on his father's farm at which he received divine impressions in early youth.

Peter Doub asserts in his Autobiography, from which quotation has been made, that the first regularly arranged camp-meeting ever held in North Carolina was on his father's farm in 1802, at which time he received most distinct religious impressions. In this statement he is in error. The well established facts of history put the origin of camp-meetings almost a decade before this. In his Early Circuit Riders, Rev. A. W. Plyler has gone through all the available material and concludes as follows:

"There is a general notion even in educated religious circles that camp-meetings originated west of the mountains, either in Tennessee or Kentucky. This is an error. The first camp meetings were held in Western North Carolina. That too, six or seven years before the beginning of the "great revival" or the introduction of camp-meetings beyond the mountains.

"Seven cities contested for the honor of being the birthplace of Homer. More than seven communities in North Carolina claim the first camp meeting in 1801 and 1802, and not one of them will ever be able to establish an unquestioned priority. Even if it could, or if some point beyond the mountains should be able to show that all of these were of later date than those in the west, what would it matter For the first camp-meeting was at Rehoboth Church, in Lincoln County, as early as 1794, six years before the "great revival" began. This meeting was conducted by Daniel Asbury, William McKendree (afterward bishop), Nicholas Watters, William Fulford and James Hall, a celebrated pioneer among the Presbyterians in Iredell County. Three hundred souls were converted in this meeting.

"The following year another camp-meeting was held at Bethel, about a mile from Rock Springs and the forerunner of this widely known camp ground. A little while after, Daniel Asbury and James Hall appointed another known as "The Great Union Meeting" at Bell's Cross Roads, three miles north of the present town of Mooresville, on the Statesville Road.

"When it comes to the question of the original camp-meetings, these in Lincoln and Iredell are perhaps the first in all the world, except the Feast of Tabernacles among the ancient Hebrews.

"In these early camp-meetings in North Carolina John McGhee got the idea and the anointing which he carried to the west and employed for the glory of God and to the forwarding of the Kingdom. For this reason, if there were no other, he occupies an important place in our early history, being one of our sons who after a period of invaluable preparation at home, went out to render so large a service to the world."

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04 -- CONVERSION AND LABORS

As with Paul, Peter Doub's conversion confronted him at every turn and held priority over all the events of his life. Being the inspiration of all his after years, he thought of it much and worked out the related incidents leading up to the final surrender. In his seventh year, 1802, at a camp-meeting on his father's farm, he was powerfully impressed; but nothing came of it more than the feeling that one day he would be a preacher, for the spirit of those times did not encourage one so young. All did not go, however, with the passing of youth. For years, preaching, conversation

with the preachers, reading the Scriptures, and a volume of sermons, presented by Rev. Joseph Brown, which brought "awful and alarming convictions," left him deeply wounded in heart. But the immediate cause of his conversion was a sermon preached October 5, 1817, at a camp-meeting in Rowan (now Davie) County, by Rev. Edward Cannon, from Revelation 7:9. His portrayal of the great multitude which no man could number produced such indescribable longings within a burdened soul that, with tears flowing freely, at the suggestion of Moses Brock, young Peter fell at the altar and struggled till night with no relief. But he did not give up the struggle. Following the sermon Monday morning about ten o'clock, feeling that he was literally sinking alive into hell, the thought came, "Well, if I sink to rise no more, I will try to look up once more, as it cannot make my condition worse." He did so. Then and there, amid the groans of the penitents and the shouts of the redeemed, he arose and proclaimed his full deliverance. For the space of two hours or more he alternately shouted, exhorted the congregation, and encouraged the penitents. That glorious hour and memorable scene lived with him ever after.

Ten days later he joined the church at Doub's, a regular preaching place on the Yadkin Circuit since 1792. Soon the long-gone impression of boyhood days came with new vigor, causing anxious moments by day and restless hours by night, until the urgent conviction that he must preach the gospel held him fast. The lack of education, meager knowledge of the Scriptures, lofty views of the ministry, and the fear of being mistaken as to the divine call, constrained him to continue farming, in which he and his brother were jointly engaged. But other counsel prevailed. After consulting his presiding elder, Rev. Edward Cannon, he was licensed to preach and recommended for admission into the Annual Conference. That same evening hour, in the Doub home, the presiding elder announced, to the astonishment of the family, that he was going to take Peter with him. "Brother Cannon," said the mother, "he is too ignorant -- he don't know anything about preaching. He is my youngest child, and I did hope he might be with me in my old age; but if you think the Lord has a work for him to do, I can and will give him up." All eyes overflowed with tears. Peter was to be a preacher. Yes, the youngest boy was going out to be a Methodist itinerant. And the epochal event in the youngest boy's life met that night an hour of conflicting emotions in the home. Surely God was in this place, and they knew it not.

Not yet five months a probationer in the church, Peter Doub was received on trial in the Virginia Conference at Norfolk, in February, 1818. With Christopher S. Mooring, he was appointed junior preacher on the Raw River Circuit, reaching his first appointment in April. His second year was on Culpepper Circuit. Two years in the regular work, with the vows of a deacon upon him (having been ordained by Bishop George in Richmond, February, 1820), eliminated all thoughts of retiring from the itinerancy and secured an entire surrender to the work of the ministry. At New Bern, March 24, 1822, Bishop George ordained him elder. This, with his happy marriage, August 17, 1821, to Miss Elizabeth Brantley, of Chatham County, North Carolina, put him well into his career of fifty-one years. Of these, twenty-one were spent on circuits, twenty-one on districts, four on stations, one in regaining his health, one as temperance lecturer, and three as Professor of Biblical Literature in Trinity College. Many large and laborious fields engaged the strength and tested the devotion of this mighty man. His first circuit had twenty-seven appointments to be met every four weeks; his second circuit, fourteen to be filled every three weeks. The four years on the Yadkin District, beginning with his ninth year in the ministry, were abundant in labors and among the happiest of his life. This district embraced Granville, Orange, Person, Chatham, Alamance, Caswell, Rockingham, Guilford, Stokes, Forsyth, Surry, Yadkin, Wilkes, Alexander,

Iredell, Rowan, Davie, Davidson, parts of Randolph, Montgomery, and Warren, in North Carolina; Halifax, Pittsylvania, Franklin, Henry, and Patrick, in Virginia. In four years he traversed this territory about twenty times; preached on an average fifty times each round, besides delivering "many exhortations and addresses"; held one hundred and forty-four Quarterly Conferences and fifty camp-meetings, and attended the General Conference in Pittsburgh, Pa. One year he held sixteen camp-meetings in as many weeks, and preached at each from four to seven times. While on his way to one of these his horse died, but he made the rest of his way on foot in good time. During these four years, two thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight souls were converted at meetings which he held in person. More than seven thousand were converted in the district.

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05 -- PERSONAL QUALITIES

A few incidents illustrate the overwhelming power of this man at his best. At a camp-meeting in Henry County, Virginia (1826), more than eighty souls were converted, among them five infidels, during the eleven o'clock sermon on Sunday. In September of the same year, at a camp-meeting in Montgomery County, North Carolina, where he preached five or six times and exhorted from one to three times a day, one hundred and eighty were converted, and the work spread to adjoining counties. During the year 1820, on Haw River Circuit, one thousand souls were converted, one hundred and fifty received in the Methodist Church, and Methodism introduced into the town of Hillsboro. Following the longest sermon he ever preached -- four hours and fifteen minutes -- at Lowe's Church, Rockingham County (1830), there were fifty-two conversions. At a campmeeting in Guilford, following a sermon of four hours, eighty came to the altar at the first call. These incidents are enough to indicate the type of man he was. But a crowd and victory did not always follow his footsteps. Day after day, from place to place on his circuits did he go, preaching sometimes with "very little liberty" to a few souls, after which he would meet the class and press on to the next appointment. Sometimes he had "tolerable liberty" and "a feeling time," conscious of God's smiles; then again, depressed in spirit with "difficulties innumerable," he longed for the clouds to roll away. Still he did not surrender [apparently meaning, "he did not give up the struggle, and surrender to the enemy -- DVM]. Without reserve, the battle was pressed to the gates. In a letter to Rev. William Compton, Stantonsburg, North Carolina, October 31, 1821, telling of the great victories won, are these words:

"I have labored until I am almost broken down, though my weakness is chiefly occasioned by cold. On Friday afternoon at the camp-meeting and the fore part of the night, I was almost at the gate of death; but the Lord in mercy raised me again, and since that time my health has been bad. I have not seen a well hour since the 12th inst., and I am sometimes inclined to think unless I could stop and rest a week or two that I shall entirely break down. I have a very severe cough . . . which has reduced me very much, perhaps twenty pounds weight, since I was first taken; but bless the Lord, I still feel the traveling spirit, and feel determined to go on as long as I can get along."

Save the year he was forced to desist because of broken health (1847), a half century of unremitting toil marked his career. During the year given to temperance work he preached fifty-one times on Sabbath, canvassed most of the state [of North Carolina], and lectured two or three times a week; this, too, at a time (1853) when a temperance lecturer did not ride a popular wave.

Intervals between Quarterly Conferences were spent in preaching, administering the ordinances, and giving expositions of church government. In the three years spent on the Danville District, he visited and preached at nearly every church within its bounds. Often elaborate doctrinal discussions became necessary in those militant days of a pioneer church. While on the Pittsylvania Circuit, he preached on controversial subjects at all the appointments -- winning men to Christ by these sermons. So much of the experimental entered into these discussions that the Christ was ever to the front. Thus, preaching the word with apostolic zeal through weariness and in the face of stout opposition, this heroic soul carried the gospel to a sturdy people of pioneer days.

Peter Doub grew in wisdom and increased in usefulness with every passing decade. The humiliating failure made in an exhortation soon after being licensed to preach taught him the need of the best preparation possible, supported by a determined purpose, with full reliance on God. In the first year of his ministry, some objected to his preaching because his sermons were too short! On being informed of this by Rev. Christopher Mooring, young Doub affirmed "that he said all he knew, and did not like to repeat," to which his senior replied: "Brother Doub, read more, study more, pray more, and you will be able to preach more." Aroused by these words, he became a lifelong student. "This advice," says he, "laid the foundation of that eager fondness for books and reading that I had for more than fifty years." The next year Clarke's Commentaries gave a new impulse to Bible study, becoming the basis of his extensive knowledge of the Scriptures. Relieved of district work at his own request in 1830, the eight subsequent years on circuits were filled with a study of the Bible, with general reading attention to ecclesiastical history, and to preaching on doctrinal subjects, laying special stress on holiness of heart and life.

The bent of mind, disclosed in the young preacher's first sermon on "The Unity of God," continued through the years, and resulted in the old preacher full of wisdom and possessed of a marvelously clear and accurate knowledge of the Bible. Rev. F. D. Swindell, a student of his at Trinity, was most impressed with his clear thinking and his extensive knowledge of the Bible. Rev. W. H. Moore, acquainted with him in the sixties [1860s], says he was esteemed the best theologian in the North Carolina Conference. Rev. J. W. Wheeler, once in Dr. Doub's district, writes: "He was an able expounder of the Word, and a fearless and mighty defender of the doctrines and polity of the Church of his choice."

Bible themes and theological discussions held a steadily increasing fascination for this mighty man of God. Ethical in temperament and bound by intellectual limitations, he did not go far afield in other spheres of life and thought. The poetical and aesthetical made slight appeal to him. In the multitude of his days, surrounded by earth and sky and ever-changing mood in sunshine and storm, never is any reference made to the gorgeous pageantry of nature. The timid thrush in deep wood, the bluebird, harbinger of spring, the early flowers, the odors that follow the summer rain, the scarlet and gold of autumn, brought no new, strange sensations to his soul. Verdant fields in the softness of summer evenings, and starlit skies free from the fever of earth's grime, passed unnoticed by one so given to the practical, the doctrinal, the ethical. The fine feelings and delicate emotions of poet and artist did not belong to his type of mind. Granted his major and minor premise, the inevitable conclusion came with the mandatory exactness of mathematical demonstration. In this way he built up those elaborate doctrinal discussions. Scripture quotations constituted his major premises. Lost in the process, he followed these out into all their bearings. "We knew," says his daughter-in-law, "he was not to be interrupted in his studies for any ordinary

occurrence -- the extraordinary one of a visit from his only daughter caused him to say, 'I wish her arrival had been delayed an hour; I was in the midst of an argument.'" Those wonderful sermons of such length were really treatises on systematic theology worked out in careful detail. Not being willing to omit minor points, he spent hours in their delivery, and their effectiveness would have been lost but for his own Pauline experience, which gave them vitality and conquering power. No phase of a subject was allowed to pass unnoticed. "Once, after preaching two and a half hours, he quietly informed his hearers that he would continue the subject at the evening service; and on some future day, after sifting the subject more thoroughly, he hoped to preach a third sermon on the same topic."

Peter Doub's love of truth possessed his soul and became the ruling passion of his life. Nothing other than the love of truth and his well-known demand that justice be done, coupled with an unyielding sense of fairness, led to the many controversies in which he engaged. At the close of a four-months' controversy in the "Patriot" with the Presbyterians of Greensboro, in 1831, he writes: "I am conscious that truth, and nothing but the truth, has been my object from the beginning." In the convention of 1836, Judge Gaston, in the supreme effort of his life, speaking to the amendment of Article Thirty-two of the Constitution of North Carolina for removing the restriction upon Roman Catholics in the religious qualification for office, was reported to have made false statements concerning Protestants. To this, Peter Doub intended to make reply as soon as a copy of the speech could be secured. In 1840 a Mormon elder began work in Greensboro. He boasted of a controversy at Wolf's Schoolhouse with Michael Doub, whom he soon silenced. He also reported that said Michael Doub, once vanquished, threatened to send for his brother Peter, who could manage him. This was too much for our defender of truth and lover of fair play. He at once wrote Michael for all the facts, supported by competent and reliable testimony, connected with "Mr. Grant, the Mormonite," and made ready for the fight. When Bishop Ives, of North Carolina (who finally went to Rome), published a small volume of sermons in which he took high grounds on Episcopal baptismal regeneration, auricular confession, and kindred subjects, he reviewed (1845) these sermons in the Richmond Christian Advocate, and finally rewrote the series to be put in pamphlet form. This, however, was never done; but a series of discourses on Christian Communion and Baptism, delivered at Raleigh in reply to a Baptist minister of the same city, were published in 1854. Beginning on May 30, 1856, he published in the North Carolina Christian Advocate a series entitled, "Doctrine of the Final Unconditional Perseverance of the Saints Considered and Refuted." These examples are sufficient to indicate the range of controversy engaging the attention of this doughty [doughty = valiant, stouthearted -- Oxford Dict.] warrior and champion of truth.

Thorough investigation of the subject in hand, careful handling of fact, elaborate discussion of detail, and accurate use of terms, made this lover of truth, righteousness, and justice a formidable antagonist. He feared nothing. "Attacked by a ferocious dog, he looked at him straight and asked, 'Are you not ashamed to want to bite a poor Methodist preacher?' The brute dropped his bristles, licked the preacher's hands, and walked by his side till he reached the farmhouse door, much to the consternation of the family within." A like calm, brave spirit sustained him in every emergency.

Peter Doub could have led to victory the Roundheads under Oliver Cromwell, or gone to death with William of Orange in the Low Country. A lover of peace, but not of "peace at any

price," was he. Of one who had seriously wronged him, he wrote, "I was willing (for peace's sake) rather even to suffer wrong than to stir up strife in the neighborhood," and then finally concludes: "I consider that he has injured me much, yet, if he will acknowledge his error, and inform me, I now feel it in my heart to freely, truly, and fully forgive all the wrong that has been done me by him." To doubt the veracity (which the offender did) of this man of God, so crossed his love of truth and sense of righteousness that he demanded justice in truth "without varying a hair's breadth." He lived in the open, and demanded of his fellows that they walk in the light of day.

Something of the Puritan spirit belonged to the family, and the instinct of the clan was not wholly wanting. A fine devotion to his tribe, and the desire to prove a blessing to those of his father's household, resulted in Peter Doub's leading several of the family to Christ and two of his brothers into the local ministry. While busy on his itinerant rounds, letters came to him pleading the cause of religion at the old home, and asking him to urge the Christian life upon his brothers. Michael, a substantial citizen and trusted with settling estates and matters of moment in the community life, was for more than fifty years a most useful local preacher. To quote from his memoir:

"His services were much in demand, and he went far and near to regular appointments, camp-meetings, and funeral occasions. He preached two thousand four hundred and fifty sermons, six hundred and seventy-five of which were funeral services. He baptized seven hundred and thirty-three persons, adults and infants, and traveled in the prosecution of his ministerial work some thirty thousand miles. He was called to visit an almost unaccountable number of sick people, and he went gladly by day and by night, irrespective of color or creed, riches or poverty. . . He labored much in the revivals by which Methodism was spread over this portion of the state."

To the substantial folk of his own name and to the plain men and women of that countryside, this son of the soil and scion of a hardy race ever remained true in sympathy and in fellowship, therein gaining qualification for a ministry to the masses of his day. Then the thousands of Carolina's children knew little of the gentle life and lived less in the face of the world, but rather grew up in rude simplicity and lived a free, simple, unconventional life. To these, such a plain old prophet of the Elijah type was indeed a man sent from God to bear witness to the truth, that many might be saved.

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06 -- FINAL TRIUMPH

Ever true and trusted by his brethren, with a commanding place in his own Conference, honors not a few came to him. Seven times a member of the General Conference; one of the delegates to the Louisville Convention (1845), in which he suggested the name "Methodist Episcopal Church, South," for the Southern division of our Methodism; granted the degree of D.D. by Normal College in 1855; acknowledged the best theologian of his Conference -- he remained the plain, unassuming, and unambitious Methodist preacher whose clear, strong voice proved most regnant in calling sinners to repentance around the camp fires in the golden age of camp-meeting victories. For, beyond all peradventure, Rev. Peter Doub was primarily and preeminently a preacher of the gospel for the great plain people in a day of religious controversy and social

agitation. Revolutionary movements were on. In the decade of the thirties the application of steam to ocean navigation, the introduction of railroads, and the invention of the electric telegraph, were destined to work the greatest revolution of the century. The slavery agitation stirred the nation, and the ominous shadows were gathering; but these failed to enlist the interest of a man so given to matters theological and religious. All his controversies gathered about religious themes. Peter Doub out in the forest on a summer night under an arbor surrounded by camp fires, with a host of eager men and women seated on rude benches listening to some great gospel theme, a second Pentecost was imminent. As his soul flamed, God came down to speak to men.

The sturdy old hero ceased to labor August 24, 1869. That giant form went down, but the measure of his days cannot mark the limits of that life. It has gone out to the ends of the earth. A pamphlet of his on "Baptism and the Communion" made Enoch Marvin, the preacher and saint, a Methodist. Said the Bishop in North Carolina in 1875: "I did not know who Peter Doub was. I had never heard of him before. But that pamphlet forever settled my doubts on that question."

From the rugged, untutored young circuit rider, unable to write a correct sentence, came this father in Israel. His form of expression and order of thought improved with the steady growth of half a century. Though he wrote a great deal, an elastic and easy style never came to him. Not willing to omit minor points and less essential matters, he was often led to tediousness in the discussions which were drawn out to undue length. His arguments must be elaborate and complete. Moved by a stern sense of duty, and being exacting in the cause of righteousness, with a fondness for the arena when error vaunted itself, one might think him a hard man with little of the tenderer and gentler elements of life. But not so. Says one already quoted: "He was as tender as a mother -- even the family pets shared his kindness. The kitten would sleep in his lap, and bunny squirrel seek a warm place in the flap of his coat. After some of his great sermons, he would come into the home and play with the children like a boy. 'Fine relaxation,' he would say, 'and they enjoy it so.'" Such was the sturdy old itinerant of those heroic days.

Deeds of daring and acts of heroism are told in song and story. Granite, marble, and bronze commemorate the achievements of earth's chieftains; but this noble old Methodist itinerant shares none of these. *In South Greensboro, one September day, the clouds dropped rain as beneath the oaks, through weeds and undergrowth, I went among the tombs in search of his resting place. How neglected the spot where sleeps the dust of the noble man who was once so honored and revered! But no good deed ever utterly perishes from the earth. And let us not linger at that spot. Rather than bewail the neglect of his grave or bemoan the forgetfulness of the living, we would rather recall his last message to the North Carolina Conference. "Tell my brethren of the Conference," said he to Dr. Fletcher Reid, the day before he died, "that if I am alive, I am working my way to the skies; if I am dead, I am alive." [*In 1917 the body of Peter Doub was removed from the old Methodist graveyard to the family plot in Greene Hill Cemetery, Greensboro.]

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07 -- SKETCH OF PETER DOUB FROM CENTENARY CAMEOS

The following sketch of Peter Doub is taken from hdm0699, "Centenary Cameos," by O. P. Fitzgerald, Editor of the Nashville Christian Advocate, and was published in 1885 by Southern Methodist Publishing House.

PETER DOUB

Rare, rugged, granite-grained Peter Doub! In his day he rode the sea of theological controversy like a Dutch man-of-war of the olden time, heavy-keeled, carrying big guns solid-shotted, with canvas spread to the gale, ready to encounter any hostile craft that crossed its path. Fearless, guileless, blameless, he led the hosts of Methodism from the Narrows of the Yadkin, in North Carolina, to the Culpepper hills, in Old Virginia. He belonged to a band of giant-like men who planted the Church in all that fair and fertile region, and left upon it their indelible marks. They were strong, steady, fervent, deeply grounded in Christian doctrine, and were equally ready to clasp fraternal hands with all who were disposed to be friendly or to take up the mailed glove of any theological knight-errant who wished to fight.

He had a good pedigree. He might be called the spiritual grandchild of Philip William Otterbein -- his father and mother were converted under the ministry of that great and good man. The father was a native of Germany who had gone first to Pennsylvania and then to North Carolina, settling down at last in the picturesque region at the base of the Blue Ridge, where land was good and cheap, the air salubrious, and the water sweet and cool.

The glimpses we get of John Doub reveal a solid old German-American, fond of polemics, regular as a clock, pure as refined gold, with small patience for looseness in doctrine or thriftlessness in business. His favorite books were the Bible and Fletcher's Checks. There was no foolishness about him; his family drill was equal to that of a military school. Eve Doub, the mother, was of Swiss descent, and was a sunny-tempered woman, the light of her home and the benefactress of her neighborhood. They were a well-matched couple -- the grave, logical, exact and exacting German husband, and the bright, intuitive, loving wife, with the breath of the Switzerland mountains in her lungs and tingling in her blood.

The Methodists found their way to the Yadkin country. John Doub had heard of them, and was strongly prejudiced against them; but like the honest, cautious German that he was, he went to see and hear them for himself. It was a case of love at first sight. He found that he was himself a Methodist without knowing it! The disciple of Otterbein recognized the family likeness, and was glad. Forthwith he joined the Methodist Church, and opened his house as a preaching-place. That house was long a Bethel among the hills. The incense of morning and evening prayer ascended from its family altar, and in all its spirit and habitudes in that household was realized the divine ideal of the Church in the home.

Peter Doub was born March 12, 1796, fourteen years after his parents had joined the Methodists. He was the youngest of nine children, and "was early made acquainted with his position," as he rather quaintly puts it. He had to give due deference to his seniors. Family government was a real thing in that family. When precept and admonition failed, John Doub doubtless fell back on the suggestions of the Old Book which was his guide in all things. The result in this case justifies the conclusion that the firmness that insists on unvarying obedience to parental

authority is better than the laxity that allows a child in its early years to harden into the willfulness that so often proves invincible alike to human and divine persuasion. The Methodist preachers were frequent visitors to John Doub's. The frank, inquisitive boy loved their company. Among these men of God were Philip Bruce, James Douthet, John Buxton, Thomas L. Douglass, James Boyd, William Jean, and Edward Cannon. His admiration for these men knew no bounds. They were devout, winning, and wise. He had been taught to revere their sacred calling, and to regard them as the special messengers of the great God. He had been taught the Catechism, to read the New Testament through consecutively, and to give his views of a specified chapter every Sabbath. The visiting preachers talked freely to the bright, responsive boy, and thus strengthened the good impressions made upon his mind and heart by home religious instruction.

He was converted at a camp-meeting in 1817. A volume of Benson's Sermons had fallen into his hands, the reading of which, he says, had "produced in him the most awful and alarming convictions." The presiding elder, the Rev. Edward Cannon, preached from Revelation vii. 9: "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands." The sermon stirred profoundly the heart of the already partly awakened youth. While the man of God was describing the characters spoken of in the text "an indescribable, fervent, longing desire to be one of the company, and with them enjoy the bliss of heaven, came over his soul; every nerve seemed to be strained to its utmost tension; and ceaseless streams of tears ran down his face." When the invitation was given for such as desired religion to "come into the altar," he made several attempts to go, but was scarcely able to move. A young friend, seeing his condition, stepped forward and aided him. That friend was Moses Brock, who himself became a preacher -- a man of eccentric genius and wonderful power, the story of whose life would be strange and thrilling. Together the two approached the altar; as he entered it, the agitated youth suddenly fell to the ground, where he lay struggling until night, finding no relief to his burdened heart. The next morning the camp-meeting was to close. He resolved that if an invitation should be given for penitents to go to the altar he would go, feeling "that he would rather die than give up the struggle." The invitation was given; he rose and went forward, and with him went fifty-three other young men who fell down before God. "About ten o'clock, while in a deep agony, and while he thought the earth on which he was kneeling had broken from the surrounding earth, and that he was literally sinking alive into hell, the thought arose in his mind, 'Well, if I sink never to rise again, I will try and look up once more, as it cannot make my condition worse.' He did so, and with profound confidence in his Redeemer he asked pardon of his Heavenly Father. It was granted -- and amidst the groans of penitents and the shouts of the redeemed, he rose and proclaimed his full deliverance. For the space of two hours or more he alternately shouted, exhorted the congregation, and encouraged the penitents." That was a prophetic and typical conversion -- prophetic of the work to which he was called of God, and typical in its characteristic features of that of thousands who were converted under his ministry.

Long before his conversion he tells us he had felt an impression that if ever he should be converted he would have to preach the gospel. Now this impression came upon him with new and startling power. It was the moving of the Holy Spirit upon his soul. He hesitated, held back, trembled at the thought -- being, as he tells us, ignorant, timid, and every way unworthy. But he finally settled the question in his own mind, and came to an understanding about the matter with his presiding elder. Nothing had been said about it to any member of his family. His heart sunk at the

thought of breaking it to his mother. Cannon, the zealous and sensible presiding elder, undertook to manage the case. After supper with the Doubs one evening, when all the family were present, he said:

"Mother Doub, I have an idea of taking Peter with me. Are you willing?"

"I understand he is going to the mountains with you," she answered in her quiet, pleasant way.

"That is so," he said, "but I don't mean that; I want him to join the Conference. I have his recommendation for that purpose."

The motherly heart throbbed violently, the hot tears came -- with a choking voice she said:

"Brother Cannon, he is too ignorant; he doesn't know any thing about preaching; he is my youngest child, and " -- here the tears gushed afresh -- " I did hope he might be with me in my old age. But if the Lord has a work for him to do, I can and will give him up."

Loving and true heart! When her preacher-son shall be greeted in glory by the multitudes who were brought to Christ by his ministry, and a many-starred crown placed upon his brow, she will not be forgotten by her Lord and his.

His first attempt at speaking in public was an exhortation, and it was such a lame and frightened effort that "he spent the night in deepest agony, and would gladly have hidden himself from the view of men." The discerning presiding elder thought no less of the youth because of his modesty, and feeling sure that the metal of a preacher was in him, encouraged him to go on -- and the ministry thus began continued for over fifty years with unflagging energy, unquenchable zeal, and almost uninterrupted success. As to the young preacher himself, he tells us that he viewed this circumstance as one of immense importance to him, as it made him so fully sensible of his weakness and ignorance that the impression was never erased from his mind. He never lost his sense of entire dependence upon God for ability to do the work to which he had called him. His first sermon was preached soon afterward. The text was Mark xii. 32, "For there is one God" -- a rather curious but characteristic choice of a subject for a young preacher. The being and perfections of God were subjects of profound study to him through life; but he declared in his old age that human language was too feeble to convey to the mind of another the "astounding views" that he held concerning the Infinite One.

He was admitted into the Virginia Conference on trial, and appointed to the Haw River Circuit. He had but little time for reading or study on his four-weeks' circuit with twenty-seven preaching-places. His aged colleague, Christopher S. Mooring, said to him one day:

"Brother Doub, the people find some objection to your preaching."

"Well, what is it?" asked Doub.

"They don't find fault with your matter or manner, but they say you are too short." (Happy preacher, happy people!)

"I say all I know," said Doub, "and don't like to repeat."

"Then," said the old preacher, "read more, study more, pray more, and you will be able to preach more."

The old man's words struck home, laying the foundation of that eager fondness for books and reading for which Doub was noted during life. And his hearers in after years had no reason to complain that his sermons were too short. At a camp-meeting held at Lowe's Meeting-house, in Rockingham county, North Carolina, in 1830, he preached four hours and a quarter. During the delivery of that sermon and the night that followed sixty souls were converted. From being too short he became too long in his sermons, and then there was complaint on that score. His presiding elder, John Early (afterward bishop), took him in hand:

"Doub, you have sense, and you know how to preach," said he; "but your sermons are too long; you wear the people out. You are like a man fishing up a river, who turns aside to fish in every little creek or branch that runs into the main stream. Keep to the main channel. You need not try to tell all you know in one sermon."

It was a broad hint, and it was enough for the sensible, modest Doub; he took himself in hand. "I had a way," he says, "when I came to a place in preaching where there was a temptation to me to turn aside, of mentally whispering to myself, 'There are fish up that stream, but I must not go after them.'" Grand, docile, old giant! he fished in waters too deep for ordinary anglers, and his line went down far enough to bring up thoughts from the profound depths unfathomed by shallow thinkers.

After a successful year's work he attended his first Annual Conference at Oxford, North Carolina, Bishop Roberts presiding. Here he met for the first time John Easter, Lewis Skidmore, Ethelbert Drake, William Compton, John Kobler, and Isham Tatum -- strong, holy, apostolic men, who gave tone to the body. The impression made upon the young preacher was profound, and his exalted estimate of the dignity and sanctity of the sacred office was not lowered.

On circuits, districts, and stations he labored with unflagging zeal and energy from year to year, growing steadily in the fullness of his Biblical knowledge, in the breadth, depth, and length of his sermons, and in popularity and influence with the people. Great awakenings attended his ministry in North Carolina and Virginia, reminding Bishop McKendree, as he declared, of the wonderful work under the lead of John Easter in Virginia. During the four years he was on the Yadkin District more than seven thousand souls were converted within its bounds, two thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight of whom were converted at the meetings he personally superintended. All the circuits were in a blaze of revival; on the Salisbury Circuit alone there were over one thousand six hundred converts in a single year. During the year of his second pastorate on the Haw River Circuit nearly one thousand persons were converted; but of these only about three hundred and fifty joined the Methodist Church. The greater portion of them joined the Baptists, there being, as he tells us, a number of Baptist preachers on different parts of the circuit

"ready to lead the young converts into the water." This led him to make a special study of the subjects of baptism, Church-membership, etc., and to preach frequently thereon. His fame as a debater on these questions was spread abroad throughout all the region round about, and proselytizing among his converts was checked. He was a lover of peace, and did not enter the arena of theological conflict from choice. But he had taken a vow to "put away all erroneous and strange doctrines," and when he saw the truth perverted and his work hindered by op posers, he prepared for battle, and stood ready to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, and which he felt must be defended by the saints. Arminian theology has seldom had so able a champion, and never one more loyal to New Testament truth. The effect produced by his controversial sermons is illustrated by an incident that occurred at one of his camp-meetings. A man sat down against a tree at eleven o'clock one Sunday forenoon to listen to one of his discourses, which proved to be one of his mightiest and longest efforts. Its effect upon this hearer was so overwhelming that he did not leave his seat until sunset, when the Rev. Moses Brock approached him and asked:

"Do you desire religion?"

"Yes," said he; "but I am afraid I can't keep it; for Doub has proved that we can lose it."

"Doub proved also," answered Brock, "that if we lose it, it is our own fault -- we are not obliged to lose it."

"True; but I must go home," said the man.

"You must come back again," said Brock.

When the man reached home he told his family to get ready and go to meeting. As soon as they could they came to the campground, and marched right into the altar, and the whole family was converted that night. The next morning they all joined the Church. There was something like a recoil from that broadside discharge, but the issue was satisfactory. His defense of Methodism was usually aggressive, and when his cool, German blood did take fire nothing could withstand his systematic and energetic onslaughts. His style as a preacher was expository rather than hortatory, logical rather than emotional; he moved along the lines of discussion with a steady, measured march, fortifying as he advanced with Scripture proofs and arguments; but there were times when his great mental furnace burned with seven-fold heat, and his mind which had moved slowly and heavily, now all aflame and with every power aroused, bore down all opposition and carried the thrilled and wonder-stricken multitudes by storm. His logic caught fire from its own momentum, and set on fire all within its reach. Put him up to preach at eleven o'clock on Sunday at a great camp-meeting where, gathered under a spacious arbor among the thick-standing and wide-spreading oaks, the assembled thousands sat eager to hear the word of life from his lips -- the Sabbath hush resting upon the place, a cloudless sky above, and the songs of Zion floating on the balmy air -- he would survey the upturned faces of the multitude, and with deliberate and solemn manner enter upon the service. He read the Scripture as if he felt that it was indeed the word of life, and he prayed as if indeed he was talking to a present and listening God. His texts on such occasions usually referred to judgment, eternity, heaven, hell, or some similar sublime and awful theme. With inexorable logic, infallible proofs, and cumulative power he addressed the intellect and consciences of the spell-bound people, until at the last he turned loose upon them such

a vehemence of expostulation and such intensity of pathetic appeal that a universal "break-down" would follow. There would be no room for the penitents who pressed their way to the altar, while the Christian men and women present, upborne on the mighty tide of spiritual power that had broken forth, sung and prayed and exhorted as if a new Pentecost had come upon the earth. And so indeed it had come! That camp-meeting preacher was as truly a recipient and dispenser of its power as was the seventy in the upper chamber at Jerusalem who first felt its heavenly breath and saw its fiery tongues. The Pentecost! it will not pale until it is lost in the effulgence of the latter-day glory. Its promise is for the last days -- all of them -- and is not to be taken retrospectively or with unbelieving limitations.

Clarke's Commentary was his treasury of exegetical riches, but he thought independently on all the fundamental facts and principles of Christianity, and took wide ranges of thinking that were all his own. He tells us that his growing popularity was a source of trouble to him; he felt, he says, that "the people caressed him too much," and feared it might become an occasion of stumbling to him. He was not spoiled; and now we are prone to smile as we think of the possibility that flattery could have turned a head so hard and clear, or tainted a heart so true as his. But he knew what was in human nature, and was wise in feeling that where such sparks were flying there might be tinder to catch fire. He preached a thousand times while he was on the Yadkin District, and held one hundred and forty-four Quarterly Conferences, and not less than fifty camp-meetings. It is estimated that altogether not less than forty thousand persons were brought into the Church under his official administration, directly or indirectly. Of these many moved westward, carrying with them a pure type of Methodism to make the wilderness blossom, and a great company went on before him to the skies. Though ready and persistent as a polemic, he was so transparently true and fair-minded that he made no enemies. Throughout all North Carolina and beyond he was venerated and loved as a father, and there are thousands still living whose hearts grow warm with tender recollections at the mention of his name. The Church bestowed its unsought honors upon him freely. Four times he was elected a delegate to the General Conference, and he was a member of the convention which organized the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Louisville, Ky. He was not a talker in such assemblies; his speeches on the floor of the Annual Conference averaged about one in ten years. But he was a close observer and a good counselor, and he voted the vote of a wise and godly man. He was as modest as he was great.

The Methodism that was developed under his ministry was deep-rooted, reproductive, and wide-spreading. The men and women converted and nurtured under his guidance could give a reason for the faith that was in them, and transmitted their beliefs, their usages, and their spirit to children's children. One of his controversial tractates fell into the hands of a pale-faced youth in Missouri, in whose bright eyes flashed the fires of genius. It changed his whole life. The reading of that stray piece of polemics made the youth a Methodist in belief; he was converted and called to the ministry; became a preacher of wonderful power, an author whose books have sowed the seeds of truth in thousands of souls; and died a bishop in the Church of God. Enoch Marvin was doctrinally the Methodistic child of Peter Doub. Who can measure the influence of that one production of the logical, sure-hitting old North Carolina polemic?

There was some talk of making him a bishop. Every man of his power and prominence is sure to be talked of in this connection by a circle more or less wide. The Church never called on him to serve in that capacity. When the angel of elections stirred the General Conference waters,

another stepped in before him. The serene, reticent old thinker was not pushed to the front -- and if not pushed by others, it was certain he would never think of pushing himself. Little did he care for titles or honors. Had he been elected a bishop he would have assumed the duties of the office as he did those of the presiding eldership of the Yadkin District, with modest misgivings; and it is likely that he would have made as good a record in the one office as in the other. His last, quiet days among the beloved Carolina hills where he was born were none the less happy, and his reward when he was called up to join the glorified hosts on the eternal hills was none the less abundant, because he was not called by the Church to the chief pastorate. It is supposed that the Lord specially directs in matters of this sort, though human agency sometimes makes curious eddies in the current of ecclesiastical history.

He died in Greensboro, North Carolina, August 24, 1869. His dying-message was: "Tell the brethren at Conference to preach the same gospel " -- words that fitly close the testimony of a man who had tested the power of that gospel in the experience of his own grand and beautiful life, and who had witnessed its efficacy in the salvation of so many thousands of souls.

About six feet high; dark-complexioned; long-bodied and short-limbed, standing flat-footed and steady; large-framed, heavy-built, square-shouldered, with a thick neck supporting a powerful head; heavy under jaw; firm mouth; large nose; blue eyes that look straight at you with friendly inquiry; raven-black hair in early manhood, but gray and thin in later years, rising tuft-like above the noble forehead and drawn forward in thin wisps over the temples; arrayed in garments of the true Methodist-preacher cut, including the white neck-cloth and turned-down collar -- Peter Doub, sturdy, unaffected, saintly, manly, human, with a capacious brain full of great thoughts and a heart full of love to God and man, stands before us the impersonation of simplicity, purity, and Christian nobility: a typical North Carolina Methodist preacher of the earlier times. His epitaph might be written in the words of his favorite text: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." The Church he loved and served will hold his memory precious forever.

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THE END