

A Record of my Life

By Daniel Sommer

## AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

Every chapter in the Bible is all important in its own divinely appointed place. And I suppose the same is true of every event in every human being's life on earth. With this supposition in mind, I think I have recorded in the writings hereby introduced to the reader's attention, about one-tenth of the important events connected with my life. That part of my record which ends with the fifteenth chapter was written over forty years before I began to write the latter part, and I sometimes needed to pass over a period of years by mention thereof in only a few sentences. But that is all right, for the records of uninspired men in their religious life should not be magnified, but only indicated, especially for their own family relations who may desire such information.

The record of the life of Jesus the Christ is the Supreme Record, and when religiously considered, the records of other persons mentioned in the Bible are of importance in proportion as they have contributed to the revelation of that life. Then the record of the apostle Paul, as the apostle to the Gentiles, is of next importance. And the record of all others is important in proportion as they have contributed to a knowledge of Jesus in his personal and official characters. In view of such considerations, the reader is invited to consider the record hereby offered, which covers a period of three-score and five years of constant effort to make known the gospel of God's grace to the poor among mankind. (Feb. 19, 1935)

My parents were German. My father (John Sommer) was a Hessian; my mother (Magdalena Wyman) came from Bavaria. They reached this country about 1835 and were married in or near Washington, D.C., about 1840. To them were born four children who died in infancy, and five others, only two of whom still live.

My father was short in stature, and so was my mother. He measured only five feet five inches, and my mother but five feet three. They had good health most of their lifetime, but died young. He died with pneumonia or pleurisy at forty-one, and she died with a cancerous tumor at forty-eight. He was a blacksmith by trade and so was she; that is to say, my father often needed extra help in his shop, and then he called on my mother. Many days did she use the sledge hammer much of the time besides managing her household affairs, taking care of the babies and working her garden. Perhaps no woman ever ate less idle bread than did she up to the time her husband died. Then the battle for bread began as never before, and my mother was the chief bread-winner. Plain sewing was her resort, and she did her work well. When my father died she was left almost penniless. He was an excellent workman (As I judge from his patrons) but a poor collector and improvident for the future. Though not a drunkard, yet he was addicted to drink; and thus, many dollars of his hard earnings were squandered. Here is one reason why I have always abhorred strong drink. It damaged my father and thus impoverished my mother! When father died, he left my mother with five little children--the eldest was ten years old and the youngest was an infant of five weeks. When the pneumonia (pleurisy it was called) had done its work and that husband and father closed his eyes in death, my mother broke forth with the lamentation that she was "the poorest woman on earth." This I heard from her own lips in after years.

But, I was too young to grieve, and too young to help my mother in her struggles. She felt like a stranger in a strange land, as we had just moved into the little village of Queen Ann of Prince

George's country, Md., from a place now called Mitchelville, several miles northward. It was at the time of moving that father contracted the cold which caused his death.

I said I was too young to grieve when my father died. Children at five or ten know but little of grief. Even at twelve or fifteen they can seldom very deeply grieve over loss of parents; if they do, they seldom grieve long. Hence what it meant when I heard father was dead, and what it meant when I saw the coffin, in which he had been laid, hauled away in a cart of wagon, I knew not. It is a Divine arrangement that children do not know enough to grieve; and with that arrangement I am supremely satisfied. God knows best, and we learn in course of after years that there is time enough to grieve when childhood is ended.

In a former paragraph it was mentioned that after my father's death the battle for bread fell on my mother. Yes, and it continued for years. She chiefly sewed for the colored people who were slaves. They had two new suits given them each year by their masters, and they wished them made well. Many brought their new goods to my mother, and they paid her in corn meal, meat and other produce which they probably saved from their allowance. By this means, and a little money occasionally, she managed to keep "the wolf from the door." Many weary days did she work while her little ones were playing, and many long nights did she work by the light of the tallow candle while her little ones were sleeping. She was faithful to her trust as many other poor women have been. The world admires its few public heroes and heroines; but in the private, humble spheres of life there are thousands whom the world never knows and never honors. My mother was among them. By her industry, economy and good management, generally, she held her little ones together, kept them from suffering for food or clothing, sent them to school, and strengthened their minds and bodies to go forth. We all had more or less sickness, but came through without loss of one, and the five children my father left when he died, lived to manhood and womanhood. But, at this date, all are dead except a sister and the writer of this record.

My parents were humble, industrious and strictly honest. Those traits were transmitted to their children and, as far as I know, there never was a stain of immorality or dishonesty on the character or reputation of one of them. My father and mother, after reaching this country, lived until death in the State of Maryland. Father died in Queen Ann of Prince George's county; mother died near Clayton, Harford county. They were both members of the Lutheran Church. I could wish they had lived to hear and learn the truth in its fullness. But had they lived, then I might not have heard or learned all the requirement of the Gospel. My father had selected me for the blacksmith of the family. Had I learned that trade, I might never have lived in a community where I could learn my full duty. Hence, the Lord has probably permitted only that to befall me which was for the best, and I am satisfied.

Mother spent two years in Queen Ann with her five children. She paid her rent with promptness, for she hated debt. "Owe no man anything" seemed inscribed on her entire being. In course of our time in Queen Ann, my oldest brother began working away from home, for "two dollars a month and his board". He was not a vigorous boy and the work went hard with him. Besides, people would impose on him in various ways, and he would come home and complain. This would fret our mother, who felt that her boy was imposed upon because she was a widow. Be this as it may, his complaining was in after years turned to good account by his younger brother, who saw the evil effect of complaining to a widowed mother. And this younger brother made up his mind that he would not complain. "Grin and bear it" soon became my motto, and I seldom informed my mother concerning the evil treatment I received after I began to work away from home.

But I was going to write concerning my two years in Queen Ann. What I state may not be of much interest to so-called great ones of earth; nor do I care. Were I a politician of note, the details of my early life would be in demand by the political world. I care nothing for prominence in such a department of things, and I presume such a department cares nothing for me. But I am writing for those who know me and those who may hereafter hear of me. I am writing for humble people, and think this record of my life may encourage many of God's poor so as to keep them from being discouraged by reason of poverty. I have come up out of obscurity to a position of prominence and high usefulness. My purpose is to encourage struggling parents and poverty-stricken children. In so doing, I shall tell the story of my life in a simple way, and when told, my purpose is to commit it to the printers hands and let it go on its mission.

Returning from this seeming digression, let attention be again given to Queen Ann. It was a small village on the west bank of the Patuxent River, about thirty miles eastward from Washington, D.C. On one side, and some places on both sides of that river, there was a district of low ground often covered with water. It was heavily timbered with oak, elm, ash and sycamore. A bad district to travel over in daytime, and far worse at night. Good light was needed to keep from getting lost, and it was important for boys to have light in order to keep their bare feet from being pierced by thorns, and from going down in holes made by cattle wading through the stiff mud. It was in that district our helpful friend Sook, (the cow that had for years been in the family) hunted grass through the warm season of the year. Well do I remember the long trips I took in company with my older sister, Maggie, hunting for Sook. She was bluish in color and generally wore a bell. Yet she would, at times, get beyond our hearing of the bell, and my mother needed to send her little children to hunt for her. It did not occur to me then, that a little fellow six years of age was too young to go on such missions, even with a sister nearly two years older. Still I went, and sometimes we did not return until after night. Yet we never got lost, and generally brought the cow. In winter season, my older brother and I had to carry provender for that cow the distance of a mile or more. Sometimes the wind would be strong enough to upset us with our load of fodder or straw tied up and swung over our little, weak shoulders. Still we battled it through, and kept Sook from starving through the winter season. How much some of the rich people who knew my father and mother might have saved us, had they only hauled us a load or two or provender each winter, they will never know. But I write this in order that those who read may think of God's poor, and especially think of the fatherless and widows in their affliction. My mother and her children battled through; but if health had failed us in the midst of the battle we would have perished for want of that which many around us could have furnished.

But I wished to mention a mulatto boy named Bill Queen. His mother was a goodhearted, unfortunate woman who would occasionally get drunk. When under influence of drink, she would by turns beat and caress her boy until he became old enough to take care of himself. This Bill Queen was about twelve years old when I was six. From him, I learned how to fish, rob birds' nests, and use bad words. He never misused me, as far as I recollect, and never permitted me to be misused by other boys. He was the first friend of my early life outside of my mother's family; though not my friend in teaching me bad words or to rob mother birds of their nests. Bill was a good fisher with hook and line. He knew how to bait for catfish, the fish that swam near the bottom of the river, and he knew where catfish and eels were generally found. Of many days we fished together, I remember one in particular. Something nibbled at Bill's hook awhile and he decided it was an eel. But in less time than it generally took to catch an eel, his hook was pulled so that he thought it was time for him

to pull also. And so, indeed, it was! For when his strength was exerted and his fishing pole nearly bent double, and no fish appeared, he became somewhat excited and began to swear. But he was equal to the occasion; for shoving his pole back and taking hold of the line, he pulled out an eel fully three feet long. As soon as we had taken the hook from that eel's mouth and had him under control, then we tried for another. Nor did we try long. Bill's hook, after some nibbling, was again seized, and again his rod was bent until there was danger of breaking. But he was again equal to the occasion, and another eel was caught that measured about the same as the former one. Whether we caught any more fish that day, or how many I caught, my memory does not serve. Those big eels were so much larger than any others we had ever before seen. What smaller fish were forgotten. Bill generously gave me one of them, and we had eel in the family until we grew tired of it. Yet the occasion was of sufficient importance to linger in my memory as part of my history.

But this record would not be in any way satisfactory to the writer without giving further description of Queen Ann. It consisted of about twenty houses with a varied population. Two or more groceries flourished there, and, as memory serves, all of them sold whisky. I would like to name the keepers of those groceries and describe them, with others, to the reader. But, they are all dead; and should any of them be found among the redeemed, it will be because of favorable changes after I ceased to know them. Swearing, gambling, fighting, shooting, horse-racing, fox hunting, dog-fighting, rooster fighting and drinking--these were the common employment's of various classes of citizens. There was neither schoolhouse nor meeting house in Queen Ann. It was, at that time, what seemed to be a God-forsaken place--as foreign from Christ as any part of China, Japan, or any other district of heathenism. How strange that sensible men should go into pathetic strains over "missions among foreigners"--those who are foreign to them--when the truth is that every alien is foreign to Christ! Queen Ann is Prince George's county, Md., at the time I lived there, was as foreign to Christ as any other place, and the people there were as certainly foreigners as any other inhabitants of the globe. Then, why should men talk about foreign missions and arrange "foreign missionary societies" to extend the Gospel among those who are foreign to them, but are equally foreign to Christ with all other alien sinners?

The village in which I spent two years of my early life is a sample of many now existing in North America. Of course, they may have a schoolhouse, yet the people are "without God and without hope in the world." They have never heard the Gospel in its fullness and simplicity, hence have never been taught the way of salvation as set forth in the New Testament. These need the Gospel and should have it! These are at our doors; why should we leave them in the Arch-enemy's hands and go after those in lands foreign to us, but whose inhabitants are no more foreign to Christ than our unsaved neighbors and friends around us?... A scriptural or reasonable answer to this question will never be given. Some one may say the Savior commanded his apostles to preach the Gospel to all nations. Yes, and he enabled them to speak the languages of those nations without study. That command is not given to any of us, nor was it ever given to any others than the apostles. This may be denied; but it will not remain denied. The apostles established the Gospel in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Europe retained it, at least in documentary form; but Asia and Africa seemed to have decided they would let it be ended, and remain ended as a religion.

I was born Jan. 11, 1850, in St. Mary's county Md. In the autumn of 1855, I was taken by my parents to Queen Ann when I was less than five years old. In 1857, when seven years old, my mother moved with her company of little folks to a log cabin about two miles north from Queen Ann. That cabin was in a tract of about a hundred acres, mostly covered with woods. Twenty acres or more had been cleared. But the land was poor and had been permitted to grow up in briars and

sedge. My mother's reason for going to this lonely cabin, where the nearest house was a mile distant, consisted in this: she could live there without paying rent. Besides, we could have pasture for our cow, and perhaps some pigs free of charge. Nor was this all. Being surrounded by forests of oak and pine, we had the privilege of gathering dry or dead wood to burn. This was a splendid opening! As a final advantage, it was nearer the schoolhouse where my mother proposed to send her children.

Many of my readers don't know what a log cabin is, and so I will describe the one in which we lived. It was no doubt built for negroes; at least it was on the same plan as those buildings which in the South, were at that time commonly called "negro quarters", only it was not quite as well finished as many of them were. We had but one room down stairs and one upstairs. A ladder served as our means of ascending and descending. The floor below was clay, above we had boards not very closely laid together. There was no weatherboarding without and no plastering within. The cabin was built of logs roughly hewn, and the spaces between them filled with slabs and mud made of clay and mixed with hair. This clay would always crack when drying, and thus, make openings for the wind to gain entrance. Each fall, my older brother bossed the business of daubing the cabin and bringing clay to make our floor so that it would stand us through the winter.

I do not mean to say my older brother, Frederick, did not work. Indeed, he did much of it. He was five years my senior, and led the way in a great deal that was done; but I always thought he took special delight in bossing my sister and myself. One day I got tired of it, and resented. My sister and I were working diligently at a "rush wattling", as we called our brush fence around our garden. After we had worked quite awhile, my older brother came out and said in a commanding tone: "Hurry up there, niggers!" I took up a clod or a stone and threw at him. He threw back. I returned the compliment, and did so with a small piece of brick. It struck him on the nose and the blood flew! My mother scolded; but I got off without a switching. She learned that he began the unpleasantness.

In that log cabin my mother kept our little family together six or seven years. There I spent the best days of my early life, and there I gained strength to go forth and battle with the great world. Being surrounded by briars and timber, game was plenty....Gray squirrels and rabbits, raccoons and opossums were the chief game I learned to take in. My older brother began with an old flint-lock musket. I went to carry the game, but was not often tired down by its weight. The old musket would too often snap, and sometimes it would "flash in the pan". Either snapping or flashing was sufficient to scare the game; hence the days of our hunting with a musket were not a success. But, we were destined to make improvements, and so we annoyed mother until she bought us a single barrel "cap gun". Then we were fixed--that is, we thought so. Soon we found our many meals for me when at school, and most of the same kind (but more than one piece) often was the chief food when I was at work. Wild meat and corn bread--who could not thrive on such diet? Certainly, I did, and so did the mother and the younger children. We had health, and activity made the appetites keen. Blessed are those who are poor and have food and health!

But let not the reader suppose my fun in taking wild game and eating thereof was unmingled. When I came to be nine years of age, my mother said she would put me to work--to "keep the mischief down". Hence arrangements were made with Haswell Magruder, district supervisor, to take me on the public highway, to work in mending and making roads. This arrangement was made the spring after I was nine years old. That was a tender age, but I was a vigorous, well-grown boy. The law did not permit boys to be taken on the road under ten; but the supervisor was a friend of the family, and so he ventured on his own responsibility to take me. That was the beginning of sorrows-

-rather gun had a defect about the lock. The spring was very strong and the catch worn. Hence a good part of the time the hammer would not stand when pulled back. In other words, it “wouldn’t stand cocked”. Therefore, we had to hold the hammer with the thumb while we would take aim. I say “we”; but the reader must not suppose we did the shooting turn about. No; while my older brother remained about home, he was the shooter; but after he was hired out by the year, then I had a chance to shoot. And I did! The gun, defective as it was, soon became my companion once or more each week. As a result, I became something of a marksman, though the thread wore off the screw that held the lock on, and then each time I would shoot, the lock would fly off into the leaves, and sometimes would not be easily found. But that was remedied and I generally brought down the game. Sometimes I could not wait for breakfast in the morning. If snow had fallen and it was a good morning for tracing rabbits, I became impatient. One morning, I recollect, I started out before breakfast and did not get back until some time in the afternoon. But I was loaded with game!

Besides the hunting, there was much trapping done. My older brother learned the business tolerably well, and from him, I learned so that my teacher was soon excelled. The box-trap for rabbits was our chief success. The snare, or dead-fall, was generally a failure with us. Yet, with the box-rap, we often caught fifty rabbits in course of a fall season! When my older brother had left home to work by the year, it all devolved on me, and I did my best. Before sunrise on many frosty mornings, I had been around to my traps and had returned with one, two or three rabbits. I brought them home alive, and had my mother kill them by cutting their throats, so they would bleed well. Then the meat would be clear of blood. Some of these rabbits we would sell and thereby get money to by ammunition for hunting. But most of them served as meat for the family. In course of the latter part of each year, we seldom had any other kind than wild game. Of that kind, we never grew tired. The hind leg of a rabbit constituted the meat of  
of labors. I had worked before, but never all day for wages. Well do I remember that first day and many others that followed. Because I was so young, I was a subject of remark. This made me feel uncomfortable. I had worked by spells and snatches, and thus had worked too rapidly for an all-day period. Therefore, I soon worked myself down, but I held on. Before noon I was so tired I could scarcely stand up, and I felt a wheezing in my windpipe that I did not understand. My childish feelings were beginning to rise up and choke me. But my older brother was with me, and he proposed we should eat dinner. That suited me exactly. The others had not stopped for dinner, but it was dinner time. The relief came at the proper period. I ate heartily and rested an hour. In that time, I regained sufficiently to take me through the afternoon and home that night--a distance of two miles. Next day I was back and stood the work better. I started in slower and did not worry myself.

In course of that summer and fall, I probably worked on the roads twenty days or more. Sometimes we (my older brother and I) had to walk five or six miles to the place of working. We would start early, after eating what we called “a snack”, and take our breakfasts as well as dinners with us. When we reached the place, we would first eat breakfast and then go to work. We were generally held at work until sunset, and then walked home....This continued two years, working from one to five days at a time in company with my brother Fred. Then he was hired out by the month, and I went on the road alone for a year. Many times in returning home at night, I would go to sleep while walking along, and perhaps walk from twenty to fifty steps while asleep. Some years ago I told this to my wife. She quickly responded, “That’s the only thing you ever told me that I do not believe!” Yet, it was true all the same.

In the fall of 1861 (that was the last year I worked on the road) I went seven or eight miles every morning and returned every night, for a week or more. I would get up by the first dawn of day

and run around my rabbit traps while mother would pack my bucket with provisions. On my return she would kill my rabbits, if I had any, and give us "a snack" to eat. Then I would start on a brisk walk for White Marsh, where I was to work. If I thought myself a little late, I would run part of the distance. When I reached the place of work, I would sit down and eat breakfast. Then, I would handle the hoe or shovel, or drag brush to fill up the mud holes until noon. At noon, we would often take only a few minutes to eat, so that we could get off earlier in the evening. My plan was to get half the distance home before dark. On reaching home, I would find my faithful mother waiting for me, and my supper ready. The younger portion of the family would often be asleep. But I never grumbled. I was ashamed to say I was tired, though sometimes the exertions of the day and long walk at night tested my endurance to the utmost.

Those were my courageous days! As a boy, under twelve years of age, working away from home, and returning after night had commenced, and through the timber, when it was sometimes so dark I could not see my hand before me, and only kept my path by feeling it with my bare feet,-- then it was, that my courage was tested as never since.

Speaking of being barefooted reminds me of the "sand burrs". They are dreadful! Many of my readers have never seen them, and they will do well not to feel them. In sandy districts, and generally in poor land, they grow on a short, tough grass. The burrs are about the size of large peas, with thorns over them as sharp and horny as though the Devil had sown them! Indeed, I doubt not that they belong to that order of things that originated when God cursed the ground on account of man's sin. These "sand burrs" would sometimes get between the claws of cattle and sheep, and lame them from the first, resulting in inflammation and death, if not taken out. They were a dread of barefooted children. Many times was I brought to a halt by them, yes, I have even been brought to the ground by them! For when a boy stepped on one of them, it was wise to give down. At night, when I could not pick my way, these "sand burrs" were dreadful! I doubt not that they frequently occasioned use of profane language (which the reader will recollect I had learned from Bill Queen).

But as this is a world of changes, and all things of earth, both good and bad, have an end, so the time came when my work on the public roads--in what was called the "Seventh Electric District of Prince George's County, Md."--came to a close. I began that work in the spring after I was nine years old, and ended it in the autumn before I was twelve. On an average, I probably worked thirty-five or forty days in course of each season, and went to school in the intervals--that is, when there was a teacher. My early fishing days, hunting days and working days having been mentioned, my early school days are now in order.

Soon after I became seven years of age, my mother sent me to school, but I did not learn much. I was worse than the pupil which John Wesley's mother had in hand. It seems from his history that he could understand and recollect an item of knowledge when it had been repeated to him twenty times; but I could not. My memory held what was said in books about as a sieve holds water. My older sister called me a "blockhead". She prophesied that I never would learn anything, and up to the time I was eight or even nine years of age, her prophecy seemed probable.

How long it took me to learn the alphabet, and then how long I was in learning to read, I am unable to say. Yet, I am sure I was an unpromising pupil. As memory now serves, it was not until I had completed my ninth year that I took hold of books with any degree of aptness. Then, I did not have to depend altogether on my memory. I began to understand things, and so went forward. As time advanced, I became a success in all departments that were not wholly dependent on memory. True, I was not quick in figures, and geography always worried me. But, I learned to spell, read and write accurately. It was not a difficult matter for me to stand at or near the head of a class of ten or

fifteen, as a speller. I recollect one morning I came to school and had to take “the foot of the class”, because I had been absent several days at work. The first word given out was missed by the entire class until it came to me. I spelled it, and went to the head. When I got there, it was difficult to get me away.

But grammar came nearer being my delight than any other study. At twelve years, I feared nothing in that department. Under the drill of a Scotchman named Monroe, I could handle any sentence from the simplest prose to Milton’s “Paradise Lost”.

My memory of details was still very defective. It required from one to three hours to commit a short rule in either grammar or arithmetic. Perhaps I would spend that much time on a short rule at night, and then before morning, it would be forgotten. Yet, I made progress in all department where judgment or common sense could help me. A fragment of plain thinking power was bestowed on me by nature, and I could slowly work out a problem.

It was my delight to attend school on rainy days when only a few would be present. Then I did the most satisfactory work. The schoolroom was on such occasions more quiet than usual, and my slow thinking power could work well. I had commenced to be a student, and the ambition to excel had commenced to show itself. My periods of fishing, hunting and working had given me endurance, and I could study. Had I been sent to college then, I might have graduated in the ordinary classical course by the time I reached sixteen years of age. But poverty (that intimate friend that clung to me closer than a brother) ordered otherwise, and the following spring I was “hired out by the month” to work on a farm.

But, I should have given an account of my school teachers. The first was a man of fifty years named Pervail. He was a scholarly man, a graduate of college, and withal a bachelor; that is, he was a bachelor when I first fell under his instructions, but he married soon after. His marriage seemed one of those “freaks” which even bachelors sometimes take. After living a single life till about fifty years of age, and perhaps half of that time acquainted with a lady name Howell, probably ten years younger than himself, he decided to marry. On being approached, Miss Howell decided the same way. Three children were born who became a blessing to their parents and an honor to society.

But, I wished to speak further of this teacher. I am not sure he knew best how to handle dull pupils, for he kept me hanging over the same lesson for days, and, it seems to me, weeks at a time! One reading lesson I especially remember. It was in John Comly’s “Speller”, and gave account of a boy whose name was John, who was sick, but not sick enough to need a doctor, yet, was fretful, and his mother put him in a dark room. On that lesson I blundered, and because I blundered, the worse I became confused! Still I was held until I was helped through in some way I cannot now recall.

But with this exception, William Pervail was doubtless a good teacher. As I said before, he was a scholar, and I may add, was a gentleman. He was an old-time Methodist, who regarded it his duty to read and pray with his pupils; that he read a portion of Scripture every morning and repeated what is commonly called “The Lord’s Prayer”. He seemed not to know that because that prayer had not the name of Christ in it, we should not use it. As a Methodist, he did not seem to know the difference between Christ’s personal ministry on earth and His reign as King in Heaven.... Yet, he was a good man, and when he left that community where I was under his instruction, he read a lesson in the Scriptures, gave the pupils an earnest talk concerning their moral and spiritual welfare, prayed with us, and bade us good-bye. Then the parting finally came, his emotions arose and he said “good-bye” in the midst of blinding tears! As information reached me, this excellent man lived to a good

old age, and died in Anne Arundel county, Md. I remember him kindly, even if he did keep me too long on one lesson.

After William Pervail left the little schoolhouse near McKendre Chapel, as I think it was called, six months or more elapsed before another teacher was secured. Then one came up from the State of Virginia, named George Baker. He was a man about forty years of age. I don't know much about his scholarship, but presume it was good, as he was author of a book on grammar. He did not remain long. When the Civil War was being discussed, his wife became alarmed and thought she must go back to Virginia. Poor woman! What a mistake she made! Had she consented to remain where she was, she would probably have never seen a soldier nor have suffered a single inconvenience by reason of the war. But, this, she could not foresee, and probably she had relatives in Virginia with whom she desired to be in times of trouble.

After George Baker left us, some time elapsed before another teacher was secured. Then we were called together by a short, heavy-set Scotchman--a regular "heacor". Indeed, Hecktor was his name: Hecktor Home Munroe. Of him I have vivid recollection, and would like to give a detailed account of his excellencies as a teacher and as a man....There was no question about either his scholarship or his manhood. He was a bachelor, and wore a wig which would have been fun for the pupils had not his manly bearing reproved all levity and fun making. Yet he was one of the most jovial of mankind. He could relate an incident or tell a story and laugh as heartily as any other man. For some reason best known to himself, he called me "senator", and some pupils followed his example. What that word meant I knew not, yet I felt sure it was not a term of reproach. He soon understood my mental peculiarities, and for his amusement would often ask me puzzling questions, to see me shake my head. As previously stated, I had a small memory, or what a certain boy called "a big forgettery". Besides, my reproductive power was shown in its operations. Hence, much I had really learned could only be brought forward by special effort. That effort I generally began by shaking my head rather violently. Teacher Munro would laugh at me, stating that what I had previously learned had settled back in my brain and needed shaking up in order to be brought forward! In this decision, there was considerable truth. I shook my head in order to dismiss everything else from the mind and give exclusive attention to the question propounded or the subject in hand. In other words, concentration of thought isn't natural with me, and I could only fix and hold my thought on any theme or question by the determination of the will. Sometimes the greatest determination was required, and I seldom or never found myself so interested in school books or subjects of thought that I could not dismiss them in a moment by relaxation of will. For a time I deemed this a misfortune; but as the pressures of life have come upon me, I have decided it is a caste of mind, or condition of brain, most favorable to endurance. The brain works only at the point of the will, and is released from pressures of work as soon as the will is relaxed. I can hold a subject and dismiss it just as I may decide. Seldom has a single subject taken hold of me so that I could not banish it in a moment....The reader will notice I say "single subject", for I do not wish to be misunderstood. The conviction of my life is that I should work for the salvation of mankind, and I can not dismiss that in any measure. It holds me at all times and seasons with a power that is morally impossible for me to resist!

Returning from this digression, I mention again that noble Scotchman. One day he elevated himself very highly in the estimation of nearly the entire school, by the answer he gave a boy named Robert Ducat, Robert's mother thought her son should study and recite by himself, and accordingly advised him. In observing this advice, one morning he did not come up to recite with his class. The teacher inquired for the reason. His answer was that his mother wished him to go into a class by

himself...All eyes were then turned to the Scotchman and all ears were ready to hear what he would respond. After walking across the floor once or twice, he spoke in the fullness of his rich Scotch accent, as follows: "Robert you tell your mother in the first place that I am a TEACHER; and tell your mother in the second place that I came her to TEACH and not to BE TAUGHT; and you tell your mother in the third place that I conduct my school in the way that I THINK PROPER!" He then told Robert to take his place in his class--and he obeyed....That was the end of the difficulty. The pupils with one accord approved the Scotchman's response.

He was a master; and while my memory holds, I shall be glad I formed his acquaintance and was under his instruction. About ten years later, I learned that he had died in Washington, D.C., in consequence of a sunstroke....In religion, I think he was a Presbyterian. Be this as it may, he was certainly a manly man and a capital teacher. His splendid good humor, deep clear voice, and perfect enunciation, I recollect with pleasure. I would be glad to give the reader further account of my acquaintance with him but after events of my busy life now claim attention.

Before leaving my school days altogether, I wish to remind the reader that of the three teachers to whom I went in early life, only one was probably under forty years of age. They were all men of mature life, who made teaching their life's business. Such was the order in the middle of the nineteenth century. How very different it is now in our common schools! Our teachers very largely consist of boys and girls; or, at most, of young men and women. Those constituting the former class, as a rule, only expect to teach until they can get money enough to finish their education so as to take charge of an academy or high school, or a professor's chair in a college; or perhaps enter the ministry, the legal profession, or buy a farm. Those constituting the latter class, as a rule, only expect to teach until they can marry to advantage. Of course, there are exceptions, but they are unfortunately few. As a result, our boasted "common school system" is sadly defective by reason of immature teachers....I do not propose a change, yet mention the fact in order to convince the reader that the log schoolhouse and mature teacher of a former period should not be spoken of contemptuously.

In the spring of 1862, I left school and was "hired out" to work on a farm, for the sum of "\$4.00 a month and board". Excepting a few weeks in the fall of the same year, I attended school no more for about eight years, when I went to Bethany College in West Virginia. In course of that time, I forgot nearly all I had learned concerning grammar and arithmetic. But those eight years of absence from school were not lost. On the contrary, I would not exchange the lessons I learned in course of those years for the best university education our country can afford! Praise as we may the importance of early training in books; yet I shall never cease to think young people of every class should learn to work with their own hands. Jeremiah expressed a profound truth when he said, "It is good for a man that he hath borne the yoke in his youth". (See Lam. 3:27) Manual labor will give powers of endurance and sober-mindedness which nothing else will or can, especially if poverty makes manual labor a necessity. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread until thou return to the ground" (Gen. 3:19), was a sentence which contained a blessing in disguise. Constituted as he is, no greater curse could be inflicted on mankind than entire exemption from labor. The necessity for labor is a blessing, especially to those who have natural health. Labor will develop physical powers, and thus develop a basis for mighty operations. Here we find one reason why children of great men seldom become great. They are not under the pressures of poverty, and thus are not under the necessity for labor,--earnest, constant, manual labor.

As previously stated, I began work on a farm "by the month". The man to whom my mother

hired me was named James Boyd. He was a farmer on a small scale; as a fox-hunter, profane swearer, and a fiddler! His farm was mostly poor land, yet he managed to make a living thereon for his family, by hiring cheap help. I was of that kind. My first work in early spring was to help him make a "tobacco bed" in the woods. New soil was best for tobacco plants, and a southern hillside in the woods was generally selected. Boyd did not like to work; but he helped make that "Tobacco bed", and remained with me and others he had employed till the seed was sown. Then he sent me off in the field to cut briars and dig up sassafras bushes. Of this, I soon grew tired. It was lonesome work. The days were getting long and the task was unpleasant. I had been used to working with others; and now to be thrown out in a field alone among briars and sassafras bushes with a briar scythe and a mattock made for me, a sorry piece of business. The sun seemed provokingly slow in rising to the meridian in the forenoon, and provokingly slow in going down toward the horizon in the afternoon. I had what is called "a sorry time". The weeks seemed like months!

I contemplated a change, and made it after one month, as memory now serves. Of that month, I recollect but one item of pleasure. It was a bright Sunday morning, and I was awakened about sunrise by the singing of a robin. Yes, that robin gave me a joy I have never entirely forgotten. I was a child of nature, and I could enjoy the singing of a bird. But, that morning, as I lay in bed, I enjoyed that bird's notes as I had never before enjoyed the singing of a bird! To this date, I have never since enjoyed so much the song of a bird. Indeed, whenever I think of birds and their delightful notes, my mind goes back to that red-breasted robin I heard sing on that memorable Sunday morning. I know not why the impression was so precious; but presume it was because I was away from home, had worked hard through the week, felt lonesome, and was sad.

As previously stated, I remained with James Boyd but a month, as I now recollect. Then I made a change, but not for the better. My older brother, Fred, had commenced to work for a widow named Suite, about fifteen miles from where my mother lived and about five miles from the old historic town of Blandensburg. This Mrs. Suite had a son named James, who had rented a small farm of poor land not far distant, and he wished me to come and live with him. The thought of being near my older brother was an inducement for me to make the change, and so I left James Boyd and went to work for James Suite. It proved a sorry change! Fifteen miles was a long distance for a boy twelve years old to walk in the morning, and then go to work. Yet, I did it...after walking that distance, I certainly did not feel like working, but I had not sense enough to suspect the cause. That is to say, I well recollect when I had reached his place, about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, I wondered why I did not feel like going to work. The idea that walking fifteen miles had decreased my strength or energy did not occur to me. But, in after years, all this became clear.

I remained with James Suite three or four months. He had married his cousin, the eldest daughter of my old friend, Haswell Magruder the supervisor, of whom previous mention has been made. She called Suite "dear" and he called her "babe". They were old enough to behave sensibly, but they were a "Sickly" couple. Probably neither of them was under thirty years of age, yet their conduct, in course of the first year of marriage, was of the "honey-moon" kind. I would be glad to learn that the enduring names which they first adopted did not afterward lose all their endearment. But, I have my doubts on the subject, judging by the treatment I received at their hands.

They boarded the man from whom they rented the farm. His name was Warren, and they called him "Captain". The wherefore of that title I never learned, but from the amount of swearing he could do, he might have made a proficient captain of a "profane brigade". As memory serves, he was the only man I ever heard swear when he was asleep!....But, as I was going to say, Mrs. Warren

boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Suite. As a rule, I was called after these gentle folk had finished their repast. When I reached the table all the coffee, sugar, cream and even butter had disappeared. Corn bread, rusty bacon and “bonny clabber” constituted my fare much of the time. I bore it with some secret contempt until one day when Mrs. Suite brought an old crock of clabber for the third or fourth time, she remarked, “Dan, if you don’t mind, this old two-and-sixpence will last you a week”. That was too much for my childish heart! I choked, and ran over a little at the eyes, yet suppressed my feelings as best I could while I ate my miserable meal. But the cruel remark made, I shall never forget while my memory of ungracious speeches remains. It was bad enough to be fed on a low grade of clabber three times a day, but to have the same crock of stale stuff brought before me three or four times in succession was worse! Then the looks of that old crock added to my discomfort. Had it been respectable in appearance, it would have been more tolerable. But it had been broken, and mended with putty. To consummate its objectionable appearance, there had been a string tied around it to hold it together....While memory holds, I expect to recollect Mrs. Mary Suite’s cruel remark and her ugly crock of stale clabber.

While living at James Suite’s, I went to the Bladensburg mill several times in a horse cart, and once went to the great city of Washington, to take in some produce. My Bladensburg trips were generally made with an old horse named Sawnee. He was an honest old fellow, but whenever I had to ride him bareback any considerable distance, I suffered. The reader can judge when I state that Sawnee consisted of a horse’s hide drawn tightly over a bunch of bones—he had a frame, but not much “weather-boarding”. No doubt his old bones soon went back to the dust. Possibly, they were ground into dust; and for aught I know, I may have sown some of that dust in another part of that same state, to fertilize the soil. Be this as it may, I have not forgotten honest old Sawnee.

In course of my time with James Suite, my older brother and I would occasionally go home to see out mother. We would walk down Saturday evening and return Sunday evening, or we would walk down Sunday morning and return Monday morning. Once we rode--both on one horse. One of these trips I recollect better than any other, because we carried a pig--I mean we carried one from home up to Mr. James Suite’s. My brother Fred had told Mr. Suite we had some splendid pigs at home, and he expressed a desire to have two of them, and said he would give a dollar for each. My brother said he could bring one if I would bring the other. I have forgotten whether I promised or not; but I well recollect I didn’t take the pig, though I helped my older brother carry the one he promised. It was well for us and our mother that we took only one, for the “pleasure” of carrying that pig fifteen miles and hearing him squeal much of the way, was the only pay we ever received. In other words, James Suite agreed to give a dollar for that pig, and we carried it up to him on our backs fully fifteen miles, and never received a cent. What was

worse, I only received part of my wages!....Possibly James Suite “justified” himself in not paying me because I left him unceremoniously one day in his absence from home; and if that justification will stand good in the Judgment, I shall not complain. My leaving was on this wish: As memory serves me, my older brother had left those parts, and so I became lonesome, as no one was near with whom I was familiar enough to talk freely. The truth was, my entire time with Mr. Suite was lonesome! I had to cut briars in his oat field altogether alone when I first went to work for him; then I had to hoe corn and potatoes alone every day for weeks in succession; finally I was required to take a scythe and cut briars and bushes out of the fence corners. As time advanced and I thought over the situation, I became more and more dissatisfied. So, one day when Mr. James Suite and his wife Mary were absent, I tied up my few clothing in a big cotton handkerchief, ran a stick through where the tie was made, threw the stick on my shoulder and started homeward. I felt

lighthearted! Each step lengthened the distance between myself and my place of bondage. When I reached home, I laid the entire matter before my mother, perhaps with some overstatements and fabrications; and, as I now recollect, she never scolded me. In course of two or three weeks she sent me back to Mr. Suite's with a polite note requesting the balance of my wages and pay for that pig. I feel reasonably certain I received not a cent. My mother complained, that a poor widow should be thus treated; but we lived and prospered. Though I did not get all my wages, yet I had learned rapidly by experience. Health had continued and strength had increased. A walk of fifteen miles before breakfast was no longer an extraordinary something, and I was ready for future operations.

After being home a few days, my mother sent me to school; and thus I again had the privilege of being under instruction of my friend Hector Home Munro. But, that privilege continued only a brief period. A proposition was made to me by a man named William Fielder Howell. He was a good Methodist and doubtless an honorable man. For many years he had been an overseer on a farm owned by a man named Millikin, which farm extended to the tract of land on which my mother lived in the log cabin previously described. Mr. Howell offered me five dollars a month and like rations which he gave the negroes--a peck of meal, three pounds of meat and a dozen fish, each week. I was to take this to my home and board there. His offer was accepted, and so I left school again. As memory now serves, thus ended my early school days. Very soon my older brother came to work with me on the same farm. He received higher wages than I did, but the same rations. He could handle a team better than I could, but in that only did I give him preference, though he was over five years my senior.

About this time, my powers of endurance became remarkable. I would run races with the men in cutting and spearing tobacco or anything else, all day. I would strain myself from morning until night rather than allow any man to 'get away' from me in work. I would twist and turn in every way, and adjust myself to my work. Besides, when my brother and I would start home to dinner, I would often run ahead of him get home first, snatch up the gun and bolt for a hickory tree (two hundred yards or more distance), and would probably kill one or two squirrels and get back to the house in time to eat dinner with my brother.

I was then nearly thirteen years of age, and nothing satisfied me except a man's work. No sickness had damaged me and no accident had befallen me. My health was perfect and I was well fed on substantials. Previous exertions had given me good wind and splendid texture, and the time had come when the days were never too long. As the cold of winter came on, I gloried in handling frost and snow and ice with my bare hands. I did not turn aside for anything because it was difficult.

My work with Mr. Howell continued until Christmas or later, and was so satisfactory that the next year I went to work on the same farm. My wages were increased to "six dollars a month". I received the rations, or allowance, of the slaves, and boarded at home. This gave me a mile or more to walk to my meals. The rule was to work from sunrise until seven o'clock, and then go home to breakfast, through spring and summer. At 12 o'clock, I would go home to dinner. In the time of "housing tobacco", my work often continued till after dark in the evening. But that did not matter. I soon learned to say it all went in a life-time, and performed a man's work cheerfully.

In course of my work on the mentioned plantation, I learned much concerning that wonderful animal--the mule. There were six or eight in all on that plantation, but three of them more than ordinary; and thus of them I will make special mention. The largest was an old light bay

mule they called Lizy (giving the letter “i” the long sound). But she should have been called Lazy, for that was her nature. Besides, she would kick tremendously when we would go to drive her up. The second in size was call Jim, and he was lazier than Lizy! The third in size was Jake--a bright little fellow that wouldn’t allow the negroes to ride him. I never had much to do with Lizy, except to help drive her up, and then I went with a pole, or long rod, or cart whip, to keep her from turning on me. In her younger days , she would run a man out of the field who undertook to drive her up, I was told. She was a knowing mule, noted on that plantation for her kicking powers. Jim was noted for the thickness of his hide and shortness of his hide and shortness of his memory, and because through sheer laziness, he would occasionally fall down; while Jake (a little black fellow) would occasionally send his black rider up in the air.

The first few months I worked on Mr. Mullikin’s plantation under Mr. Howell, I didn’t have much to do with any of the mules except Jim. He was given into my hands, hitched to a single horse plow, to put in wheat. That was the custom in that country in those days. The wheat was mostly sown broadcast and plowed under. Either because of convenience, or because no one else wished to work him, or because it was certain he would not run away, this Jim mule was give into my hands. Whatever the cause or motive for introducing that mule to me, yet that very day a battle began which continued with but little cessation until I was master. The battle was concerning the rate at which he would move in pulling that plow. First I yelled myself hoarse, but soon learned how to draw the heavy plow line and bring it down on him so as to quicken his step. But the trouble was that his memory was so short that about very five steps I needed to repeat the treatment in order to keep up uniform speed. Besides, that mule was perfectly good-natured, and I could never ruffle his temper by any language I might use, threats I might make, or whipping I might do. Nor was there any difference between the first furrow in the morning and the last at night; he was always the same--never ill-natured, never sensitive, never in a hurry.

Throughout seeding time in the fall of 1862, the battle between Jim and myself continued, and we closed up our first acquaintance about Christmas. I did not feel I was yet master, Indeed, I think he was ahead, especially as he never resented my intended severity. I felt unkindly toward him and called him hard names; but he seemed never to notice what I would say. If he thought at all, he seemed to think I was only doing my duty; or that I was young, and would learn as I grew older. Be this as it may, we parted company about Christmas time, and did not renew acquaintance until the following spring. Then, Jim and Jake were given into my hands as my plow team, and then the battle was renewed which resulted in a two-fold victory-a victory over that lazy mule and a victory over my own quick temper. Even yet, I regard that period as among the most important of my life.

As memory now serves me, I did not attend school in course of the winter of 1863; but whether because there was no teacher or because my mother needed me at home, I am unable to say. My recollection is, that I did considerable hunting of rabbits and raccoons. The work I had done and the long walks I had taken in course of the previous year, had not abated my delight in hunting, either day or night. There was something in the chase, and some peculiar charm in rambling through the forests of oak and pine, which made me regardless of cold, hunger or fatigue. When my work occupied me in the daytime so I could not hunt, I went at night. Many tall trees did I climb, and thus to many dangers was I exposed often went as “climber” for the company. One of the most successful nights I ever hunted was when I was about twelve years of age. My older brother and I met a negro named Nace Toodle about ten o’clock on Saturday night. That was late to go hunting; but Nace had his good dog named Watch with him, and so we started for the

woods. It was not long before we heard the dog barking at a tree. On reaching the spot we found Watch had "treed" a good sized opossum. It did not take me long to climb that tree (it was a walnut) and shake off that opossum; and "Uncle Nace", as we called him bagged the game. Just here it occurs to mind, that the shaking of that opossum off that tree was a tedious matter. I knew walnut timber was brittle, and that I dared not venture out on that limb very far. So, I had to remain a good distance from the game and try to shake him off. After shaking awhile, I recollect, he turned under the limb and hung on with claws and tail. Hence, I was really a quarter of an hour or more breaking his hold; but finally it was accomplished.

The dog was petted a little and sent out again. We were in a ravine in a rough district, not far from the Patuxent river. The night was dark, but we were expecting the moon to rise about midnight. Within an hour, we heard the dog again. This time he stood near a good-sized oak tree about midway of a steep bank. I found no difficulty in climbing the tree, and when I was something over half way up, I saw a raccoon. The dog was on the upper side of the tree and presently the coon jumped to the lower side. This enabled him to strike the ground down in the ravine before the dog got there. The coon had no sooner reached the ground than he began travel, and the dog after him! About fifty yards distant, we heard the dog bark again, and on reaching the spot found the coon had gone up a good-sized poplar tree which had set a limb on it for twenty feet or more. But it was not too large for me to hug; and as "Uncle Nace" pushed me as far as he could reach, I had no serious difficulty in getting up. While I was climbing the tree, a fire was built and everything made light around the tree. When the coon jumped the dog met him and after a sort struggle, in which "Uncle Nace" always took part with his stick that had two iron prongs at one end, the squealing ceased and the coon was dead....The reader will understand that the modern method of holding up a lantern behind a man and shooting a coon with a rifle had not then been discovered. Hence, we had to climb trees and chase or shake off the game, and kill it after the ground had been reached. That old method took more time and necessitated some hard climbing, but it yielded a corresponding amount of fun.

By the time our coon had been killed and bagged, midnight had come and the moon was up. We turned our faces homeward, but soon heard the dog running among the leaves and sniffing as if she were on a "hot" trail. What this meant we soon learned, when she began to bark near us at a poplar tree leaning over a small stream. The light of the moon enabled us to see at once that we had another coon, hence I prepared for more climbing. I went up the tree, but the coon did not jump when I got near. On the contrary, he acted much like an opossum, and went out on a limb about the size of a man's wrist. I tried to shake and scare him off. I could not do it, and soon notice he had turned on the limb and was coming toward me. The situation began to grow serious! I had heard of a raccoon fighting a man up in a tree, and this looked as if I would have a fight. I broke off a small limb and struck at him; he was nearly within reach. Then, he turned and went back on the limb. I took out my knife (a big one-bladed affair) and cut the limb off, and thus coon and limb went down together. When he struck the ground the dog took hold of him and by the aid of "Uncle Nace's" pronged stick, the coon was soon dead....With two raccoons and a good-sized opossum we concluded we had game enough for one night, and so we went home. "Uncle Nace" gave me one of the coons for my part in getting them, and so we had some good eating for several days--for such as like coon meat, which is very much like the flesh of a ground hog.

Other occasions of hunting nearly as interesting as the one just given, might be recorded, but it suits neither my time nor purpose to give them space. Manytimes I went out and came home loaded with game both day and night. While hunting and trapping was a delight with me, yet it

was in a great measure a necessity. I seldom or never killed anything except what was edible. I tried on one occasion to eat a crow; but a crow is not good eating. (I say this without prejudice.) The crow is coarse and tough. I have my doubts whether he could be made palatable by any method of cooking known to the culinary art.

My hunting covered a period of eight of nine years. I began going with my older brother when I was about eight years of age, and continued to hunt either with others or alone until I was near or about seventeen. I began fishing when I was about six, and frequently made successful trips to the Patuxent River while I remained in Prince George's county, Md., and in later years fished in Gunpowder Creek and Bush River of Harford county in the same state. In that county, I finished my hunting. In course of my hunting period, it was no unusual thing to travel from ten to twelve miles in a night on foot. Our route would be over fields, fences, ditches, gullies, hills and valleys. One night (when out with Nace Toodle in my earlier years) suddenly he disappeared. When I heard from him again, he was ten or fifteen feet below. It was dark and we were in a pine forest. He saw what he thought was a little gully and gave a little jump, expecting to cross it. But instead of landing on the other side, he landed ten or fifteen feet below. Fortunately, the bank was soft and his landing was made easy. As memory serves me, I was never hurt. I knew climbing, especially at night, was dangerous, and so I was always careful. I never fell from a tree at night, but recollect several falls from cherry trees in the daytime. None of them was serious. When about ten years of age, I learned to swim, and soon became an expert swimmer and diver. I could catch a full breath and go under the water and not be seen again until I would be seventy-five or a hundred feet distant. I could hold my breath longer than any one else I ever saw when I was a boy, and I am persuaded I can still do the same....Here, while writing this record, I took out my watch and on the second trial, held my breath two minutes and a quarter. Let the reader try it, but be careful if the lungs are not perfectly sound.

Before leaving this part of my record, I wish to mention an occasion by reason of which a shadow has been cast over my life. Not that I actually did some dreadful deed, but for want of thought did that which might have resulted fatally to my younger brother....When about ten or twelve years of age, I started for a hunt one day, and my brother John (five years younger than myself) began to follow me. I told him to go back; he would not go. I told him I would shoot him; still he would not return to the house. I cocked the gun and took aim at him, trying to scare him. My fore-finger, that now helps guide the pencil that traces these lines, was on the trigger. I did not pull, and the gun did not go off; hence no harm was done the little fellow. But I would give much to have the recollection of that one careless and presumptuous act blotted from my memory. Had I been nervous and pulled that trigger just a little, I would have had a burden to carry through life which would have been unbearable!...I mention all this that my young readers may not think strange when their parents or guardians refuse to let them go hunting or handle fire arms. I know the child is thoughtless, and cannot look forward and behold results. Besides, I would forewarn my young readers against pointing fire arms at any one. Even if they are known to be empty; yet it is a dangerous practice, as a loaded gun or pistol may some day be pointed at some one and snapped with fatal results. Many cases of this kind are on record. Let the reader be careful, in order to avoid life-long regrets and anguish.

Returning to the spring of 1862, I come back to that mule team, and at the same time come to the beginning of my religious life. Previous to that date, I had not thought much on the subject of religion. My mother sometimes told me about the Bible and related Bible stories. She reproved

me for wrong doing and told me what was right. But I had learned to use profane language and was not very scrupulous about the truth. As for stealing, I certainly did not make a practice of it; yet if I found a boys knife, I was not careful to hand it back. Up to the time I was thirteen years of age, I had never been to a religious service except once, that I can recall, and had never been to Sunday school. As stated in the early part of this record, the village of Queen Ann was not blest with either meeting house or schoolhouse. Its inhabitants, with few exceptions, made no religious profession....But this did not always continue. In the spring of 1863, a young lady, Louise V. Harwood (an adopted daughter of a storekeeper and his wife named Harwood) decided to open a Sunday school in a private house. Having secured a good room, the school was commenced. My younger sister and brother went, but I did not for a time. Either because I thought I was too big to go, or for want of inclination, I paid no attention to that Sunday school. But, one Sunday, I was spending the day in Queen Ann with one of my former schoolmates, named Mordecai Mitchell. His mother had promised Miss Harwood that she would send him to the Sunday school; but he did not wish to go. His mother urged; but still he declined. Then, in order to get him to do as his mother desired, I proposed to go with him over to the school. He agreed, and we went.

The teacher seemed much pleased to have boys of such size present at her school. (I was thirteen and Mordecai about a year younger.) Miss Harwood gave us a little card on which was a text of Scripture, with the request that we would commit the same by the next Sunday, and then she would give us another. This was her custom with her more advanced pupils, though most of them were small, and some not able to read. Mordecai and I both looked over our Scripture text a minute or two and told the teacher we were prepared to repeat it. She seemed much gratified. We handed our cards over and she heard us repeat them from memory, whereupon she handed them back accompanied by another....We did not care for the school until we had entered it, and then we at once became interested. But before we were dismissed, our teacher made a little speech to her pupils, and among other words she said: "Children, not one of you is too young to die, and not one of you is too young to give you heart to the Savior." Those words struck my mind and went to my heart! Whatever might be true of others, I certainly knew I was not too young to give my heart to the Savior. I knew also I was not too young to die. As a result, I began to think in a manner that led me to repentance and prayer. I knew nothing about baptism, but regarded it as my duty to repent and pray.

Well do I recollect that period, and well do I know a boy thirteen years can repent as sincerely as any one else. I thought, repented, wept and prayed, day and night--as I could secure secrecy. In course of time, I recognized I was living a new life! The wrong things I formerly had done, I had learned to hate, or at least refrain from; and the right things I formerly discarded with indifference, I now loved. My mind, heart and life were changed--as sincerely and thoroughly changed as any had been, I suppose, from the days of Paul until that period....The reader will not regard me as digressing if I pause to remark that what took place in me has doubtless taken place in multitudes of others. Though in error concerning baptism, and conditions of pardon generally, yet my belief in Christ and my repentance, were as genuine as ever existed in the heart and life, I suppose, of any individual. Therefore, in order to become a Christian in the scriptural sense, I did not have to go back and resolve myself into unbelief or impenitence. Neither do others who believed in Christ as the Son of God and repented as sincerely as I did or any one else ever did or could--I say, neither do they have to go back and resolve themselves into unbelief and impenitence in order to begin anew with their minds perfectly free from all error. But all such need to do as believing, penitent Saul of Tarsus did, namely, hear and learn, believe and

obey what baptism requires.

After a deep, thorough change had taken place in my thoughts, affections, will and life, the battle for permanent self-control commenced in earnest. I decided I would follow every good impulse and repress every bad impulse. No one ever adopted a wiser decision. To that decision, I owe all the moral and religious strength I have ever attained. And that the reader may know how it worked in me, I will explain. When the thought occurred to me that I should pray or repeat passages of Scripture I had learned, I recognized that thought as good, and my decision to follow out every good impulse required that I should at once begin to pray or repeat Scripture. Thus many time and, I presume, hundreds of times, I stopped in the woods and turned quickly aside from the path in which I was walking to my work or back therefrom, and kneeled down and prayed. When I was where I could not kneel in secret, I simply turned my thoughts heavenward as I walked along or followed the plow. I soon learned to delight in holding communion with God and Christ, and could truly say I loved to pray! The conviction that God was my Father and Christ was my Savior was to me a constant joy.

I know some critical readers may say this was all in vain,--that I had no right to pray because I had not been baptized; and that the Lord never heard nor answered one of my petitions. Nor will I now enter into a dispute with such readers, except to say that by such a course of conduct as that mentioned above, I did--in the course of my first year as a believing, praying boy--attain to better self-control than my critics probably ever did. I have seen and known some of those who don't believe in prayer before baptism, and I have yet to find one who is truly pious....In my praying, I pursued the same course Saul of Tarsus did. While he did not know what else to do, he prayed; and while there is no evidence Christ pardoned his sins in answer to prayer, yet had he died before his baptism, I would sooner have risked his condition in the Judgment than that of the sinner who is baptized without prayer. Therefore, while not affirming I was saved from the guilt of sin before my baptism, Yet I am sure I was saved from its practice. In other words, my religious life had been earnestly and joyously begun! Though it was not continued without falterings and mistakes, yet, I never again went back to serve the world. Profane language and falsehood ever continued abominable in my estimation. In course of time, I learned to regard all vulgarity or obscene language with contempt. My life long conflict with the Devil had commenced, and has never ceased; nor will it cease until life's latest hour will have passed.

Here, I introduce a copy of a letter my Sunday school teacher wrote to me in 1863, while she was away from home. Her foster mother had written to her favorably concerning me, and she wrote to me what I now offer. She was about seven or eight years older than I was, had been reared in abundance of all she needed or could enjoy, yet had become earnestly religious. Her letter was thoroughly Methodist; earnestness in my behalf, and her prayerfulness, may be regarded as a good suggestion for every young lady of the Church of Christ.

Chegaray Institute, 18th Oct., '63.

My Dear Daniel:

By a letter received from Mama a few evenings since, I am led to believe you are seriously concerned for the salvation of your soul. I cannot express to you, my dear boy, how much joy it gives me to receive such news of you. Nothing would make me happier than to hear next that you have sought and found a risen Savior, who died to redeem poor sinners like you and me. And the only reward he asks for all this is, "Son, daughter, give me thine heart." And, my dear Daniel, there is no reason why you should not give Him your heart immediately, and let Him cleanse it for you

Remember, dear Daniel,

“Nothing but sin have you to give,  
Nothing but love can you receive.”

I have prayed for your conversion daily ever since you first came to Sabbath school, and I thank God there is a present hope of my prayers being answered. It but strengthens my faith, and I hope I will be a sufficient proof to you that your Heavenly Father is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. It is much easier for you to give your heart to God now, than if you were older; for while you are young there is but a step between you and the kingdom of God.

I would recommend to your careful perusal, the whole of the New Testament; but read attentively and prayerfully the 14th and 15th chapters of St. John.

Do, Daniel, write to me what your difficulties are, if you have any in believing. If there is anything needs explanation, write to me, and I will explain it to you the best of my ability. Ask mama to relate her Christian experience to you. I think it will benefit you.

“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.” “Him that cometh to me I will in no way cast out.” These, dear Daniel, are the words of our blessed Savior,--words full of truth and comfort.

I beseech you to call upon your Savior while he is near; seek Him while he may be found. And, my dear Daniel, you must pray to your Heavenly Father for a blessing; and tell him just what kind of a blessing you need. Do not say you cannot pray, for I tell you truly,

“Prayer is the simplest form of speech,  
That infant lips can try.”

“Depend on Him, thou canst not fail;  
Make all thy wants and wishes known;  
Pray if thou canst or canst not speak;  
But pray with faith in Jesus’ name.”

I have not time to write you a longer letter, dear Daniel, just now. But if you will write just what you would say to me were I near you, I will be most happy to reply to it. My love to your mother and dear Rosa and Johnnie. God bless you.

From your friend,  
Louise V. Harwood.

Having thus commenced my religious life, I had a splendid opportunity in testing its value. “Jim mule” knew and cared nothing concerning my religious convictions. He made it the business, I may say, of his life to let his end of the double tree get behind; and I made it my business to make him uncomfortable when he did not keep it even, and thus pull as much as did his faithful little friend by his side, called Jake. The heavy ropeline served my purpose. I learned how to draw it and strike, though in so doing, I always twisted myself crosswise of the furrow. But, a twist did not hurt me in those days, and I held myself in readiness to draw the line on Jim every time he got behind. In course of the spring plowing, it now occurs that Jim must have concluded I was master, for he moved when I told him, especially when I drew that heavy line. Throughout the summer, I worked him, and long before time came for us to part, we were good friends. As memory serves, he never fell down with me, and never kicked at me. The fact that he worried me for a time only gave me opportunity to learn patience. Hence, I retain no ill feelings against him. On the contrary, I would be disposed to walk a considerable distance to see him, if I knew where he was. But as memory serves, he was sold to the

Government as an army mule, and very likely has long been at rest.

In closing my record of that memorable year, I am disposed to describe the harness--or "gears", as we called them--which my plow team wore. First, the bridles often consisted of a headstall without throatlatch or reins. Sometimes the headstall was without a nose piece, and a piece of rope or rawhide had to be tied across the nose in order to make a semblance of a bridle. The throatlatch and reins were often of rope or rawhide. When we tried to plow without reins, then the mules ate grass and weeds as they pulled the plow, and sometimes would lean out so far to bite a weed that the plow was made to cut too much furrow. The collars used were made of corn husks--or "shucks", as we called them. These with the hames, back-band and traces, constituted the harness. Our hamestrings were nearly always of rawhide, which the plowman had himself cut and oiled until they became supple. As we left our harness in the field when we went home to dinner, our hamestrings were in danger of being eaten by dogs. Well do I remember the day I returned from dinner and found mine had been eaten off. Having nothing I could use for one, I went out to the woods for hickory bark. But, when I got there, the absence of a knife proved an inconvenience. I managed to get the bark of a small sapling stripped down to the ground; but there I had to stop. My utmost strength could not break it off at the ground nor peel it from the roots. What could I do? Nothing was left but to use my teeth; which I did to good effect. In imagination, I can yet see myself lying down beside that hickory sapling, gnawing off that bark! But I succeeded, and soon I was well supplied with a good substitute for rawhide; that is, while the bark was green.

At conclusion of the year 1863, I left the plantation managed by William Fielder Howell, for my moher had hired me to a man named Bowie--Oden Bowie--who afterward became governor of his state. As his overseer was going to leave him, he wished me to "carry the keys of his corn-house and grainary, and help during busy times." I found that "busy times" lasted most of the year.

The first day of my year's work was spent getting ice. I was sufficiently simple minded to take hold and work like a Trojan from the first moment, and on the first day demonstrated what I could do. This settled my position for the entire year. I made a full hand with the axe, with the plow, in the harvest field, cutting and husking corn, everywhere on the farm. I was fourteen years old in January of that year, and thus was engaged with Mr. Bowie during my fifteenth year.

I slept in a little house which had been built for the gardener, and to that house my meals sent for a time; but soon this was found inconvenient, and so I went up to the mansion and ate in the kitchen. Thus, I continued throughout the remainder of that year--the severest of my life. Mr. Bowie was a gentleman--and Mrs. Bowie passed for a lady. I presume she was in most particulars. But she did not know how much a boy of vigorous health, daily working to the full extent of his strength, needed to eat; or she did not care. The latter alternative was my conclusion then, but it may have been too severe. However, I was not properly fed, and shed many tears over my short rations. I complained to Mr. Bowie, but the deficiency was not permanently remedied. The quality was generally good, but he quantity was insufficient. I worked with mature men, and seldom or never allowed one of them to surpass me in anything. My recollection is that I was never beaten in any department of work, except when it was simply impossible for me to do as much as the men with whom I was engaged. That was not often. While I had the strength I never fell behind. The men with whom I worked were negroes--slaves--who had been driven under the lash and were hardened to severe treatment. But, they were liberated in course of that year by the Emancipation Proclamation.

As I glance back over that year, my thoughts are quickened and my nerves are strung! With the responsibility of looking after the affair, in a grant measure, of that large plantation, and yet with the work of a full hand among mature men. I was over-worked nearly the whole time. In course of

that year, I often found myself feeling more tired in the morning than at night. Yet, my health remained splendid and I came safely through. I struggled mightily with temptation and offered many heartfelt prayers.

My mother and the other part of the family lived eight or nine miles distant. Occasionally, I would go to see them on Sunday. Sometimes I would ride a colt that needed breaking, but often I would walk. To walk that distance in the morning and back in the evening was a frequent performance. When mother would inquire how I was getting along, I gave her some indefinite answer, and never revealed to her, until the next year, what treatment I had received. I knew it would worry her, and so I kept my own secrets. I had learned to “grin and bear” rough usage.

But, I must not forget to mention that my sister Maggie, a year and nine months older than I was, acted the part of nurse for the younger children in the Bowie family. My sister went there before I did, and was very faithful in her work; yet she had fine health and gentle ways. I doubt not that she took excellent care of the children under her charge. She could walk farther than any girl or woman I ever knew. In course of September or October of that year, she and I attended a protracted meeting fully seven miles distant. We walked and went nearly every night for about two weeks. As it was “seeding time,” I followed the plow or cultivator every day putting in wheat, and then walked to meeting at night. But I was used to such exercise, while she was not. Hence, the excellent vigor she must have had to bear such walking is very evident.

Soon after that, Mr. Bowie had an interview with my sister and spoke reproachfully of the meeting she had attended, or of her interest in that meeting; and she gave some answer which irritated him so that he threatened to “slap her jaws”. When I came in from work that evening, my sister told me of the interview. My indignation was aroused and I exclaimed, “Are we dogs for Bowies’?” Then I told my sister to go and get her clothing, and I would take her home to mother. She hesitated. I repeated the request in a manner that made it an order. My sister then remarked that I had not had my supper. I told her that made no difference...Mr. Bowie was absent, but Mrs. Bowie overheard our talk and came out of the hall between the dining room and library and told me, with emphasis, that I should not leave there that night. I answered by again telling my sister to get her clothing! She obeyed, and we started, reaching the place where mother lived some time in the night.

Very early next morning, I returned and found several of the “hands” waiting for me to open the granary, as memory serves me, for some purpose connected with their work. That evening, Mr. Bowie came home and Mrs. Bowie gave him her version of what had transpired. He became angry, used some threatening language, I was told, and went down to the house built for the gardener, where he expected to find me. I had not yet gone in. When I came to the kitchen a servant informed me what had transpired and stated that Mr. Bowie (“Mars Den”) had gone down to the gardener’s house “mad” and saying he was going to give me what I “deserved”. When I heard this, I went down to that little house, washed my hands and face, rolled my sleeves above my elbows and walked the floor waiting his return. Violence to my employer was not in my mind, but I meant to defend myself to the extent of my strength. Fortunately, he did not come that night. When I saw him next morning, I was driving one of his blooded bulls I had found near the cornfield, back to the lot where he belonged. It was not safe business for a boy on foot, yet I managed to keep him from turning on me. When Mr. Bowie met me, he asked where I had found the bull. I told him he was near the cornfield; and that nothing unpleasant between us occurred...I remained with him until New Year’s day (1865) in the morning, then called for my pay. I had drawn very little of my money, for at night I had cobbled shoes for the Negroes, and thereby made nearly all the money I needed for ordinary clothing. Mr. Bowie paid me in full. I then called for my sister’s wages which were due when she left. He handed

over the full amount without an unpleasant word, and we parted on good terms. I saw him but once after that, as memory now serves me, but I think of him as a gentleman--a true type of those Southern people whose work is their bond. They are often impulsive, yet they are honorable.

There was considerable snow on the ground that New Year's day, and on my way home, I caught one or two rabbits. Thus had ended the most trying year of my early life, and in some respects the severest I have ever spent. I have mentioned several of its prominent features in detail because they show the veins in my make-up. No one was ever more ready and willing than I was to spend and be spent for any employer; yet when an indignity was offered my sister, my course of conduct was decided on promptly and carried out without wavering. Poverty and obscurity on the one hand, together with wealth and prominence on the other hand, are forgotten. I served Mr. Bowie faithfully, as I did all my other employers. Shirking was not in my composition, and seldom did an unpleasant word pass between me and my employer. I did my work well, and frequently more than was expected of me. An admiration lingers in me for that disposition in any one who is called to serve another. It is the principle of success! If evil habits are avoided, the health of employees will less frequently fail when performing what is required at their hands. To work well, eat well and sleep well--these are three important conditions of good health. But woe unto those who are compelled to work but cannot eat, either because they have no appetite or because they cannot secure food needed to nourish their systems! There is danger also in being exposed to weather without sufficient clothing, or in sleeping without sufficient covering. I had some experience on that line while working for Mr. Bowie, which here recurs to mind.

Bed clothing was insufficient the fall before I left, and I probably would have suffered had not an old feather bed been left, the previous spring, in the room where I slept. That bed I utilized by throwing it on my bed for covering. I soon found it was all I needed. But, it was not long before the tick began to rip and the feathers to come out. The rip became longer, and occasionally my foot and finally my leg would get in among the feathers at night. As no one looked after that bed, I had it all my own way and was well suited. I recollect well how I would gradually draw my foot and let out of the feathers in the morning and leave them until my return at night. No goose ever had her nest better feathered than I had mine, and no goose ever stood cold weather better than I did while I slept among the feathers....I never heard what remarks were made when the room was afterward investigated; but the conviction remains that feathers are the lightest and warmest covering! With this conviction, it occurs to mind, that when king David grew old and "gat no hear", had they warmed two "feather beds" and put him between there would have been no need for Abishag, the Shunammite damsel.

Now the reader's attention is invited to a brighter period of my early life. On the second day of 1865, I began work on a farm that belonged to a young man named Mullikin. On that farm my mother lived in a "tenant house". My older brother, younger sister (Rosina) and younger brother (John) were living with her. My older brother was working on that farm, and my older sister (Maggie) had again left home to work.

The overseer on that farm was named Crook--Richard Crook--commonly called "Dick" Crook. He lisped in his speech, and sometimes stammered a little, especially when he became excited or angry and tried to swear. This defect, resulting from the natural formation of his vocal organs, greatly interfered with his enjoyment in the use of profane language. It would be no unjust arrangement if all who are inclined to profanity should be similarly afflicted, or if profanity would bring such an affliction.

This "Dick" Crook had a younger brother, called Tom, who worked on the same plantation.

Then there was a negro named Tom Lee, who together with his two sons worked there. Besides these, there were several others of African descent. So, we were an admixture--some white and others otherwise.

My wages that year were, as memory serves me, a hundred and fifty dollars, and the rations formerly allowed to slaves--three pounds of meat, a dozen salt fish and a peck of corn meal. My older brother received the same in wages and rations. Besides, he had a horse kept free of charge, as I now recollect, except that he had to pay for the grain fed him....This was all favorable. We ate and slept at home. My mother's cooking had always suited me well. The frying pan she seldom used, but boiled the meat she cooked, and always boiled it thoroughly. Then she knew how to boil meat and potatoes, meat and soft corn, meat and cabbage, so as to suit me exactly! I ate as vigorously as I worked, and am sure I ate too rapidly. But that never occurred to me until one day I was eating alone when a negro woman who was present, said, "Dan'l, who you runnin' race wid?" That is to say, I was eating so rapidly she asked me with whom was I running a race! That rapid eating did me some damage then, and has occasionally damaged me since. It is constitutional and hard to overcome.

Eighteen and Sixty-five was mostly a year of enjoyment. The hard usage of the preceding year had proved beneficial. My bones, muscles and tendons seemed hardened, and the days were never too long. When plowing time came, I was fitted out with a team consisting of a large young roan horse and an old sorrel mare that had seen her best days, but was still good. Certainly she had the grit! That young horse had never learned to walk, but would trot in the plow. That suited me exactly. Instead of tying him back and making a steady team, I urged the old sorrel to keep up with him. So she went in a fast walk and the roan horse went in a trot, from morning until night. With such speed, I could surpass either of the other plowmen. I aimed to plow three acres a day, and probably did not often fall short. But before spring plowing was over, the old sorrel was worked down and the young horse became thin in flesh. My treatment of that team was cruel, but I did not know any better. Besides, my disposition to plunge forward with work was such that nothing suited me so well as a fractious team.

"Dick" Crook and I got along well. We seldom had any unpleasantness. I was chief ax-man, chief plowman, and was the car driver for the plantation. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," was the proverb which suited me above all others. But here recurs an incident I have occasionally used in debate. In course of 1865, I gave a little red dog called "Watch" to the negro named Tom Lee. The dog was playful and active, but not a good "trailer". I have him to Tom Lee and, it seemed to me, "Dick" Crook wished to make me regret it. So, one day he came to me and his lisp style said, "Dan'l, they tell me the dog you gave Tom Lee is juth a thsplendid dog!"

"Is that so!", I asked.

"Yeth, they thay he ith a futh clath dag."

"Is that so?" I again asked; "What is he good for?"

He answered, "Why, they thay he ith a futh clath potthum dog' they thay he can tree potthums where there ain't no 'potthums!" This amused me, and has frequently recurred to mind when I have found a man calling on his imagination for facts. I have told such a specimen he could "tree 'possums where there ain' no possums!"

In course of the year 1865, I became more earnestly religious. Before 1864 closed, I had become careless in my religious duties and was accordingly unhappy. But, early in '65, I recovered from that careless condition and renewed my vows of allegiance. Since that time, I have never faltered. Daily reading of the Scriptures and prayer have been the order with me from that time till the present. Not that a day never passed without reading a portion of Scripture, yet I do think a day never passed

without private prayer. As time advanced, I found daily prayer as necessary to my happiness as daily eating was to my physical comfort.

At that date, I knew nothing concerning baptism. My parents were Lutherans and, according to their custom, I had been sprinkled on while I was an infant. This I supposed was baptism, and thus I had no uneasiness in me. What made it worse was the fact that I, in earnest, had no disposition to go back to the world. (!) A profane word, a falsehood, or even the singing of a song that was not religious was altogether against my convictions. In fact, I had commenced to keep myself "unspotted from the world." My convictions were that true religion and worldliness did not belong together, and accordingly, I fought many battles against my earthward inclinations.

In course of the autumn of that same year, a protracted meeting was conducted at a Methodist house called McKendry Chapel, several miles distant. It proved quite a revival, and a goodly number of my former schoolmates made a profession of religion. I was approached by one of the members and addressed on the subject of "going forward to seek religion." My response was that I had already sought and found what those mourners were then seeking, and thus I say no use in going forward to "the anxious seat." My statement was believed, and so I was invited to unite with the church just as I was.

Soon after the protracted meeting was over, I began to attend the "class meetings", and thus came to be in sympathy with the Methodist church. True, I had never bowed at an "anxious seat", and had never seen a "strange light", nor heard a "strange sound", nor felt a "strange feeling". My religion thus far had been commenced and continued in penitence, humility, contrition and prayer. I had never been over balanced, had never been constrained to make a demonstration either publicly or privately. There was nothing impulsive nor spasmodic connected therewith. In later years, I learned those who make the loudest demonstrations were frequently the most unstable souls. In course of the fall and winter seasons, they would be in faithful attendance, but in course of the spring and summer, their places at "class meeting" would be vacant. In later years I also observed that excitement, rather than conviction was the secret of success in Methodist protracted and prayer meetings, and was the secret of their failure when those meetings were over.

In course of the spring and summer of 1865, I attended another Sunday School in the village of Queen Ann, where I had gone several years before, of which previous mention has been made. It was organized by a man named John Fountain Martin, who was traveling for the purpose of doing such work. He was not a success as a speaker, nor a success when he undertook one day to kiss the young lady into whose hands the school was committed. She said, "No--no--no--no!" (I was in the next room and heard her reply.) That young lady was even more exclusive on that subject than was the young Quakeress when a young lawyer, boarding at her father's, proposed to give her a kiss. She responded, "Thee may this once, but thee must not make a practice of it."....In conclusion of my remarks concerning that Sunday school, I will mention that it was in course of that year, and while attending that school, that I began to feel some tender emotions for the gentler sex. But, as that is a soft and simple subject, I will cut expecting only to mention it again when I reach the juncture where I shall feel constrained to mention facts that have a practical value and an important place in this place.

As 1855 drew near its close, the decision was reached by my mother and older brother that we should move from Prince George's county, Maryland, to Harford country of that same state. My brother wished to rent a farm, and he had not the means to take hold of one that was as large as the farms were in that part of the state where we were then living. Accordingly, our goods were packed and hauled to a station some distance above Bladensburg. We had to travel most of the night to get

there in time to take the morning train for Baltimore. My sisters were already in Baltimore, having gone some time before. My older brother rode through on horseback. Thus, my mother, my younger brother and myself, were the only ones to go with the household goods. We reached Baltimore safely and were met by my father's brother, Uncle John Sommer, and one or two of his children. (I said my father was named John, and now state his brother in Baltimore was named John. The explanation is this:--In Germany the so-called "godfather," or the one who pledges to see a child is properly reared in case his parents die, is the one after whom a child is named.) This explains the reason that two sons in the same family were named John. Two "godfathers" bore that name.

While we were in Baltimore, Uncle John took good care of us and soon we went to Harford county, about twenty miles east on the Baltimore and Wilmington R.R. There, we tarried awhile with my mother's half brother, John Dollinger, and his German family. But soon the time came for us to move a few miles distant to the farm my brother and Uncle Dollinger had rented. We reached the place some time in the early part of January, 1866. Near the house into which we moved was a cord wood chopping, in which a half dozen or more ax-men were working the timber into four foot wood for a charcoal pit. A few days after reaching the place, I ground up an old ax and began. My sixteenth year had just been completed and I was in splendid health. No boy of that age ever grasped an ax with more energy in order to chop out a living for himself together with his mother and younger brother. Perhaps no boy ever succeeded better. In course of time it became evident that my older brother likewise, had to be supported, for the farm he rented was poor and unproductive....The first day I chopped a cord and three quarters. Of this, I set one cord, and left the rest until the day following. Soon, I learned the business, and before spring I could chop and set two cords and a half in a day, when the wood was good.

Mother fell a victim to the ague and suffered therewith nearly all winter, so I had to cook my own victuals part of the time. But I was getting seventy-five cents a cord, and was bound to crowd my work forward! I did so until spring, and by that time the wood in that district was nearly all chopped. Then I had to go about three miles distant. But spring weather was not favorable for wood chopping, especially as there were no others in that locality engaged in the same business. The sound of my own ax was lonesome. What made it worse was the fact that I had read in several numbers of a paper called "Chimney Corner", a story headed, "A Romance of Three Women." My sympathies were stirred in behalf of the betrayed one, and my indignation was against the betrayer, so that it seemed as if every time I lifted the ax or brought it down, I would be annoyed with some feature of that story. The warm weather, the lonesomeness of hearing no ax but my own, and finally that "Romance" together made me sick of the woods! So, I hired to a man named Standiford, to work on his farm through the summer.

In course of that summer, I learned some new methods of farming, very different from what I had learned in the southern part of the state. My wages, as I recollect, were sixteen dollars a month and board. I served my employer faithfully and parted from him on good terms. Indeed, I might say I served them faithfully and parted from them on good terms, as there were two brothers--Isaac and Benjamin. When I began working for them, they were near or about fifty years of age. Isaac was a few years older than his brother. They were honorable men in point of business, and had the confidence of people generally. Isaac became a disciple of Christ several years later, and I doubt not remained faithful.

The winter of 1856, I spent in the woods chopping cord wood. A smelting furnace seven or eight miles distance needed charcoal, and thus, one tract of woodland after another was purchased and cleared off. That winter, I did tremendous work. I had become master of the axe, and never grew

weary. I could eat anything that was edible, and could eat heavily three times a day. I chopped wood almost entirely, regardless of weather. One cold day, my older brother was with me. The cold became so intense he decided to leave an hour or more before sunset. As he did so, he remarked that it was dangerous to remain longer. But, I had my eye on another tree which I determined to chop down and cut up into four-foot pieces before I left. I did so before leaving the woods that evening. An Irishman named Whaland, was chopping in the same lot of timber. When he would leave in the evening, I would be chopping, and when he would return in the morning, he would find me chopping. So, one morning, he asked in genuine Irish accents: "Have you been here all night, Dan?" ... Thus, I continued all winter, and when spring came that lot of timber was between the stakes--the stakes of the ricks in which the wood was corded.

Then, I went about three miles distant to chop. The wood was smaller and inconvenient. Bushes, briars and other obstacles were in the way. Yet, between sunrise and sunset, I could walk that distance and chop and set two and a half, and sometimes three, cords--day after day. If I had had a chance at good wood near at home, I have no doubt I could have chopped and set four cords of four-foot wood each day.

The reader may wonder why I dwell so much on the fact that I chopped cord-wood in my early life. There are several reasons. One is the fact that I enjoyed it, and even gloried therein. Another is that I know the physical development it gave me was the best. Another is when I worked at that business, I supported myself, my mother and younger brother, and laid up some money,--which is more than I ever did by preaching except once, and then what I had gathered was soon spent in advocating the Lord's cause. Another reason for mentioning so much about cord-wood is that, the story of my life would be incomplete without detailed mention of the business which so greatly assisted in making me a physical man. Yet, I have omitted much. Three times I cut my left foot with the ax. Many other things transpired of which I have said nothing. My purpose has been to relate only what is necessary to give the reader a general idea of the fact that I was an ax-man, and one that gloried in his business.

But, one day while chopping vigorously, in the latter part of April, I saw a man on horseback in the woods near. As he rode up, I recognized him as the overseer on a large farm where I had husked corn the previous autumn. His name was John Manadier, and he was overseer for a gentleman named, Ramsay McHenry. He had come into the woods to hire me for farm work. I agreed with him for "a dollar a day and board, wet and dry, for six months." As memory serves me, I was to begin in course of a week or ten days. At the appointed time, I was in position and began work. But, in the meantime, I contracted a cold which gave me a long period of coughing. But, I never stopped work an hour by reason thereof. I handled the ax on that farm, turned the corn-sheller, and drove a team, though frequently coughing with every breath. The thought of stopping never occurred to me. Even if I felt sick, it seemed to me, was something that was unbecoming to mention. Hence, I went onward at "a dollar a day"--the heaviest wages perhaps that a boy of seventeen summers ever received for such work.

When the weather became so the plows could be started, I had three mules given into my hands. Bobeck, Sal and Merrimac were their respective names. Bobeck was rather old and stiff, but he was honest; Sal was troubled with the heaves and was too free for her own good; Merrimac had been in the army and had been badly treated, as her mouth indicated by being cut back so far with the bit that she could not drink water without diving her mouth deep in the trough. These mules were all good pullers; but Merrimac was a kicker when placed in single harness. Throughout the breaking, harrowing and corn-planting time all went well. There was no balking in my team. We fed by

daylight and started to the field by sunrise. We were called in at twelve o'clock and had an hour for dinner and rest before starting back, that is, we had an hour from the time we were called until we started out.

When time came to cultivate corn, the rule was on Mr. McHenry's farm, to go out early in the morning and work until seven o'clock, and then come in for breakfast. The first morning of this arrangement, the overseer came to the stable where I was and asked, "Sommer, who is going to take Merrimac?"

"I am, sir." was my answer.

"Well, Sommer, you'll have to be careful or she'll kick up all the corn in the field--she's a bad kicker in single harness," said he as a word of precaution.

I told him I had heard of "her reputation". As we were going toward the field, the other hands (five or six in number) had fun talking about the sort of "time" I was going to have. I did not get alarmed.

We drove with cotton lines--one tied in each cheek of the bridle. Before I had the second line tied, I saw the symptoms....she seemed to get light about her hinder part. When the hitching was complete, I stepped back to the handles of the cultivator, and at once the "show" commenced. Such jumping and kicking I had never before witnessed. The other hands had their fun. I spoke to her gently, but one of them said, "Oh, you can't coax a mule." But, we started across the field, and we had "fun" from one side to the other. I spoke to her sharply, but it was all the same. She jumped and squealed and kicked, from the east side to the west, and then up to the northwest corner. I was as careful as possible to keep her between the rows so as not to damage the corn.

When we reached the northwest corner of the field, we had gone about a half mile. As memory serves me, that mule had not walked ten steps at any time in that distance without kicking. Then, I started down along the fence and followed it. I soon learned talking to her did not good, and I had made up my mind not to strike her; so I kept my mouth shut. When she could kick outside the traces, I would let her kick in again. I simply attended to the cultivator, and when she stopped, I urged her forward. Before breakfast time she would sometimes walk probably twenty steps without kicking.

At seven o'clock, we unhitched and went in to breakfast. The other hands were still having their fun. One said she seemed "too light behind," and seemed to need a "fifty-six" swung to her tail. I said little or nothing. After breakfast, we hitched up again. The others were looking for fun, and they said it. Merrimac tried herself again. She jumped and kicked and squealed until it seemed to me she got tired--and decided to quit. Perhaps, she grew tired of it because she could not get up a difficulty at the other end of the cultivator. It takes two people to keep up a quarrel; and even a mule that was a chronic kicker could not keep up a spell of kicking without help. So, by eight o'clock, that mule had settled down to the straightest and most even walking I ever saw done in a cornfield. Previous to that, she had never worked single for any one! Though often tried, yet she had irritated and worried her driver until he had given her up to another. On one occasion, I learned she passed through the hands of a half dozen or more persons in course of half a day. But now, by reason of silence on my part and determination not to strike her, she seemed to settle down to business as handsomely as any mule ever did or could.

About nine o'clock, the overseer came out. He was tall and straight--had been in the Southern army and was a good walker. I saw him coming and he started directly for me. When he got in speaking distance he called out, "Sommer, what did you do to Merrimac?"

"Nothing, sir," was my reply.

"Didn't she kick?"

“Yes sir/”

“Then what did you do?” he asked.

“I just let her kick, sir, until she got tired,” was my next reply....And so, the mule was conquered. The overseer walked with me across the field once or twice, and that mule never made a bad move in course of the time he remained. After that, she gave me no trouble, though when I would first hitch her up, she would occasionally kick a few times, but never again made a business of it. In course of time any one could work her who would treat her kindly.

This case I have mentioned in detail because it was an important incident in my life, and at the same time, it illustrates an important principle. As already stated, that principle is set forth in this declaration: “It takes two to make and continue a quarrel.” Even a kicking mule cannot keep up a difficulty without some help. Neither can a perverse man or woman. Anger must subside if there be nothing done nor said which will cause the fires of passion to burn. Solomon said, “A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.” This is generally true, but there are times when the gentlest word will be misconstrued, and thus be made the occasion of stirring up more passion. Hence, after using soft words and finding they are as nothing, except to intensify the feelings of the angry person, it is well to seal the lips and say nothing. Then, there must be a change. Sooner or later, the fuel will be exhausted and silence will prevail....However, silence is not always the end of a difficulty. The philosophic Socrates tried silence on his wife. She exhausted her powers of speech and failed to provoke him, then ended by emptying a pot of water on his head. To this, he simply remarked that it was “becoming to have a shower after so much thunder and lightning.” What she said in response, I never learned. If her risibility’s were stirred so that she laughed or even smiled at his wit, then a victory was won. But, if she still maintained her ill-nature, then a tornado must have followed, unless she decided to take vengeance some other way.

Before turning to another subject, I state that when I had conquered that kicking mule, I thought I knew how to handle perverse human beings. But, I have found a considerable number who, by reason of pride, would not yield even when they could not stir a response.

When my work on this farm was ended, I was without work a few days. But, the “disciples” meeting not far distant were engaged in a protracted effort with Elder David S. Burnett as preacher. He was then “pastorating,” as memory now serves me, in Baltimore. One of the days I was not at work, I went to see the baptizing. While at the water, as I now recollect, I was informed that “hands” were needed to build a mill-dam which had some time previously been washed away by high water. I went without delay, and secured a position at \$1. 62 cents a day.” That was the price then being given for first-class hands, board not included. Such wages suited me splendidly. I could board at home, and thus could make more money than on the farm where I had been. Accordingly, I began.

Several “hands” that had been employed had worked several days, but before that dam was completed, I had put in more time than any man on the works. Constancy was one of the veins in my composition. When the dam was finished, it was corn husking time. I then went at that business, but did not continue long...the time had come for chopping cord wood. So, I inquired around and secured a contract to chop a hundred cords, more or less, for Baltimore market; and at it I went.

In the mean time, my mother and two brothers moved about a mile and a half nearer my wood chopping. This suited me well. I spent the winter pleasantly and made a success. My older brother farmed on a small scale on poor land. In renting a farm, he secured a house for us to live in, and generally furnished all the corn meal we used in the family. The other provisions I furnished, and so we got along well for poor people. Health, that great and precious blessing, never failed us. My older brother was not rugged, and he would use tobacco, which I doubt not helped to keep him thin and

spare. Yet, he did not go down under sickness. My mother kept moderately well, and my younger brother remained in good health. He helped my older brother with farm work, and so did I when he got in a close place. I helped him once with money to buy a horse. It soon died and so I was out--"security" was gone. But, nothing occurred whereby we had any unpleasant words.

He had a tough time when he was engaged in hauling cord-wood to the railroad. One of his horses--a bay mare--was balky. When the wagon would get into a muddy place where it would pull a little heavy, she would stop and throw up her head and look back. After worrying with her quite awhile, I drove some small nails in the back of my boot heel and filed them sharp, so they would serve in place of a spur. Then, I put her under the saddle, and when we reached where the wagon pulled heavy and I expected her to balk, I let her have those sharp nails quite lively. It was fun to see her pull! Thus, those little nails were a success. But once, I recollect, the baymare had her own way. I went to haul a load of straw for an old German, and had to take it over some new road where pulling was hard. She balked. I tried whipping, and that was a failure. I had no spur, and nothing I could substitute for one. The old German began to swear. He swore in German until he got tired, and then tried it in English. He was a success in the use of profane language....I suppose we worried an hour or more before we persuaded that balky beast to pull. She was a bad one! Since then, I have had to deal with balky people. My preference is for the balky beast.

With the spring of 1868, came a change of work. I had long tried to decide I should learn a trade, but my difficulty was that I could not decide for what I was fitted. Finally, I thought I could make a carpenter. Accordingly, arrangement was made with a man named John Dallas Everett, who had for some years been working with success at that business. He was a disciple of Christ and an excellent man. But he lacked rugged health and was not remarkable for energy. He would occasionally say that he had an active brain, but a lazy body. (This was true.) He delighted in books and papers, was quite well skilled in controversy, and always was pleased to advocate the religion he had accepted.

Here, I wish to take the mind back to my religious life through the period that has just been mentioned. As the reader will recollect, I had fallen in among Methodists before I left Prince George's county and moved to Harford county of the same state. After reaching Harford in the winter of 1865, I began to look around for meeting houses. In a town called Abingdon, I found there were several, and north of the town about a half mile was one I thought I would visit. Accordingly, on a certain Lord's day morning I went. To my surprise, it proved to be what was called "the cullud purson' meetin' house". But, after I was once there, I decided to see the end of that occasion.

Only a small audience assembled, but there was a big preacher--big in size and in vocal powers. What lungs and what a larynx he must have had! His text was: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." To this date, I have never heard that text handled more thoroughly nor more impressively....He appealed to his audience to behold Christ from the night he was laid in the manger until he was seated at the right of the Father. As he would round up some of his periods with tremendous emphasis near the conclusion of his discourse, one of his colored sisters would squeal and jump. The sound was too severe for her nervous system....It seems to me that he must have preached an hour and a half. The impression he made on me, I expect never to forget. Several times I have tried to preach on the same text, but I feel quite certain I never equaled that negro in discoursing thereon.

Once or twice afterward, I went to the white people's meetings in Abingdon, but it seemed like a dry place religiously, and I did not continue. It was an old town, built on a gravel knoll on the old Philadelphia pike, about twenty-five miles northeast of Baltimore.

As time advanced, I heard of a church in Baltimore county, about four or five miles west of where I lived. Salem was the name by which it was called. A mile east of the place was the village of Franklinville, built near a stream called Little Gunpowder. In Franklinville, was a cotton factory where a good many girls and a few men were employed. Those girls made the place attractive for a certain class of young men; they also made the meetings at Salem interesting every fall, but going forward and “gitting religion,” as getting religiously excited was commonly called.

In course of time, I became regular in attendance at Salem. I attended class meeting through the spring and summer, when the excitable folks were mostly absent. I spoke in class meeting whenever present, and soon was called to lead in prayer....I had learned to pray in private, and I found but little difficulty in offering prayer in public. Why should I? Why should any one? It is my conviction that if people would only pray as they should in private, they would soon be familiar with the language of prayer, and then they would find little difficulty in expressing themselves when called to pray publicly.

Returning to the congregation that met at Salem, I wish to make respectful mention of several members. There was Billy McCubbins--often called “Uncle Billy”,--he could not talk plainly; that is, he was “a lisper.” Yet, he knew how to lead a prayer meeting, and could exhort. In giving his experience on one occasion, I heard him state he had “many hard conflicts with the devil”; and that one night when he went out to pray, he heard a peculiar noise near him, and thought it was the devil trying to scare him....but presently, when the supposed devil jumped up and ran, it was nothing but a hog!

Tom Norwood was class leader for a time, but he was not a first-class success at the business, as he was not excitable....Stephen Norwood was a heavy-chested man with heavy voice. He could pray forty minutes on a stretch at the top of his voice, and never get hoarse....George Norwood, a son of Stephen, was a good fellow, but exerted and exposed himself in a protracted meeting in another part of the state, and the result was that his lungs gave away. He died of consumption.

Daniel Jones was another loud one. He was tall, large boned and noisy. To get up an excitement, I have known him to have two persons leading a prayer at once! He would sometimes “get happy” and throw his arms around so as to make it dangerous for the heads and faces of those sitting near. One night some girls who were “disciples” came into our prayer meeting at a private house, and this Daniel Jones began throwing his arms around until he knocked the hats from the heads of several....I could not see the propriety of so doing, yet, it was the outgrowth of an idea concerning religion which I had not learned to reject. That idea was that “a happy feeling” was sure evidence of the Divine blessing, or of the Holy Spirit’s presence. But, now I come to mention facts which assisted me in the process of analyzing that idea so as to reject it fully and finally.

One of our members was named John Douglass. He was an innocent fellow, and was regarded as simple-minded. Yet, he had sense enough to know right from wrong in ordinary matters, and endeavor to be good. He had “professed religion” and “joined” the church. At our prayer meetings, he was regular, and generally became “happy”. In some instances, he would get so far under control of his emotions, or get so “powerfully blessed”, as it was called, that he would not be ready to start home at the proper time. Well do I recollect one cold wintry night when snow was on the ground, and frost shining by the moonlight on the snow, that several had to take John by the arms and start him homeward. He was shouting, “Glory! Glory!” every few minutes. After he had been brought down from the bank whereon the house was in which we had met for prayer meeting, John again shouted “Glory!” and threw himself backward so that he slipped from the hands of those who held him, and went down on his back in the snow. I walked up and looked at him not knowing what to

do with such a case. Presently, Daniel Jones came up, and we looked to him for whatever should be done. He remarked, "I'll fix 'im." Thereupon, he stooped down, gathered a handful of snow and rubbed it over John's face quite thoroughly. That brought him to his senses! He arose, looked around to see where he was, and started for home without saying a word, as I now recollect.

That performance made an impression on my mind which assisted greatly in opening my eyes to the secret of what is called the success of Methodist meetings. Daniel Jones claimed John Douglass "had got the blessing," and thus that the Spirit of God was working in him, or had bestowed on him a "special blessing". Yet, when John Douglass was held by that "special blessing too long for our convenience, Daniel Jones proceeded to quench that Spirit, or counteract that blessing, by rubbing snow in John's face! The more I reflected on that incident and the more I considered the case of John Douglass, the more I became suspicious concerning those "special seasons" of over-powering. Finally, I remarked one day to one of my older brethren, that either John Douglass was better than any others of our company, so that the Lord favored him with a great number of "special blessings", or else those occasions were the result of John's weakness. As I recollect, no answer was given--certainly nothing was said in response that was in anyway satisfactory. So, I continued to think and as the thinking continued the whole matter began to crystallize....I knew I was one of the most constant. I would walk farther to class meeting and prayer-meeting than did any others, and was more constant in attendance than any one, unless it was the class leader; yet I had never lost my balance in any of those meetings. I tried to lose my balance, but could not! What, then, was the secret of this great difference? In the classroom, those giving their experience would generally tell of dark periods of doubts, and of fears. I had none of them....They would also relate of their special seasons of rejoicing. I had none. Religion with me was an every day affair. My mind, heart and life had been thoroughly changed, and I struggled daily to keep myself unspotted from the world. As a result, my joys were daily and constant--moving onward like a deep and mighty river. Hence, though I was associated with Methodist people and was called "a Methodist", yet, I had not the experience of that class of Methodists who are "sometimes up on the mountain-top and sometimes down in the valley." Yet, my experience was never questioned. When I went into the class-room and stated I was glad to say that I was a child of God and was struggling to walk in the narrow way which leads to life everlasting, none doubted my conversion, though I had no story to tell of overpowering power.

So, I continued to think. In course of time, it became evident that those who made the most noise and told the finest story were most liable to get off the track when left alone or thrown out in the world. Still, I dislike the idea of giving it up and concluding that my Methodist brethren were deluded. I tried to think of religion as something that worked differently on different temperaments, but I could not make that idea harmonize with all the outworkings. That some should be made so unspeakably happy and yet in course of a few weeks seem to forget all about it, and go back into worldly practices, I could not understand.

Such was my condition of mind when I first became acquainted with people called "disciples of Christ". Yet, when I heard the doctrine of these people, I at once concluded it was a dead formality, and that those professing it knew nothing about "heartfelt religion". It seemed to me they would virtually say to the Lord: "Now, Lord, we do our part, and we shall expect you to do yours: We believe, repent, confess and are baptized, and now we demand of you that our sins be pardoned, and that you accept us."

My readers may think strange of such conclusions, but they probably would not if they knew the kind of preaching I heard. When I first became acquainted with "disciples" who met at the

“Mountain Meeting House”, they were so unfortunate as to have a man preaching for them named Calderwood. He was a black haired, black whiskered, long coated specimen of humanity. I will not say he was lazy, but he certainly did not like to work between meals. To this date, I have never met a man whose mind seemed more barren. He would write out and partially commit his sermons to memory. As a result, he was confined to his manuscript. He could neither talk extemporaneously, nor could he repeat his discourse from memory. He was a blunderer!

He did not like to kneel in prayer. I understood from some one that he said it “pestered” him to kneel. One day he was preaching concerning John the Baptist. In course of his remarks he asked, “Who was John the Baptist?” Of course, no one answered. Then, he asked again, “Who was John the Baptist?” That time he thought he should answer himself, and so he broke out saying, “Why, he was the daughter of Elizabeth,” very much to the amusement of his audience. Some thought he had somebody’s daughter “on his brain”! But, he seemed not to notice his mistake or else thought it too trivial to be worthy of correction.

Well, it was the preaching of Mr. Calderwood that gave me a very meager conception of the people known as “disciples of Christ”. Yet, I had seen enough of Methodism to know the principle of excitement was too freely used in the advocacy thereof. Methodists acted on the principle that people needed to be confused in order to be converted. I thought confusion and conversion bore to each other no necessary relation. Nor, have I changed my mind.

With the foregoing facts submitted, the reader can readily see I had commenced to think in a discriminating manner when I went to work for John Dallas Everett in the spring of 1868. Before I had been with him long, we entered into a discussion of various features of the differences in our religious positions. He told me I had never been baptized,--for infant sprinkling was not baptism. I tried to maintain it was, but soon found I could not.

My next resort was that baptism was a non-essential to salvation. In trying to defend myself, I appealed to Paul’s language in Romans third and fourth chapters, where mention is made of justification by faith without the deeds of the law, and without works. This was my rallying place--my Gibraltar! But, soon John Dallas Everett showed me that “the law” in that place referred to the Jewish law; and that Paul was teaching that under The Gospel dispensation people were justified by faith in Christ, and not by the deeds of the law which was given through Moses on Mr. Sinai to the Israelites. Then, I was staggered....but soon tried to recover myself.

I tried to defend myself against Everett by dwelling on the subject of faith, and on the idea that if one believed with his whole heart and was willing to obey, then God would take the well for the deed. But, here again, I was met with the statement that no man could know certainly he was willing to obey the divine commands while he would not go forward and obey them. Finally, we discussed Acts 2:38. My friend Everett asked: “Dan, do you believe Peter meant what he said to those Jews on the day of Pentecost?” I had to answer “yes”. And, as I did, so I felt Methodism was slipping from me! I saw at once what Peter must have meant what he said, for he was at that time an inspired man. Then I saw, also, that as he commanded the Jews to repent and be baptized before he promised them remission of sins and the gift of the Spirit, then I must be baptized before I could scripturally claim remission of sins.

What strange feelings possessed me? I had been a long time contending against necessity for baptism, and now I had admitted its necessity. How strange?...I was not distressed nor unhappy, but was filled with anxious thought. Gradually I yielded, and when the next protracted meeting was held by the people on what was called “the mountain”, I yielded. Elder T. A. Crenshaw, of Middletown, Pa., was doing the preaching and he baptized me. Some days after, I was asked by my friend Everett,

if I would take membership with the church on “the mountain”. I told him I would; but did not tell him all I thought. My reserved thought was that “the disciples don’t know much about heart-felt religion, and it is my business to go among them and teach them.” But, I soon learned, after getting further acquainted, that many of them knew a great deal about religion, and had the best kind of an experience! This is true of disciples generally; but after sixty-five years, I am sorry to confess, we have among us an unfortunate number of dead formalists.

After uniting with the Church of Christ and becoming better acquainted with the members and doctrine, I saw more clearly what should be my life’s work. For years I had grappled with the question of choosing a department of work. I tried to satisfy myself with some secular calling, but could not. “To what shall I devote my life?” This was the greatest question with me when I was sixteen years of age. Well do I recall that over and over that question would become so absorbing that I would stop in the midst of my work as a wood chopper, and stand motionless until I would get cold, before I would be aware of what was holding me. Sometimes, I would stop when going somewhere, and remain motionless for some time. Even at night, when alone, I recollect I would sometimes stop and sit on a fence, a stump or a log, and....think!

I was conscious of physical powers, but had doubts concerning my mentality. I wished for independence financially, but I could not satisfy myself that seeking wealth was my mission. As I looked abroad on the world of mankind, I discovered that people generally were unhappy,--and wealth was not what they needed, as it could not produce happiness. But, I learned sufficient of the religion taught in the New Testament to know it would give the troubled conscience ease--that it would give peace and rest to the unhappy and oppressed mind or spirit. Besides, I saw the results of true religion would continue throughout the endless ages; that is, I saw true religion would give happiness for both time

and eternity. Reflecting on this subject led me to this conclusion: I must devote my life to the work of making mankind happy!....Then, the question arose: What course shall I pursue in order to accomplish this end? The answer soon came as clear as light. I did not reflect long before I came to this conclusion: Preach the Gospel of Christ!

Here I shall pause and offer a few remarks. The clearness with which the foregoing conclusions concerning my life’s work were reached was such that I could never banish them. Some would say they indicated a special call to the ministry. Then why did I not thus regard them? I was under the influence of the kind of religious teaching which would have impressed me that I had received a call direct from Heaven. It seems to me the same power that calls a man could make him recognize the source whence the call came. But, I could trace my conclusions to their origin. I could look back and recall the very line of thought that caused me to reflect and I could re-trace the very process of thought which brought me to my conclusions. So, it has always seemed to me there was nothing supernatural, nor superhuman, in any feature of the entire process. But, the preceding years of hard work had divested me of youthful follies and made me sober-minded. Responsibility had developed individuality. I was compelled to think in fighting the “battle for bread”, and that compulsion developed thinking power. At sixteen, I was therefore, as sober-minded as I now am at eighty-five. Plenty of hard work and stern responsibility will do the same for many others, and thus will lay the foundation in them for usefulness which will bless them, and mankind about them, for both time and eternity.

But, when my convictions were matured, then a severe conflict began. I longed for financial independence, and felt sure I had the health and energy to secure it. Therefore, I desired to prosecute some line of business for a livelihood. In conflict with this came my conviction that I should preach

the Gospel. As a preacher, I thought, I would have to be a servant--a servant of servants! This was contrary to my earthward wishes. I had so long served others in capacity of a hireling, that I desired, as I sometimes expressed it, "to be my own man". But, this desire would have to be banished if I became a preacher. Hence, I drew back, and the conflict between conviction of duty and desire for financial independence began to be waged. My deficiency in education and my natural slowness of speech came up as an argument against conviction and in favor of desire; but these proved insufficient. I recollected that when I did go to school, I made good progress, and I thought my speech might be quickened--as I was not tongue-tied, nor afflicted by lispings nor stammering. So, the argument based on lack of learning and of easy speech was set aside. Then, I tried to compromise, and decided to be a local preacher--one who would "work through the week and preach on Sunday." Sometimes I thought this compromise was fixed; but it would not remain fixed. If it was my duty to preach the Gospel, it became, to my mind, as clear as light that I should preach it all the time. Then, if it were a good work to preach, certainly the more I would do thereof, the better. As I was convinced that acceptance of the Gospel would make mankind happy for time and eternity, it was certainly true that I could by preaching all the time, reach a far greater number of mankind than by only preaching all Sundays....Such was the reasoning which prevented me from settling on the plan of "a local preacher." The reader may be interested to know whether in my reasoning, as then conducted, I used the word "gospel" as I now do in giving account thereof. My recollection on that subject is distinct. I had read the New Testament, but had not read human theology. The word "gospel" I found in the New Testament, and thus, it was used in my reasoning. True, I did not understand fully what the Gospel was; yet I recognized it as my duty to preach it. As for Methodism, I was not sure it consisted of the Gospel, nor that it constituted the Gospel. I had my doubts. I held thereto in most of its features, because I had never found among mankind anything better. But, I thought I was willing to learn and to know the truth, whatever that might be, and to preach the Gospel as found in the New Testament.

Such was my position and such were my reflections when in the spring of 1868, I went at carpentering with Jon Dallas Everett. He had several years before become a disciple, and had married the younger daughter of a German woman (a widow) named Klinessmith, who, together with her daughters, kept a farm boarding-house on Ramsay McHenry's farm near Winter's Run, a stream which ran through Harford county. Then began our discussion of the question of obedience to the Gospel, as previously mentioned, which resulted in my taking membership with the Church of Christ. But, while I was working for him, the old conflict would sometimes arise between my conviction of duty and my desires of worldly independence. Occasionally, the conflict was severe, and made me very uncomfortable. One night, after the day's work, I was much troubled on the subject, and it occurred to me that I should "pray over the matter". So, I went to a hay barrack and found a ladder leaning against one side thereof. The barrack was nearly full of hay, and I thought on top of the hay would be a good place to pray without being disturbed. So I went up and tried to pray; but it was a failure. I struggled for a time, but soon recognized I was fighting against my convictions of duty, and trying to secure relief from the trouble resulting therefrom without yielding to what I was satisfied was right. Hence, I broke down in my prayer and asked: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

With that question, I surrendered my will. Then, I arose, descended the ladder and walked back to the house. It was a complete surrender, and I have had no trouble with my will from that day till this, on the subject of my life's work. Martin Luther, it is said, decided to become a monk when frightened in the midst of a thunder storm; Alexander Campbell rendered his decision when in the midst of a shipwreck; and many others have matured their decision under peculiar pressures. But,

I surrendered, finally and forever while trying to seek relief, from my convictions, in prayer.

Many preachers can take up and lay aside the important work of proclaiming “the unsearchable riches of Christ”; but I cannot. There are men who delight to preach, and regard it a high honor; but I do not. I wish I could. In early life, I enjoyed working on a farm and chopping cord-wood more than I ever had the work of preaching! The good accomplished by my labors is my only comfort. I am not a natural talker, and don't like to talk. On the contrary, there is a vein in my composition which disgusts me with a talkative man or woman.

Sixty-five years of labor that has been almost constant has not made much change. Accurate speech is so difficult for me that I am often disgusted with myself. I dare not be careless concerning my speech, and thus I need to be constantly on guard. My memory is naturally defective, and thus I cannot retain end quote Scripture with accuracy. Hence, I wear out my Bible turning over the pages of the old Volume, in order to read before the public what it declares....Many who have heard me do not know how to credit such statements as being strictly true, yet, I know they are true. Besides, I dislike to be in a crowd, and dislike most of the compliments on my preaching that I hear. I know my preaching is so defective when compared with that which Christ did, that I often feel ashamed thereof. Hence, I have never enjoyed preaching to any considerable degree. Certainly I have not enjoyed it as others have who seem generally satisfied with their efforts.

Many are by nature, much better fitted for the work than I am. Some of them seem to take delight therein, and I bid them Godspeed. When I meet those who are better gifted than I am for addressing the public, I detect it readily, and rejoice in that they have advantages over myself. I envy no man, and am jealous of no man; but I recognize that I am individually responsible for the powers I have, and that God will hold me accountable for use thereof. In early life when I contemplated preaching, I had serious doubts about my abilities; but decided that I could improve what had been given me, and that nothing short of a trial of the five years could enable me to understand what I could or could not do. I now think it will take a trial of the remaining days of my life. I have never yet preached a sermon with which I was entirely satisfied.

When, I became a disciple of Christ in August of 1869, and took membership with the Church of Christ that met “on the mountain” (as the place was called) a new era began. For the first time, I saw with some degree of clearness, what the Gospel was, and thus what doctrine I should preach. I had enjoyed the work of a carpenter, and by crowding my work, had made some money for my friend Everett. He acknowledged that in the woods I generally did the work of two ordinary men. I could chop down a tree, line it, score it and hew it with splendid speed. I delighted to handle the axe, and have frequently said that should I ever learn to preach as well as I learned to use the axe, I shall then be a grand success.

Soon after I took membership in the Church of Christ and it was understood I intended to preach, the suggestion was made, and next the advice was given, that I should go to Bethany College in Brooke Co., W. Va. I did so; but after reaching college, I soon found I should have gone to a common school. Probably no young man ever went to college for the purpose of taking a course of study who was more ignorant than I was when I reached Bethany. My early education was meager, and I had been out of all schools nearly eight years. Throughout that time, I had mostly associated with negroes and unlearned white people, from whom I never received an idea, concerning books, that was beneficial. On the contrary, the whole tendency of such association was in the wrong direction, as far as education was concerned. But, I had read a few books, and had tried to read with care. These did me some good. Still, I knew little or nothing about text books. What I had learned in earlier life concerning arithmetic, I had forgotten almost entirely, and the same was true with

reference to grammar. So, when I reached Bethany College, I did not know the difference between the object and subject of a verb. Declensions and conjugations had all left me, and I was very nearly as innocent of the pages of a grammar. After reaching college, I heard some students talking about writing and reading "essays". I began to wonder what an "essay" was, and whether I could ever learn to write one.

The same day I reached Bethany, there came a young man from Philadelphia by the name of George W. McCord. His father was one of the overseers, if I recollect it right, of the church in Philadelphia, and George had for some years been a member. His English education was good, and he had studied Latin and German. He had belonged to a number of literary societies, and when he talked of what he had seen, heard and done, I thought he was a remarkable young man, and wondered how long it would take me to attain such eminence.

Next, I became acquainted with other students--seniors, juniors, sophomores and freshmen. Among the freshmen, I found Fred Hoffman and Alexander Campbell Kuhn, who after became my roommates. They were good fellows;--Hoffman was a German who had studied German and Hebrew in the old country, and had studied English closely after reaching America. I admired him because of his attainments. Kuhn (he commonly wrote his name Coon) was of German extraction, and came from West Virginia. I loved him because of his ignorance! He knew more about arithmetic than I did, but otherwise, I think we were justly placed in the same class. I had a miserable memory--and his memory seemed worse than mine! So, we had sympathy for each other. Besides, he was so different, or backward, he could not tell what he knew with promptness and confidence. As a result, he had a hard time.

The regular course required that each student take three studies. So, I took up Greek, Latin and Algebra. Determined to succeed, I soon spent so much time by lamplight that my eyelids became sore, so I could not study at all by lamplight for a time. In consequence, thereof, I dropped Algebra and held to Greek and Latin. After a time, my eyes got better, and when a class was started in composition and rhetoric, I entered as one of the pupils. Those three studies--Greek, Latin and Rhetoric--I continued to pursue until the first collegiate year ended.

I did not make the progress I desired to make, but I did my best. At the conclusion of the first year, I had an interview with my Professor in Greek and Latin. He said, "Mr. Sommer, I do not wish you to regard it as a matter of flattery, but as a matter of fact, when I say that, considering where you began, you have made more solid progress than any other young man under my instruction." He then explained, and I understood him....There were four or five others, in the class of about twenty, who were still in advance of me, but they had begun with great advantages over me. I began at the bottom, and with an uninformed and untrained intellect. I was a child of nature, with a fine stock of health and energy. I had not learned to study, did not like to study, and I presume never will. But, I learned to study at the point of the will. When I began, the difficulty was great. The Greek or Latin book would be under my eyes and I would begin. But, in course of a few minutes, my thought would wander away unconsciously, and soon, I would find myself (mentally) on a rabbit hunt in the glades and glens where I spent so much of my early life. Then, I would shake my head violently, so as to break up the forbidden line of thought, and bring the thinking powers to bear again on the Greek or Latin book....Next, I would find myself (in mind) climbing a tree after a crow's nest, or after a raccoon, opossum, or some other wild game. Then another violent shaking of the head, and another determined bringing of the thought down to the book before me, was the resort. Thus, I continued frequently shaking my head until it would ache. But, finally, the desired end was attained, and I could, by the power of will, hold the thought down to the task before me. Yet, as soon as the will was

relaxed, the thought was gone after something else.

This I regarded as a misfortune, for other students had a natural and easy concentration of thought which enabled them to study without such constant exercise or will. In course of time, however, I learned that some of them could become so interested in a study that they could not sleep, or could not dismiss that interest when they desired to so do. But with me, the reverse was true. Most subjects will slip away from me, or the mind will let them slip, if I do not hold to them by the power of the will. For just as soon as I relax the will, the thought is free, and the subject is gone! This, I have more recently learned, is a great blessing. I can dismiss subjects at the point of the will, and my brain is always free. Double duty, year after year, in preaching, writing, and talking in private, seems to have no power to weary the brain. Just now, I'm in three departments of duty--preaching, writing for the Review, and writing this record. My preaching includes visiting and conversing; my writing includes my own editorials and private correspondence. How long this constant and three-fold pressure can be endured, the Lord only knows. But when this record is finished, I hope to relax somewhat for a time.

In course of my first vacation, I preached a few discourses--such as they were. I knew little about the Bible, and was afraid to present my own thoughts with reference thereto; and so I borrowed as best I could. Afterward, I found I had borrowed some mistakes! But before the summer was over, I began getting up my own discourses, and soon learned to do my own arranging of subjects. But it was laborious to get my own thoughts fixed in memory so I could reproduce them. Sir William Hamilton says there are three departments in memory: 1st, the acquisitive power; 2nd, the retentive power; 3rd, the reproductive power. I found, by long and serious experiment, that my memory was very poor and feeble in all three particulars. My acquisitive power was defective, my retentive power was worse, and my reproductive was miserable! Yet, I adopted a maxim--"Everlastingly at it brings success." Hence, I would go over each paragraph and each sentence I wished to present before the public, twenty times or more--just as often as would be necessary to get each of them clearly fixed and so they could be easily reproduced.

The amount of close application each discourse required of me would seem extravagant, if not incredible, if described in detail. To fix a single sentence or Scripture generally required that I should go over it a dozen or more times. Regarding it as my duty to commit the Scriptures to memory, I gave myself a daily task at the business. In so doing, I found it necessary to go over the first sentence about a half dozen times, in order to get it fixed so I could repeat it by itself. Then I would proceed to the second sentence or verse, and while committing the second, I would nearly always forget the first! Then I would go back, and by repeating the first and second together several times, I would get them fixed--but not permanently; for while committing the third verse, I would generally forget the first and second, or get them mixed; hence, I would have to go over the first and second verses several times, I could add on the fourth verse. The same process was necessary with the fifth verse and every other, as I proceeded. Then what I would commit in the morning would get entangled before night, and what I would commit at night would be entangled by morning.

Thus it was with me. Yet, I went on with determination, and committed the letter to the Galatians and parts of several other apostles, in course of my so-called "student life." In later years, I committed much of the book of Proverbs, and several of the Psalms. Yet today, I cannot repeat those verses of any part of the Bible consecutively and accurately...This is a plain statement of the case; and I make mention thereof in order that if any who read my statement be afflicted with a miserable memory, they may yet be encouraged to continue their studies. Knowing what I do, it seems to me that simply having a defective memory is no reason for discouragement. Each scripture

must be studied so much that it will be understood even by those who are blest with a defective memory.

But the reader must not forget, I possessed a fair share of comparison or thinking power, and so when I took a subject in hand, I soon learned to handle it for myself. In dealing with the Scriptures, this power of independent thinking greatly compensated for my inability to recollect what others had said. Indeed, I soon found there was a special advantage in not being able to remember what others had said, for I was thereby prevented from occupying myself in searching after thoughts of the uninspired. Besides, when I found I could not commit the Scriptures to memory and retain them with accuracy, I decided to locate them in my mind so I could turn readily to chapters and read what I desired to present. This has been the secret of my success, as far as I have succeeded. I have studied the Scriptures until I have understood them, and then fixed the chapter and sometimes the verses in mind so I could readily find the place where the language was which I wished to use. This is wearing on the copy of the Bible that may be used, but it is wholesome for the audience!

When a man reads a passage of Scripture and gives chapter and verse, there is no question about the impression made on the hearer. People generally say, "I know what he said is in the Bible, because he turned and read it, giving chapter and verse." Or, as a man once said of whom I heard, "I know it is in the Book, because he first quoted it and then turned and read it."

Therefore, let those who have defective memories endeavor to fix the Scripture chapters and verses in their minds; and whether a certain passage is found at the top, in the middle or at the bottom of the page; and whether on the right hand or left hand page and column. By so doing, the necessity for accurate quotations will be avoided, for you can turn and read them. (I say "accurate quotations", because we should be supremely scrupulous in the question of giving the Scriptures to the people accurately.)

In September of 1870, I returned to Bethany College; continued my Greek and Latin, and, as memory serves me, I began Algebra and English grammar. There was no regular grammar class in the college, as students were presumed to be familiar with grammar when they entered. But, in many instances they were not, and so a class in grammar was occasionally taught by one of the students. Thus, it was, at the time to which reference is now made. One of the senior students thought we would confer a favor on those who constituted the "fag ends" or "frazzles" of the college, by teaching them English. So I entered his class, and we made some progress till one day our teacher was speaking of the frequency with which certain conjunctions recur, and in course of his remarks, he stated that "and" was the "popularest conjunction of the English language." On hearing such a remark, the most obtuse specimen in the class laughed....How much more we could learn under instruction of that senior, we were never permitted to demonstrate, for only a short time afterward, he was thrown from a buggy and so crippled that he only recovered in time to stand his final examinations before graduating. Hence, my drill in English grammar was short and imperfect. What I now know of it, I learned chiefly through Greek and Latin grammars which I studied. In the details of English as set forth in some of the books on grammar, I was never informed. I did earnest and effectual work in study of rhetoric in course of my first collegiate year, and thus the foundation was laid for close attention to clearness of speech in both writing and speaking. Clearness, as far as language is concerned, has been my chief aim from then until the present, and I trust will continue to be while my life shall last. Flowers and figures and flourishes and flashes are of no value in teaching the truth. The plain, simple, recital style is best in setting forth the truth, either to saints or sinners. Mankind value a picture by reason of itself, and not for the frame in which it may be set.

So, mankind should learn to value truth by reason of its own excellence rather than on account of the verbiage in which it may be presented.

(The preceding paragraphs were written about twenty years before I again studied English grammar. The occasion of my renewed effort to learn English was that certain of my young people were studying it, and their mother thought I would better do so again,--to prevent them from "getting ahead" of me, as she expressed herself. Then, I made my best progress.)

But I pursued my Greek, Latin and Algebra with diligence. I managed Algebra well until I came to the arithmetical work which was occasionally required. Still, on examination day, I stood a questioning of about three hours and received a "perfect" mark. That was the highest compliment. Neither before, nor since, have I ever been regarded as perfect in anything; and it was rather a matter of chance on that occasion, though I had made diligent preparation.

In Greek and Latin, my monthly reports, and examination reports, corresponded well, and they generally showed I stood "about ninety", or what was termed "scholarship of 90 percent." Four or five in the class generally went above that. Fred Hoffman, Geo. W. McCord, and one, two, or three others could excel me. But while I kept from twelve to fifteen behind me--all of whom had gone to school a great deal more than I ever did--I thought I was not the worst blunderer. When I did blunder, it burnt in so deeply--made such a lasting impression--that I seldom repeated the same mistake. Reflecting on this, I once remarked in presence of several students that I learned more by my mistakes than I did by anything else, whereupon one of them quickly responded, "Why don't you make mistakes all the time, then?"

Before leaving the subject of my studies for the second year, I will mention that I finished Algebra and took up Geometry. Near the close of the term, Prof. Robert Kidd came to Bethany to teach Elocution. I became so much interested in his instructions that I neglected my Geometry, so that when examination day came, I failed to pass, and so was thrown back to go over it all again. I never went back, but abandoned the Mathematical course. What did I need with Mathematics? I never expected to teach; and as a Gospel preacher I felt sure I would not need a full course of instruction in that department--to count my money. Thus far, I have not been disappointed.

For benefit of students in the exercise of public speaking, there were three societies--the Adelphean, the American, and the Neotrophian. The first of these was religious, and intended specially for young men whose purpose was to preach; the others were purely literary. I united with the first in course of my first year at college, as I now recollect; and with the "American Society"--or "American Literary Institute", as it was commonly called--in course of my second year. In those societies, I made ordinary progress, but could not succeed to anything more than an ordinary extent, because our best critics were students who themselves needed much instruction with reference to public speaking. Mispronouncing of words, however, was faithfully corrected, and some degree of confidence before an audience was gained; but here the special advantages of those societies ended. As I now recollect, I never was elected to any office in either of them, though I sometimes served in place of another temporarily. Certainly I never was president, because I declined to allow my name to go before the society as a candidate. There were no charms for me in official position, nor in any kind of prominence then, nor are there any charms for me in position of prominence now. Naturally I prefer to be absent from public gaze. But conviction of duty has called me forth from obscurity, and I presume will hold me in public life, while life shall continue.

Now I come to mention specially my acquaintance with Prof. Robert Kidd, the elocutionist. Near the close of the first and second sessions of my time at college, that gentleman came to Bethany for the purpose of instructing such students as might desire to improve their vocal powers or style of

speech. Well do I recall the first morning I ever saw him. It was in the chapel hall. After regular chapel exercises, Prof. Pendleton, president of the college, introduced Prof. Kidd as "The elocutionist". Prof. Kidd arose and spoke somewhat as follows:

"Young Gentlemen:--I have returned to this institution for the purpose of assisting those who may think they need the kind of instruction I can give in development and management of the voice. In teaching elocution, I do not profess to give new ideas nor introduce new theories; but I aim to bring you back to nature. Natural emphasis is the right emphasis. But in order to make the natural emphasis sufficiently strong to be effective, especially before a large audience, it is necessary that you subject yourself to long and severe vocal drill.. Hence, the classes that may be formed may expect that from the first they will be drilled in development and management of the voice. It is important for you to have knowledge, and to know how to write a speech; but if you don't not know how to deliver a speech, you will with the finest mental attainments make a failure. After you have finished you collegiate course, you will likely be called to deliver a Fourth of July speech at some place where your friends will be gathered. Then, if you have not secured control of yourself, and developed your vocal organs to considerable strength and power, you will make such a failure, and be so ashamed of yourself, that you will be tempted to commit suicide!"

That speech captivated me! The naturalness of emphasis, clearness of intonation, and ease of utterance, impressed me that Prof. Robert Kidd was the man above all others whose acquaintance I wished to form, and under whose instructions I wished to place myself. Students and professors all sank into insignificance when compared with him. I beheld in him the one who could do me more good in regard to the executive work or preaching the Gospel than could all others whom I had ever met. In my estimation, he was a "master". Accordingly, I was ready to slight any other department of study, in order to develop my vocal powers and learn to command them in a natural way. Therefore, I gave Professor Kidd's instructions my best attention. The instructions received from him I endeavored to practice, and attribute them to my success in public speaking; that is, so far as success has been attained in my humble efforts thus far made. Nature never intended me for an orator, for nature never makes blunders. When nature intends a man for any special department, she knows how to bestow her gifts. None of the gifts of oratory fell to my lot. Language is too meager in me, imagination too sluggish, regard for truth is too great, contempt for gush is too intense, and my voice is too rough, for me ever to become an orator. Yet, in public speaking, I know I have become a teacher of clearness and discrimination. Teaching an audience in the Bible is my sphere. Besides, by following Prof. Robert Kidd's elocutionary instructions, I have developed strength and clearness of voice that will enable me to address large audiences with as much ease as almost any one can.

After my second collegiate year, I turned my face again toward my native state. When I reached Baltimore, a telegram reached me stating that my mother was dying. I went out to Harford county in company with my two sisters, to the place where mother had been living for some years. When we reached the place, we found we were in time for her burial. She had passed from among the living the previous day. And then, for the first time in my life, I learned what grief is, and that it caused the heart to feel heavy and lumpish. My mother was gone! She lived and died in the Lutheran faith. I might have brought her to obey the Gospel, if she had not married a second time to a German Lutheran.

During my second vacation, I spent most of my time at Rickville, in Montgomery county, Md., trying to preach to the little congregation which worshipped there. I studied hard, wrote out my sermons, tried to commit them,--and made a failure. Such, at least, is my estimate of the work that I did I could not commit my own composition so I could repeat it with

ease, and, as a result, I was a slow talker. My acquisitive power was so small, my retentive power so treacherous, and my reproductive power was so slow, that I was a failure whenever I undertook to commit anything to memory and repeat it before the public

While this feature of the subject is in hand, I will mention that I continued to be a slow talker until I ceased writing out in detail the sermons I wished to deliver. Those who have good verbal memories--that can grasp, retain, and reproduce words correctly--may write out, commit and repeat discourses with success. But I never could have succeeded on that plan! Hence, after trying and floundering for a time, I thought I would make copious notes, study them closely in private, and then make a short outline of my notes to take with me into the pulpit. This plan was better. I could commit notes with tolerable accuracy, because there was not near so much to commit as when the discourse was written in detail. Besides, the notes presented the discourse in systematic form and could be more easily grasped. For though my verbal memory is contemptible, yet my comparative memory is good. That is to say, though I cannot fix in memory and readily recall words and sentences as such, yet I can fix outlines of thought in their relationship to each other. This is what I call "comparative or relative memory," because it holds things in comparison with each other, or in relationship to each other. As time advanced, this became so developed that I could easily dispense with all notes in the pulpit, and in course of time, learned to dispense with all notes in private. In course of about ten years after I began preaching, I burned up all notes I had made, and have seldom arranged any since. Now, I presume, I could arrange a discourse which would require several hours for delivery--a discourse discussing a hundred points or more and referring to five hundred passages of Scripture, without making a note--and deliver it without missing a point I intended to make.

But, here the reader's mind is again invited to Bethany College. In course of my third year there, I began preaching at Dutch Fork, Pa., about seven miles from Bethany. It was not a town, nor even a village; but simply a meeting house and coal house in a ravine some distance in Washington County, Pa., across the West Virginia line. The brethren seemed pleased with my labors, and gave me some remuneration which I greatly needed. I also preached some at Independence in the same county, where I was also remunerated. To reach these places, I would hire a livery horse and go in the saddle. I would start on Lord's day morning and return at night after meeting. In these trips, I became acquainted with mud, rain, snow, ice and cold. But those things were minor matters to one who had long been used to difficulties and whose mind was full of determination. I should rather say, they were matters of enjoyment! An easy life would have made my existence a burden.

During the first four months of my third collegiate year, I studied four languages, namely: Greek, Latin, Hebrew and German. My reports indicated I managed them well, for my average grade was "nearly ninety". When Christmas came, I dropped the Greek and Latin and continued the Hebrew and German till close of recitations at the end of the session. Then, I became engaged in a protracted meeting at Dutch Fork, which continued through the period of final examinations for that session. It resulted in twenty-one additions to the church; nineteen by baptism. In consequence, I stood no examinations. As I never entered the college again, I left it without graduating in any department. I studied Greek and Latin nearly two and a half collegiate years of nine months each; Hebrew and German a year each; went through Algebra, and half through Geometry; studied Rhetoric four or five months, and English Grammar two or three months (reciting two or three times a week), and studied theoretical chemistry four or five months.

Such were the departments in which I made respectable progress in course of my three years at Bethany College. They were years of severe trial, especially by reason of the extreme poverty with which I was afflicted a great part of the time. I went to Bethany with only money enough to enter the

institution, and then I depended on contributions from brethren who had said they would help me. But, I soon learned that general promises were uncertain assurances, and often I was without money for weeks. Clothing became threadbare, and even ragged. One winter I wore a straw hat a greater part of the time. When time came at close of the session that I had to do something to settle accounts, I gave my note. There was a merchant at Bethany named Jacob Curtis, with whom I dealt. He took my notes in settlement of accounts, year after year, when I could not raise the money, just as though I had abundant real estate as security. He held two notes against me when I came to leave; but I had forgotten one of them, and his son, then assisting him, overlooked that one. I paid the one that was presented and left, supposing all my accounts were settled. But, about five or six months later, I received a letter from Bro. Curtis stating that he had a note of "ten dollars", I think, against me. I wrote him that I had no recollection thereof; yet, if he had any piece of paper in his possession promising him and bearing my signature, I certainly would feel under obligations to pay it. In reply, he sent me the note, stating that his confidence in me was such that he could afford to send me the note itself for my inspection. When it reached me, I sent him a money order for the amount, and accompanied it with a letter expressing sincere thanks for his kindness to me through my poverty stricken days at Bethany,--adding that I was not one of those who think if a debt is finally paid, then all obligations are ended, for I still recognized that I owed him a debt of gratitude. In reply, he stated that my letter was very gratifying to him especially as it was very different from others he had received, and from persons from whom he had reason to expect better things.

Thus, ended my business relations with Jacob Curtis, of the town of Bethany in West Virginia. He was a true friend. And I have been pleased, whenever I think of him, that I parted company with him on a kindly manner.

I wish to refer again to my financial stringency while at Bethany. In course of my first year, I boarded in a "club of eighteen or twenty, and that was the year I went behind financially more than at any period thereafter, as memory now serves me. It cost each student about eight dollars a month to board in that "club". It was called "Kit-Cat-Club". I never learned who named it, but suspect it was a wag who was with us for a time. Of course, in order to get through each month on those figures, it was necessary to live on simple fare, especially as we had to pay our cook a respectable sum. By the next year, my room mate (Fred Hoffman) and I decided we could board ourselves even cheaper than on eight dollars a month. Accordingly, we purchased a few cooking utensils and began. A sister named Reese (wife of J. H. Reese of Michigan) was engaged to do our baking. We took a sack of flour to her and she would bake (as we thought we had need) till that sack was gone. Then, we took her another, and thus continued throughout the year. What meat and vegetables we ate, we cooked ourselves. Our usual diet was coffee once or twice a day without cream or sugar, boiled potatoes and salf, with bread--and butter for the bread if we could get it. But, a great part of the time we had none, and another part of the time what we did have was by no means the best. It was often "rinked, stinked and striped," as I used to say. One day, Bro. Hoffman brought up some butter from the village of Bethany (we roomed in the basement of the college building) which had been in brine. He put it in our frying pan and melted it, then poured it into a bowl to let the grit, salt and other solids sink to the bottom. It was a good scheme. We ate the top part; and though the butter taste was entirely absent, yet it served as a substitute, and we were not poisoned. But when we came near the bottom of that bowl, we had to draw back. Well do I remember that just after it had been poured into the bowl, Geo. W. McCord came in and asked, "What have you got there, boys?"

"Goat butter," was Hoffman's prompt response.

Well, it might have been, for aught I knew, yet I would not have given that answer even in fun.

Let none infer that I regarded Fred Hoffman as a fabricator. He was not; yet he would say some things in fun that I would not. Otherwise, he was a good, honest fellow. He was a better cook than I was, and so he agreed to do the cooking if I would do the dishwashing. Neither was done in first-class style, as we had to cook by soft coal in an open grate.

As previously stated, we generally had for breakfast and supper: bread, potatoes and salf, coffee without sugar or cream--"barefooted"--and butter when we could get it. For dinner, Hoffman generally tried to have a little meat cut up and boiled with any kind of vegetables he could get to throw in, so as to make something resembling soup. Altogether it was about like army fare except that we had no sugar, while the soldiers did. Such fare cost us about six dollars a month, each; so we saved two dollars a month by doing our own cooking. That was quite an item to such poverty-stricken specimens. Besides, we learned wholesome lessons of self-denial.

Near the close of the session, we did not fare so well. Provisions became scarce, and the potatoes we bought were watery and hardly edible. I recollect one Saturday morning, about seven o'clock, I said to Bro. Hoffman, "Fred, are you going to get any breakfast this morning?"

He answered in a gruff tone. "If you want anything to eat worse than I do, you may go and get it."

"All right," said I, "I can stand it as long as you can." So saying, I turned my attention to my book, or my writing, in which I was engaged.

But, about eight o'clock, he went down into the village and hunted around until he found some meat and onions, and such-like stuff, that which he brought up and cooked. Then we had one meal. What was left over, if anything, we took in the evening; and thus we passed through that day. Nor was that the only day we had one meal only and a "snack" in the evening. But we lived....True, about the close of the session, Hoffman became sick; and I suppose the low diet we ate had something to do with his sickness. But I stood it well, and left the institution in fair health, though I economized more than did Bro. Hoffman. For, while he was walking around and exercising, I was often engaged in washing my underwear and handkerchiefs. As memory serves me, I did all my washing, excepting my white shirts, for two years. I bought a tub and washboard from a student, and soon saved enough to pay for it.

Thus it was, I worried through college as far as I went. The third year, I boarded in a "club" and had my washing done. I was sufficiently remunerated for preaching to afford that much then, and so I began to get "the long end" of the financial lever. For the protracted meeting in which I assisted the church at Dutch Fork, and which resulted (as I previously stated) in twenty-one accessions, the brethren gave me about seventy-five dollars. That was a tremendous help in squaring up!

As it here recurs, I will mention that in course of the latter part of my second year at Bethany, two rich men in Baltimore, Md., became interested in me, and for several months sent a contribution that covered my monthly expenses. But when in course of my second vacation they learned I visited certain old gray-haired brethren who had been with the church in Baltimore almost from its beginning, those rich men became offended. They had mistreated those old brethren and, I presume, feared the results of my acquaintance with them. Besides, those rich brethren thought I did not think as much of "our pastor" (as they called a young man of enormous effrontery) as they thought I should think of him....All this was drawn from them by a letter which I wrote one of them in course of my third session. That is to say, they helped me through the latter part of my second session, and promised to see me through the third; but because of visiting certain elderly brethren whom I have mentioned, and not seeming to think as much of their "pastor" as they thought I should think, they treated me with silence in course of my third session, until I had gone seriously in debt and wrote

them to know the secret of their silence. When I received their reply, I was justly indignant, and wrote them the unvarnished facts. It was not a discreetly written letter, though I was careful to remain within the bounds of truth. Yet, it was a letter which demonstrated that I was not made of the material to be bought by favors....Even then, I hesitated not to treat with indignation any proposition which intimated a compromise of principle I had too long depended on my own exertions, and had too long learned to trust in God, to be made a sycophant. Well do I recollect the thrills of indignation which passed over and through my being when anything was proposed to me which even looked like time-serving. I am naturally slow to think; but on that question, my mind always worked like lightning. Hence, I wrote an indignant letter back to Baltimore, that which was copied and returned to me. (I learned concerning the copying some years afterward, when I was engaged in a controversy with their "pastor.")

. When my third collegiate year ended, I had engagements with churches at Dutch Fork and Independence in Washington county, Pa., which held me till close of the year. Hence, I remained at Bethany through the summer of 1872, and spent it in studying through the week and preaching on Lord's days. In the autumn, I assisted the church at Dutch Fork in another short meeting, which resulted in several accessions. The Brethren wished to engage me for the next year to labor as evangelist in those parts all the time, but some of them feared I would unveil some iniquity that had been covered by favoritism and compromise in discipline. When I learned the situation, I declined to work for them longer than the close of the year. When the close of 1872 came, I squared up all my financial matters, bade good-bye to those who, as I thought, were interested in my welfare, and left. Since that date over sixty years have elapsed, and I have never been back to Bethany.

But, before leaving that eventful period of my college life altogether, and taking the readers' mind to my after life, I regard it important to retrospect and chronicle a few items of interest. Early in my life at Bethany, I saw there was a difference between disciples and disciples. It became evident that some disciples were of the primitive or apostolic type, while others were of a modern or plastic type. Those constituting the former class I saw had stability, while those constituting the latter class had flexibility. The former disciples held that the world should bend to the church; the latter disciples held that the church should bend to the world.

This was to me a saddening discovery! When I went to Bethany the name "disciple of Christ" was to me a synonym for all that was true, upright, honorable, in religious character. Hence, when I was compelled to recognize there was a difference, and that two classes of characters were found among disciples, I felt unhappy! The word "disciple" then came to have a two-fold meaning. It thenceforth meant professed Christians who were entirely satisfied with what was written in the word of God, and professed Christians who were in certain respects unsatisfied with what was therein written. In other words, the term "disciple" came to mean those who taught that the Bible is a perfect revelation from God to both sinners and saints, also those who held that the Bible was a perfect revelation for guidance of sinners, but not for guidance of saints. Some disciples, I learned, were persistent in declaring that the Gospel gave the sinner perfect instruction concerning the important matter of becoming a Christian, and then gave the saint perfect instruction concerning worship and work of the church. Then I found other disciples admitting that the Gospel was imperfect in what it said to saints. Or, as I then expressed it, "Some disciples insist that we should obey Acts of Apostles and the Epistles with equal care; while other disciples hold that we should obey Acts of Apostles with care, and then imply that we may treat the Epistles with carelessness."

Such were my reflections as I beheld some of these two classes of disciples among the

students. Certain of them held that we should obey the gospel and walk in newness of life, in order to be sure of salvation; while others seemed to think after obeying the Gospel we may live an easy kind of religious life and yet be sure of salvation. Of this latter class, the president of Bethany College, W. K. Pendleton, was a respectable specimen. Prof. C.L. Loos, was less compromising than Prof. Pendleton, yet he was not apostolic in every particular. Whether his disposition to be more strict in disciplinary matters than was Prof. Pendleton was the result of principle or his natural disposition, I was never able to determine. For well do I recollect the time that Prof. Loos, standing behind the Lord's Table just before dismissing the audience, announced the first meeting of a new institution called "Mite Society". At least it was new to me, and I think was a new arrangement in the church at Bethany. Notwithstanding my unfortunate memory for most matters, yet I can very nearly recall Prof. Loos' exact language as he made the announcement: "The good sisters of the congregation (and they are generally first in good works) have decided they wish to have a Mite Society. They propose to meet on Tuesday night with all members of the church and their friends, young and old, big and little, who may be disposed to come and engage in good moral and Christian conversation. Then, when the crowd is largest, they propose to pass the hats or baskets around, and have each one so disposed to cast in a mite--just as much or just as little as each one may choose or feel able. The object is to Give, for the sisters wish to make some repairs about the meeting house that are very much needed. So, all who are disposed to come to the Mite Society on next Tuesday night will meet at the house of Bro..... , and they will please come prepared to Give!"

After meeting, Bro. M. P. Galleher came to me and asked, "What do you think of that?"

"I'm not going," was my prompt reply.

He extended his hand and said, "Give me your hand on that decision." We shook hands on the spot.

The foregoing events transpired in course of my second year at college. The Mite Society began, and was a success from the beginning. Old and young, big and little, religious and irreligious, "the well-dressed daughters of Zion and the high-heeled sons of Belial"--all assembled and talked! How much Christian conversation occupied the time may be judged from what followed. It was not long before some older disciples, especially the more pious, cared nothing for the Mite Society, and it was chiefly left into the hands of younger folks. Plays were soon introduced, and comic speeches were made for the fun-loving of the company. In these plays only a favored few would take part. Others, just as respectable but not as forward, would be left sitting around the walls uninvited, and soon began to be called "wall flowers". In course of time, the "wall flowers" and most of the older people were absent.

From the first, the Mite Society was opened with a song and prayer, and ended with plays! In course of time, I learned Prof. Loos ceased to attend; but Prof. Pendleton continued. In course of the summer season, when the students were absent, there was no Mite Society. But, in the fall when they returned, it was revived. One student stated to me that he had said so many foolish things to young people at the Mite Society that he was ashamed to speak to those same young people at the prayer meeting on the subject of religion. Another told me he had "acted the fool many times" at the Mite Society. Finally, a deacon of the church overheard two students talking as follows: "Lobe, you were not out to the Mite Society last night."

"No."

"Well, you ought to have been there,--quite a select company was present!"

To all this, I said little or nothing. But as time elapsed, in course of my third year at college,

Prof. Loos preached at Wellsburg, W. Va., seven miles distant, in order to encourage a faction from the church at that place. My statements on this subject are made in the utmost maturity. A company revolted at Wellsburg and called for an investigation. Profs. Pendleton and Loos, A. E. Myers, Joseph King and another brother were invited by the revolting company to come to Wellsburg as a committee of investigation. They assembled, and upon an ex-parte statement--a statement of one side--declared those who had left the church constituted "the church" in Wellsburg. Those who were thus declared to be "the church" began litigation for the meeting house, and were defeated after a considerable contest. In being defeated, they had the costs to pay besides lawyer's fees....The whole arrangement was a disgrace to the cause of Christ, and results demonstrated the mistake of the committee. A few years later, the two parties came together and, so far as I have learned, have ever since remained united.

Well, it was while Prof. Loos was preaching for this faction in Wellsburg that Prof. Pendleton filled the Bethany pulpit on Lord's day morning, and one after another of the students was called to fill the pulpit at night. Finally one day, just after recitation in Hebrew, Prof. Loos asked if I could not preach in the Bethany pulpit the following Lord's day night. I told him I knew not that I could say anything of interest to such an audience as assembled there.

"Give them anything that's got religion in it--anything that's got religion in it!" was his reply.

I told him "all right," that he might depend on me.

Then the question arose as to what I should give that audience. The more I thought thereon, the plainer it became that I should take the first Psalm as a basis for remarks and--before closing--handle the Mite Society! Of this intention I spoke to one student, and he advised that I should not mention the society by name, but simply mention it indirectly, so all could see at what I was aiming. I told him, then a certain company would probably say I was "hinting" at the Mite Society, but was "afraid" to mention it plainly; and I did not like to do anything which indicated fear to do right. He answered, "Well, then, go ahead as you think best,--and my prayers shall be with you." (That student was Bro. M. P. Calleher, with whom I shook hands on the decision not to go to the Mite Society when it was first announced.)

I need not tell the reader that I endeavored to make thorough preparation for that occasion. I did my best. When the evening came for the discourse, I requested Bro. Geo. W. McCord to go with me into the pulpit and open services by reading and prayer. He consented, and so we went together. He introduced, and then--the janitor came and handed me a note announcing where the Mite Society would next meet. I told McCord I would not read it, but that he might if he wished. So, he read the notice, mentioned that "Bro. Sommer would preach", and sat down....My time had come--and so I began, reading the entire first Psalm as a basis for remarks. Then I began to dwell on the godly man and on the ungodly. After describing the character of each, as best I knew how, I talked about the counsel of the godly and of the ungodly. I especially bore down on the ungodly and his evil influence.

A good audience was present consisting largely of students, many of whom were attracted by the announcement that I would speak--for I had not been often before the public, and had never before preached in that church. Professor Pendleton (president of the college) and Prof. Jones (assistant in ancient languages) were both present....As I neared conclusion of my discourse, I began to exhort the people to take the Bible as the man of their counsel. In so doing, I lifted the pulpit Bible up in both hands and continued thus: "Take this book as the man of your counsel and as the guide of your life! Take it with you to your places of business! Take it with you on your journeys! Take it with you to your closets! Take it with you to your Mite Society!" I paused--then remarked that as that institution, called the "Mite Society", had been mentioned, I would give it a brief examination. I did so, and was

not exceedingly careful to select smooth language. After dealing therewith as I thought it deserved, I offered a few general remarks and closed. Bro. McCord announced the closing hymn and dismissed the audience.

Then, I began to learn the effects of what had been said. An old brother rushed up, grasped my hand and said, "God bless you, my young brother! That is just what has been needed here for a long time!" Students came and congratulated me. I said little. My duty had been done, so I put on my overcoat and went to my room. Then, some students came to congratulate and talk over probable results. I still said little. I had done my duty, and could afford to await results. One student said, so I heard, that it was the "best thing" that could have happened for the Mite Society, as it would now flourish as never before....I did not predict concerning results.

Next day, I went down into the town of Bethany, and several took it on themselves to censure me. One was a medical practitioner, and the other was a daughter of the financial agent of the college. I defended myself as best I could, and waited results....Some students requested me to write out my discourse and have it published in the Review. I did not promise that I would, but remained quiet and awaited results.

But excitement was high! I learned afterward that persons who had not visited each other for ten years had suddenly become very intimate in discussing "that terrible man, Sommer", who had "assailed their innocent little Mite Society". The janitor of the college (Mark Fowler) told me the women of the town were "ready to hang" me!....I still remained quiet and awaited results. I had done my duty, and could afford to wait.

When the next night came for the society to meet, it was very stormy and but few were present. Another meeting was appointed, and still fewer came. Then it was evident the Mite Society of the Bethany church was a thing of the past! Some time after, a school girl of the town read the "Obituary of the Mite Society", in a paper she had prepared for the occasion. In the obituary, it was stated when it was born, how long it had lived and flourished, and when it received "A shock from the Bethany pulpit";--and how some said it would survive, but that time had decided the "shock" was too severe, and now it became a "painful duty" to announce to the friends of Bethany that the Mite Society was no more.

This account of the Mite Society in Bethany church has been given somewhat in detail because it reveals the condition of things with which I was confronted at Bethany in my early years, and reveals also that from the first of my discipleship, I was clear concerning the simplicity of the worship and work of the church. When I became convinced the New Testament was complete and needed no such appendage as the mourner's bench, then I was also convinced it needed no such addition as the Mite Society. In point of principle, there is no difference between a mourner's bench arrangement for confessing Christ, and a Mite Society for raising money for Christ. Both are human appendages and entirely without Divine warrant. The caste of mind which will concern the mourner's bench and yet advocate the Mite Society (or any other human appendage to the Gospel) I do not understand. Such reasoning as will condemn the mourner's bench because unauthorized, and yet endorse a Mite Society though it too is unauthorized, is contrary to all logic and even common sense of the most common kind.

Before closing account of my period at Bethany, I wish to mention that after the excitement was mostly over concerning the Mite Society, Elder Benjamin Franklin (founder and editor of The American Christian Review) was preaching at Wellsburg, seven miles from Bethany, and I obtained permission to leave college a few days and go out to hear him....Grand old man! I only had the privilege of hearing him preach three times; but I heard him talk in conversation, and learned that in

the Gospel he was certainly a master. I was most favorably impressed with him, and he seemed not to forget me.

The reader's attention is next invited to certain funny things I saw and heard at Bethany, omission of which would leave the record of my history at college seriously incomplete.

The first that occurred was soon after I entered Bethany. For a brief period, Fred Hoffman did the cooking for the "club" of eighteen or twenty young men, while I agreed to do the dishwashing. We got along well for several days until one evening Fred decided he ought to go down into the village, and requested me to "cook some rice for supper". I consented, and accordingly put on a boiling pot that probably held two gallons and put in some water. Then I began to pour in rice. After pouring in a pound or two, I thought it seemed like not more than half enough for so many. So I poured in a second and third time, so as to be sure and have enough for the entire company. After while, the water began boiling and the rice began to swell. Higher and higher it came until I saw it was going to boil over. To prevent such a catastrophe, I began to dip out. The more I dipped out rice, the more it seemed to threaten to run over! So, I filled one empty vessel after another--until I had nearly everything full of rice....(That made an impression I shall never forget while I can remember what is funny. Though that has been over sixty-three years ago, yet I can still behold my predicament with that rice; and it is needless to tell my readers who know anything about the culinary art, that the rice thus cooked was not good and was never eaten.)

In course of my second year at Bethany, I was on performance quite frequently in the American Literary Institute, of which I was a member. On one occasion I was on debate, and criticized quite sharply for pointing with my right forefinger so frequently to the left side of the house. It was a habit into which I was about to fall, that might have damaged me much in after life. But the critic, James Burrier, mocked me, and said to the chairman of the Institute: "Mr. Chairman, I would like to know what the speaker meant by pointing--pointing--pointing over to this side of the house." I arose and said, "Mr. Chairman, if the critic will allow me to explain, I will simply say I was making a point!" Thereupon the entire society burst into laughter, and so I escaped further ridicule on that occasion from the critic.

There was a strange specimen of humanity at Bethany named Andrew Linkletter. He was boarding in the "Kit-Cat Club", and one morning at breakfast was relating a story, when a student came in and simply heard the conclusion. As soon as Andrew finished, that student asked: "Bro. Linkletter, how was that? I only heard enough to be curious to know it all." Then, Andrew went back, began again and related the whole story. When he had nearly finished, it so happened that another student came in and heard the conclusion. Then he spoke: "Bro. Linkletter, please tell that again; I only heard the ending of the story.?" So Andrew Linkletter went back and told it all over. But before he had gone far, he perceived the boys were having fun at his expense. Hence, when he came to the last word, he amused us much by breaking forth thus: "There! That's the last time I'm going to tell that!"

Andrew Linkletter roomed with a mischievous student from some part of the State of New York, whose name was Gans. Whenever Gans would come in the room with a package of any kind, Andrew would ask: "Bro. Gans, have you been making some purchases?" Thereupon, he would take hold of the package and never stop unwrapping until he had seen what it contained, and had made investigation thereof....It came to pass that Gans got tired of such curiosity, and thought he would put a stop to it. Accordingly, he went to the barnyard, or some other place less dignified,--gathered up some refuse material, and wrapped it nicely. When he went to his room with his package in hand, Andrew, as usual, asked: "Bro. Gans, have you been making some purchases?" So saying, he began

untying and unwrapping. When his investigations were completed, his curiosity was satisfied, and "Bro. Gans" had no more trouble of that kind with him. Andrew Linkletter was cured of his unbecoming conduct in that particular.

But, one of the greatest curiosities of the institution was a young man named Harris, from Ohio. He was a constitutional wag. His face, the twinkle in his eye, his walk,--all indicated he was full of fun. To illustrate his disposition, I will mention a few items of his behavior. For instance, he would write as an essay for public performance a medley on all the ideas and expressions of which he could think, in their most disconnected form, interspersed with words and phrases from all the different languages with which he had the slightest acquaintance, and thereby, he would make the worst medley or bundle of confusion that could be placed on paper. This he would read in a solemn tone before the members of the American Literary Institute, and any others who might be present, and would call it an essay "on the Plutonian Regions". Of course, it was beyond criticism.

One day at the "club" table when the coffee gave out, he proposed to make more,--which he did after his fashion, by going out and pumping cold water into the coffee pot. Then, he came back and with the most grim solemnity served that "coffee" around among those who were still at the table.

One day when two students had some sharp words about a secret society, and one called the other a "liar", Harris interposed by saying, "He called you a liar, and you ought to challenge him to prove it; it won't take him long to do it." ...On another occasion, he amused some of us by saying he had made his mind to get up "a sermon on every verse in the Bible." As memory serves, he did not finish his first one.

Well do I recollect the time Harris said or did something in the Greek or Latin class which caused his professor to send him from the classroom. When we saw him again, he had dressed himself in his best and was strutting over the college grounds declaring he had found "the secret of happiness". When asked what it was, he answered, "To be out of money and be at outs with his professors."

In chemistry class, he worked out a problem on the board, and when Prof. Dolbear (scientific instructor) looked over it and pronounced it correct, Harris kissed his hand to him, and thus raised a tremendous laughter. But when final examinations came in chemistry, Harris did not pass. The members of his class petitioned that he should have a second examination. This was granted. He arranged with some of the class that when he should be locked in his examination room, they should look on the outside of his window,--and if they could see anything tied to a string, to examine it, and work out for him the problem he might send down. So, he provided himself with a spool of thread and with paper. The professor locked him in the room and left him. Soon, he copied the problems that were on the board, and let them down on his cotton string. His classmates worked them out, tied them to the string; and he drew them back and placed them on the board. Thus, it was, that he "got through." (This I give as I received it from one of his classmates. It occurred the year after I left Bethany. What became of Harris I never learned. He seemed like a good fellow, but was not a first-class student, nor was he by any means scrupulous on the subject of cheating the professors. But I trust he has since cultivated a higher sense of honor and a more tender conscience.")

While this question of conscience is before the mind, I mention that some people round about Bethany would mix tallow with their butter and sell it to the citizens for the students to eat. One day the cook for our "club" called the president of that body to come back to the house, as she wished him to "examine the butter" he had brought from the grocery. I went back with him, because I claimed

to be “a judge of good butter”. We all tasted it, and the tallow was certainly present. It was as evident to the taste as garlic is in milk when the cows have been eating thereof...(Yes, that was a sheep country; and when the butter ran short, some “good people” mixed tallow therewith, so as to make it hold out in weight. But the worst of it was that we did not know whether the sheep from which the tallow was made had been killed or had died of itself.)

One other event should be mentioned. Champ Clark was at Bethany the last year I was there,-I mean the celebrated man who afterward became speaker of the House of Representatives in Washington, D. C. He and I were near the same age and size, and the students arranged for us to debate the Liquor Traffic. He took the side of strong drink, and I the side of prohibition. In his last speech, he said as he clapped his hand on his chest, “I am a man! I’m not afraid of strong drink!”

When the debate was ended, and perhaps next day, I met him and said, “Clark, you said you were not afraid of strong drink, because you are a man. But that’s the very reason I am afraid of it! If I were an angel with no flesh and blood to poison, I don’t suppose I would be afraid of it. But, Clark, many men, by reason of not being afraid of strong drink, have tampered with it and gone into the ditch. And if we temper with it what assurance have we that we will not go into the ditch?”

He put his hand on my shoulder and solemnly said: “Sommer, you are right!” Then he told me his desire for strong drink was his “besetting weakness”, and said the same was true of his father...(As memory serves me, that was our last interview. But I had a letter from him a few years before his death, in which he stated that he still remembered that debate.)

The reader’s attention is called again to the beginning of the year 1873. As previously stated, I remained at Bethany through the summer and fall of 1872, and fulfilled my engagements with churches at Dutch Fork and Independence in Washington county, Pa. When the year 1873 began, I turned my face back toward my native state. So I packed my trunk and went by stage to Wellsburg, and there, crossed the Ohio River in a rowboat when the water was high and dangerous by reason of floating ice. Some ice would be shoved below the boat down the river, some would be held above the boat on the upper side, while some would be sunk with a pike pole so as to let the boat pass over it. All was managed well, and I landed safely on the Ohio side. There, I took the train for Baltimore, Md., and safely reached that city next day. There, I tarried a day or two with my younger sister, Rosina, who had in course of the previous summer married a man named Stephen Cramblitt. He was a paper-hanger by trade and a man of excellent character, though not a Christian at that time. As memory serves me, I also had the privilege while in Baltimore of seeing my older sister, Maggie, who still lived in that city. (She has now been dead several years. She never married.)

But, I did not tarry long in Baltimore, for there were other attractions further on. In course of a few days, I took a train for Harford county of the same state, and when I left the train, went by stage to Bel Air, the county seat. There I was met by an old Quaker in a rockaway carriage, who conveyed me seven or eight miles farther to his home, some distance above a place called Forest Hill.

Does the reader infer what all this means? If not, I can easily tell. That old Quaker was named Francis Way, and he had two daughters, the younger of whom was named Katherine, commonly called “Kate”. I had seen her three times before I went to Bethany, and several times in course of my first and second vacations from college. Besides, we had exchanged many letters. I did not regard her as beautiful, nor even handsome. She was a plain-faced country girl, weighing about a hundred and forty-five pounds, and was something less than a year younger than I was. Her hair was dark brown and eyes a light gray, while her face was marvelously white. She belonged to a very white family of people. Everything about her father’s premises was marvelously clean. She was quick-witted and mischievous. Her education was of the ordinary common school kind. Having lived

in the country all her life, she was not perverted by fashionable folly.

In her, I thought I saw something which would make a woman of energy and decision. We were married Jan. 28, 1873. I was twenty-three years old, and she was a little over twenty-two. Several months we remained at her home. Soon, I was invited to preach for a second church in Baltimore, and then, in order to be nearer the railroad and thus more convenient to Baltimore, we went to a place near Emmorton, in the same county (Harford), and boarded a few months with my friend and brother, John Dallas Everett. My wife occasionally went to Baltimore with me, and on one of those occasions, I baptized her in the baptistery of the Dolphin and Etting Streets meeting house, and she took membership at the same place with me. Then, late in the fall of 1873, we moved back to the old homestead, and remained there all winter. On December 9th, of the same year our first born saw the light. We called him Frank, and that is all the name he ever received from us. (He is now sixty years old, has learned much that others should know. And besides his preaching for about forty years, he has been offered much by his pen in the Review that others should know.)

In the spring of 1874, we went to housekeeping in Baltimore. I preached in that city regularly, but did some evangelizing in another locality. The church for which I labored in Baltimore was made up of three parties; namely, a residue or remnant of old North Street congregation in that city, a company that had left Paca Street church some years before on account of the preacher, and a company that had recently left for the same reason. In other words, the congregation on Dolphin and Etting streets, where I preached, originally consisted of a few who had come up from North Street, and to these were added two companies who left the congregation on Paca Street on account of the dictatorial manner of the preacher. About forty years previous, there was a strong congregation of disciples on North Street; but some trouble caused a division, and a strong company went into another part of the city and built up what afterward became known as Paca Street church. Those left on North street were chiefly materialist, and never succeeded afterward.

David S. Burnett served as "pastor" on Paca Street three years previous to his death. After he had died, a young man of considerable cratorica ability, with a "queer" reputation, was called to labor as Elder Burnett's successor. That was a serious day for disciples of Christ in Baltimore. But his pulpit ability enabled him to captivate the young and uninformed while he went on in his work of setting aside the eldership and domineering over the church. He had previously labored at Morisania, N. Y., Danbury, Conn., and at Syracuse, N. Y. In all those places he had serious trouble, especially at Morisania and Danbury. At the former place, ruin of the church followed his misconduct, so that the church ceased to meet for years; while in Danbury, a serious division followed, which kept disciples in that city alienated for years. (These are not inferences, for I had occasion to go to each place and secure testimony. Not only was that preacher liable to get himself in trouble with the eldership of each congregation where he preached, but he was regarded as what was called a "ladies' man".)

The foregoing facts are mentioned to show why the church on Paca Street in Baltimore became divided, and why the congregation for which I labored consisted of three companies--the "soul-sleepers" from North Street, and the two disaffected companies from Paca Street. These three companies never united very closely. Their union was not much stronger than a "rope of sand". Yet, a goodly number were baptized, and among them my younger sister and her husband, Stephen Cramblitt.

How long I would have remained in Baltimore had it not been for the mentioned preacher at Paca Street, and how well I would have succeeded, I know not. But as it was, I remained something less than a year and a half. Members of the church who had come

from Paca Street volunteered much information; and W. L. Hayden, then preaching in Philadelphia, wrote me a letter in which he made serious charges against the moral integrity of that preacher. These incensed me against him until I preferred charges against him, and thus opened up what proved to be a long and unhandsome controversy without any decisive results except, perhaps, to impress to that preacher that "the way of the transgressor is hard." For the committee of five, unto which the entire case was finally deferred in the spring of 1878, in the city of Cincinnati, proved to be a company of compromisers perhaps second to none that ever met. I had not then learned that a committee was an unscriptural and hence, a doubtful, company for discipline. But, the experience I then had, and more recent observation, have convinced me that "Committees" to try cases of discipline and settle church troubles are liable to be worse than nothing!

While I remained in Baltimore, I became more intimately acquainted with Elder George Austen, who had for over forty years stood connected with disciples in that city. He left the Baptist Church and went among the disciples, when in so doing, he left a higher circle of society and entered a lower circle. At the point of conviction, he turned away from all that society could offer him and associated himself with those who were less esteemed among men. Thus, he followed the example of Christ, who "made himself of no reputation."

I first met Bro. Austen in the summer of 1870, in Harford county. In our first interview he said: "Our best friends are seldom our most pleasant companions." That impressed me as an important truth worth remembering. I wrote it in my notebook, that I might never forget it; but it was not necessary. The manner in which it was spoken and my immediate appreciation made it impossible for me to forget what it declared. I saw at a glance, that our best friends are those who know enough to understand our mistakes, and who are candid enough to inform us concerning our mistakes.

But, that was only the beginning of excellent truths I learned from that venerable man. He was over seventy years old when I first met him in 1870. After that, we corresponded until I left Bethany College, and then, I went to see him at his home about twenty miles from Baltimore. But, after my preaching in that city commenced, I saw him frequently, and occasionally he spent some time at my house. Those were occasions of delight, for to this date, I have never met a man the equal of George Austen in point of intellect. He was the most dignified man in personal appearance, in voice, and expression of sentences, that I ever saw or heard. Though not educated in text books, yet he was so superior in thought that he always impressed those who listened to him, that he was a master! From him, I received some of the best discriminations of thought I ever had. He could say more in a single sentence than any other man with whom I ever conversed. In me, he found an appreciative listener, and so he seemed pleased to be with me. When we could not meet, he would write to me, and his letters often contained a five or ten dollar bill.

But, the communication of truth was not his only purpose in having interviews with me and writing me letters. Criticisms were frequently offered, and I will give the reader a specimen. On one occasion, Bro. Austen was in at a meeting on Lord's day and heard me speak twice. He went home on Monday and wrote to me a letter. Therein, I found the following: "Your morning discourse was only tolerable. At night, I knew you had made a mistake as soon as you took your text. Your intonations were forced and unnatural; your gesticulations were awkward, your outlines only ordinary, and the filling-up was miserable!" )I laughed over his letter, showed it to a fiend and his wife,--and then, seriously reflected that it contained an unfortunate amount of truth. Hence, instead of becoming offended by reason of such a criticism, I deemed it wise to profit thereby.)

Bro. George Austen proved to be my friend in counsel, in financial matters, and especially in helping me understand the Gospel in its bearings and relations on both saint and sinner. In 1879, he died, and I was called to speak at his funeral. In his death, I lost the most valuable earthly friend I ever had among my brethren in Christ. Thus far, I have found but one man who reminds me of him in point of intellect, and that man was Dr. J. L. Richardson, who occasionally wrote for the Review after I secured control of it.

Before leaving the period I spent in Baltimore, I wish also to mention that while preaching in that city, I formed the acquaintance of Elder R. L. Coleman, formerly of Virginia. He had also been among the Baptists in early life, and might have attained to eminence among them. But having become convinced that the position occupied by Thomas and Alexander Campbell was correct, he stepped out of Baptist ranks and took a stand with the disciples. Thenceforth, he preached the gospel of Christ in its simplicity. He was a very humble man, and did much good in Virginia. He endeavored to imitate the Savior in looking after the poor. I never before knew one who seemed so much disposed to hunt up poor men and women and read and pray with them, and talk about Heaven. But he was not appreciated by young "pastor" nor by the rich of this world. He was candid, and would reprove them where he saw they were wrong. Such a man living such a life was an unpleasant companion, though a perfect gentleman, and a Christian of the order mentioned in the New Testament.

Bro. Coleman's family consisted of his wife, three sons and four daughters. They were genteel young people, with bright minds and easy speech. But, Bro. Coleman had lost most of his property in course of the Civil War, and was poor. His daughters were under the necessity of teaching school; and that was, to them, humiliating and they were unhappy. Both sons and daughters longed for wealth; and when I was one day talking to the second son about imitating his father's example and preaching the Gospel, he said, "I have made up my mind to be a rich man!" Then, I gave him up. (Bro. Coleman was much grieved concerning the disposition of his children to long for material wealth. He knew it was dangerous to their spiritual welfare. Certainly, he was a godly man, and I shall always feel I was benefited by having formed his acquaintance.)

There were other brethren I met in Baltimore and learned to esteem as friends. Edward Sweeny and his Augustus, George W. Morling and his son Frank, Dr. Milton Hammond and his brother Nelson (a dentist)--from each of whom I derived benefit. All these have long since passed over "the river of death", and no doubt others will soon follow. But before leaving entirely the period I spent in Baltimore, I should record the philosophies of my early years

1. Having learned I had a natural thirst for strong drink, I resolved that I would not fill a drunkard's grave; and in order to be sure to make that resolution effective, I resolved not to touch, taste, nor handle strong drink.

2. As mentioned on another page, I decided that the way to treat all bad habits was not to form them.

3. While a student at Bethany, I decided I was not required to excel nor even equal, any other student, but simply to do my best with such powers as God had given to me by nature, and my opportunities. Then I would not be tempted to envy those who would excel me in recitations.

4. When about twenty-three years of age, I wrote in a lady's album as one of my decisions: "Control circumstances when you can; but when you can't, then submit gracefully."

5. Another conclusion was that to repeat profanity is second-hand swearing; to make use of vulgarity, even in relating an incident, is disgraceful; and to use slang is undignified.

From these conclusions, I have never varied without self condemnation.

At a later date, while thinking of what my enemies had been saying and doing against me, I said if they would continue trying to ruin me, I would amount to something afterwhile. And then, I began to speak of those enemies as my “unfriendly friends”.

In the summer of 1874, I left Baltimore and went to Chester county, Pa., to labor as an evangelist with, and for, a congregation meeting about two miles from a place called New London. The church assembled in an old stone meeting house at a place called Chestnut Grove. I first went to that place in August and assisted in a meeting. Then, moved over with my little family consisting of my wife and two boy babies. We boarded among the brethren until we could get into a house that was occupied by another family. In course of that fall, we moved into our rented house and began in the midst of poverty, to take care of ourselves. Soon, another boy baby was born, and thus we had three little fellows to care for and love. They were all restless fellows and occupied many precious hours when we would gladly have slept. I have heard parents tell how “good” their babies were, but I have another story to tell. Mine were mostly cross-grained and restless from the first. Their mother thought it was a misfortune that she had such specimens, but I endeavored to console her by stating that restless children were the only kind worth raising. In course of about two years and three months from the birth of the third boy, a fourth was added to the number. About that time, I began to call them “No. 1, 2,3, and 4”

As we lived in a very muddy district of country, we soon furnished the three older boys with boots. Then, they thought their business was to wade in mud, snow and slush, wherever they found it. I have known them to go out and wade in wagon ruts until the mud and slush would run in the tops of their boots. Of course, we corrected them, but they soon forgot. One day, all three of them (Fred, Frank and Chester) had been into some mischief and I took them into “the summer kitchen” to give them “a dressing”. Then, while I was switching the second one, the other two looked on to see how it was done and how it made the boy jump. Then, the two who had received their share, tried to dry their tears as soon as possible, in order to see how the third one took the switch. As soon as I was through with “No. 3”, I heard “No. 2” say, “Come on, boys, let’s go out and have some fun!” I thought, “That switching hasn’t made a very lasting impression.”

On another occasion, the two older boys started off in the mud and went over near a neighbors house, about a quarter of a mile distant. I went after them and brought them back. When I came near the house, Chester, (who was still wearing dresses) came out and met us. As he surveyed the situation, he asked with great solemnity: “Have you whipped ‘em yet?” This indicated that he was specially interested in that part of the performance.

Well do I recall the time when Fred (the eldest) was first deceived. A little Irish boy living near us promised Fred that if he would help him pick up chestnuts, then he would give him “a nice little box”. For the sake of the box, my unsuspecting fellow picked up chestnuts for the Irish boy several hours. Then he expected the box. But, it was not given. After waiting and watching and thinking and hoping for his box for a day or two, Fred laid the case before his mother. She told him the Irish boy did not intend to give him a box, and very likely had no box to give him, but told him a lie in order to get him to pick up chestnuts....How sad was that revelation! It nearly broke the little fellow’s heart. To that date, he knew not that there was such a thing in the world as falsehood and deception. His mother and father had always been careful never to deceive him, and so he was perfectly innocent on that subject. But he has since learned, and now knows, that the world has much deception in it.

The foregoing incident reminds me of another--We always taught our little fellows that

they must not use “dirty” words nor swear words. But as we did not tell them what the difference between them was, they were liable to get them mixed, and call almost any word that sounded a little strange a “dirty word”. Be this as it may, I was one day much amused when Chester came in from playing with the same little Irish boy of whom I made previous mention. As he came in, he walked up to me and said, in a very solemn tone, “Papa, Eddie Riley said if I didn’t get out of his way, he would knock a “dirty word” out of me!” The solemnity of the little fellow in saying this, made it a first-class performance. I was curious to know what kind of language the Riley boy had used, and so, contrary to custom, I asked: “Chester, what did he say?” The only answer I received was, “I don’t like to tell.”

Those three boys quite generally went together. There was only a year and a day between the first and second, and only a year and two weeks between the second and third. Hence, they were so nearly the same age that what one did, the others thought they could do. I wish I could give my readers their pictures as they then appeared. Fred was always a plain faced, sober appearing, boy, while Frank was more pleasant appearing, with his large and light gray eyes. Chester was very sober appearing, and would roll his large full eyes with a great deal of dignity, even when he wore dresses. Then, I found out he had a vivid imagination, for one day on going into the parlor, I found him relating to his older brothers a story of himself, in which he stated that one day he came into that room and saw the “Bad man” standing in the corner. In other words, he was fabricating a story and palming it off on his older brothers as truth. They were looking at him with astonishment. (This occurred when he was about four years old.)

But, I must tell the reader how I used to carry my four boys. The baby, Austen, I would take in my arms, Chester would get on my back, and the other two would get astride of my feet. That is to say, each would sit down on my foot and hug my leg-and then, I would begin to walk. This was always splendid fun for them....Sometimes, I would get down on the floor and that meant a fine time! They would “ride” me backward and forward and sidewise. Even Baby Austen would come and join in with the rest, until the mother could stand the noise no longer-and then, she would end the sport.

Blessed days were those! We had four little innocent boys who knew nothing of the vileness of the great, wicked world. But, such a period seldom comes more than once in a life-time to a man, and to many it never comes. But, I was permitted to see what there was in rearing a company of boy babies. I saw what there was in it even while poverty hovered around my dwelling and never once vanished from sight. Still, those were precious days; and as I go over that period, I contemplate that I was in some respect richly blest. Besides, I was gaining an experience which laid the foundation for future usefulness.

Through the first and second years of my time with Chestnut Grove congregation, I had no horse, and yet I was determined to carry the gospel into “regions beyond”. so I walked. Generally, I met with brethren at Chestnut Grove in the morning, and then went home with one of the brethren and had afternoon meeting somewhere else. Sometimes also a night meeting. Chatham (a village 5 miles or more distant) was selected as a place for operation. A brother named Evan Baker, and his wife Emma, lived in that direction, and so I frequently went with them. The Methodist meeting house in Chatham was locked against us, and so I had to go to the upper rooms of a wheelwright shop, to preach the gospel. But, we constructed some temporary seats and in that place I labored “in word and doctrine”. I preached there occasionally for a considerable period and then began a protracted meeting. This required that I should walk to the meeting and then walk home again. I would walk over in the afternoon, regardless of roads or weather, and then walk back at night after the meeting. The distance was fully five miles, and I would walk in the afternoon of each day. Then, in going from

one house to another, I would sometimes miss my supper. Yet, I would go on to the upper rooms of the wheelwright shop, and there sing and read and pray and preach an exhort, frequently for two hours, and then walk home, taking a cold lunch before going to bed...My wife was in delicate health at that time, and I was afraid to leave her all night alone with the babies; and so, I would come home over rough roads, muddy roads, icy roads, snowy roads, by moonlight, starlight, lantern light, and by no light.

Well do I recollect the night I was going home with a lighted lantern in hand. To shorten the distance, I went across fields, though I had never been over that way before. After going some distance, I came to a fence. I got up on the fence and jumped down. As I did so, the lantern went out, and I had not a match! There I was in a strange locality in the dark, without moon or stars. So, I stood still awhile, and then discovered I was in an orchard. I went up the hill and found myself confronted by a tall hedge fence. My only plan was to go around this. Fortunately, I did not have to go far before I came to the end. After climbing several fences, I found myself again in clear space, and then I tried to take my bearings. By looking over to the southwest, I could distinguish an open space between two clumps of forest trees. I judged that to be the opening for me, and so I proceeded thither. After rambling over fields, brier patches and fences for about three-quarters of an hour, I found myself in the public highway where I had been before. Then I soon reached home...As I think back over that occasion, I don't think I was lost in the darkness of that memorable night; but I do think I have no preference for traveling over strange territory without a lantern or moon or stars, by which to see my way. But the occasion taught me two lessons I have not forgotten; first, not to depend on a lantern without matches; second, not to jump down very far when carrying a lantern of the ordinary kind.

But after about two years, I bought a compactly built bay horse with saddle and bridle. Then, I was fixed! That horse had been run in a butcher wagon and was tired when I got him; yet he had splendid life. He was a splendid walker, a rough trotter, and galloped in a rough pitching style. As I did not use him every day, he rested. Sometimes, one would go in the stable and find him asleep even in daytime, breathing heavily like a man. But, this only continued two or three weeks. Then, I had business on hand...when I hitched him up, he balked! He would stand and paw and look backward. When he did start it was with a jump, and then a run! Often, it would take me a half-hour of worrying with him before he would start. Then, he would make up for lost time! If he were hitched up every day, he would give me no trouble. But he had been spoiled in the breaking, and so he was foolish about starting whenever he had been left out of harness a few days.

Of course, some of my readers think they would have managed him. Maybe so, and maybe not. I had a splendid horse-master who assisted me, and we continued trying him until he said it was "no use"-that the horse was high-strung and would not bear whipping. Sometimes, when he had been in the stable a week or two, and I would take him out, he would balk under the saddle. Twice he reared up so he lost his balance and fell backward! But, when he fell I was standing off to one side, having jumped from the saddle as he went over. One day, I recollect, that in order to get me off his back, he plunged over into a ditch, and sat down on the bank. But, I maintained my position by holding to his mane. Fortunately, I was never hurt by him except that in bucking, he once jarred my back so I was lame for a time.

Though his balking in the start was very annoying sometimes, yet he always made up for lost time. Besides, he had fine style and fine life. He was company for me! I never grew tired of watching him swing his head and point his ears. He seemed to see everything, and sometimes tried

to turn around in the road with me. He had been broken to “blinds” on his bridle (always a bad practice) and consequently was afraid of a vehicle to which he was hitched when he was without “blinds”. Once, I tried to hitch him to a carriage, with an open bridle on, but could not get it done. Not knowing the danger, I once took his bridle off to let him drink while I had him hitched to a carriage. It came very near proving a fatal mistake. He scared; and would have no doubt have torn everything up, and perhaps killed my wife and baby, had I not gotten hold of his nose and mane the instant that I did...The bridle had a double bit, and he could not drink well with it in his mouth. So, I took it off, and came very near having a fatal accident. (I mentioned this that none of my readers may ever be careless on the same matter. It seems as if a horse that has been used to “blinds” becomes foolish or crazy when hitched to top-buggy, especially without them.)

But, Billy proved a splendid horse notwithstanding what I have told about him. The deeper the sand or mud or snow, or the steeper the hill, the faster he would walk. I was fifteen miles from home, at a place called Coatesville, where I had been engaged in a series of meetings, and after the last service, I brought him out of the stable to start for home. It was a cold night, snow quite deep and drifted. But the moon was shining brightly..Shall I ever forget that night? Billy was as “full of ginger” as I had ever known

him, and how grandly he carried me over those hills and along those valleys! I did not allow him to go very fast. Indeed, the snow was too deep...I enjoyed the ride. Shall I ever forget that night! Fifteen miles, after nine o’clock at night, by the moonlight and through the snow! I don’t recollect about getting cold-hardly think I suffered any. I seldom did suffer much from cold. My active circulation forbids, even yet....But, there was something in the behavior of that horse, as he pointed his ears and shied and moved onward champing his bit-that was all fun or music for me. And, it would be yet, if I should be called on, to “rough it” in that style. I always enjoyed a rough-and-tumble life, and presume I ever shall while health remains.

But the reader may be interested to know the results of my labors in Chester county, Pa. I could answer in a few statements, but an account more detailed will be more satisfactory.

In the first place, my labors at Chestnut Grove resulted in doubling the membership at that place. I do not mean it was doubled in every respect, yet in numbers and financial ability, it was probably doubled before I left those parts. Besides, the old stone meeting house was torn down and a neat frame chapel was erected, though not finished, before I left Pennsylvania in the spring of 1880. All heavy timbers necessary for the building were donated by members and friends. As memory serves me, only a few members had any timber to give, but there were persons outside the church who permitted us to go into their woods and take a few trees. In company with several members of the church, I went into the woods and helped. Indeed, I did much chopping and most of the hewing. It was my old trade, and I enjoyed it! Besides, I always thought since I left manual labor, that I was doing good for myself when I engaged in severe exercise. After the hewing, I helped haul considerable timber to the place of building, and then, left for a protracted meeting at Reynoldsburg, Ohio. That was in the autumn of 1879.

Brethren in Chester county, Pa., never were able to support me properly, and some, of course, did not appreciate the importance of doing what they could. So, I surprised them one time by engaging with a carpenter to work by the day, for support of my family, Yes, I worked five days in the week and preached three times each Lord’s day. In addition to this, I generally worked in the harvest field each year, and thereby made a few dollars to help take care of my wife and little ones. But, with all I did and all the church did, it would have been impossible to meet demands, had it not been for Bro. George Austen and Bro. Milton Hammond, of whom honorable mention has been made.

They often sent a contribution which greatly assisted me. But even with this, we would have been oppressed, had not my wife been most economical in managing food and clothing. A great proportion of the time, she was not well enough to do all her own work, and househelp was expensive. Still, we managed, so that when we left that part of the country, in the spring of 1880, we owed no man anything, except that I had given a note for something over a hundred dollars that was unpaid. Bro. Thomas Slack, Elder of the congregation at Chestnut Grove, had gone my security on that note; and so, when I sold my horse, I turned the note I received for the horse over to him "as security". The difference between the two notes I sent on, some time after reaching Ohio in the year 1880.

Now, I return to mention my work in Chatham in the same county. The first one I baptized was a Methodist woman about thirty-five years of age. She was in very delicate health and the weather was very cold. But, she passed through the waters without a shudder. Then others came. Among them, was the medical practitioner of the town. Dr. John Mulberry, a man nearly sixty years of age. His obedience was a grand triumph, especially as he had been regarded as skeptical. But, I found his skepticism was concerning mankind, and not with reference to Christ. Dr. Mulberry was a very quiet, modest man, slow in speech, but an excellent thinker. He could never learn to take part publicly in the worship; but became a private student of the Bible, and I doubt not that he will be finally numbered with the redeemer. At the time of this writing, he has been long dead.

While my work was going on at Chatham, I baptized a man who was partly of African parentage. In other words, he was a Mulatto. Samuel Ruth had for eleven years (as memory serves me) been a Methodist. I think he had served as "class leader". When he approached me on the subject of baptism, he told me he did not wish to leave the Methodist Church, but wished to be baptized and then go among his Methodist friends and teach them the truth on the subject. I said, "All right; you wish to obey Christ and then teach others to obey him: that will do--come on". I well knew, if he undertook to teach his Methodist brethren the truth he had learned, then he would either convert them or they would exclude him. So, he came forward and I baptized him.

Some of his friends had told him the cold water would kill him. He answered that he did not believe it; but if it would, there could be no better cause of death than doing his Master's will....Then some of them told him the white people would not receive him, and that if he went down to Chestnut Grove he would have to take a back seat near the door. He answered, "I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness!"

Of course, a man who was that clear could not remain long in Babylon. So, when he was baptized in the ice water, he jumped up and down in the water and shouted, "Hallelujah!" After a day or two, he said to his friends, "I went in the ice water, and was put under the ice water, and came up out of the ice water, and not a hair of my head was injured!" He read his New Testament well, and taking it in hand went among the descendants of Ham to teach them the truth. Very few were willing to receive it. They sent for their preacher, and he gave Samuel Ruth a severe abusing. As Samuel himself gave account thereof to me: "The preacher took his text on Samuel Ruth, preached on Samuel Ruth, and ended his discourse on Samuel Ruth." By such a discourse, he so inflamed his Methodist hearers against Samuel Ruth that he was given to understand he could do but little among them. As I recollect, he was formally excluded. But, he converted a few; and when one of them wished to be baptized, I gave that matter into Samuel's hands. He did his work well.

Within six months that man had so read the New Testament and had so committed it to memory that he was able to go forth and preach the unsearchable riches with power! He found a schoolhouse in which he was permitted to preach, and he had good success. Soon, he had gathered

together a considerable congregation. Then he went to a place called Ercildoun and laid a siege.

Twenty or more surrendered, and a church was established, and among them some clear-minded Negroes. But, he met with opposition among people of his own color. One of his opponents, a preacher named George \_\_\_\_\_, one day remarked that before he would go and be dipped in the water, the Lord would have to say to him," George, George, you must go down into de water and be dipped; if you don't, you'll be damned!" As he said that, one of Samuel Ruth's new converts spoke up: "See here, George, have you ever repented?"

"Yes," said George, "why do you ask dat?"

"Because," said the new convert, "I wants to ask you dis question: In order to git you to repent, did de Lord hab to talk you dat way, or not?"

George saw he was caught, and so he tried to turn the conversation. But, the new convert held him and said, "George, before de Lord will speak to you dat way, you will breve fire an' brimstone out ob your nostrils?"

I mention the foregoing items as illustrations of how the minds of American citizens of African descent will work when under influence of the clear teaching of the word of God. Samuel Ruth became a clear teacher of the Word.

But, here, it becomes me to refer again to Chatham. In so doing, I shall mention that Dr. Prettyman, a former practitioner of the place, was my chief opponent. He was an illogical, ill-informed, broken-down Methodist. He was to me what "Alexander the copper-smith" was to Paul. I had quite a number of little discussions with him, but will mention only one or two.

We were together in a store one day, and after considerable talk in which he denied immersion was necessary to baptism, I asked: "Doctor, were you ever baptized with the Holy Ghost?"

"Yes sir," was his prompt response.

"What was it like" was it a big something, or a little something?"

"Why," said he, "it was a great big something, that covered me all over. I was never so happy before in my life!"

"Then," said I to him, "we have a marvelous state of affairs: water baptism is a little something, while Holy Ghost baptism is a "great big something"; that is to say, the word "baptism" when used with reference to water, means a little tame something like sprinkling or pouring; while the word "baptism" when used with reference to the Holy Spirit, is a "big something" that overwhelms a person." (Quite a company had gathered to listen, and probably every one saw he was caught; for when Dr. Prettyman again decided baptism meant immersion, a man who was among the most obtuse in the house called out, "Well Doctor, you admitted it meant to immerse, awhile ago!")

On another occasion, I asked: "Doctor, if I could find a scripture which says we are saved by baptism, what would you do?"

"I would go and be baptized," he at once responded.

I turned and read 1 Peter 3:21 - "The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us." Then, I showed the word "baptism" in such connection doubtless referred to water, because "water" is found mentioned in the previous verse. But, the Doctor only faltered and looked confused; he did not abide by his declaration that he would go and be baptized, if I should produce the scripture which said we are saved by baptism. Not he-no; honor seemed no principle in his composition

In conclusion, concerning that unfortunate man, I simply mention that he perverted truth in such a persistent manner that he thereafter seemed unfit for Methodism. The last I heard from him, he had gone over to a certain phase of Spiritualism beyond what Methodist are accustomed to recognize. I have often thought of him as an illustration of what Paul said of certain characters in

Second Thessalonians and second chapter: "Because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved; and for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie; that they all might be condemned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."

My labors at Coatesville were to help a struggling band that had never been strong and yet had too much vitality to die, or too much perverseness to acknowledge its death. A brother named John Faust and another named Henry Bengé, were among the faithful at Coatesville.

Besides preaching at Chestnut Grove, Chatham and Coatsville, I also preached considerably at a place called Mt. Olivet, where a "New Light" congregation had in former years been established, but had gone down. As memory serves me, I immersed only one at Mt. Olivet.

Hickory Hill was another place at which I preached frequently. There was a sort of "union" chapel there, and at which many good people gathered. But no definite results were accomplished, as far as human eye could discover. I well know I preached one night when no good was done. It was in June. The weather was warm and the buzzing "June bugs" (about the size of the end of a man's little finger) were in their glory. Near the chapel was a clump of hickory trees, from which place took its name. Among those trees were those bugs by the thousands, it seemed from the noise they made. When the lamps were lighted in the chapel, they swarmed therein, lighting on everybody and everything! I tried to pay no attention to them, though a half-dozen or more were sometimes sitting on and crawling over by head and shoulders while I was speaking. I could have endured this and made some progress; but there was a little old man in the audience who had a bald head. He seemed afraid of those bugs, and when one would light on his head the, "slap, slap!" would be heard all over the house. The audience consisted mostly of young people, and I could not blame them for laughing. After I would struggle a minute or two to get their attention, we would again hear "slap, slap!" as the old man would nervously endeavor with his open hand to get off those bugs. I did not rebuke the young people, as they had reason for laughter. The performance of our elderly friend was truly comical. But, I saw that lengthened remarks were of no value that night, and so I soon summed up and dismissed. (My imagination is by means vivid, and yet in my mind's eye, I can see what occurred that funny night.)

Before closing account of labors in Chester county, Pa., I should especially mention the meetings at Chestnut Grove. In August of 1875, I assisted in my first meeting there before moving to the place. There were several additions. In August of 1876, and 1877, other meetings were held, but with only few additions. In August 1878, we began a grove meeting that proved a success beyond any that "disciples" had ever before held in the county. We preached in the grove three or four times on Lord's day, and sometimes were in the grove at night in course of the week. But, most of the time, we went to the old meeting house nearby at night. There were twenty-seven added-not a great number when compared with many other meetings that are held, but it was a great meeting for that place.

Now I commence to write concerning my labors with the pen. In the spring of 1878, Elder Benjamin Franklin, founder and editor of The American Christian Review, wrote to me suggesting that I use my pen for the Review and endeavor to write myself into the confidence of the friends of the truth so they might look to me for defense of the truth when he had finished his work. I began with "Worship" as my introductory. Elder Franklin was much pleased and gave me every possible encouragement. But, in the fall of 1878, that great man died at his home near Anderson, Ind. As he had made no arrangement with Review managers about his successor, they were left to select the most available man for the position. there were two corresponding, or assistant, editors on the Review staff-one was John F. Rowe, and the other was Joel A. Headington. Elder Rowe was chosen,

and Elder Headington withdrew from the paper. The matter of choice was left to Elder George W. Rice, who had for many years been publisher of the paper. The owner was Mr. Edwin Alden, who had purchased it from Elder Rice several years before. That is to say, Elder Rice and Elder Benjamin Franklin had for years, managed the Review together. But, when Elder Franklin's health failed, he sold the entire concern to Elder Rice. Then, in course of time, when Elder Rice became financially oppressed, he sold the Review to Edwin Alden, for fifteen thousand dollars (I was told). Mr. Alden was an "advertising agent", and he used the Review largely as an advertising medium; but he retained Elder Rice as publisher, while Elder Franklin continued as editor. But, when Elder Franklin died, then the matter of choice of his successor was left to Elder Rice-and he chose Elder John F. Rowe, then living at Akron, O.

When Elder Franklin died, great fears were felt for the Review. Brethren Rice and Rowe both wrote requesting that I continue to write, and thus help the Review survive the shock it had received by reason of the death of its founder and editor. I did so, and as a result, I became favorably known to a great many Review readers. This opened the way for me to be invited to Reynoldsburg, O., in fall of 1879. That is about ten miles east of the central part of Columbus, the capital. Hence, as stated in a former chapter, I crossed the mountains in the autumn of 1879, and went to Reynoldsburg, to assist in a meeting. Twenty or more persons were added. The meeting lasted about four weeks, and the church gave me nearly a hundred dollars above traveling expenses. That was grand help! It enabled me to pay some debts, and deposit some money in the bank to be used in times to come.

My trip to Reynoldsburg opened the way for me to think the time had come for me to leave Chester county, Pa. I had been with people there over four years; and though on good terms with all, I thought best to go farther west. Accordingly, I made arrangements to that effect, and let the people in Chester county know I would leave them. In the early part of the winter of 1880, I went to Bolivar, Pa., six miles west of the ill-fated Johnstown, to assist in a meeting. There, I found myself among the Scotch with a sprinkling of Irish. Pleasant, jovial people they certainly were, yet as devoted to the

gospel as any I had met. While memory holds, I shall never forget my stay at the house of Bro. James Adams; nor shall I forget the Muir family; nor yet, my trip up among the mountains to visit Thomas Hammond. Adams and Muir were Scotch, while Hammond was Irish; all clearminded, excellent people. Though none of them had much of the world's goods, yet they remunerated me well and caused me to feel I would like to visit them again. And so I have, but not to remain long enough to do much good. My first labors there resulted in a goodly number of accessions.

While at Bolivar, a brother named McLean came to see me, from Fayette county, requesting that I go over to Pennsville, in that county, and preach awhile. I went. Lodged with Bro. Richard Boyd, and this Bro. McLean remained with me. We went to meeting mostly in a farm wagon, and I well recollect it was rough! Weather was unfavorable through the meeting, and, if memory serves me correctly, there were no additions. At that meeting, I met, for the first time, Bro. Henry Galley and Bro. Arba Shallenberger-both overseers of churches-the former at Vanderbilt, and the latter at Bethel. Bro. Boyd's was an excellent place for the preacher, and brethren at Pennsville treated me well financially. I would have remained in that county longer, but the first of April was near, and I had to return home to prepare for moving to Reynoldsburg, O. Returning home, I found myself with money enough to pay all outstanding debts, and had enough left to pay the fare of myself and family to Ohio.

About April 1st, of 1890, we had our goods shipped for Columbus, O. Then my wife and

four little boys went over to Harford county, Md., to visit the old homestead once more. In course of the previous fall, my wife's mother had died, and we had driven across the country to see her father and the rest of the family. But, now she went most of the distance by rail, while I remained in Chester county, Pa., to sell my horse. As he was balky, I could not recommend him very highly for work; and thus, when I came to dispose of him, I had to put the price down. I sold him for a note of ninety dollars. That note, I turned over as security to Bro. Thomas Slack, as I previously mentioned, who had kindly endorsed for me to the amount of a hundred dollars when I bought the horse.

Just here, there recurs a matter of interest concerning my health, which may be of benefit to my readers. While riding around day after day, trying to sell my horse, I felt uncomfortable. It seemed as if some evil disease was fastening itself on me, and I was becoming uneasy! But when I was going up to see the man who agreed to take my horse, I met him in the road with the note properly signed and endorsed. I handed the horse over to him with the understanding that he would "express" to me my saddle and bridle, at some date in the early future....I was about four miles from where I expected to spend the night. That distance I began to go on foot. After I had walked about two miles, I found the perspiration bursting freely out of the pores of my flesh, and I felt better. By the time I had walked the full four miles, I had reached the house of Jesse Goodwin, a man of Quaker parentage, whose wife I had immersed in course of a meeting nearly two years before. This man was of excellent character, but did not obey the gospel until I had left those parts. He had invited me to spend "my last night in the county" at his place. I

accepted the invitation and remained with him till next morning. Then I bade him and his family "good-bye" and started for Oxford—a town about seven miles distant—at which I wished to stop and call for some money I had there in the bank. After walking these seven miles, I took the train and rode twenty or more miles, and there took the hack (or stage-coach) and rode ten or fifteen miles, reaching a place called Dublin, about one o'clock. Knowing I had ten or twelve miles yet to travel on foot, I went into a hotel and called for dinner. They set before me an abundance of partly cold victuals, and I partook according to my journey. After paying for my dinner, I started for Florence Vale, where my wife and babies had landed a week or more previous to that date. I passed over the distance safely and in good time, having walked about eighteen miles that day, after the four-mile walk the evening before. It was not a long walk; but I was tender, having walked but little for a long time. The result was that the "evil disease" I thought was fastening on me was gone, and I have not felt anything more thereof from that day to this, except when I would neglect physical exercise and allow my system to become stagnant. But, ever since that time, I have always known that whenever I have such feelings, the remedy is exercise—vigorous walking of a few miles, or something else that will bring the system to its normal condition.

After some days at Florence Vale, my father-in-law hitched to his covered "Spring wagon", and drove with me and my family a distance of twenty-six miles to Baltimore. There, he left us among our relatives. We remained at the home of my brother-in-law, Stephen Cramblitt. He and my sister Rosa, always treated us as kindly as relatives ever did or could do without any of the extras which sometimes make one's stay at a place unpleasant. But our visit in Baltimore came to an end. On the last night of April, 1880, we boarded the train in Union Station of that great city and started for Columbus, O., by way of Harrisburg and Pittsburgh, Pa. Nothing strange occurred on our trip, except that the mercury ran down that night and a heavy frost fell not only over the Allegheny mountains, but also over Ohio and other states, killing much fruit. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon of May 1st, I reached Columbus safely with my wife and four boys. Bro. W. F. Barr,

of the church in Reynoldsburg (ten miles east) met us and assisted us in boarding a train on the Ohio Central for Brice Station, near where he lived. In due time, we reached Brice and were conveyed to the homestead of Elder William Sprague, who was William Barr's father-in-law. There, we were kindly cared for until we could get our goods moved from Columbus to Reynoldsburg, so as to begin housekeeping. When all was in readiness for unpacking, my wife and boys were taken over to Reynoldsburg, which consisted of about six hundred inhabitants, but was made famous among "disciples" by reason of a debate held between Elder Benjamin Franklin (of the Church of Christ) and an Elder Thompson (of the Regular Baptist Church).

When my wife reached the house and found it consisted of half of an old hotel that had a sunken foundation so there was not a level floor in it; that it opened on the street and had a kind of cellar kitchen with steep and rickety steps; and that the cellar-kitchen part was largely filled with rubbish of various kinds-then the indignation began to arise.

"Sister Sommer, how do you like the house?" one of the sisters asked.

"I don't like it, and don't intend to try to like it!" was her clean-cut response.

Later, when she found the walls of that old building were, in a measure, "alive" with bed bugs-then her indignation was further aroused! Altogether, it was the most inconvenient place we had ever lived. The house was rented for us before we reached the place, by one of the brethren, and I presume he did the best he could. I felt much like gathering up and moving to Columbus, but I did not wish to offend brethren who had shown themselves kind to me. So, we consented to endure the discomfort for eleven months, or until the first of the next April.

The place was inconvenient in every particular, but that which was especially objectionable, was that there was no yard to the house, in which our little ones could play. When they stepped out of the front door, they were on the street; and I knew the street of a town was not a wholesome place for the morals of children. Hence, we endeavored to make the little fellows keep back in a garden, that was a black, dirty place with no relief except a few apple trees. Then the business of climbing began! Those little fellows spent a good part of each day up in those trees; that is, those that were old enough to climb.

The trees were of considerable size, and the boys had to devise their own method of getting up among the branches. They were not long in devising. A board was found, probably six inches wide and leaned up against the tree. That was sufficient. It served their purpose as well as the best ladder that could be made. They would put their bare feet on that board and take hold with their hands and work themselves up with ease, and then would back down on the same plan. Occasionally, when one or two would be up in the tree, another would take the board away- and then there would have to be some jumping. In course of the summer, the older ones learned they could jump down, and so they seldom took time to come down on the board. Thus, they spent their time mostly in the black soil and dirty garden. But, occasionally, they would get tired even of the apple trees, and would jump the fence and go over into a creek just below the garden. That stream was teeming with filth from slaughter houses built along its banks. Indeed, some of those slaughter houses were so near that at times a stench would settle over and about the house in which we lived, so that people who were used to pure atmosphere could scarcely endure it.

The unpleasantness of our situation was increased by the meddlesome disposition of the family that occupied the other end of the house. The husband and father was an infidel, while the wife and mother was a busy-body in other people's matters. Because we corrected our children with a switch, she began to talk about us. After a time, a nameless note was left at our door. One day, my eldest boy had done something on the street which I wished him never to repeat, and instead of

switching him, I threatened to dip his head in a bucket of water. It alarmed the little fellow, and his mother asked me to let her correct him that time. I did so without touching him myself. But, "Mrs. Meddlesome" overheard that interview, and began to tell it with such additions as her imagination suggested. As the report traveled, it gained, and by the time it had reached Hebron (sixteen miles east) it was stated as a fact that "Preacher Sommer had drowned one of his boys, and five doctors had been called in the effort to bring him back to life!" (This was a sweet morsel for the enemies of the gospel to roll under their tongues, if I may for once use figurative language.)

But through all these things, we safely lived. Malarial troubles began to show themselves in the family, in the form of boils. The boys had many in course of the summer, but otherwise, they remained well. Catrrhal trouble afflicted me and at times closed my nostrils entirely, so I could not breathe a particle except through my mouth. Nothing seemed to give relief;; but in course of the following summer (nearly a year from its beginning) I was relieved therefrom, and I never knew by what means....That year I preached half of my time at Reynoldsburg and spent the other half holding meetings. I was well remunerated, and for the second time in life, began to feel I was beginning to get "the long end of the lever"--financially.

My wife would go to meeting on Lord's day with me when I was home, and we would take our four boys with us. They knew enough to behave well. One day the youngest became restless and would not obey his mother. I was reading the opening lesson. Soon, I saw her step out into the aisle and walk to the door, leading the little fellow. I understood the program and thought: "I am reading the Bible in public, and my wife is outdoors spanking my boy!" Nor did I judge incorrectly. Presently, she brought him in and then he behaved.

(I recommend this same plan to mothers and fathers everywhere.) To permit a little one to get down and run over the house, disturbing the entire audience and attracting more attention than any preacher possibly can, is always wrong, and should never be tolerated by parents or guardians. Besides, to sit and worry with a screaming, restless chap, is also a mistake. If parents will be positive, and not indulgent with their children at home, they will seldom have trouble when absent from home. The little ones can be made to understand they must not fret and cry even before they are a year old. But especially after that age has been reached, any little one that is not an imbecile can be made to understand what "hush" means. But if they forget or become perverse, then let there be no delay in giving the spanking that will cause surrender....Simple minded folks may call this "a relic of barbarism" if they see fit, but in writing thus, I have a splendid observation and experience as well as the word of God in my favor. That great book of practical wisdom (Proverbs) as well as other parts of the Inspired Volume gives unmistakable instruction on this subject. Some children never need correction, except in words, because they are constitutionally weak, tame or timid. But, when the vigorous, wild, courageous fellows see the light of this world, they need soon to be taken in hand with something more than words, or they will tyrannize over parents, nurses, guardians, or any one who may have them in charge, besides being a nuisance to every company in which they chance to be. The mother of a large family was accustomed to remark that she always tried to bring her children up so other people could love them as well as herself. This was wisdom! But no one loves a spoiled, self-willed, tyrannical, pouting child, except the one who is so unfortunate as to be the mother thereof.

One day, I remarked to a physician in Reynoldsburg, that I understood my wife and I had been censured for being "too strict" with our children. He answered that we could "well afford to bear that censure while Mrs. Sommer could take her four boys to meeting every Lord's day and keep them there an hour and a half without disturbing any one." He then gave me to understand the

behavior of my little ones at meeting was overbalancing the censure. My wife's custom was to set two of the little fellows on each side of her, and before the meeting would be over they would generally be asleep, and so stacked up against her on each side that she could not arise until some one moved the stack of boys. This continued through a part of the year 1880. In October, (25th day) of that year there was born to us a precious little girl baby, who at this writing is still living and in good health. We called her Bessie. After her first few months of crying were over, she straightened up her little face, and since then, she has seldom been seen to shed a tear. To this date, she had never been seriously sick, and I have frequently spoken of her as "the most constant" of the family. She has passed through all the malarial periods without being affected thereby, though all others of the family have had their periods of fever.

Measles, whooping-cough and lagrippe, all paid their respects to her, but very gently. Those ailments seemed to treat her with special consideration because she was a girl, or for some other reason. It seems to me as if we have not reared her, but she simply has grown up to her present age. Happy, blessed child! The color has scarcely left her cheeks or lips since it first came in her infancy. How long, O Lord, how long can this continue? She eats three meals a day and sleeps at night with utmost regularity. She went to school and never seemed to have trouble with studies, teachers or playmates. When not at school, she worked, if so instructed, and if not, then she filled up the time as she saw fit from morning until night. One day, when she was about five years of age, she said in rather pitiful tones, "Mama, don't you wish the devil had never been born?"

"Why so, Bessie?" was her mother's response.

"Because, then, Papa would not have to be away so much," she answered in the same pitiful tone.

Another day, when her mother was complaining about the boys giving her so much trouble, Bessie remarked as though speaking to herself, "Well, if you didn't have so many children you wouldn't have so much trouble!"

These are specimens of the speeches that fell from her lips along the pathway of her bright and beautiful young life. The reader may think I have called on my imagination in describing my little girl because she is the only girl in the family; but I am sure no child probably ever lived without giving more care than our precious little Bessie has given her parents. She was never willing to leave her mother at any time and suffered more by reason of her mother's death than did any other, or perhaps, all others of the family.

Returning from the history of my little daughter, who was born in 1880, I shall endeavor now to make further mention of the work of that year. A few days after I commenced housekeeping in Reynoldsburg, I saw that a buggy had stopped on one side of the street near my door. I went out and found Bro. Wellington Sprague, whose acquaintance I had formed the preceding fall when I was engaged in my first meeting at Reynoldsburg. He was an overseer of the congregation, and had been with it from its origin. He was very tall and slender and at that time was in damaged health, at the time just mentioned, he called to ask about my financial condition. He said he wished me to do some preaching down in Fairfield county, where one of his sons lived; and thought it might probably be of advantage to me if he would give me something in advance, as I had been to considerable expense in moving. I told him it would certainly be acceptable, as I preferred to pay cash for all I purchased. He asked how much would it require to help me until I would again receive income from the church. I told him I thought "I could get along with ten dollars." He opened his pocket book and handed me three ten dollar bills, saying, "Take that". I did so; and after a few words, he drove off leaving me

in astonishment.

Such was the first act of that noble man toward me and my family after I moved to Reynoldsburg, and from then till his death, he remained my unwavering friend. And his children, with one exception, have all acted toward me and my family on the same principle. They are generous, prompt, dignified. I know two sons and two daughters of that family who loved the truth in its simplicity and are unwilling to accept any humanism in connection therewith. They will worship in a private house, a schoolhouse, a cellar or a garret, with a half dozen or by themselves, sooner than content to addition of a single humanism to the glorious gospel of the Son of God! They regard it no hardship to get ready and go long distances to worship. Before a congregation at Reynoldsburg was established, Wellington Sprague and three or four members of his family went a distance of thirteen miles, I think it was, every Lord's day almost without exception, in an open wagon, to York Street in Licking county, to worship. They were all filled with reverence, and religion with them was conviction that allowed no compromise. I wish to God the world was full of such people! When the time came for raising money for the Lord's cause, it was not a matter of any importance whether Wellington Sprague's pocketbook was empty or full, as money was forthcoming. He would borrow money and pay interest thereon for the Lord's cause, more cheerfully than he would for his own comfort. There are some who would regard this as wrong, and contrary to the scripture which says, "Owe no man anything." But, such make a mistake. If a man borrows money and gives his note payable in one year, that money is not due, and hence he does not owe it until a year has elapsed. So thought Bro. Wellington Sprague, and thus he had no hesitancy in borrowing money with which to advance the Lord's cause. His sons and daughters, of whom I have made mention as loyal to Christ, would do the same if necessary, in order that the gospel might be supported.

The work I did in Fairfield county, I regret to say, did not result in establishing a congregation of disciples. Some good people were gathered together and several were baptized, but not a sufficient number, we thought, to guarantee success if the worship had been established, especially as one of the leading families gathered up and moved away. This was a serious interference with our prospects. The good that was done will nevertheless remain in some measure to be seen in eternity.

The places where I chiefly labored were, New Salem and Pleasantville. At the former place, we thought we had a goodly number just ready to obey; but when the question of leaving their humanism's and being baptized into Christ came before their minds, they revolted. At the latter place, we went so far as to purchase an old Methodist meeting house as a place for operations. The Methodists sold with the provision that they should be permitted to use it for preaching--once a month, I think--until their new house was finished. It was also proven that if we were engaged in a protracted meeting, they should not interfere therewith by an appointment. But their preacher, Mr. Hall, who had formerly been a presiding elder, ignored this arrangement, and set in an appointment at the very hour for which we had meeting announced. When I came, I found him and his company in possession. So we waited till he got through; and then after he had made his announcement for the next night and dismissed, I called on the audience to be seated as my time for preaching came next. The preacher and a few left, but a large proportion of the audience remained and gave good attention to a short discourse. Then, I made my announcement for the next night, stating that when Elder Hall would get through, I would begin--and thus we would have two sermons and run a double protracted meeting! That was a new idea, and brought a large audience of curious folks next evening. Mr. Hall preached quite a lengthy discourse, and after announcing for the following

evening, dismissed. No sooner had he done so, than as memory serves me, he left. I called on the audience to be seated, and a large majority did so. Again, I preached a short discourse and announced for next evening. This brought out another large audience of curious people. Mr. Hall preached and then announced that he would retire from the field and leave the meeting house in the hands of those who thought they had a just claim thereon. Unfortunately, this broke the spell and cut our audience down. Had he only continued preaching, there is a strong probability that we could have accomplished much good.

As time passed, I was called into other localities and my evangelistic life became more busy than ever. I had studied the Bible sufficiently to be quite familiar both with the Old Testament and the New. My miserable memory did not permit me to retain the exact language of the Scripture, and so I could not quote much of the words of inspiration accurately. Hence, I made it my business to know where the different passages were, and learned to turn and read without a break in my preaching. In other words, I located in my memory the books, chapters and verses to which I wished to refer. This was much easier than locating or fixing the exact language of the passages themselves. As a result, I became a Bible reader before the public, and whatever success I have attained has been in consequence of diligently pursuing this plan. I have given far more attention to the subject of reading than I have to what is commonly called "preaching". At an early date in my life as a servant of the church, I conceived the idea that if I could become a good reader, I would consequently be a good speaker. Nor, have I yet, any disposition to think otherwise. Whoever learns to read well is thereby enabled to speak well.

Returning to the subject of my labors as evangelist, I mentioned that soon I was called to Mt. Perry in Perry county, O., to speak at the opening of a new meeting house. There, I became acquainted with the Eversoles-a family I have ever held in high esteem. Nor, must I forget to mention the Curry family. The mother and several daughters were members of the church, but the father of those daughters was not. He was commonly called "Bill" Curry. He was a blunt-speaking, sharp-nosed, sharp-witted man. I mention his case chiefly to present what he said to me after hearing two discourses. He heard me twice on Lord's day, and on Monday morning addressed me: "Mister, we have plenty of preachers in these parts who will suit us better than you do-plenty of 'em-plenty of 'em."

I looked at him rather inquiringly, and he went on: "All the preachers we have in these parts will preach to suit-their doctrine will bend. When a feller gits caught up in a close place, they kin bend their doctrine to suit his case. But the doctrine you preached yisterday and last night won't bend, and so it won't suit. We have plenty of preachers that will suit us better than you do!"

By the time he had finished his speech, I understood he was expressing a burlesque on the compromisers, and was really commending what I preached. On a subsequent occasion, he spoke to me on the subject of preaching: "I tell 'em meetin's that a man must be born agin; and if you ain't born agin, you can't be saved. But, when one of their wild boys who never jined church gits in a horse-race and breaks his neck, they wring their hands and say he was a good boy in so many ways that they hope he's saved. And so I tell 'em their doctrine is, "Hell for everybody but our folks"; and so it is!"

After this first trip, I was several times called to Mt. Perry; but, as memory serves me, never accomplished much by my labors. I was also called east of Mr. Perry to a place in Muskingum county, but never did much. I also preached considerable at Hebron in Licking county, and did some good; but what I did was largely overthrown by a difficulty among leading members. I also preached in Newark of Licking county, but if I did any good, I never became acquainted therewith. I engaged

in one or two meetings in Knox county, not far away from Centerburg, and baptized a considerable number.

At Center Village in Delaware county, I assisted in several meetings, all of which were successful. But the church there largely consisted of easy-going disciples who never believed much in discipline, and as a consequence, there was a spirit of indifference which sometime developed in downright iniquity. But there were some exceptions; chief among them was J. S. Saunders, together with his family. Bro. Saunders served a time as overseer and endeavored to correct the conduct of careless members. But he was not sufficiently supported in his efforts, and so he became discouraged. Personally, he was one of the best men I ever met, and on questions of right and wrong, he was exceedingly scrupulous. With assistance of his faithful wife, he reared a large family of very excellent children.

Bro. Saunders was a good teacher in public, and was often called a “preacher”, though he generally shrank from that title. From him, I received the discrimination between the fault-finder and the fault-maker. He was accustomed to speak as follows concerning those two characters: “great deal is said about the fault-finder, and he is spoken of as a very objectionable character. But I would like to hear something said concerning the fault-maker. Of course, a man may imagine he sees faults where none exists. Such a one is not a fault-finder, but only a fault imaginer. So, we leave him out and come back to the fault finder. If somebody did not make the fault, certainly it could not be found. Then why turn attention against the man who finds the fault, and say nothing about the one who makes the fault? I think the fault-maker should be censured; because if it were not for him certainly the fault-finder would run out of employment.”

Such was Bro. J. S. Saunders’ delineation of that subject, and certainly, I have never heard it excelled. To me, it has been a very important delineation, for as time elapsed, I have been enabled to watch its outworkings. In many localities the man who exposes iniquity is more censured than the man who commits iniquity. This indicates a very unfortunate condition of the public mind; it is frequently found in the church as well as in the world. Many people are so dreadfully afraid of “a fuss” that they object more seriously to the man who rebukes wrong-doers, than they object to the wrong-doers themselves. Where such people predominate, woe unto the man who reproves and rebukes as the Scriptures require!

I also preached a few times at York Street meeting house in Licking county, but as far as I ever learned, accomplished no good. Then, I occasionally preached in Columbus, but never heard of any good thereby accomplished. I preached awhile at Central College about twelve miles from Columbus, in Franklin county, but did no good that I could ever see except that I baptized one man. In school houses around Reynoldsburg, where I then lived, I often preached; but could not bring the people out from among the disobedient. Besides, I went for some time, to Hilliards in Franklin county, twelve miles northwest of Columbus; but, as memory serves me, I only baptized one.

My labors in Reynoldsburg were mostly a failure, so far as additions were concerned. Trouble had existed in the church, and in course of my labors, was only smothered. Soon, it began to break out. An effort was made to employ me one-half of my time for a second year, but I refused. The money deemed necessary could have been easily raised, but I told the brethren I had no time to lose. I also told them to set themselves right before they attempted to correct the worldlings about them. To this, they gave heed. But an effort to set themselves right resulted in exclusion of so many members that the church was greatly weakened. Besides, as is usual, those who were excluded did their utmost to destroy the church, and to the extent of their influence did it serious injury, from which it has never recovered. Yet the disciples at Reynoldsburg, O., have a good house, and among

them were men and women as true to the New Testament as anywhere else on earth. The field has for a long time been a kind of old battleground; but as time advances, the community is changing, and I doubt not that gospel of the Son of God will yet succeed at that place.

While living in Reynoldsburg, I was called on to bury an infant babe. He seemed delicate when he died, and the heartbroken mother had to bear without my presence and comfort the agony of beholding the little one suffer and struggle and die. A telegram reached me near Malta, O., stating he was "dying". I had been driving nearly all afternoon directly away from home. The message found me about sixty-five miles from home. After receiving it, I drove to the home of Elder Samuel Miller, an overseer of the church at Malta, fed my steed, ate supper, and took two feeds of corn in my open buggy in which I was traveling. It was nearly sunset when I started toward home. It was a long journey, and the greater part of the distance was over a hilly district. I reached home about eleven o'clock next day, and found that the babe had died about the time I received the message the previous afternoon. The day following, we laid him away in the vault, and later buried him in the cemetery belonging to the "Old School" Baptist, who kindly granted us permission to do so.

This was our first experience in burying one who had seen the light of this world among us and found a place in our hearts. And at this date (Nov, 16, 1934) I report three other deaths. An infant son who died here in Indianapolis when about a month old; then in 1924, the mother died; and in March, 1932, the second son, who served as a physician in the World War, died of lung trouble resulting, as supposed, from exposure in the army, and especially in the Argonne Forest of France. (He had also served in the Spanish-American war.)

I lived with my family at Reynoldsburg, O., from May, 1880, till August, 1884. In course of that time, I assisted brethren at Deavertown and at Malta, of Morgan county, in several successful meetings. I also assisted in a successful meeting at Wolf Creek, a congregation in the country about seven miles from Malta.

I was with the brethren at Malta in course of some of their trouble. Certain members became more or less ungodly, and as a result became unsatisfied with primitive simplicity. Elder Robert Moffett, a prominent manager of the "missionary society" movements in Ohio, came to Malta and decided those dissatisfied ones were the "cream of the church". Then, in order to save this "cream", he organized the members of the "cream" party into a "mission" just across the river in McConnellsville, the county seat. They met in a hall, and soon carried an organ into their audience room. Elder Moffett assisted them, I presume, to secure a preacher. At least a young man from Bethany College preached for them and various other efforts were made to establish them. But, it was all in vain. After a few years of struggling, they became discouraged and broke down. All who possessed ordinary discipleship, returned to Malta Church. Thus, Elder Moffett's enterprise came to grief and his "cream" soured. One of the men who belonged to his "cream" party, I was told, was guilty of an unhandsome conduct of riding around with a woman he afterward married, -but they were "keeping company" even while his wife was lying in her last sickness.

In course of the time that my family lived at Reynoldsburg, O., I also preached in Detroit, Mich., and at several other places in that state. In Detroit, I formed the acquaintance of Alexander Linn and his family, together with other disciples of the apostolic school who met and worshiped on Plum street in that city. About twenty years previous to that date, a division had taken place in what had previously been called the Church of Christ in Detroit, and seventeen members of the best character had been excluded because they refused to submit to the pastorate being established over the church, and the use of the organ in connection with the worship of the church was later

introduced. These seventeen met in private houses, halls, or any place they could find, until they became sufficiently strong to erect a good house of worship on Plum street. While they were increasing in numbers, they cultivated their musical talent to such extent and degree that up to the date I met them, I had heard nothing to equal their song service. They sang the old-time soul-stirring sentiments and tunes. Never, while memory holds, shall I forget the impression made on me when I heard that whole congregation arise and carry all the parts, all over the house! The congregation then consisted of about two hundred and fifty, and it was in all respects the best regulated and best edified that I had ever met. The brethren who constituted that congregation made a grand demonstration of what could be done without the organ or the one-man preacher pastor.

In course of my time in Detroit, I had much talk with Bro. Linn and his family. In one of our interviews, he told of what transpired on a certain Lord's day in the original congregation of disciples in that city before the formal division occurred. He said Isaac Errett, an eloquent preacher, then in the strength of his early manhood, was invited to assist them in a protracted meeting. He came and preached two weeks. On the third Lord's day morning when the church met for worship, Bro. Errett was absent. At night he was present and preached an excellent discourse on "The Second coming of the Lord". Bro. Linn said that in course of the day, he had found out that Bro. Errett chose to be absent from the Lord's table in order to hear an eloquent preacher of one of the denominations. Hence, after preaching at night the following interview took place:

Bro. Linn:—"Bro. Errett, where were you this forenoon?"

Bro. Errett:—"I was over to hear Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ preach."

Bro. Linn:—"And so you absented yourself from the Lord's table in order to hear an eloquent sectarian preacher, did you?"

Bro. Errett:—"Well, I had no other opportunity to hear him."

Bro. Linn:—"And tonight you have preached us an excellent sermon on "The second coming of the Lord." Bro Errett, suppose the Lord had come this morning, -then what?"

I have concisely repeated this incident in order to impress the reader with the loyalty of one of those men and the disloyalty of the other. The facts which that incident records clearly set forth in brief form the difference between the two schools of disciples that now exist. The "apostolic school" consists generally of those who will not leave the Lord's table and go after preaching. The modern school consists generally of those who will leave the Lord's table and go after almost anything else! To say the least and best of them, they do not seem to think their salvation in any way depends on their constant attendance at the Lord's table. Those who belong to the "apostolic school: meet and worship regardless of the presence of a preacher; those who belong to the "modern school" seldom seem to think of meeting around the Lord's table for worship unless they can have a preacher to entertain them. (As it now recurs to mind, I will mention that it was in the city of Detroit that Modern Schoolism first assumed shape, as I shall show in a subsequent chapter.)

While my family continued to live in Reynoldsburg, O., I made several incursions into Columbiana county of that state, and preached with good success at a meeting house I will call Harmony, between Alliance and Homeworth. In going to that place, I was left by a train at Canton, and walked over a distance of nearly twenty miles. Most of the distance I traveled after night.

In that vicinity to which reference has just been made, I became acquainted with the Borton family. In course of the meeting, several of the family were baptized with a goodly number of others. I think there were fourteen or fifteen additions. The congregation was small, but I was well treated financially. Bro. P. H. Borton, as I recollect his name, was something of a preacher himself. Besides, he was a schoolteacher, farmer and brick layer. His wife was of French and German

parentage, and could read the Scriptures readily in English, German and French. I recall with pleasure the time I spent in the Borton family.

As memory serves, it was in August or September of 1883, that I was in the Borton neighborhood, about six miles from Alliance. The following spring, I engaged in a meeting at Fredericktown (St. Clairsville, was the post office) where I found a little discouraged congregation. But by earnest work of four weeks, the truth subjugated twenty seven, and among the number was the best singing talent of the community. Thus, the church was lifted entirely beyond discouragement.

That congregation had been operated and trifled with by the Missionary Society of Northeastern Ohio, until it had gone down so low that it seemed to them a barren field financially, and then they left it to search for greener pastures; that is, fields that promised more "greenbacks"! Thus, they have done in many localities. They have maneuvered and manipulated, promised and flattered, until they gained control of congregations that were established by sacrifices of God-fearing men; and these congregations they have begged and urged until they went down in their hands, and then they have left them to die unnoticed and unlamented, while the manipulators would go in search of other assemblies. Thus it was with the church in Fredericktown, Columbiana county, Ohio. But in course of my labors for that church, it was again built up.

My compensation was not more than I made when I was a lad chopping cord wood. Yet, I was called "anti-missionary"; while those gentlemen who had abandoned that congregation, because it had become poor and weak under their management, claimed to be "missionaries" of a respectable rank!

Here I pause to remark that in the single state of Ohio, I have doubtless made more personal sacrifices than have all the "Society preachers" of that state combined, in that I have preached more at weak and waste places without remuneration than have all of them combined, and yet, I am called "anti-missionary" simply because I oppose their man made societies which are founded on a money basis----(I speak with confidence on this subject, because I know how those "society gentlemen" act. Many of them are pastors who seldom preach beyond the smoke of their chimneys. As for going out into schoolhouse, bams, private houses, and going to weak and broken-down congregations where there is no promise of remuneration, this is something which they regard as widely separated from their line of business!)

In August of 1884, I was called back to Columbiana county, to a place called East Fairfield, not very far from New Lisbon, for the purpose of assisting in an "annual meeting". I was invited as chief speaker, and thus had the burden of work to do. We met in the fair grounds, in the daytime, and went to the meeting house at night. It was estimated that about four thousand people were present on Lord's day. I spoke in the forenoon and again in the afternoon. Then at night I spoke in the Methodist meeting house in the town of Columbiana. Bro. Benjamin Smith, pastor from New Lisbon, spoke at the East Fairfield house, and one person made the good confession. The next morning, Bro. P. H. Borton spoke in the grove to a good audience. His address was to close the exercises of the annual meeting. He spoke well, and in response to "the invitation" several came forward. He repeated "the invitation" and several others came. Again "the invitation" was repeated, and several others surrendered, making nine or ten in all. These were all baptized the same hour by Bro. Borton. (I was requested to remain with the church through the week and continue to preach. I did so with good effect, but don't recollect how many others were added.)

But, I must not forget my frequent trips to westem Pennsylvania that were made in course of my time at Reynoldsburg. Between the beginning of 1881, and ending of 1884, I labored at

Morris Cross Roads, Point Marion, Dawson, Bethel, Vanderbilt, New Haven, at a schoolhouse near the county seat, and preached a few times in Fayette City, Merchantville and other places. I preached also awhile at Perryopolis before their new house was built, and was present at the opening of their house as the speaker on the occasion. At nearly all these places, some obeyed the gospel, and at several of them there were from twelve to fifteen added. All the places just named are in Fayette county, Pa.

Besides these, I again visited Bolivar, in Westmoreland county (though it now occurs to me that this was later) and preached considerably in California and other places up and down the Monongahela River, from West Brownsville to Monongahela City, together with Pigeon Creek and Lone Pine and Zion in Washington county. These meetings nearly all resulted in a goodly number of additions, especially those in California and at Pigeon Creek.

Thus, as time passed, I labored almost constantly as an evangelist. My absences from home were many and protracted. Remuneration was generally good, but no amount of money could compensate for my separation from the endearments of home. Yet, I endured it without a murmur, and the wife of my bosom suffered it because she felt it was necessary. How much she suffered by reason of extra care, anxiety and ill-health, no one can tell except the preacher's wife who has had similar experience. As I think on this question, it occurs to mind that the wives of those preachers who go forward as evangelists, especially those who labor in weak and waste places much of their time, are called to endure more hardships and make more sacrifices for the gospel's sake than are all other women on earth combined. That is to say, they make more sacrifices on account of the gospel and for the welfare of mankind than all other women do on the same account, or for the same purpose. But how often are they entirely forgotten by those who rejoice in the results of their husband's labors!

(Thus far, I wrote this Story of My Life in 1891-2-3, over 40 years ago. And now I shall try to continue it to the time now passing, near the close of 1934. Of course, I have made a few changes in dates, and mention of deaths in my family.)

While making my home in Reynoldsburg, O., I was invited to Detroit, Mich. Bro. Alexander Linn, an elder of the church there, wished me to accompany him some distance into that state and help in confuting what was then called "Millennial Dawnism". That doctrine was advocated by a man named Patton, I think, to the disturbance of certain disciples. I went and helped him, though suffering at that time from the severest cold that ever afflicted me.

When we returned from our trip into the state, we found Plum Street church in Detroit, very much disturbed by Dr. W. A. Belding, of the "New Interest" or so-called "Christian Church". The doctor was soliciting money to build a meeting house in Washington, D. C., and, I think, had secured permission from the other elder to make a speech before Plum Street congregation in behalf of the Washington enterprise. When I learned of that I told Bro. Linn that Bro. Geo. Austen of Baltimore, Md., had informed me, ten or twelve years before, such an enterprise had been proposed in his day; also that he had refused to give, except on the agreement that the proposed meeting house should be used strictly for apostolic purposes. He further stated he meant that no organ should be used in the worship and no hired imported pastor be engaged there.

When I told this to Bro. Linn, he was not afraid to make use of it in public to the Plum Street brethren. His speech was effective. But Dr. Belding remained long enough, and talked to Elder Gray enough, to cause serious dissention between those two elders, which threatened disruption of that church. But in the meantime, Elder Linn became seriously sick, and while he was sick, Elder Gray was persuaded to go to him and make a confession that was satisfactory; and they were

reconciled.

But Bro. Linn died, and his body was laid away with due solemnity by his family and sorrowing friends. Bro. O. M. Benedict, of Ionia, wrote to me with reference to the conclusion of Bro. Linn's life, and stated that the victory won by his last sickness seemed to entitle him to a new hold on life and prolongation of his days. I endorsed that sentiment as expressed by Bro. Benedict. Yet, I know enough of mankind to understand that those who are strictly conscientious, and will always contend for scriptural teaching without compromise, are destined to be annoyed, troubled, misrepresented, at almost every juncture of life. In many instances, the wrong-doer finds more sympathizers than does the exposé of wrong. And whoever excels those with whom he is associated, is liable to be envied, hated, misrepresented. Alexander Linn excelled every other man in Plum Street congregation. And even the fullness of the religion of Christ, as taught there, did not protect him when a disturber entered that congregation. And the saddening assurance is that this will all be settled in the day of final accounts. And then the "inasmuch" doctrine of the Savior, as declared in the last of Matthew twenty-fifth chapter, will prevail and be executed. Woe unto those who ignore that doctrine while dealing with their fellow mortals who are disciples of Christ!

Before I went to Detroit, J. A. Harding had been there and engaged in a meeting that pleased the brethren much. And from there, he went to Medford, Ontario, about a hundred and forty miles above Toronto. And there, besides engaging in a protracted effort, he stirred Methodism sufficiently to have a debate. To this I should add, as a faithful historian, that Harding did much good by preaching the truth and baptizing a considerable number, many of whom remained faithful. But he did much harm, which confronted me when I went there in 1887. He spoke against elders extending the "right hands of fellowship" when receiving new members and thereby divided the eldership. Therefore, when one of them presided at the Lord's Table, he extended the hand as formerly, and welcomed the new members into the fellowship of the congregation. When the other elder presided he would say to the new converts, "Give you names to the clerk." And no one dared say a word on that subject, for fear of causing further disturbance.

Besides this, I found much confusion had been introduced by the same preacher declaring in favor of "special providence" for preachers and all others, even such providence as the Savior mentioned in Matthew tenth chapter! But that, I think, was soon overcome when I called attention to Luke 22:35-37, where the Savior placed his own limitation on the special providence he had previously mentioned.

Besides the errors thus far mentioned, I should, as a faithful historian, report that J. A. Harding preached against Christians voting in civil government affairs and holding office in such affairs, and they have disturbed many. The evil results can not be estimated. Bro. E. A. Elam, from the Southland, preached much in Ontario; but his behavior was always the best. And the same was true of a brother named Hinds. Elam and I met at one or two of their "June meetings" in Beamsville.

But, while thought of the town of Beamsville is before my mind, I should mention another man from the Southland who did much harm in Ontario. I refer to S. M. Jones, who had gone there and preached with boldness, impulse and passion, rather than in the spirit of the gospel. He urged his extreme notions till I heard a man outside of the church say the name "disciple" had become disgusting to him! Jones started a so-called "Bible school", and a monthly magazine to advertise himself and publish his notions as well as offer the gospel to people. Both enterprises failed; but he succeeded in dividing the church! I was called there and succeeded in reviving what Jones had left, baptizing a considerable number and then re-organizing the church. Bro. Earl Juday, from Indiana, preached there for a time, and in course of that a "June meeting" was held.

Before closing this part of my story, I should mention that I preached a considerable in St. Catherines and Toronto, of Ontario. While at Medford, and later at St. Catherines, I became acquainted with a devoted family of disciples named White. The father came from Ireland when a young man, and became a successful farmer near Medford. He married there, but his wife soon died. He married again, and he and his second wife reared twelve children. The father and mother became disciples and lived to a good old age. The father died when he was eighty four years old, and the mother when she was in her ninetieth year, I was informed--The father and mother were Methodists in their earlier years, but both became disciples of Christ, I think, under preaching of J. A. Harding. A majority of their children united with the church of Christ, but the others refused to turn from sectism. Two of the daughters married disciple preachers. One married J. Madison Wright, and the other married Daniel Sommer (his second wife). As far as I ever learned, that family has been of correct behavior in every particular, except that not all of the children became disciples of the order mentioned in the New Testament.

Elder Stewart (of Toronto) I knew quite well, and he was always a very interesting speaker. His Scotch brogue did not prevent him from being understood, and I always enjoyed his speeches at the Lord's Table, even if they were unusually long. I heard of one preacher who refused to preach after Elder Stewart had made a long speech at the table. (The worship was conducted in Canada before the preaching.) I have been informed that Elder Stewart has a son who is following closely in his father's footsteps, or excelling him in the Lord's work.

I recollect Dr. Scott, of Bathurst Street church, who was one of the most benevolent men I ever heard of in Toronto or anywhere else. Then, I recollect the Stirlings and the McLeods and Huntsmans and Merritts, in Beamsville and think of them all as disciples of the apostolic order; and I hope to meet them in Paradise, and be with them in the eternal habitation of the redeemed.

My latest preaching in Canada was in 1922, as I now recall. I visited and preached in Medford, and did the same in St. Catherines. My relations with Canadian brethren have all been pleasant, and I regret much that they were ever disturbed by erratic preachers from the States. Before passing from those brethren entirely, I state that in a very rainy season, several years ago, I engaged in a meeting in a store building in a village several miles from Beamsville. Seven of eight young people made "the good confession", and one older person. And when time came to baptize them in a millrace, the water was high and swift, and rain was falling. As a result, I had near or about the most difficult work in baptizing of any period of my life. But I got through safely; and when I was last in St. Catherines to preach, I had the privilege of meeting again several of those same people.

In 1878, I began writing for the Review, then known as "The American Christian Review". Elder Benjamin Franklin, its founder and editor, soon died, and John F. Rowe (a preacher and writer of some prominence) was then chosen as editor. I continued to write for the paper as a correspondent till the early part of 1880. Then, for reasons too saddening to be recorded, John F. Rowe became one of my unfriendly friends, and I was ruled out of the paper; or I ruled myself out, I have forgotten which. Nor does it make any difference to me now. "The Judge of all the earth will do right."

At this juncture, my thoughts return to Eastern Pennsylvania. I was living there when Bro. Franklin died. When I learned of it, I asked Elder Thomas Slack, "I wonder who will now edit the Review?" He playfully remarked, "I don't know, but maybe they'll call on me," referring to himself. I never understood fully what he meant by that remark, for he was not a writer. But he was a good elder. He did not ignore discipline. But when a member needed to make a confession for any wrong done that affected the church, he did some private talking. Then when that member was present and was ready to make confession, Elder Slack named the offense, then read one or more scriptures

pertaining to that offense. When he had finished, he would call on the offending member to arise in the audience and thereby confess that what he had said was correct in that one's case or condition. I never saw that method improved on or excelled.

And here, I am reminded of a particular case. A brethren named Abia Thompson drank cider enough, on a cold day at a swine killing, to make him drunk. He was taken to his home. When he became sober, he went to see one of the elders. That elder was not at home, and he told the elder's wife about what had occurred. When that elder came home and was told of what had occurred, he soon told Elder Slack about it, and the whole was summed up next Lord's day....This case was unusual in several particulars, one of which was that instead of the offender waiting for one of the eldership to approach him, he approached the eldership. And this should be the procedure of all wrong doers,-whether they have drunk too much cider or something else, or been guilty of some other wrong. And if all church members would be as careful as Abia Thompson of Chester county, Pa., then elders of the churches would not have much trouble in discipline of the brotherhood, for whose souls they are required to "watch"....)Elder Thomas Slack lived to be over eighty years of age, and his wife lived to be over a hundred. I worked with Bro. Slack over four years, and we never had a misunderstanding.

As an evangelist, I reported my work at other places to the congregation at Chestnut Grove. It is now known as the church near Kelton, Chester county, Pa. It was set in order by Elder George Austen of Baltimore, Md., in 1836. In the autumn of 1884, I moved with my family from Reynoldsburg to Martel, Ohio, a railroad village in Morrow county, about fifty miles north from Reynoldsburg. And my special reason for moving was because, about the middle of the preceding year, I had started a semi-monthly magazine, called "The Octograph". I wished to name my journal "A Call to Unity"; but Bro. L. F. Bittle, whom I wished to help me in editorial work, had coined the word "Octograph" from the Greek "octo" (eight) and "grapho" (I write); and he thought the

right kind of a journal should be measured by the eight writers of the New Testament. I thought the name "too classical" for common people; and thus I found it. "Octograph" needed too much explanation. It was called "Artograph", "Autograph", "Ostograph", by certain ones; and one man called it "Automatic" Bro. Bittle was not much among the brethren, and knew little or nothing of my troubles with that name.

But this is a good place for me to inform the reader concerning Leonard F. Bittle. He was the best educated and the most modest man I ever knew. When he sold his library, he offered books on grammar in near or about a dozen different languages; yet he never graduated in any institution which offered or conferred degrees or titles. His perspectives and reflectives were both good; and he said he decided in early life that near or about all that is offered in the schools had been committed to books. His next decision was to secure the books and master them, or use them as his servants. By thus proceeding, he adopted "the Lincoln method", or the method by which Abraham Lincoln became an educated man. Bittle became a preacher of extra ability, but had not the physical health to endure much public preaching.

But while serving as preacher for the church in Somerset, Pa., he wrote a series of articles for the Review over the signature, "B. F. Leonard". The Review's editor, Benjamin Franklin, did not know who "B. F. Leonard" was. But at a later date the same Franklin had an interview with Leonard F. Bittle, and asked him about that "B. F. Leonard." The indefinite answer he received caused Bro. Franklin to decide that "B. F. Leonard" and Leonard D. Bittle meant the same man.

But that series of articles is of next importance. In it, "the disciple brotherhood" received its first shocking exposure. I don't recollect seeing those articles, but I heard comments concerning

them. Bro. Bittle set forth what we were when we began, and what we had become by departures. And that was all before we had become two separate bodies of disciples—"Conservatives" and "Digressors". Bro. Bittle set the example of exposure, while others followed. And such exposures have since been made on various occasions until the two bodies of disciples are now known in history as "Churches of Christ" and "Christian Churches", or "Disciples of Christ."

L. D. Bittle and I worked together editorially about twenty years, and never had a misunderstanding. We paid him a small salary for writing, and he did his writing well. With a single exception or two, I never saw anything from his pen except what I could endorse. We had worked together for a period of years before we met, in Philadelphia, in the early history of the apostolic disciples there, after the original church had become digressive. After he had heard me preach a few times, he said, after meeting one night, "Bro. Sommer, I wish to say something in the Review about you, and I don't wish to be restricted by any one in the office. I wish to set forth my estimate of you without reserve, because of what I have heard against you." (Thus he spoke as we were walking together from the place of meeting, and soon he sent to the office of the old paper the following expressions)-

*HONOR TO WHOM HONOR*  
(*Octographic Review, Sept. 17, 1901*)

*Lord's day, Sept. 5th, I had for the first time the pleasure of greeting Daniel Sommer face to face. Though our names have been coupled in editorial work since 1883, yet till the day just mentioned we had never seen each other. Had I formed my conception of him from the caricatures published by his enemies, I should have prepared myself to meet a harsh, dogmatic, uncouth gainsayer whose chief business and sole delight are in opposing every good word and work. What else could I expect after reading the many tirades against him which have appeared in the journals of "progress", and hearing them repeated, magnified and intensified as they have passed from mouth to ear in the social circles of worldly conformity!*

*But I pictured him not after the distorting fancy of his traducers. So I was not surprised to find in him a Christian gentleman of attractive presence and courteous manners-the peer if not the superior of any of the "ministers" who a year or two ago met in this city to make speeches and compare views in behalf of the new order of things in the churches. Some of the brethren here who invited him to preach a few evenings were not without misgivings that he should prove unmindful of Paul's admonition: "Foolish and unlearned questions avoid." But they were very agreeably disappointed, for there was nothing in the matter of manner of his sermons which should offend the most fastidious seeker after truth. Erect, tall, broad-shouldered, full-chested, free from awkward or eccentric gestures, with a strong bass voice under good control, speaking slowly and articulating distinctly, he is well fitted to interest the common people in the facts and precepts of the New Testament. Since I listened to Bro. Franklin, thirty two years ago, I have not heard simpler, clearer expositions of the gospel and more soul-stirring appeals to seek the old paths and walk in the good way than those made by Bro. Sommer. He speaks like a man who actually believes what he says, and feels the grave responsibility resting on him as a teacher of religion. With the poet Cowper,*

*“I venerate the man whose heart is warm,  
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,  
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof  
That he is honest in the sacred cause.  
To such I render more than mere respect,  
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.”*

*Since hearing Bro. Sommer I do not wonder that he is feared and shunned by people who are not content with the “Bible only”, but prefer the Bible with modern additions and improvements; nor am I surprised that his enemies use against him, not the sword of the Spirit, for this they cannot wield, but the more familiar weapons of falsehood and slander. But our brother can afford to treat his defamers with silence. Since the great apostasy began, there has been no period in which the man who insists on complete return to apostolic teaching and practice has not been traduced by all who find their pleasure and profit in following traditions of the elders. Those, however, who are thus treated can seek consolation in the Savior’s words: “Blessed are ye when men revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.” Cowper, from whom I have already quoted, exclaims,*

*“O Popular Applause! what heart of man  
Is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms!”*

*Against this allurements, Christ emphatically warned his followers. “Woe unto you,” said he, “when all men speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets.*

*Let no man say this is published because I am connected with the Review. I flatter no man, but give the foregoing unsolicited as my candid judgment in view of all the facts in the case. I give it, too, for the sake of the truth to which Jesus himself bore witness. I honor Bro. Sommer, because he has ever battled valiantly for the faith delivered once for all to the saints, and has accepted in its most exclusive sense the motto of Chillingworth- “The Bible, I say, the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants!” This is the only defensible position, the only safe ground, the only doctrine which, reduced to daily practice, affords permanent satisfaction to the tender conscience, and unwavering hope to the heart that finds its chief delight in the law of the Lord. L. D. Bittle*

But, while living with his wife and two children in a rural district in New York, Bro. Bittle was stricken with the ailment then known as “grippe”, and it left him a victim of occasional spasms, from which he never entirely recovered. His death occurred near Philadelphia, when he was about seventy years of age. Thus the Review lost its most learned and dignified writer after he had written for it about twenty years. He could write in almost any style that was decent. The most undignified declaration I ever knew him to make use of in his writings, was when Clark Braden challenged him for debate. He answered: “We can imagine a man brave enough to go forth into the forest to hunt lions, but on his return that same man would step inside when he would be confronted by a skunk.

Bro. Bittle’s widow did not live many years after his death; and his two daughters also soon sickened and died, I was informed.

Returning to the record of moving with my family from Reynoldsburg to Martel, Ohio, in early autumn of 1884, I now mention that I made that move because M. P. Gallaher, a fellow student at Bethany, had been doing my printing there. He had charged me too heavily, as I learned afterward, and was about to ruin my printing enterprise if a change was not made. For this reason, I moved to Martel to learn how to do my own printing. My boys were young, yet they were good spellers and had learned to read manuscript. Three of them soon learned to set type and I soon learned something about the printing press. Then I bought Gallaher’s printing press and sufficient

fixtures to print my magazine, and within a year moved it all to Richwood, a town of about 1500 inhabitants at that time, about forty miles east from Martel. There I set up the press, and the boys set the type. Then I learned I had paid too heavily for the work that Gallaher had been doing for me.

Before I had printed and sent forth "The Octograph" a full year in Richwood, I was informed that the journal known as "The American Christian Review" was in trouble. Its owner had failed in business, and its editor had tried to intensify his griefs by making an exposure of it in the Review's columns. A few months later, that editor started a rival paper by seeing a copy of the Review's mailing list which he had borrowed on the pretense of needing it to help in his correspondence. In the meantime, my boys regarded their work as little more than play, for they were rapidly becoming experts in setting type. As a result, they were anxious for more work! And after I had been agitated for the Review's welfare for a period of months, and in my agitation had probably walked a hundred miles, indoors and out, I wrote to Edwin Alden, then manager of the Review, this kind of letter, from a place in western Pennsylvania, near Monongahela City:

*Mr. Edwin Alden,*

*My Dear Sir:-Is the American Christian Review for sale? If so, on what terms? If it does not change hands, the editor of a certain rival paper will kill it with the club of outside ownership! If this interests you, then let me know.*

*Respectfully, Daniel Sommer.*

In response, I received a telegram followed by a letter. Arrangements were made for me to meet Mr. Alden, in Pittsburgh, Pa.. at the Seventh Avenue Hotel at nine o'clock next morning. In that interview of seven hours Edwin Alden seemingly became convinced that he could recommend the owner of that paper to sell it to me for twelve thousand dollars without a first payment, and without security except a chattel mortgage on the paper itself. At the close of 1886, I signed my name to twelve notes of a thousand dollars each, and the paper was transferred to me. I began publishing it with the first of January, 1887. I stipulated that all worldly advertising should be excluded from its columns as soon as contracts for such advertising already made would expire.

For a time, I sent forth the paper from Cincinnati, Ohio, and then moved it to Richwood, where my family was living. My three boys did most of the type-setting by the old time method of one letter at a time, and their mother soon became the publisher. What that cost her and me, I shall not attempt to describe. Yet, I may say we were worked nearly the limit, for months! We worked every hour in the day and nearly every hour in the night. But good health continued and we worked through regardless of prophecies of failure. I found that ruling out worldly advertising caused a deficit of about a thousand dollars a year. This means that, in order to have a good conscience, I have thus far forfeited at least forty thousand dollars. But who cares anything about that?

After conducting the paper in Richwood about seven years, it was dislodged by a fire in the same building, that was started in a photograph gallery. Then it was moved to Indianapolis in spring of 1894, where it has since been sent forth. And if its readers will do their duty toward it, or show ordinary appreciation of the pioneer of "clean" papers, it may be sent forth from this city many years to come. But scarcely one in a hundred consider what a paper that is not connected with worldly devices means, nor of what it costs. It is a suggestion for a clean life, a clean church, and this means a clean ministry as consisting of elders, deacons and preachers.

But before turning entirely from Richwood, O., a few additional remarks should be made. The church there was of the digressive order, but not strong. Yet, in order to gain my help, that

church consented to keep the organ silent and we would be together. But in my absence from home, at a certain time, a few members decided to arrange for "a church festival". When I returned home, trouble was introduced, for I did not hesitate to state what I thought of that festival. Later, when I was from home, one of my unfriendly friends there urged that I should be "voted out of the congregation" because I "opposed use of the organ and opposed festivals." Several members were absent that day, by reason of a funeral; and seven voted against me, I was told. My friends who were there did not vote.

I called on three congregations to send some one to investigate such procedure. Each of them sent a man, as I now recollect, one of whom was a Justice of the Peace. He called on those who voted against me to "appear and testify". Not one came. The decision rendered was that, according to the Scriptures, "there was no cause of action" against me. Yet that "action" was reported over the brotherhood of digressive disciples; and at a later date when I went to Bedford, Indiana, to help in establishing the church, I was informed that Joseph Franklin had canvassed the town against me, reporting "exclusion". That Joseph was the eldest son of Benjamin Franklin, and had turned from apostolic disciples and joined digressives, and served them as "pastor" till he became "super-annuated", or too old and feeble to serve them longer. And at a still later date, as I now recall, when I challenged J. A. Lord, editor of the "Christian Standard", he thrust at me that I had been "excluded" from the church at Richwood, and "on that account" he refused to debate with me. I replied in due form.

But the effort at Bedford succeeded. I preached in a hall, and then in the court house, until a new house was built for the congregation. And I labored there, occasionally, till the membership was over a hundred. And that church has since advanced under the influence of other preachers. But nearly all the older members have passed to their reward, and I have not been there for a long time. But nearly all the older members have passed to their reward, and I have not been there for a long time. But in the meantime, the church at Richwood (with its organ and festival) weakened and weakened, year after year, till only one member went there. But as she continued to go, I was informed that the church at Marion, O., about fifteen miles distant, took "pity" on it and lent a helping hand. It was revived. But the last I heard of it was last summer, and then I learned it was tottering again.

In Richwood, Ohio, I found a quiet little man, who had served in the so-called "Civil War", named Thomas Prosser. He was an elder of the church for a time; but resigned because of his wife, who was charged with "talking too much". But she told much truth about certain people, as certain ones learned to their sorrow. And here, I am reminded of one event that occasionally recurs among my recollections.

I had been away from home through many Holiday seasons, but finally indications were that I would be at home once more for "Christmas dinners" Sister Sommer was pleased, and I am sure the children were. But, about ten o'clock, Bro. Prosser and his wife came, and she soon made known that she wished to be baptized, for she was not satisfied with the immersion she received from the Methodists in her early years. I inquired when she wished me to baptize her. She said, "Now, as soon as we can get to the water," or used words to that effect.

So I got ready, went to the livery barn, engaged a horse and buggy, and started for the Scioto River, about six miles distant. Bro. Prosser followed my example, and took "Auntie Prosser", as she was called, to the river and there she was immersed. She endured the cold water well, and all was satisfactory. But I did not get back home till about three o'clock in the afternoon, for I was detained

to eat dinner elsewhere, and Sister Sommer remembered that occasion with unpleasant emotions for many years.

But while I was living in Richwood, I did my chief work at Magnetic Springs, a village about six miles southward. I had been called to the Springs before I moved to Richwood, and had preached in the village schoolhouse. A Doctor Drake had moved there from another part of the same county. He was a good physician, an intelligent, conscientious disciple, and a good teacher. His wife was a good woman. But he had two sons who did not honor their parents. I found also a man named Enos Bell, a farmer whose wife was one of the best of women. These, with a few others, were disposed to establish a church at the Springs, and I was disposed to help. But conveyance was costly; and many times I walked to the Springs and I could not get any more. And I was informed that the German Baptists leaders were soon found gathering up copies they had sold and destroying them! I was not surprised at that report.

Soon after that debate, I learned the German Baptists (or Dunkards) decided to call themselves "Brethren Church", or "Church of the Brethren". But I never inquired concerning the reason for that decision, if it was made. I was told by one who was for years a member with them-but came to the Church of Christ by reason of that debate-that the German Baptists reasoned well till they came to baptism. "Then, he said, "they begin to speculate, and never quit." (Since that debate, they have divided into three or four well-defined parties. I think they were in two parties when I debated with their representative man. But since then, they have been dividing over progression, or worldlyism, which includes instrumental music in worship.)

In course of that debate a little preacher of their order, from McPherson, Kan., was present. His name I cannot recall. But he parted his hair in the middle, and was girlish or dandyish in appearance. And the disciples had a little preacher present named Michael Gorman, who was the opposite in appearance of the German Baptist. One day (at noon hour, I think) those two met, and this interview occurred:

"I don't wish to hurt your feelings," said the McPherson man, "but, I have called you the Campbellite feist." German responded: "And I don't wish to hurt your feelings, but I have said you are the German Baptist dandy. And as you may not know what a dandy is, I will tell you. A dandy is one who would be a woman if he could! But since he can't, he does all he can to show people he is not a man."

My estimate of the German Baptists is that they are generally a moral people. But, I have been told they are not good neighbors if they wish to get you out of their neighborhood, or have in mind one of their own brotherhood, they will in your place. And in regard to religion, they are as sectarian as any of the common sects of so-called Christendom. Yet, honest people are among them. I was once invited into the home of a brother whose wife was a Dunkard. While there, I said in her hearing: "In First Corinthians fifteenth chapter, the apostle Paul declares the gospel of Christ is the death, burial and resurrection of Christ. Then, in Romans sixth chapter that same apostle declares that in obeying the gospel we die to sin, are buried with Christ, and raised to walk in newness of life. But as Christ died to sin once, so our bodies should be raised once." (I saw I had her attention and repeated what I had offered. She did not say a word, and I added no more.)

That was on Saturday. Lord's day night following, she was present in our meeting, and in response to the invitation, she came forward. I called for her confession of faith in the usual manner, and she was immersed next morning-by one burial and one resurrection. I saw her a few years later and learned she was faithful. Thus it has been, thus it is, and thus it will be-when people are honest. The plain truth will be listened to, and even read, when offered in clear form. But environments and

associations will deter many. They have not the courage to turn from former relations. I could name the man who lived in Richwood, who told me, in so many words, that if he would move into a new community where a Church of Christ was established, he would unite with that church. "But," said he, "here where all my kindred, ties and association are with the Methodists, I feel like staying with them." If he had been younger, and had never been broken in his nervous system, I would have urged him to make the change regardless of associations and probable opposition. But he had been in the army in time of the conflict between the North and South, and had been discharged because of his nerves. He could not bear much agitation; and whoever turns from sectism may feel assured of much agitation by reason of misrepresentation.

While the question of agitation and misrepresentation is before the mind, I wish to offer a few words about debates. I have had but few compared with certain other preachers. And I am glad to say, as I recollect, I was never charged by an opponent with misrepresenting him. I have always taken notes and been careful to treat my opponent fairly.

I am not a natural debater, nor have I debated enough to learn much about that business. Yet, I think I understand the Bible, and therefore know all sectism is wrong. I know also that nearly all sectism is the result of straining Scripture, for a foundation, and then presumption in regard to advancement. Religious sectarisms all seem to have adopted the doctrine, "Whatever is not forbidden is allowed." And that doctrine seems to have originated with Adam's first son, who offered a cabbage or a turnip, or some other fruit of the ground, which God had not commanded. And, by reason of having adopted that doctrine, every reformer, or pretended reformer, has felt free to adopt whatever he thought was reasonable or would work well.

In the second century of the gospel age, the primitive church seemed to forget, to some degree, that Christ is King over his people, and thus was (and is) their Lawgiver! As a result, they began to adopt officials, plans and arrangements of their own. This was especially true in regard to officials or officers for the church, and counties of those officers. They seemed to think they could believe in Christ and love him enough to be saved by him; yet arrange officials; work and worship as they saw fit. Church history thus reveals. As a result the church went astray, decade after decade, score after score of years, and century after century, till early in the seventh century as first one who pretended to be "universal bishop" at Rome was proclaimed. And that kind of a bishop was more or less continued about a thousand years. Then, the information of the sixteenth century was introduced. Martin Luther adopted the doctrine, "Whatsoever is not forbidden is allowed." Then he strained faith till he had a doctrine of "faith only". The bishops of England did the same. John Calvin of France strained the question of "grace" and adopted predestinarianism from before the foundation of the world, of certain men and angels to be saved, and others to be lost. That doctrine he borrowed from Augustine, who was one of the so-called "Apostolic Fathers", who lived between the last of the apostles of Christ and the first of the popes of Rome. ) Augustine was born A. D. 354, and died A. D. 430.)

Then, in the seventeenth century, George Fox (father of Quakerism), strained "the spirit" question, and maintained that its operation for guidance is above the written word found in the Bible. Next came John Wesley in the early half of the eighteenth century, and he combined the straining of faith and the straining of the Spirit's operations, and "shouting Methodism" as the result. On the same principle all other sects have arisen till we may find, according to a late report, two hundred and fourteen different churches, communities, or sects, in the United States alone. I have seen the statement that in Great Britain may be found about two hundred and fifty. They are all formed by

overestimating certain scriptures and ignoring others. Then, by forgetting that Christ is King and thus is the Lawgiver for his church, creeds have been formulated. As a result, each sect feels at liberty to arrange its own name, creed and procedure. "Whatever is not forbidden is allowed", seems the one doctrine common to them all, when they get the straining of Scripture accomplished for their foundation. The next doctrine they adopt it-"Every man has a right to his opinion." But this is as false as sin itself! God suffers people to hold wrong opinions, but does not give them any right to them. God never gave a man a right to anything that is wrong, not even a wrong opinion! God suffers people to hold wrong opinions at their peril, but does not give any one a right to them.

Then, many adopt the saying of James Arminius, the Dutch Reformer, who said "A good conscience is a paradise." And multitudes think conscience is a safe guide, forgetting, if they ever knew, that the apostle Paul had a "good conscience" while he was a persecutor of the church and working "havoc" among the best people in the world. He afterward declared that he, with a good conscience, was a "blasphemer, a persecutor and injurious" (1 Tim. 1, 12, 13; Acts 23:1). Yet, such a man had a "good conscience"!

When I learned, in my early years, that Paul had a "good conscience" while he was a bad man and "exceedingly mad" against Christians, I faltered. Paul's "good conscience while he was doing wrong, and his plain language about being "buried" with Christ by baptism"-this had much effect on me while I was yet connected with Methodism. and that was sufficient to convince me, and I left Methodism.

When I moved my family and the Review to Indianapolis, forty years ago last spring, my children were all with me. Their mother and I seemed in the vigor of life, and our children were all well. As a result we were all ready for work, and we did work! About three-fourths of my time I was away from home, going on with my work as a general evangelist in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, Michigan, and Canada. Later I was called into Kansas and Oklahoma; then into Nebraska; and still later into Colorado. Besides protracted meetings I was called to be "chief speaker" in various "annual meetings". And as these are here mentioned I should give a report of one. It was announced to be held near Beallsville in a grove in Morgan county, Ohio. As memory serves me, it was in September, and the day was cool for a meeting in the open air. But we assembled.

I was not in my best condition of health, for I was suffering from an attack of malaria. But I went, took a big dose of Quinine and went to the platform. "Wholeheartedness in Seeking and Serving God" was my theme in the forenoon, as I now recollect. In the afternoon my subject was, "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up!" (Matt. 15:13.) And I should mention that several brethren present on that occasion had reported me of a "race track" in that community, to which gamblers were resorted, and corrupted young people as well as taking their money in games of chance. In view of such report, I suppose, I selected the mentioned text from the afternoon's discourse. After explaining the word "plant" as referring to "doctrine", I advanced in the thought of the Roman Catholic Church as a plant the heavenly father had not planted. Then after talking about certain of Rome's peculiarities for a time, I repeated the text with all possible emphasis, saying that the savior declared, "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up!"

Then I mentioned the Greek Catholic Church as another plant the heavenly father had not planted, and should be rooted up; and repeated the text. Then, as memory serves me, I turned on that "race track" I had heard of, and declared (after telling of its evils) that it was certainly not a plant the heavenly father had not planted and again repeated the text with all possible emphasis.

I was facing an east wind and my voice was not in good condition. But the audience was large, and I was impelled to go onward with emphasis. As I advanced I considered humanly given names for professed Christians; and after talking awhile concerning them I again repeated the text with all possible emphasis.

Next, as my memory serves me, I mentioned three modes of Baptism, and talked about them as I thought the scriptures justified; after which I again repeated the text: "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up!" Then I turned on the "race track" once more, and said all about it I thought it deserved and again repeated my text.

The audience remained silent and behaved well until I mentioned the "mourner's bench" as a plant the heavenly father had not planted. Then a silent disturbance occurred, for a school teacher named McVey arose, took his little boy by the hand and walked rapidly before me and out from among the seats where the people were sitting. If he thought to stampede the audience, he was disappointed, for scarcely anyone followed. (A Methodist preacher was present, as I now recollect, and stated afterwards that I was "as full of the devil" as my hide would hold, and if I had died on that platform I would have gone "straight to hell".)

In due time I finished the discourse, and preached that night in the meeting house at Beallsville, but was too hoarse to do any subject justice. Next morning I left for Zanesville. Bro. W. W. Otey was living in or near Beallsville at that time, and he wrote to me afterward that if I remained there on Monday the civil law would have been needed to protect me, the Methodists were so enraged.

And what was the result? The brethren in Eastern Ohio never called me back. but thirteen years later I went to an "annual meeting" at Barnesville, county-seat of Monroe county. While there a brother said "Yes, Bro. Sommer, I remember you! I heard you preach at Beallsville, thirteen years ago, I remember your text". You preached on "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up!" I had a colt on the track at the time; but after hearing your discourses I took him off the track." Another brother told me about the same, for he also remembered the text. And he added, "I haven't been to a show since".

Such and such-like were the expressions I heard from that discourse, thirteen years later.

But I should not forget the remainder of my story about Beallsville. A brother named Wheeler told me that soon after the discourse mentioned he was at a Methodist meeting not far distant. The preacher called for recitations of Scripture by the audience; and when he was called on he said, "The only blessed text I could think of was: 'Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up; and I gave it to them, and it nearly ended the recitational part of that meeting!"

And while thinking of Monroe county, Ohio, I am reminded of Old Union, a country congregation. Bro. A. J. Bachman came to me when I was near Old Union and urged me to go over there. It was his home congregation, I think, and he said it was in trouble by reason of certain men having preached against the Sunday-school at that place. The father at least had done the preaching, and the son had endorsed it. I am not sure his son had then commenced to preach.

Be that as it may, I went and preached three or four discourses on unity- "The unity of Spirit in the bond of peace." Then I stated that I had heard of division in the congregation and wished to know if anyone present had anything to say. The elder, Thomas Wood, arose and commenced to talk. He stated that in the recent conflict concerning the Sunday-school, he had said some things he ought not to have said, especially to a certain sister who was present. Then that sister arose and said: "Yes, Brother Wood, and I said some things I ought not to have said"; and began to walk toward

Bro. Wood, and he walked toward her. They met, clasped each other's hand and asked each other's pardon. The congregation wept, and the conflict was ended. The trouble was settled.

That was Monday forenoon, as I recollect. The meeting was announced for that night, and people began to obey the gospel. This continued until near the close of the week, when I had to leave after baptizing eleven, as I now recollect. About two years later I saw one of the other elders from Old Union, and asked him about that trouble which was settled when I was there. He asked "What trouble?" I told him; and he said: "I never heard it mentioned afterward."

There were Christians on both sides of that trouble, and could settle their troubles and let that remain settled. Thus it has been; thus it is; and thus it will be. Christians, when shown how to settle their troubles, will settle them and let them remain settled.

As church troubles have been mentioned, I recollect several others that were more serious than the one at Old Union. That trouble was settled, according to Scripture, and remained settled, as I have stated. But after the church in Bedford, Ind., had been established for several years, a certain preacher of the congregation there, who had certain extreme notions, got into trouble with the eldership. I was called to assist the elders-called by letter and a telegram. I left my work, and disappointed another congregation, and went to their assistance. I was held there two weeks. The preacher and his party were defeated, the meeting house was saved to the church, and the preacher and his party formed another congregation. The preacher soon left, and his party later ceased to meet. Then, at a later date, nearly all that party came back to the church and confessed their wrongs. But the church there never called me for a protracted meeting afterwards. There was some feeling among those who were of the party or faction because I had helped to defeat their preacher who had led them to do wrong. Such was my reward in Bedford, and the same has been true elsewhere. But the church was saved, and that was the chief end in view.

But before leaving Bedford, I had a talk with the elders which I should here report. They were elderly men, and had been in the church a long time. Two had been in the U. S. Army and were pensioners. But as elders they had overlooked the sixth and fifteenth chapters of the book of Acts, and the good example the apostles there set for others to follow. As a result, those elders had ventured to pay a certain brethren's debt of about sixty dollars, out of the church treasury, without consulting the congregation. When the preacher to whom I referred learned of this, he seemed to think he had a right to call the elders to account. In view of this, he formulated charges, read them, and called on the elders to confess their wrongs. Thus, the conflict was introduced. When it was over, as previously stated, then I told the elders, when they were all present in the business office of one of their number, that they should have consulted the congregation before paying that debt. Then their spokesman asked for some Scripture bearing on that question. As a result, I inquired if he had ever read the sixth chapter of the book of Acts. He answered that he had. I then told him of the business there mentioned, and that even the apostles brought that business before the multitude of the disciples and explained it to them; and what they said "pleased the whole multitude". "That," I said, "was a good example for us to follow." (That elder bowed assent without saying a word.)

I do not mean to imply that elders should consult a congregation in regard to ordinary affairs of the church....how much they should give an incidental preacher, nor when they should order a load of coal, nor concerning every visit they make. But, the church treasury is, from a legal viewpoint, like a joint stock company fund, and every one who has anything in it has a right to be consulted when anything extra arises or seriously affects the entire congregation. The calling of a preacher to help in a protracted meeting, for instance, should be brought before the congregation. If the preacher is not well known to be all right, then some one might help the elders render a right decision. No

vote should be taken, but the question should be asked, "Does any one know any scriptural reason why we should not have Brother Blank to assist in a meeting?" In course of a service of about thirty years in the eldership, I have preceded on this principle, and have done so on the principle of Paul's question, "What saith the Scripture?" (Gal. 4:30) And though that question was offered in regard to another subject, yet the discussion regarding circumcision, in Acts fifteenth chapter, reveals an appeal to the divine record. And that should always be our guide. Then in order to learn what that record declared, in the estimation of others, elders and evangelists should inquire what may be called the "solid sends" of a congregation. That is secured by asking if any one knows any scriptural reason why anything that has been proposed should not be accepted. Such procedure treats the congregation with due respect, and avoids, as far as possible, any dissension which might arise. I know of a serious lawsuit over church

property that was the result of failure to ask such a question. And after a full and impartial trial, the decision of the court was against the elders who would not consult the congregation. And any eldership that does not take the congregation it is serving into its confidence, is liable to have trouble of a serious kind. sooner or later some one in the congregation is liable to say, "We are like dumb, driven cattle; we don't know what is going on; we are expected to give and give, but are not told what goes with the money." And when such a remark is made, it is liable to cause serious trouble, if it is in any measure well grounded. I can think of three or four lawsuits over church property, resulting from an eldership disregarding the apostle Peter's precaution against being lords over God's heritage, as found in the last chapter of his first letter to Christians. And lawsuits among Christians are always unscriptural, damaging, ruinous!

But Church Government is a subject which very few are disposed o study. Many have learned to say that "elders are required to attend to spiritual affairs to the church, and deacons are required to attend to the church's temporal affairs." And having learned this much, they seem satisfied. What is worse, very few disciples seem to think they are required to learn any more. A few elders and inconsiderate preachers, read in Heb. 13:17, "Obey them that have the rule over you"; and then repeat, "Obey them that have the rule over you" (with special emphasis on the word "obey"). Then, if any one seems disposed to dissent, the answer is: "Obey them that have the rule over you" (with emphasis on every word).

Many have said, of sins committed by dictatorial and unrepentant elders, "Let us forget it." I tell them, "God does not forget." To this I add, the crime thus committed will be adjusted in the day of final accounts. But that will be when the time for repentance will be numbered with the eternal past. And this will be a good place for me to confess the most serious mistake I ever made as a preacher of Christ. My desire to increase the number of readers of the Bible caused me to propose Bible Readings for all who could afford to come to them. That proposal was made in spring of 1894. My purpose was to show as many as possible how to read the Bible so as to understand it by considering its history, law and prophecy in the order in which they are recorded. I had studied the Bible, without humanly arranged commentaries of anykind. I found that the history comes first, and explains the law which is next offered; and then the history and the law I found explained the prophecies, which are offered last in both the Old Testament and in the New. I thought those who would go with me through the entire Bible would be so delighted with it that they would rejoice to lead others through the entire Bible during the remainder of their days; and thus Bible Readings would become numerous and beneficial in all parts of the brotherhood. I hoped the winter seasons would thus be spent largely in every community where a Church of Christ was established.

But what was the result? I found a considerable number of ambitious young men regarded

such Readings as a convenient arrangement for them to go into the pulpit and pose as preachers. Very few of them seemed impressed with the dignity, grandeur and glory of God's entire revelation to mankind in the Bible. I cannot think of even one who seemed thus impressed. But they had an ambition in their minds and hearts, and wished to use the Bible to accomplish that ambition. Several of them proposed to follow my example and conduct Readings. But I am not able to think of even one of them who learned to measure his words even in speaking or writing concerning the Bible, or felt free to keep clear of sectarian commentaries. I am accustomed to say that any man who cannot, or will not, study the book of Acts so as to learn how Jews and Gentiles became Christians, when the gospel of Christ was preached by the apostles, that man cannot be trusted with any other part of the Bible!

Therefore, I have never owned a humanly arranged commentary on the Bible! Even those arranged by professed "disciples" are largely made up of what has been borrowed from sectarians. This is true of manner, if not of thought. Whoever questions this might be convinced of the truth of my statement on this subject by reading Moses E. Lard's "Introduction" to his "Commentary" on the "Letter to the Romans". Then, do the same with reference to McGarvey's "Commentary on Acts". The style of those Introductory remarks is an indication of what I have mentioned. A certain preacher and editor said, "Lard's Commentary on Romans' is more difficult to be understood than Paul's letter to the Romans on which the commentary is offered." And this suggests what a certain Negro said to a certain preacher, "De Bible throws a good deal ub light on dem tracks you giv to me!"

When I told Grant Bruton of Centralia, Mo., that I was disappointed in regard to results from the Bible Readings I had conducted, he gave me this contemptible consolation: "I think you did very well, considering the material you had to work with."

I say "contemptible consolation" because I held in contempt the waste of my time which I had made, or had been guilty of making. What I intended for the best had resulted in the worst! For instance, one man (who was strongly and strangely and recklessly inclined to denounce secret orders) undertook to conduct a Bible Reading. And in course of that Reading he had so much to say against secret orders that one of his readers asked if every chapter in the Bible was especially intended to condemn such orders. The dignity and grandeur and glory of the Bible could not lift him above technical criticisms

An ex-judge of a circuit court once said to me, "Every document should be considered in the light of every one of its parts; and then every one of its parts should be considered in the light of that document as a whole, in order for its meaning to be certainly understood." That was said to me before I commenced to conduct Bible Readings, and was said only once! But, its correctness so impressed my mind that I never forget it very long at a time. But I could never impress it on the mind of any of those whom I tried to instruct except Delbert Clothier of Kansas, and perhaps, one or two others. He was a technical reasoner when he came into a Reading of four weeks that I conducted. and when I was with him not long ago, he said something like this: "Brother Sommer, I can never tell you fully how thankful I am that you showed me that I would need to take all the Bible declares on any subject, in order to understand it.

And while Delbert's name and devotion to truth are before my mind, I should mention more concerning him, for I appreciate my acquaintance with him more than I feel free to express. He is one of a large family of children that grew up in Reno county, Kan., and, as far as I learned, all of them seemed honorable. At least I never heard of any of them trying to damage one of their fellow mortals. And what I wish especially to mention is this report:

Delbert preached on a certain occasion and spoke especially concerning good behavior on the part of young people. Then a certain brother arose to preside at the Lord's Table and stated that he was disposed to tell the audience that when Brother Delbert was a young man he was pleased to engage in breaking colts and young mules and bronco's, and he knew young animals liked to kick up their heels. (Then he proceeded to make remarks concerning the Communion.) But before the audience was dismissed, Delbert Clothier arose and said the brother who had referred to him as enjoying the task of breaking young animals had told the truth. "But, said Clothier, "he didn't tell you the whole truth. When I broke young animals I always had a good steady old animal to help; and I always tied the young animal to the old one, but never tied the old animal to the young one." (Thus Delbert Clothier exposed the fallacy of the speech thrust on the audience in favor of young people doing as they please without regulation by older ones. Solomon's proverb about training a child has been changed to this: "Train up a child and away he goes!")

Much is said about young people "taking part in meetings." If they are not urged forward, they are liable to think they have nothing to do. As a result, they become discouraged, and say they "have no place in the meetings."

This is all wrong. The first essential is to learn the Bible, and thus learn something to say. I don't suppose any congregation can be found that would discourage any young person or older one in regard to taking part in any public meeting that is open for teaching and exhortation. But in a majority of instances, not one in ten of the older ones makes one-tenth of the preparation that should be made in order to edify a congregation. If preachers did not study their subjects more than Elders and certain other teachers do, they would not be supported. A certain young man in North Indianapolis was not especially encouraged to "take part in meetings". But he studied his Bible both day and night till he knew something, and then he selected a place and began preaching. And he soon became an effective proclaimer. He did not have to be pushed nor pulled, nor coaxed nor driven, nor flattered, nor hired to study the Bible. He studied it in order to learn it; and when he had learned something of it, he wished to tell it.

Much has been said and written about "saying something in meeting"; but the most important question is whether we "have anything to say". Those who are natural talkers can always talk, but may not say anything worth hearing. Such talkers can ruin any meeting, and in course of time, can ruin any church...if they be not hindered in their talking. The church at Corinth had in it specially gifted men and women; but even such needed regulating, as we may learn by reading the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of Paul's first letter to that church. Those specially gifted ones were liable to suppose their gifts were of more importance than certain others; and Paul needed to refer to the human body and its members as an illustration. He endeavored to teach them that even the least of the members of the human body were necessary to completeness of the body. And in modern time, since special gifts are no longer bestowed, sometimes jealousies are found in regard to the part each one should perform. Sometimes, women watch to see if their husbands are called on as often as some other woman's husband! Everything of that kind is pitiable, and indicates desire for self-exaltation. And the self-seeker is generally a troublesome character.

In view of this, the importance of humility needs to be emphasized in every congregation. Genuine humility, not the assumed kind, needs to be in every mind and heart. One of the so-called "Apostolic Fathers" was accustomed to say, "The first essential to a Christian is humility; the second essential is humility and the third essential is humility." And that saying is true. But the humility that is acceptable to God and well pleasing among mankind is genuine humility,, not the assumed kind that people talk most about. It is that which causes those who have it to hold their peace in

regard to it. In other words, genuine humility does not cause those who have it to tell others that they have it; but show it without saying that they have it. Such humility does not trouble a church. Neither does it trouble a family nor any other society. It causes those who have it “in honor to prefer another” rather than to recommend themselves. It is just the opposite of what politicians generally manifest when they offer themselves for office. They, by implication, say, “I am the one you need. Vote for me!”

But the question has often been urged, “If we do not have the “mutual” teaching and exhortation in our meetings, must we have regular preaching?” My answer in the light of the apostolic teaching is: “That depends on the kind of preaching that is done.” To this, I add that constant textual preaching will ruin any congregation in course of time, and will make it helpless without a constant preacher. And yet, what is the difference between having a sermon from the same man all the time and having a pretended sermon from a different man once a month, or once in two months, or once in three months? (Try this and report results, if you have any doubts on the subject.)

I have studied the Sermon on the Mount more than I have studied any other sermon. It came from the lips of the greatest preacher that ever walked the earth in human form. He understood the truth better than did any other preacher. For these reasons and others that might be mentioned, Jesus the Christ was the greatest preacher that ever addressed an audience here on earth in human form, I think we may safely say. And that sermon may be justly regarded as made up of a series of grand doctrinal declarations. It had a forward bearing on the Gospel age, a backward bearing on the Jewish law, a present bearing on the personal ministry the Savior had then begun, and a general or universal bearing on all ages pertaining to time, as indicated by the Golden Rule. That rule declared God’s will concerning mankind in their relations toward each other in all ages.

Then I have studied with care, the sermon of parables or illustrations recorded in Matthew, thirteenth chapter, in order to understand the Perfect Preacher. “A parable is an earthly story with a heavenly meaning.”, said a little girl when inquired of concerning the meaning of the word “parable”. In other words, a parable is something that we know, offered to the mind in order to help us understand something we don’t know. It is the illustration style of speech. The Savior used it much, and used it to perfection. This style of discourse should help every preacher to make plain what he wishes to offer to his audience. It was my natural style. But the education I secured in my collegiate course drew me away from it and damaged me as a preacher, at least for the common people. Collegiate life, especially seminary learning, has buried the individuality of many men who intended to preach. Plainness of speech, especially as plainness is found in illustrations, is not encouraged in a college course of training. The Savior’s preaching was parabolic and doctrinal and inspirational.

To this, I should add, that I have studied with care the Savior’s discourse as recorded in Matthew, twenty-fifth chapter. That chapter is offered in connection with three parables or illustrations. The first is the parable of the Ten Virgins, which is summed up in the doctrine of watching and being ready at all times for the Savior’s return, of which we are further informed in 1 Thess. 4: 16, 17. The next is the parable of the Talents, which is summed up in the doctrine that we should always be faithful while the Lord is delaying his coming. Then, the third parable is that of the Sheep and the Goats, which is summed up in the doctrine that we should always be merciful, especially to the Christ’s brethren, even the least of them. Those three parables furnish the outlines of all that is offered in that long chapter, and they indicate the Savior’s method of preaching during much of his personal ministry. And we are told “the common people heard him gladly.” And no wonder. He spoke so they could understand him. His preaching was parabolical and doctrinal and

inspirational.

Next, I have considered with care, the apostle Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost. It was historical and doctrinal. Yes, and it was also inspirational. No one sermon, perhaps, ever inspired a greater number of men to humble themselves under the power of the truth. In its historical parts, it referred to Joel's prophecy concerning that occasion. Then, it was historic in that it referred to the life and miracles of the Savior, also his death and burial of his body. Then mention was made of his resurrection by the power of God according to prophecy of David concerning him. Then mention was made of his ascension to Heaven, and that he had been made both Lord and Christ. And when this announcement was made and thousands became heart pierced and wished to know what they should do, then the inspirational part and effect of that discourse was evident. They were told what to do, and did it; then the end that God intended was accomplished. That sermon should be imitated by all preachers.

Next, I should mention the discourse of deacon Stephen. It was historical, doctrinal, inspirational. It inspired his enemies to stone him to death when he had finished that discourse. It is a good illustration of profitable discourses throughout the Gospel age. It is a good illustration also of what the boldness of a preacher of Christ should be. Finally, it is a good illustration of the meekness of that bold man, for he followed the Savior's example in praying for his enemies that were hurrying his death by their vengeance. And as he was inspired by the Holy Spirit when he preached that discourse, it should serve as an illustration for uninspired preachers even in this generation, and at all other times. We may safely say Stephen's discourse, as recorded in Acts seventh chapter, is a sample for the preacher of Christ to consider and follow in method and boldness whenever the audience may need historic information and boldness of speech. Regardless of colleges and theological seminaries, we should consider the Bible as the supreme guide.

Finally, I may safely say, I have studied with some degree of care, the apostle Paul's speech on Mars' Hill. It is recorded in the latter part of Acts seventeenth chapter. Its beginning suggests a text, for he began by saying, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription: "To the Unknown God." Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship him, declare I unto you."....Such was his text, if we may speak of him as having a text. That inscription on an Athens altar, was sufficient for a beginning. He commended the one truth he found they had admitted, and then discoursed to them in regard to its meaning. On that principle, all preachers of Christ should proceed in their preaching. They should admit all the truth they find in any congregation or community, and enlarge on it as fully as justice demands or even permits. By so doing, much antagonism may be avoided. A careful lawyer once said to me, "We wish to avoid all unnecessary antagonism." And this should be one of the purposes of every preacher of Christ.

In my early years as a preacher, I did not know the advantage of admitting truth which an audience had already accepted. On the contrary, I would thrust on my hearers unwelcome truth before they were prepared to hear it. But in course of time, I read John 16:12. there, I learned the Savior said to his disciples, after teaching them about three years, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." That declaration was and still is, of much advantage to me. I learned I should try to prepare an audience for the unwelcome truth I needed to offer. And by thus proceeding, I have avoided much offense that might otherwise have resulted from my preaching. (What I have done, all others may do who have the privilege of learning by my error in offering truth which an audience could not bear, and yet be scriptural.)

In view of all such indications in regard to preaching, I have concluded I should, in style or

manner, imitate the Savior and his apostles as nearly as I can. Then in regard to that which I should offer, I should not forget that the Bible is about half affirmative and the other half negative. In other words, about one half is devoted to the importance of letting people know what they should do, and the other half to informing them what they should not do. Whoever disregards this, implies that he thinks he is wiser than God! Whoever will gratify himself by too much preaching against evil, or too much preaching in favor of good without mentioning the evil side, makes a mistake which will work ruin here and hereafter. The bad tempered man is liable to ruin an audience by too much denunciation, and the mild-tempered man is liable to ruin an audience by too much mildness. The one will break down a church, while the other will increase it, but largely with what the apostle Paul called “wood, hay and stubble” (1 Cor. 3: 10-18). Paul declared, “According to the grace of God which the foundation and another buildeth thereon. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon.” Then he proceeded to mention “gold, silver, precious kinds of converts” that men might build on that foundation by their preaching. And if a preacher, in order to be popular, will not be careful to instruct people what they should do and not do after being baptized, that man will suffer loss in his reward! Yet he must himself, pass through severe trials.

All this is mentioned because its outworkings have been manifested in much of the story of my life. I have needed to consider both classes of extremists among my preaching brethren. Certain of them have seemed to accept correction kindly. Yet, by business has been to offer correction. In so doing, I have often called attention to the fact that the Bible is about half devoted to telling people what to do and the other half devoted to telling them what not to do. In response, I was told by one preacher, “I have my way, and you have your way.” But, I have tried to learn the Lord’s way and be satisfied with that, remembering Isa. 55: 8, 9, where this is recorded: “For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For, as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts higher than your thoughts.” This text has, from my early years as a preacher, meant to me that I should try to learn the Lord’s ways and thoughts, and be satisfied with them.

Such is my idea of humility. We should all be humble enough to bow to the Divine will. This has been my ideas from the beginning of my discipleship, and I intend it shall be to the end of my pilgrimage. The Divine ways as well as Divine words, should be adopted for guidance in every particular except one, and that is expressed by the word “vengeance”. We don’t know how much punishment any man or woman deserves, and God says, “Vengeance is mine; I will repay”. Solomon declared, “He that is glad at calamities, shall not be unpunished.” (Prov. 17:5). To this, he added in Prov. 24:17, “Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thy heart be glad when he stumbleth: lest the Lord see it, and it displease Him, and He turn away his wrath from him.” Then, in the last of Romans twelfth chapter, God warns Christians against vengeance. In all else, wherein a finite being can imitate the Infinite, we are required to imitate our heavenly Father. But, we do not know and cannot know how much any wrong-doer deserves to be punished, because we do not know that one’s responsibility. Therefore, we should refrain from taking personal vengeance, except by doing that one good for evil.

I have offered to the reader of my record that which I learned in early years as a preacher, that I should read the Bible for my own spiritual good, rather than for the benefit of others. I have offered also a record of the importance of reading the history found in both Old Testament and New, to enable me to understand the law therein recorded. To this, I added that the history and law considered together will explain the prophecies. Finally, I mentioned my mistake in trying to pull and push readers through the entire Bible from beginning to end. Though some good was done to

a few humble ones, yet selfish and self-seeking ones later showed they cared little or nothing about the Bible except as they could use it to exalt themselves.

Yet, I knew what the Bible had done for me, and thought it would do the same for others if they would study it aright. Therefore, I have often called attention to the first of Ephesians 3rd chapter, where Paul wrote: "For this cause, I Paul, the prisoner of Jesus Christ for you Gentiles, if ye have heard of the dispensation of the grace of God which is given me to you: how that by revelation he made known unto me the mystery (as I wrote afore in few words, whereby, when ye read, ye may understand my knowledge in the mystery of Christ)." To this, I have added that if those Ephesians could learn Paul's knowledge in the mystery of Christ; so can we. To this, I have added that the apostle Peter wrote in beginning his last chapter: "This second epistle, beloved, I now write unto you; in both which I stir up your pure minds by ways of remembrance." But if those "beloved" ones would not read what he wrote, how then could Peter "stir" them? The Bible cannot execute itself!

But this is not all that should here be said, for a certain man declared he had "gone through the Bible twice," and it had not done him "any special good." To this, another one answered, "If you had let the Bible go through you, I think it would have done you much good." This means that two kinds of reading may be done. The psalmist David declared to his Creator: "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee" (Psa. 119: 11). That was the right plan.

Some one has said we should read the Bible as we would read the last will and testament of a deceased relative, to learn where and how much we were remembered as beneficiaries. I have often said we should read the New Testament, especially, as we would read a series of love letters from a dear departed one who suffered death in our behalf, and who died that we would live. Then, and then only, can we read it with due appreciation. And some one has justly said, "Love at its best does not forget." And if we would regard every book in the New Testament as a love-letter from the Prince of lovers, we would not regard reading it as a cold task. If God and Christ can grieve, they must certainly grieve over the indifference of mankind generally, especially as professed Christians regard the entire Bible, and especially the New Testament.

While writing the preceding paragraph, mention was made to me, by a brother of Isaac Errett, and I was told not to forget him. Then I recalled my only personal interview with him. He was on his way to Richmond, Va., in 1876, I think; and I had an interview with him on the boat conveying passengers from Washington, D. C., to Alexandria, Va., where those going to Richmond would take a train for that city. Errett was puffing a cigar and was full of jocularly when I approached him. I mentioned that he seemed to be a smoker. His answer was about in these words: "Yes, some men's systems need draining, and this is one way to drain them. I had a relative that I think shortened his life by quitting the use of tobacco." (As he was born in 1820, he was at the time I saw him about fifty-six years old.) In further talk he said, "The pioneers of our brotherhood made a mistake when they tried to break down the denominations. They should have tried to convince them that they should practice immersion as the only baptism, and commune every first day of the week. But in other respects they should have left our religious neighbors as they were."

I was astonished; and when I returned to Baltimore, I went to see the venerable George Austen, of whom previous and honorable mention has been made in this record. When I told Bro. Austen of what Isaac Errett had said to me, the old man sprang to his feet and walked the floor, and with as much emphasis as I ever heard him speak he exclaimed: "Strengthening the hands of the sects! Strengthening the hands of the sects! The more truth you give them, the stronger you make

them in their sectism! What would Rome be without her saints?"

(I wish I could remember all the venerable man said on that occasion. But it was all on the order of what I have repeated. And I may safely say that in my experience of nearly sixty years in dealing with sectarians, I have found that what George Austen said on that occasion was true. I have found immersed sectarians two-fold, if not four-fold, more unwilling to come into the Church of Christ than were the unimmersed ones. I refer especially to so-called Baptists of whatever order.)

Returning to what I knew of Isaac Errett, I regret to say, his son, Russell, said to me that his father, in later years, was "cold much of his time"; and when he went on his trip abroad for his health, "he never felt warm till he came to Cairo in Egypt" (as I recollect). When I heard that I thought, "I suppose his system has been "drained"; but said nothing, for Russell was then tottering, and died soon after. Yet, I should mention, that the "United Christian Missionary Society was mentioned in our interview, and I saw he was stirred. Then he said: "I fostered that thing! I made that thing! But I regret I ever had anything to do with it. I am sorry. I repent!"

Such was the first and only interview I ever had with Russell Errett; and I think I have given nearly his exact words, for I was deeply interested in what he said. I wrote to him afterward, but was informed his health was too feeble for him to consider what I offered. He breathed his last a few months later, and I saw an obituary notice of him from the pen of Professor Fred Kershner, which was strangely and scripturally candid. It elevated Kershner in my estimation so much that I told him if he would outlive me in this world, I would wish him to write my obituary for his brethren.

Before Isaac Errett is entirely dismissed from this record, I should report what an ex-soldier of the Civil War (a disciple of the Savior) whom I knew well, reported as occurring at a certain "Missionary Convention":

"Errett was chairman and made a speech in which he said he could go over that audience and pick from the fingers, wrists, ears and bosoms of the ladies sufficient wealth to support a missionary for months, if not years; and he proposed that such wealth be hereafter devoted to missionary work."

The reporter then added, "The ladies of that convention felt as if they were personally assailed by Errett in the speech he made about their jewelry, and they requested Andy Burns (a preacher and a hater of the tobacco habit) to offer in their behalf this kind of a resolution..." "In behalf of the ladies of this Convention, I propose that all the money spent for tobacco by members of this Convention be henceforth devoted to the missionary cause'."

The reporter said to me, "Isaac Errett in a passionate speech said, "I would thank the ladies of this Convention if they would mind their own business. I'll not entertain any such resolution!"

On a later occasion, I was told by an elderly brother that when Isaac Errett was asked why he moved his paper (the "Standard") from Cleveland to Cincinnati, O., he answered, "I moved to kill the Review!" To this should be added the statement that his attacks on the Review were in harmony with that answer; and though he struck the Review a serious blow, yet it has been slow in dying. In a footnote of page 385, vol. 1, of Isaac Errett's "Memoirs", I find this from his daughter, as coming from R. W. Carroll: "When I went to Alliance to see your father, he was determined to give it up. He was utterly hopeless, and did not want me to take on such a load. He said it could not live, and had better die on his hands at once than on mine a trifle later. But I insisted on making the venture, got his consent, and save the Standard!" But as this was not generally known, Errett could easily have said he moved the Standard to Cincinnati "to kill the Review" (then published there) Errett died in 1888, over forty-five years ago at this writing; but the Review still lives-somewhat.

My own estimate of Isaac Errett is that he was brilliant and ambitious, as his earlier photographs indicate. He was versatile in thought and expression. He was a ready talker inclined

toward fun, as his “Linsy-Wolsy” writings clearly show. He was impulsive, and bad-tempered when opposed. He was not fit for a debater, for he did not control his temper so as to avoid injuring the cause he pleaded. He was not a logician nor a scripturist in the strictest sense. His advocacy of musical instruments in worship causes him to say that a tuning fork (which cannot be heard except by the one who uses it) is the same in principle as an organ (which accompanies the singing of an entire hymn, and blurs the singing from first to last). He was chief in flattering the rich of the “brotherhood of disciples,” and in bemoaning those humble disciples who opposed him and his devices. He was chief in urging the division of disciples of Christ into two brotherhoods. The one he was pleased to call “progressives”, and the other his paper designated as “antis”, “anti-everything”, “fogies”, “old fogies”, “mossbacks” and “kickers”. He was chief in advocating “communing with the pious unimmersed”. When at his best, his writings show he was an intelligent Christian. When at his worst, his writings show he was an enemy to the cause of Christ-if I have learned what the Bible teaches, by unreserved devotion to it for sixty-five years And as “the tree is known by its fruit”, I don’t think any one should be in doubt about the work of any man whose admirers generally believe Christians may play cards, dance, go to the theaters, horse-races, movies, ball games of various kinds and engage in other domains of worldliness-and still be Christians. Yet, that is the kind of brotherhood that has resulted from the work of Isaac Errett. As certainly as that the Scriptures mean what they declare against ungodliness of all kinds and that Christians should keep themselves unspotted from the world, just that certainly the brotherhood that Errett fostered, nourished, cherished, is made up chiefly of religious pretenders who are trying to be saved on easier terms than those offered in the New Testament. But they are trying to cover their moral effects, divergencies, delinquencies, by a frenzied evangelism in which, they are trying to see how many people they can baptize. A few have been led to turn away from their ungodliness, and others may yet turn and come to the church of the New Testament, commonly known as “the Church”, or “the churches of Christ”. But the remainder of them seem to think their baptism will save them, even if they live as delinquents. (I suppose they all intend to repent of their ungodliness before their death.)

The most hopeful sign I have seen concerning the kind of disciples I have been describing is found in Butler University, in Indianapolis. Every July, except one, for the last four or five years, those who arrange the program for their “School of Religion” in its “Discussion Institute”, have invited an apostolic disciple to be one of their leading speakers. And they have done this without any restrictions. In other words, they have seemed willing, even anxious, to learn what is against their liberal ideas in regard to worship and work. Professor F. D. Kershner, Dean of that “School of Religion”, has been prominent in making such arrangements and extending such invitation. I designate this a “hopeful sign”, because those in error are not generally disposed to suffer their errors to be publicly exposed, even if they have the privilege of replying to the exposure. In the exposures made at Butler, such statements as these have been publicly and emphatically declared:

“Whether a preacher should have what is called a “higher education than is offered in a common collegiate course, depends on what you wish to make of your preacher. If you wish to make of him an educated gentleman to view with educated gentlemen of the denominations, then fill him full of homiletics, hermeneutics, exigencies, athletics and antics. But if you wish to make of him a gospel preacher-such as Paul was, and as he required Timothy and Titus to be-then fill him full of the Bible!

“If you say the higher education is for the purpose of enabling the preacher to adapt the Bible to mankind, then these questions arise: Who adapted light to the eye and eye to light? Who adapted

food to hunger and hunger to food? Who adapted water to thirst and thirst to water? Who adapted rest to the weary limbs and weary limbs to rest? Who adapted sleep to the eyelids when heavy for slumber and the eyelids in that condition for sleep? Who adapted the common air to the wings of the bird and the wings of the bird to the common air? And, finally, who adapted waters to the fins of the fish and fins of the fish to the waters? And if the God of the universe made all these wonderful and perfect adaptations in regard to that which is to perish, would he make an imperfect adaptation in regard to that which is to abide forever?"

Then those at the Butler meetings have been told that "when our religious neighbors go wrong, they do so by conviction, for wrong testimony has been imposed on them, and they believe it; but when "disciples" go wrong, they do so by determination, or because they wish it to be that way."

They have been told, also, that the word "Christian" should never have been used except as that word is used in the New Testament, and there it is used strictly as a name word, or as a noun. It is there used as the name of the being created in the image of God, and renewed in the image of Christ by obedience to the gospel of Christ. Therefore, we should not use it as a modifier or an adjective. And for this reason, we should not speak of Christian Society, or Christian Church or Christian character. Nor should we use the word "Christian" to designate a religious journal, nor any other human enterprise.

Such and such-like statements have been made to our Christian Church brethren at Butler University, and they have considered them. With what result, time may determine. Our business is to make known the truth or, as the Old Testament enjoined, "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet and show my people their transgression, and the house of Israel their sins!" (Isa.58:1). The people of Israel were then right in doctrine but wrong in life. The same is true with many in the so-called "Christian Church". They have obeyed the right doctrine but have joined the wrong church. And here I am reminded of W. B. F. Treat, for many years a preacher and debater in behalf of apostolic disciples. He was one day in discussion with a Baptist preacher who persisted in speaking of his opponent as "Brother Treat". But, Treat would not thus designate him. Finally, the Baptist began calling attention of the audience to the fact and endeavored to secure advantage for himself. He said, "I believed, repented, confessed and was baptized even as my opponent was, and I will call "brother", but he will not thus acknowledge me." Treat responded: "I will acknowledge, in order to shorten the argument, that when my opponent thus obeyed, he became a Christian. But, he turned from Christ before his hair was dry, by going and joining John the Baptist." (Treat said the audience laughed and he had no more trouble on that question..)

I first met W. B. F. Treat in Reynoldsburg, Ohio. He was called to engage in a meeting while I lived there, between 1880 and 1884. About that time, much agitation was felt among churches of Christ because of discussion about musical instruments. And while Treat was in Reynoldsburg, I learned through him that every possible effort was being made to introduce an organ into every city congregation in the brotherhood, and establish "a settled pastor" there. O. A. Burgess ( prominent preacher, debater and educator) I had been informed, had said, "It is only a question of time when every city church will have an organ and a pastor." And he was correct! Treat understood this, and when I talked about building up new churches in the cities, he said, "No use; the towns and cities are bound to go to the devil, any way!" I did not assent to that; but contended that we, as apostolic disciples, should engage in an aggressive warfare! I said I believed we should go into every town and city where the disturbers had imposed their devices on the churches, and begin operations; going into their prayer meetings, and when they would be ended, begin discussions

with them and try to have debates with them. One brother said, "We would better confine ourselves to rural districts" (as I may have mentioned before). My answer was, "Yes, and as soon as we build up a congregation, then some digressive preacher will come and begin to distribute his literature in favor of his organ!"

Later, I found a certain preacher living in Indianapolis boasted, "No organ ever squealed on me!" I learned if he would go to a place and find an organ in the meeting house, he would take the first train for his home or some other place. Such was the timidity of preachers and many others concerning musical instruments, in 1880 and onward. I learned by certain documents that in 1868, a church of disciples in St. Louis, Mo., bought a meeting house from the Episcopalians. That house had an organ in it, which was not reserved when the bargain for the house was made. But, later those that sold the house tried to reserve the organ by saying it was "not a part of the house". A lawsuit resulted and the disciples won. Then the decision by certain of them was-to use it in the worship! (A division resulted...) In Second Chronicles, twenty-fifth chapter, we read of a king of Judah named Amaziah, who fought against the Edomites, who were descendants of Esau. He overcame them, and captured their gods or images which they worshipped, called idols, and brought them back from the battle. And the record declares "he set them up to be his gods, and bowed himself before them, and burned incense unto them," as we read in the fourteenth verse. That king's conduct was like unto the mentioned lawsuit for the organ and then the use made of it. Or, we should say, the procedure in St. Louis was like unto Amaziah's. They won the organ and used it regardless of authority or results.)

Then, about the year 1870, a big meeting house was built in Cincinnati, Ohio, while W. T. Moore was "pastoring" there. That house cost a hundred and forty thousand dollars, and an organ was put into it which cost eight thousand dollars.) Such was the report.) Bro. Benjamin Franklin, in his Review, offered criticisms on such an expenditure, especially on the organ. "Pastor" Moore preached the "dedicatory" sermon on the text, "It is Finished"-words which our Savior used in his death. Franklin offered comments on the impropriety of using such words and applying them to finishing of a meeting house. Moore replied, and a very unpleasant controversy was introduced. Dr. Robert Richardson, who lived near Bethany and was formerly a professor in the college, I think, came to Franklin's aid by a letter in which he said Bro. Campbell was not in favor of any such expenditure for a meeting house, and certainly did not approve of use of an organ in the worship! (Bro. Franklin told me that he wept for joy when he received that letter from Dr. Richardson. He was the Richardson who wrote the "Memoirs of Alexander Campbell.")

In conclusion of this part of my record, I state that W. T. Moore's father-in-law, R. M. Bishop, I was informed, had to make an assignment in order to get rid of his debts-after giving thirty-thousand dollars for that big meeting house in Cincinnati! And this suggests the report of the failure of the Phillips brothers of eastern Ohio, who, perhaps, with some help from others, built a college at Alliance, and started the paper called "Christian Standard" with the sum of one hundred thousand dollars as capital stock. To this should be added the later failure of R. A. Long, who was for years one of the "Men and Millions" movement of the so-called "Christian Church". The name of that paper was decided to be "The Christian Standard". That name showed that all engaged in formulating it, and all who endorsed it, were neither good logicians nor good scripturists. The definite article at the beginning of that name ruled out both the Bible and the church from being the standard by which to measure people in regard to religion. That paper was intended to be The Standard, and such a standard ruled out all others from being the standard. But this is not all that

should be said on this subject. The word “Christian” was there used in an unscriptural sense, for it was applied to a human enterprise, started by very human beings, who ventured to wrest or twist or tear the word “Christian” from its divinely appointed meaning to one that was never authorized by the Holy Spirit. Then the idea that a human enterprise in the form of a religion-secular journal should be “The Standard” for Christians is irreverent and outrageous!

James A. Garfield, who afterward became President of the United States, was one of the founders of the so-called, “The Christian Standard,” as it was first named. But that fact does not sanctify that name for a humanly arranged enterprise. The historic and lamentable truth is that from an early date, men disregarded Paul’s charge to Titus in regard to “sound speech that cannot be condemned.” Even educators, military men, business men, who know the importance of accuracy in speech in their domains, seem careless when they come to religious speech. If they ever knew, that in Hosea, second chapter, God condemned use of a certain name, and gave the reason. It had been justly applied to God as Lord; but after it had been applied to an idol, then God rejected its application to himself. And they have forgotten this, if they ever knew it, in regard to the Savior’s directions about the words “Rabbi” and “Father” as titles for men who were not real masters nor fathers. See Matt. 23: 8-10. What is there offered by the Savior should have prevented all misuse of the name Christian. Yet that name has been commonly misused, for it has been applied to numerous humanly arranged societies, organizations, enterprises. Countries in which the Bible is not utterly rejected have been called “Christian countries” or “Christian nations”. But nothing has been much worse on this subject than to designate a religion-secular journal as “The Christian Standard”. And when we consider the notable men by whom that name was formulated, we may safely say nothing has been offered in this country, or in any other, quite so irreverent and inexcusable. This is not a recent conclusion of mine, nor is it here offered as a petulant criticism. When the Review was transferred to me, in 1887, I decided that the name “American Christian Review” was not right, though formulated, I suppose, by Benjamin Franklin, that grandest of men among humble gospel preachers and writers. The name “American” I regarded as too secular for a religious enterprise, and the name “Christian” I regarded as too sacred for human enterprise. And now (1936) it is “Apostolic Review”. “The Christian Standard,” “The Christian Evangelist,” “The Christian,” and such like names, are all presumptuous, irreverent, sacrilegious! I say sacrilegious because they make light of a sacred name—the most sacred name by which a human being was ever designated. The name “Christian” has the name “Christ” in it, and “Christ” means anointed—yes, anointed of God. Besides, it is the “new name” which, we learn in Isaiah sixty-second chapter, was prophesied as the name for God’s people when the Gentiles should hear the word of God.

But a record of my life required I should mention other suggestions I have felt constrained to offer. In a formidable document, titled “Appeal For Unity”, I offered two legal aphorisms or self-evident sayings. One is: “Any interpretation of law which is so liberal that it begets new law, or new institutions not mentioned in the authorized law, is evidently vicious and subversive of all law.” I heard this from a lawyer many years ago, and have urged it on certain disciples with emphasis. But very few to whom I offered it seemed to grasp its meaning, especially when it applied to themselves and they understand it would require that they should reject their humanism in worship and work.

Another legal aphorism is: Any interpretation of law which is so restricted that it prevents the full exercise of any authorized law, is vicious and subversive of all law.”

The former of these aphorisms would exclude all innovations in religious worship and work. The latter would exclude all hobbyism, or straining of Scripture, in worship and work. It means that religious people should not be more liberal nor more restricted than the word of God authorizes.

But the liberal ones are not willing to give up their musical instruments, their societies and their hired pastors, to say nothing of their common ungodliness. Nor are the restricted ones willing to give up their contentions against certain scriptures that condemn them. Both classes of such disciples will rather ignore logic and mistreat certain scriptures, by stretching or contracting, than to yield. They will emphasize what they can use against others, and ignore or belittle what is urged against themselves. And that is the exact procedure of all sectarians! They have formulated their latitude and longitude in religious thought, and, with few exceptions, they remain with that which they have formulated, and thus seem determined to remain (as I said in debate with a prominent restrictionist) “regardless of God, man or the devil.” The liberal preacher contends for the liberality which furnishes him his place and supports him, and the restrictionist contends for that which gives him the privilege of objecting and contending. By these two classes “the disciple brotherhood” has been damaged, divided, disgraced! Unscriptural liberty (on the one side) and unscriptural restrictions (on the other side) are the chief explanations of all partyism in regard to religion.

As an illustration, we may consider the foolery offered in regard to the doctrine of “expediency”, as mentioned in 1 Cor. 6:10 and 10:23. The connection in each instance clearly shows everything must be lawful before it can be expedient. But innovating disciples, in their zeal for music, societies, festivals and hired pastors, have reversed this. They have contended for expediency without law, beyond law, against law. But the apostle Paul taught that what was lawful in certain instances, might not be expedient when it would cause offense. Isaac Errett was the chief advocate of “expediency” when I entered “the disciple brotherhood” in 1869, and continued to be, I suppose, till the end of his days, though the apostle Paul was always against him. Paul contended that expediency was more restricted than was the word lawful! As a result of such foolery, urged with persistence, and even vehemence, “the disciple brotherhood” was disturbed, divided, disgraced! As a brotherhood, we were brought into existence in behalf of unity, but set a flagrant example in behalf of division with all its attendant evils!

In the meantime, near or about fifty institutions of learning named “colleges” and several named “universities”, were built by that part of “the disciple brotherhood”. The educational disposition, in many such disciples, might be designated a “craze”, without injustice to truth. Yes, education of a flippant order has been common; but very few of their educated ones seem to think of the importance of measuring their words. Nor have many seemed disposed to consider the beauty and simplicity and sacredness of truth and the right expression of truth. Rhetoric more than logic, and eloquence rather the unmingled truth, such have seemingly been the chief considerations in many young men in preparing themselves for preaching, teaching and writing. And not one in a hundred of their

educators, perhaps, thinks enough of those whom he instructs to offer with emphasis what “newness of life” means in the Epistolary writings. The words “buried with Him in baptism” are emphasized by them a hundred-fold, if not a thousand-fold, more than the “newness of life”, to which the “buried” ones are raised, or are intended to be raised. “Baptizing alien sinners and capsizing sectarians”-this had been the chief purpose of frenzied evangelists. And this has resulted in certain one saying or “disciples” that their motto is-“Be dipped and be done.” As a result, multitudes have only enough religion to make the way to perdition comfortable. Such a procedure may be justly designated “playing at religion”. And will the Judge of all the earth say “Well done” to such? Asking this question implies its answer.

I was baptized in August of 1869, and the name “disciple”, or the expression “disciple of Christ”, was then to me another name for all that was excellent in religious names. But while at

Bethany College, I soon learned, to my sorrow, that a difference could be found between “disciples” and “disciples”. I learned certain disciples were satisfied with apostolic simplicity, while others were not, and that certain ones were humble while others were anxious for exaltation. Before I left Bethany, I heard the statement had been made by the president of that institution that “Professors in colleges are more in demand than Evangelists for the field.” And about forty years later, after so-called “Bible colleges” had begun to be introduced in the Southland, a certain man who attended one said he was amused when he saw three or four freshmen standing around asking each other, “Do you know of a good place to start another Bible college?” And when I controverted with presidents of two of these colleges, I showed neither of them knew how to avoid blunders, absurdities and even contradictions in his own writings. And to this date in my life (1936), I regard Abraham Lincoln (of the political world) and Leonard F. Bittle (previously mentioned as a Christian in this record) as the men most capable of using clear, concise, correct English of any writers after whom I have been permitted to read. And neither of them ever graduated in any institution. Gilbert O. Nations should not be forgotten, however, when good writers are mentioned.

But the preceding remarks I have offered to show that colleges may have an important place in the educational domain, yet they are not necessary, in order to reach the highest attainments in education. The temptations to dishonesty and immorality, pride and ambition, conceit and deceit, are certainly to be dreaded. Very few student are so deeply encased in virtue that they cannot be induced to wobble in life while passing through a college course. To secure all the good offered in college or university without becoming partaker of any of its evils, requires a temperament more well-balanced than many students possess. Besides, the ambition and consequent striving for a degree, and then for a literary “Doctor’s degree”, is pitiable and certainly reprehensible in any man, especially in a Christian....Education is that training and development of brain and body which will enable the mind to operate more effectively than it could operate without such training.

I never talk about training or developing the mind. The mind is that something God breathed into Adam’s body, and of which we read in Zech. 12:1, which God formeth in man. It operates by means of the brain, nerves, muscles and tendons and bones of the human body. We are conscious that our thinking, deciding, willing, resolving, impelling, are all done in our heads. We are conscious also that we can think beyond what we are able to act. And if we have considered the genius in music and mechanism and calculation, we are aware such specimens of humanity operate naturally with a degree of precision and perfection which scorns education or training. Such specimens are so highly gifted they don’t need training of the brain or body. They have results of the best training bestowed on them by nature. On the contrary, if a specimen of humanity is born into this world destitute of musical talent, then no amount of training can enable that one to distinguish one tune from another. Same is true of those born destitute in the domain of calculation and mechanism. The mind cannot make a success without the brain and body necessary to that end.

But, who cares anything about correctness concerning education or anything else which requires careful thinking? Even educators have their ideas formed and perhaps formulated in books, and are not willing to change, or even think of changing in regard to those ideas. They have “finished” their education because they have their “degree” or “degrees”, or perhaps have only graduated in high school. Anxiety to learn, or become proficient in any department, has not troubled them, not even in their dreams. Grades necessary to graduate have been their chief concern.

Thinking on this subject many years ago caused me to define a student as one who has penetration and patience to examine a subject, book, paragraph, page, and even a word, to its last and lowest analysis, in order to understand it....But who cares to be accurate except in the domain of

calculation and chemistry? In the domain of language, who thinks of truth as the exact relation of the sign to that which is signified by the sign? And who regards slang and exaggeration as a disgrace? And who thinks anything is worthy of being called "literature" except a lie? A theatrical performer is a trained liar, and the same is true of a writer of what is now called "literature".

Same is true in religion. Church-membership is the common idea, for such membership is supposed by millions to be assurance for Heaven. The desire to be Christians, especially Christians of the order mentioned in the New Testament-such attainment has never occurred to many members of churches not mentioned in the Bible.

The suggestion has been made that I not forget to mention how many members of the preaching family I have reared into prominence who showed they were self-seekers. I think I could name a score who never seemed to have any more interest in me nor the Review than to advertise themselves. Then when they regarded themselves as well advertised, they turned against the Review on some false pretense. Those writers have ranged from one or two years to thirty-five years. And in turning against me and the Review, they have strained their imaginations and strained truth, even common veracity, in order to damage me and the Review. From one to fifty false charges have been brought against me and the Review by such preachers, either directly or indirectly made. What is worse, they have refused to confess their wrongs even when the logic of events exposed those wrongs. What is still worse is that when I have exposed those wrongs and called on the wrong doers to repent in order to save their souls, I have been regarded with astonishment, or told to "forget it". My answer to all such is that God does not forget.

If I have been persistent, as the Savior's teaching requires, then I have been charged with taking vengeance, or something of that order. Those who thus regard the Savior's teaching cause me to wonder whether they are alien sinners or backsliders, and whether a preacher should urge them to "repent and be baptized" or "repent and pray". Be this as it may, I know their enmity has been without a just cause, and all I can do for them is to include them in my prayers for my enemies. I don't know what their intelligence is nor how much their responsibility is before God. Therefore, in the light of the fourteenth and the first part of the fifteenth chapter of Paul's letter to the Romans, I think I should give no detailed account of them. A considerable number have passed from the living on earth, and others are passing.

I would rather write about my friends than about my foes-though I sometimes designate my foes as my "unfriendly friends", because they help me to learn lessons of patience. And I have never forgotten very long at a time the doctrine of the apostle James in his first chapter: "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations, knowing that the trying of your faith worketh patience."

I would rather write of Elder Thomas Slack, with whom I worked in eastern Pennsylvania nearly five years and never had a misunderstanding with him, also of Leonard F. Bittle with the same results, after working twenty years with him. But I have already mentioned those men. Yes, and I have mentioned Thomas Prosser, with whom I worked about eight or nine years and never had a misunderstanding. Then I should mention a preacher named A. J. Nance of Illinois, and Samuel Piety of Indiana, with whom I worked about forty years without dissension worthy of mention. They were two devoted preachers, very different in temperament from each other and from me. Yet, we worked harmoniously for the Lord's cause for about forty years. They appreciated me and I appreciated them. Though very different in temperament and education, we enjoined in each other's work and welfare. The same was true of Peter Warren of "Sand Creek", in Illinois, who was eldest of those just mentioned. Envy and consequent jealousy never rankled in any one of our thoughts or

emotions.

Mention of "Sand Creek" causes me to think again of James K. Polk Rose, of whom I may have made previous mention. He was not a preacher, but served well as elder and lead singer. He was modest and retiring in his manner, but a good student of the Bible and a good leader of the song service. And no one, I was told, ever heard him miss the pitch of any song, though I don't suppose he ever studied any note system.

And I should not forget Jacob Grinder, brother-in-law of Polk Rose. He was also a plain and humble man, who never gave the church any trouble. They were friends of mine and of the Review, and I never had a misunderstanding with one of them. They were all humble men, and had common sense enough to appreciate a plain man.

Later, James Brady arose among them, and at the time I write (1936) he is still among the living. I baptized him at, or near, Ash Grove when he was a young man. He married well and reared one of the best families I have ever known. Besides, he has maintained himself well, as a preacher. He would no more go to a place of ungodly entertainment than I would. He has been a farmer preacher, rented land for a period, and later secured a home for himself and family. Not only have his children all become and remained obedient to the faith, but all married in the church. And a better family and family relationship I have never found among disciples or any other people. Several preachers are developing in that family. Two of the daughters of Brother and Sister Brady married into a large and humble family named Anderson. Brother Anderson died when about seventy years old, I suppose; but his widow was still living when I was last in the district where he lived, and there I met a considerable number of his children, nearly all of whom have obeyed the gospel. Several of the Anderson family are schoolteachers, and one had commenced to preach.

Does any one of my readers wonder why I have enlarged thus on families mentioned in the preceding paragraphs? If so, I answer—because they all have too much common sense to be envious, jealous, hateful. They are plain and humble people. They are of the humble classes; and the apostle James declares, "Harken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him." The redeemed ones who will finally be saved will be largely made up of such people as I have mentioned with commendation. They were reared well under gospel influence, and those that married moved onward, undisturbed and rejoiced in all that was good for them. Of course, Brother James Brady has not escaped all troubles, and same is true of Sister Brady. But they escaped much that many others have suffered.

And I think that I should not forget Hammond, Ill., a small town about twenty miles west of Decatur. Bro. A. J. Nance lived there many years, and died there. I have a pleasant recollection of my labors there, and especially of Captain John Love, who was one of the Review's best friends. And the same was true of his wife. They were both strict disciples. The chief defect in John Love's discipleship was his opposition to Bible classes. He had been a Presbyterian in earlier years, and served in the war for preservation of the Union. Later, he became a member of the so-called "Christian Church". And when by reading the Bible, he had to turn from the societies and festivals of that church, he became so intense against all humanisms and he became so afraid of a Sunday school that he was opposed to even unorganized Bible classes. And another brother (whose name I cannot recall) adopted Bro. Love's ideas on that subject. As a result, children, even of the members of the church of Christ in Hammond, went to sectarian churches there, and even joined those churches. As a further result, the church in Hammond has for many years been held back in regard to its work. But lately, a preacher named Brown (of Decatur) and another preacher named

Millard Springer has helped to make a change there, I have been informed.

Nor should I forget James Dingman and Thomas Lawton of Niantic, Ill. They were both elderly men when I became acquainted with them in 1896. I knew them till their departure from this life, and never had a misunderstanding with them. No two men, perhaps, ever lived together in a church on better terms, yet no two men were widely separated in temperament and appearance. Dingman was a loud talker, was red-faced and had a wealth of white hair. He was near or about six foot in height and weighed perhaps one hundred and eighty pounds. Thomas Lawton about medium height, swarthy in complexion, somewhat stooped, mild in speech and slow in movement. I heard each of those men talk of the other, and could not avoid being amused. Dingman would break forth in this manner: "Tommie Lawton! he's one of the best men I know. We have sat together at the Lord's Table for near fifty years, and lived as neighbors here, and never had a cross word with each other. He's our elder, and gets too slow sometimes about church affairs and I have to stir him a little.

Then Lawton would say: "Jim Dingman is one of the best men to the poor I have ever known. I don't see how he has managed it, but he goes security for more people than any other man I ever met. And he keeps an open house and feeds more people passing through these parts than all other people I know.

Thus, those men lived and appreciated the good in each other, and would talk about that good rather than anything else. They thereby, set an example which all others would do well to follow.

And Fred Ditrick is a preacher, of whom favorable mention should be made. He and his wife have long been faithful members of the church in Shelbyville, a place where I have several times tried to lend a helping hand. He has done what he could under a series of unfavorable circumstances. He is another man with whom I have never had a misunderstanding.

The next preacher I think of is Bro. J. C. Roady. He and I have differed as sharply, I suppose, as did those preachers mentioned in the last of Acts, fifteenth chapter; yet we are still working for the same paper and the same cause. Our differences have been of a disciplinary kind. I have never heard him preach, and he knows the reason. I have never charged him with compromising in regard to the gospel, and I saw a letter from him while in Kansas last spring, (1936) in which he stated, "Bro. Sommer and I have differed, but I don't believe he is trying to compromise in regard to the truth!

The same is in a measure true of Bro. J. S. Johns. He and Bro. Roady are both effective preachers. But I judge from what I have heard that they spend much more time in telling alien sinners what to do than they do in telling baptized believers what to do. I reverse that, for I think that in this "crooked and perverse generation" the church members deserve most attention. But "Who art thou that judgeth another man's servant?" And thus, Bros. Roady and Johns and I tolerate each other as gentlemen should, regardless of differences.

The same is true in regard to Bro. A. E. Wickham. I don't know any man of his age who has studied the Bible more closely than he has. But his sermons seem too big for his audiences. Yet he is generally effective; and "who are thou that judgeth another man's servant?"

Bro. Chester Parsons is another effective preacher; and from all I can learn, he is a good teacher as well as a preacher. As memory serves me, I have never heard him preach, but have seen many good reports from him and concerning him....Then Bro. W. W. Adamson should also be mentioned. I heard him preach once; and, if all his sermons are as good as that one was, then no church will feel disappointed that calls him for a meeting.

Brother Horace Hinds should not be forgotten. He has always shown a timid appearance before the public; yet he has been effective in many places, and is certainly a very amiable man. He,

likewise, is one of the men with whom I have never had a misunderstanding.

I should mention certain other preachers with whom I have never had a misunderstanding, but those I have mentioned are sufficient to confute the charge that “preachers can work ‘under’ Daniel Sommer, but cannot work ‘with’ him.”

My work at Flat River, Mo., next recurs to mind. When I first went there, the meeting house seemed too small, though it would easily seat two hundred persons. Our meeting was good from first to last, and nearly thirty persons obeyed the gospel. Charles Rehkop was elder, and I think was a good one! But a few years later, I went back and the house was too big for the audience! I inquired about the cause, and was told that a hater of secret orders had been there and spent much of his time for preaching in denouncing such orders. Besides, a caustic debater had been there, and in debating had “been so rough” he had offended many. Thus, it has been; thus it is; thus it will be. “One sinner destroyeth much good;” and two will double the destruction! (But those preachers are not now connected with the Review.) One man came forward in one of the meetings at Flat River; and when I approached him for his confession he arose and said, “I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God,-and I want to be baptized!” I had forgotten his exact words, but was told some months ago that he spoke thus. And I don’t doubt it. He studied his Bible and in due time was made an elder of the church. I would like to see him again.

Flat River is in the “Lead-Belt of Missouri, and is reached by traveling southward from St. Louis. Members of the church at Flat River were largely workers in the lead mines. While preaching there I baptized a Catholic woman, who I was later informed, was a devoted disciple till her death. And that is generally true of those who come to the Church of Christ from the Catholics.

Nor should I forget Bonne Terre, near Flat River. I tried to help the church there; but, as I recollect, never accomplished much. Whether that was because of the preacher or the audience, or both, I don’t know.

And La Mine, near Blackwater, in Cooper county of that state, should not be forgotten. I preached there forty years ago; and what I might have accomplished I am not able to say, for I was called home by telegram because of trouble in the North Indianapolis congregation. Two elders had commenced to domineer, and try to cast people out of the congregation without giving them notice. I came home and defended the congregation against them. They withdrew and entered lawsuit, and were defeated. Five years later they entered another lawsuit and were again defeated. We worked our way through without calling for outside help or making any publication of our troubles. (I may have mentioned this previously in my record, but it will bear repeating, especially as we did not bother anyone else with our troubles. But that has not been true with certain others. I have just been told that two prominent brethren, from a church not far distant, came to the Review office about “their” troubles. But we have found they are not anxious to hear of “ours”! On the contrary, they have been encouraging enemies of the church in North Indianapolis!)

The church here has suffered from three defections. Those who have left have been free to say what they please, and that will be accepted by many if it is not denied. Then those who do deny it are charged with “originating a controversy”. Such has been the course adopted by wrong-doers in all ages. They do wrong, and then misrepresent to their hearts’ content, and to the limit of possibility, perhaps; and some one has said, “Unblushing asserters of falsehood find an easy race of believers.” Then, perhaps, not one in ten of those believers will be willing to admit an error in believing the falsehood...Thus it has been; thus it is; thus it will be. The “father of lies” is still operating.

J. R. Bush is another man I should mention. He was never strong physically, but was a good

preacher. He was considerable of a reader of papers of the brotherhood, and conferred a valuable contribution on the apostolic cause by preserving what he read about Religio-Secular Colleges. He compiled a pamphlet of what he read concerning such colleges, which has been very useful to the apostolic cause. That pamphlet is still in existence, and shows that the Church and the World are certainly united by such Colleges. This proves they are judaistic; for Judaism was a combination of Church and State. The “bondwoman and her son” in Abraham’s family represented Judaism (in Galatians fourth chapter). But as she and her son were commanded to be “cast out”, this indicated that the World should be separated from the Church in Gospel age, and not combined with it! This means that as Religio-Secular Colleges are near or about nine-tenths worldly, they are not fit to be supported by the church, either collectively or by individual Christian. Whatever any disciple may give to a Religio-Secular College is taken from that one’s ability to give into the Church Treasury. And whether such giving is justified by reason of any one’s obligation to children, the Lord knows. I do not know. Therefore, “let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind” (Rom. 14:5). And all else in that same chapter is worth considering, also the beginning of the fifteenth chapter of Romans-if we would try to have peace in the brotherhood.

I now mention E. G. Denney. A few days ago, I wrote to him a letter on the basis of former relations. He answered in a kind manner, referring to battles we fought in former years. And he added an expression of his fears in regard to results of the work of certain preachers....Denney was accustomed to say in the pulpit, “part of my business is to divide churches from the world.” When asked why he didn’t say “all that at first”, he answered, “Because I wasn’t asked for it all.”...Brother Denney and I were together in two lawsuits over church property-one in Salem, Ind., and one in Shelbyville, Ill. Denney on the witness stand, could have much fun with the lawyer who questioned him...Bro. Denney was a strong advocate of expository preaching, reading a chapter and commenting on it, as the best method of preaching. And he was right! It is certainly the best way to instruct the church, if the preacher understands his business.

And mention should be made of A. W. Harvey. He was reared on his father’s farm in Henry county, Indiana, became a schoolteacher, and later a preacher. He had a strong voice as a young man, a free speech and good memory. This means he was an effective preacher. For a time he lived in Indianapolis, worked some at carpentering, moved to a farm some distance north of this city, and later moved to Bloomington of this state. He served as an elder for the church here, and in Bloomington has served as Elder in one congregation and preached for another, I have been informed. But since he moved to Bloomington, he seems to have lost interest in the Review...Only a few of mankind appreciate their best friends, or remember kindly those who proved to be their best friends when they especially needed friends. But the Review is still used to contending for all that is good in churches at Bloomington and elsewhere. And it is used to opposing all that cannot be defended by the Bible in any place. It is the most unchanged, constant, reliable something of any human enterprise (except to improve) that I have known....Its caustic and wobbling writers have, since June of 1932, gradually turned from it in order to go to their “own place”. And it is now advancing in the favor of all who know it and appreciate what is clean, clear, discriminating, emphatic, scriptural. This is the sentiment that has been expressed in one form or another in letters sent to the Review office.

Loren Raines and the Mathis brothers I would like to mention favorably, but I don’t know them well enough to know what I should say of them. As far as my memory serves me, I never heard one of them preach. But reports indicate they are effective....And if all who love Truth would only show, by diligence in its behalf, that they and the Review are mutual friends-then the old paper

would flourish as formerly, regardless of the depression that has been raging in this country.

J. E. Poer, a young preacher living north of Indianapolis on a farm, was in the Review office recently (1934). He reported that he had deferred going to two places in order to visit Rosedale in Parke county. He had heard the congregation had been broken down because a certain man had been urging instrumental music and lesson-leaves of human origin on the congregation. Bro. Poer went to that place of his own accord, was questioned by both sides in regard to those who had sent for him and said, "No one sent for me." Then those on both sides of the controversy were willing to hear him. He urged them to consider that humanism's would ruin them for this world and that which is to come. They listened and agreed to meet without any humanism's. The man who had disturbed them was present and was asked if he had anything to say. He answered in the negative. (Bro. Poer did not forget the Review while he was at Rosedale.)

Now, suppose all who report in the Review would defer two or three appointments, or a whole protracted meeting where the church is well established, in order to enter a new field and start a church (as I did last July in West Virginia). Or suppose they would do as Bro. Poer did in Parke county recently. We could then increase the number of our worshipping assemblies by at least one dozen, perhaps by twenty, each year! But for strong preachers to hunt for congregations already able to support monthly preaching and at least one protracted meeting each year, forbids comparison with the church in Thessalonica. See 1 Thess. 1:8, where the apostle Paul referred to that church sounding out the Word. Any other method than what is divinely authorized or indicated is dangerous both to preachers and congregations, both here and hereafter. I would not risk that kind of procedure and ignore the apostle Paul's example even one year, for any earthward consideration! And he wrote thus to the Philippians in his last chapter to them: "Those things which ye have both learned and received and heard and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you." Then, in Philip. 2:19-21, we find this: "But I trust in the Lord Jesus to send Timotheus shortly unto you, that I also may be of good comfort when I know your state. For I have no man like-minded, who will naturally care for your state. For all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's." Then, in 2 Tim. 4:9,10 "Do thy diligence to come shortly unto me; for Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is departed unto Thessalonica, Crescens to Galatia, Titus unto Dalmatia." Then we read in 2 Tim 1:15, "This thou knowest, that all they who are in Asia be turned away from me; of whom are Phygellus and Hermogenes." And though my name is not Paul, yet I am authorized to regard him as a pattern in candor as well as in "longsuffering."

V. H. Gilbert should next be mentioned. He is clear, active and strong for what is written-no more and no less. As further evidence, he is one of the best and most active evangelists, and seems to excel in working for the Review's advancement. One dozen such workers for this paper would guarantee that it will be maintained. I was in Bro. Gilbert's home some time ago and saw and heard what I wish I could find in every home.

And the Brumbucks should not be forgotten. I previously mentioned acquaintance with Robert, I think, who, for reasons best known to himself, resigned his eldership and called for a letter from Twenty-Sixth and Spruce Streets (Kansas City) congregation. If what I have heard is true of that congregation, than important changes will be made there before what I now write can be offered to the public. The apostle Paul declared in his last to the Galatians: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." And what is true of a man is true also of a congregation, and even the eldership of a congregation. It is true of a family, a state, a nation. Therefore, the United States of America and all other countries are in danger of being overwhelmed! Mans' ingenuity in building labor saving devices has robbed laborers of their work and wages. This

means all efforts to furnish employment are in vain while labor-saving machines operate. Besides, all labor that does not produce results that are beneficial is an artificial arrangement that disgusts the laborer. Then in proportion, as it disgusts the laborer he is demoralized. (I write this December 4, 1934. Before what I now write can be offered to the public the reader may find that I have at least hinted at the truth. "Back to the soil," is the only safe resort.)

Returning to the Brumback brothers, I mention that Elmo, when I saw him last, certainly indicated he was interested in advancement of the Redeemer's cause in Council Bluffs, IA., and elsewhere. And I was impressed that his future is much brighter than ever before. He and both his brothers are engaged in cleaning clothing for people, by their mechanical arrangements, as well as trying to cleanse them religiously. The only objection I have to their mechanical cleaning is that it interferes much with their efforts to cleanse people religiously.

Parsons, Kansas now recurs to me, and what I saw there on several occasions. One of the elders is named Palmer, whose father I knew near Belle, Mo., many years ago. Yes, I knew both his father and mother, and spent some time in their home. They impressed me as being plain, humble people who believed in the church keeping itself unspotted from the world. For years they had trouble at Belle with a preacher who was charged with preaching "simply first principles" and leaving all else to be taught by the elders. But when that preacher was present he occupied the time, and when he was absent his converts and admirers generally would not come to meeting....Old Bro. Palmer and his other elders believed in discipline. He had been in the United States Army and knew what discipline meant. The congregation at Belle was divided for years over that preacher. But they got rid of him and then it became united. Since it has been united, I have hesitated about proposing to preach there again because certain ones might object because I opposed "their preacher". And I wish them to remain united regardless of Daniel Sommer.

Returning to account of Parsons, Kan., I state that I have never been better treated than in the home of O. M. Davis, the older elder, who is a dentist. When we have time to talk we are liable to enter the domain of politics, though we differ widely. Yet, we tolerate each other. Concerning the Bible, we seldom differ. And if we do, we are liable to enter the domain of Greek, for he has studied it with care. His wife was a schoolteacher in her earlier years and seems not to have thought, as many other teachers have, that she would be at liberty to forget what she had learned, and then enter the domain of slang since she entered domestic life.

The church in Parsons has a splendid meetinghouse which will, I suppose, seat four hundred people comfortably. But for some reason not many outsiders seem disposed to attend, and many former members have moved away. Certain older ones have died, and thus the congregation has been depleted. Thus it has been; thus it is; and thus will be, at many other places. What is the remedy for such conditions? Who can tell?

I have visited Cambridge, Kan., occasionally. It is a small town east of Winfield about twenty miles. A farmer (and later a groceryman) named Miller, whose wife was an Englishwoman, I well remember. He and his wife and children were all students of the Bible. But certain members never appreciated them, and gave them trouble. But they were disposed to remain faithful, regardless of lack of appreciation. I have hope of meeting them where we shall all be permitted to enjoy the peace that will never end. Brother Miller died suddenly, several years ago; but his wife lingered, and may be lingering yet. Brother George Dwyer has long been one of the faithful members. He and his wife have long furnished the home for every preacher that has come there to remain any time; and a good home it has always been to me. Brother Dwyer has long been the treasurer for the church in Cambridge, and carries the contribution in one of his tobacco pouches. I have one of them yet, and

think of him whenever I see it.

The church in Cambridge was doing well in its earlier history; but a rash young preacher delivered a discourse in which he implied that all dancing women were lewd women! The audience of young people was scattered, and no one has been able to induce it to return. This reminds me that at Highland, in northern Kansas, a rash young preacher had a good-sized audience but scattered it by talking about the "Jim Crow preacher" who formerly proclaimed there. He referred to United Brethren preachers, for people known by that name had formerly owned that house. (The doctrine that "one sinner destroyeth much good," is never more true than when that sinner is a rash preacher and has a large audience before him.)

I have preached much in Winfield, Kan. It is an educational town, and the church of Christ was for years in a growing condition. Numerous Bible Readings were conducted there and much good was done. But a young preacher who was trained there, and has since gone to the so-called "Christian Church", wrought havoc in Winfield by advocating "Eldership supremacy", and later by the doctrine of the so-called "Ku Klux Klan". Division was wrought, another house was then built in that very same city; and then division in that new house, after which it was sold. And afterward various proposals for unity, or at least union, all failed. What the end will be, the Lord knows, but no human being can tell. Young people wish to do as they please, and a time-serving preacher fears to offend them. Such has been the condition in many places in the past, and such is now the condition in many places, and such will be the condition in many places in time to come. Multitudes will try to get to Heaven by "playing at religion".

I ought not to forget my visit among disciples in Wichita, Kan. It is a city of considerable size. Homer E. Moore has a printing office there, and sends forth his paper called "Christian Worker". I found three or four congregations there, and each had a "minister", I think, who is "always on the job", as the saying is. Those churches are supposed to be of "the college order". But I was told that they proceed as the churches are in Bloomington, Ind. They have no college building, but invite college students to come to their meeting houses at certain hours, if they wish instruction in the Bible. I did not criticize them, for I had no Scripture on which to base a criticism. I was well treated, and had the privilege of speaking several times to an audience in course of the few days I remained there. I spoke chiefly concerning the life of the Christian. But I was not there long enough to learn whether "baptizing alien sinners and capsizing sectarians" was their chief concern in their preaching, or whether they contended that Christians would keep themselves "unspotted from the world". In other words, I was not among disciples in that city long enough to learn whether they were chiefly concerned about numbers or godliness. "We want a man that will preach to the world"--a leading churchmember once said after he heard me preach a few discourses on Godliness and Wholeheartedness. "Skin the sects"--this seems to suit a certain class of churchmembers. And I regret to say the class to which I refer is common and extensive.

But I have been trying to tell people that living disciples are the evidences of how much the doctrine we preach is worth. And if we do not manifest a godly life, the people with whom we associate will not think much of the baptism we preach. "Your doctrine may be all right, but strange it doesn't have a better effect on you." Such was the thrust offered to a loud-talking disciple in eastern Pennsylvania many years ago. And that is what the apostle to the Gentiles meant when he wrote in his second letter and third chapter to the saints at Corinth, and especially when he declared, "Ye are our epistle, written in our hearts, known and read of all men." This means that worldlings will read us by our conversation and conduct, our speech and our behavior. And what we say to them about baptism--or any other subject which applies to them--they will measure it all by our

words and works in general, and thus by the results or fruits of our profession. That is the reason false doctrines are often accepted. The good life of certain ones professing them causes associated to think "it must be all right".

Pioneer preachers quite generally failed to consider that water baptism would be estimated by the amount of godliness shown in the daily walk and conversation of those who had been baptized. If they would honor their baptism by showing they were raised to walk in newness of life, then they would thereby commend and recommend their baptism to others. I still say that if all immersed believers would honor their baptism by keeping themselves "unspotted from the world", they would soon work a reformation--and even a revolution--among mankind! But their preachers and other teachers have not informed them what their baptism should mean to them, because those preachers and other teachers never learned for themselves. As a result, they never tried to practice anything more than a decent moral life, if even that much had been impressed on their minds. A CHIEF WAY TO HEAVEN--this is the common desire and common determination, regardless of what the apostles declared. Beholding this desire and determination has imposed on me anxiety and grief that I cannot express. Will the Judge of all the earth say, "Well done," to religious triflers when they appear before Him in the last great day? Not if I have read the Bible aright. And here is my anxiety, heaviness of heart, grief, unutterable!

Over three-score years ago, I began to preach on "wholeheartedness in seeking and serving God". But that subject has seemed beyond the masses, and even beyond the classes of religious people, with rare exception. In the summer of 1898, I was invited into Kentucky to preach in an open air meeting near Gravel Switch. A brother names May was the home preacher. He read in his introductory service the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy, in which mention is made of loving God with all the heart and soul and might. That suggested a subject for me, and I discoursed on it twice each day for six days in succession. In so doing, I passed through the whole Bible, from Abel in Genesis to the apostle John in the book of Revelation. Then I traveled near or about all Friday night, to see my second son, Edgar Francis, then at Lexington as a "steward" in the hospital corps of the army--getting ready to go into Cuba in the war of the United States with Spain. I spent a few hours with him, and saw something more of army life than I ever knew before. My son was in the army a year, came home, finished a medical course and began practicing medicine. When the World War was thrust on the United States, he enlisted for service in the Medical Reserves, was honored with a captaincy, went through the Argonne Forest in France; then was with the army of occupation in Germany. When discharged, he thought he had bronchial trouble, which proved to be lung trouble of which he died.

Returning from this digression, I mention that while the doctrine of wholeheartedness in regard to religion was before my mind more fully and intensely than it had ever been before, I wrote a series of articles for the Review on that subject. But all I ever heard concerning them, as I now recollect, was that a brother in Illinois clipped and pasted them in his scrap-book, to use in his preaching. But I have forgotten his name; and whether he ever preached much or not, I never learned. Yet I still continue to preach on that subject. I have received many compliments on what I have offered in regard to it, yet never learned that anyone was willing to adopt it as the chief theme of life. All churchmembers, of course, expect to make Heaven their eternal home, but they do not propose to make much effort to get there. One trifler said, "I was baptized to get rid of my past sins, so I wouldn't have so much against me when I would come to die!"

Having mentioned something of my work in Kentucky, I now mention several other Southern States. Near or about forty years ago I was called to Louisiana, into the rice fields. Certain

disciples in Central Illinois had moved into Louisiana, about a hundred and fifty miles west of New Orleans, in order to raise rice. And a certain sister who was interested in their welfare sent to me a contribution to cover my expenses in going there.

Certain of my home-folks hesitated about consenting for me to go there, because of malarial conditions. But I went, after providing myself with what I regarded as a good malarial remedy--"Bliss' Native Herbs" in tablet form. I went and preached two or three weeks. But I have forgotten about results.

On my way back I stopped at Selma, Ga., as I recall, and preached a few sermons; then came to Nashville, Tenn., and visited the Gospel Advocate office. Bro. David Lipscomb was there, and I had my only opportunity of an interview with him. [Regardless of infirmities, he did much good in saving much of the Southern part of the disciple brotherhood from perverters that developed in the North under leadership of Isaac Errett. But David Lipscomb as a plain and humble man, did not know what evils he introduced by what he did in advocating a so-called "Bible School".] In the North we contended: "Let the State teach in secular domains, and let the Church teach in regard to faith." And I have mentioned two places (Bloomington, Ind., and Wichita, Kan.) where this contention is becoming established without even an extra building beside the meeting house in which the church worships. This plan is scriptural, and therefore is economical and safe. And, besides all this, we may safely say that a long and unpleasant controversy might have been avoided, by adopting it all over the brotherhood.

One brother in the Southland said he could not afford to send his children to David Lipscomb college, for it was too costly. He said, "I had to let them board at home and go to the city schools." Then he told how many of his children had "degrees" from State schools. He let the church teach them in regard to faith while he was away from home preaching.

I was informed that all of David Lipscomb's wealth went to the college, for he had no children. And though I never inquired how much he was worth financially, yet the sum of "seventy-thousand dollars" was once mentioned as the value of what he owned. Nor does the exact amount avail anything in our report. He gave all he had, I was informed; and the college buildings were placed on his land; for his residence was within a stone's throw of the nearest of them, and the others were not much farther away....I wouldn't think of questioning his good intentions any more than I would wish any one to question mine when I started Bible Readings. But I soon saw my mistake, confessed it and turned from it. The last mention of such Readings in the Review was not with my consent. Exaggerating talkers and those devoted to sectarian commentators on the Bible are not fit to teach even a common Bible class, to say nothing of those who are preparing to preach the gospel. "By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned," said the Savior in Matt. 12: 37, in regard to those who had spoken blasphemy against the Holy Spirit.

And extravagant talkers, loose talkers as well as blasphemous talkers, are dangerous characters! Some one has said, "Loose talking either results from loose thinking, or will end in loose thinking."

Here I am reminded of the loose talking I heard at Pratt, Kan., when I was there in the spring of 1933. For instance, I heard one man talk about "the grand and godly men" that were in the eldership of the primitive church; but he failed to mention the warning the apostle Paul gave the elders at Ephesus (recorded in Acts 20: 30) and the warning the apostle Peter wrote in the last chapter of his first letter. Nor did he intimate that Church History informs us that in the eldership of the church, after the apostles were personally dead, the gradual change was made which resulted in the choice of a universal bishop or pope.

While writing of Flat River, Mo., I made mention of Brother and Sister Charles Rehkop. I always regarded them as faithful disciples from my first acquaintance with them. For a time he became entangled with the church college idea, but we still regarded each other as brethren. Their eldest son, Seth, I have been informed, has become an acceptable preacher of the gospel. I trust in due time the younger children of that family will try to imitate Seth's steadiness.

Sister I. D. Moffitt should be specially mentioned because of her devotion to her home and her husband in his declining days, and her lifelong devotion to the Bible. I would like to mention others I met at Long Beach, Calif., but my memory of their names fails me. I did for them what I could, even if my efforts did not always result as I could have wished. The principalities and powers were against us, and we could not overcome them. And as the powers in existence against the primitive church sometimes prevailed, even so they now prevail.

(Later)--the name Oswald now recurs, and I think of Brother and Sister Oswald as disciples intensely anxious for truth to prevail everywhere. And I may say the same of the Anderson sisters.

In Riverside, Calif., about sixty miles eastward from Long Beach, I preached a considerable amount; but my work seemed to have been a failure. The church had an elderly man in the eldership named Pool, and a preacher named Harper. The latter wished to leave home for the evangelistic field. Three other elders were then appointed: men of good character, good ability and good families. But trouble resulted for awhile....(As a preacher of the gospel, I regard Bro. Harper as the equal in effectiveness of any man I know, and I may safely say I don't know any one his equal in both preaching and debating.

I would like to mention others I met at Riverside. But my memory fails me in regard to the names of most of them; and so I shall pass them over by the general remark that I think of them kindly, and hope they will all be faithful to the end of their pilgrimage. Then we shall meet in the Realms of the Blest, where the disturbances of this life will be numbered with the eternal past.

I next think of Stockton, Calif., and specially of Bro. J. D. Powers who, at this date (1934), still lives there. He is a carpenter, a preacher, and a very respectable writer. He and his faithful wife reared a large family of children, and one, at least, has shown considerable ability in public work in the church. I would be as glad to see him as any other man in California.

Then at San Jose I recollect Brother and Sister Moritz as disciple of the Savior willing to do anything they think is right. I have shared with them in several respects, and trust they have not forgotten me entirely. At any time I would be glad to learn of their welfare for time and eternity.

I should not forget Grants Pass, Ore. Dr. W. A. Moser lives there. I baptized him and his wife near Belle Union in Indiana, not very far from Greencastle. And thinking of them causes me to think of that devoted disciple, George Dobbs, who died suddenly one Lord's day morning in the village of Belle Union, while on his way to worship....Dr. Moser is one of the few doctors who kept clear of bad habits and as a result maintained good health. His home has been my lodging place when I have been in Grants Pass, and we have occasionally exchanged a friendly letter. I would like to mention others I met at Grants Pass, but their names I do not recall. I have not preached much there, but only occasionally have I stopped when passing up or down the Coast States.

In Portland, Ore., I have engaged in two meetings, as I recollect. And my time there has been generally spent with Brother and Sister D. W. Summers. The elder there I spent some time with, in his home while his young people were yet attending school. That elder's name I have forgotten, but I well recollect that I was well treated. And the same was always true of my stay with Brother and Sister Summers. I would like to see them again, but don't suppose I shall ever again cross the Rocky mountains. But I am glad I have crossed them several times and have seen something of what is

beyond.

And Estacada--about thirty miles beyond Portland--of course I recollect much of what I saw and heard there. The struggles of the few disciples I met there I still recollect; and would be glad if I could help them again, though I am not sure my help there ever amounted to much. But I recollect at Estacada I was always well treated, socially and financially. Yes, Brother and Sister Douglass have a pleasant place in my memory; and though I may never see them again in this life, I expect to meet them when all the cares of this life will have been ended. I have pleasant recollection of their young people, and trust they remain faithful to the Lord.

This side of the Rocky Mountains I stopped several times in Denver and Boulder, Colo. I never preached in Denver. Leaders in the church cherished a strange distrust and dislike toward me, of which they would never inform me by tongue or pen. I was present in one of their meetings, and near the conclusion kindly and earnestly requested the members to inform me what was the secret of their offishness. But never a word could I secure from any one in explanation, and was left to my own conclusion. (A Baptist once refused to hear me again, after hearing me once or twice; and his explanation was: "That preacher is too strict!") Yet in Denver I found friends in Brother and Sister Adair, whom I shall remember kindly and gratefully while my memory retains anything that is pleasant

to consider. Their home has always been to me a delight when I have been permitted to stop there.

But at Boulder I preached several times. When I first went to Boulder, about forty miles from Denver, I found two congregations. One met in a house built for disciples without any reference to a church college. But in course of time so many preachers (or candidates for the pulpit) moved there to attend the college, or for some other purpose, that it began to be suspected as a "college church". Such at least, is my recollection of the report. And, as a result of that condition, certain others rented a house from the Baptists and began to meet. When I went there I, of course, went among those who met in the rented house. But many of the supposed "college church" came to hear me preach, and invited me to come "up on the hill" and preach for them. I considered it, and publicly stated I had received such an invitation and was disposed to accept. But I added, "If any one present objects, then I will not go." No one objected, and I announced that I would, next night, preach "in the house on the hill". I went, and those who met in the Baptist house were present, I suppose, as far as they could be. I don't recollect what subjects I considered, yet I know my candor suggested that I should magnify the importance of all being Christians according to the New Testament. But whatever the subjects, the result was the leading disciples on both sides of the controversy in Boulder later met and talked them over--and agreed to unite! When I was there the last time I was invited to preach to the united congregation, and did so. (This is an indication of what might be accomplished at other places, if leaders on both sides of the controversy would be reasonably scriptural or scripturally reasonable.)

Wauneta, Neb., next recurs to mind as worthy of mention. I never went there till the congregation was divided and a new house built. But letters from both sides had been sent to the Review office, which worried the former publisher. Preachers went to help especially the old congregation, which designated the new congregation as "a faction". Finally I decided to go and try to learn where the faction or teachers of false doctrines were meeting, and learn who was endorsing the "faction". When I had listened awhile I was shown a copy of documents which had been printed on both sides. I found no difference in doctrine, except that the new congregation did not tolerate members going to shows, dances, card-parties, nor any other kind of ungodly entertainments, nor secret orders of the oath-bound kind, nor using tobacco. Nor did it believe in unjust nor harsh words.

The leading men were L. S. Terry and L. L. Ford. Terry represented the old congregation, and Ford the new. When they would meet, Terry would invariably say: "Good morning, Judas!" and Ford would say: "Good morning, Brother Terry." If they would meet in the afternoon the greetings would be the same, except in regard to time of the day.... W. G. Roberts and H. C. Towles were endorsers of Terry and his company. The Review office was silent and let them do as they thought best. But when I went to Wauneta and preached for the new congregation, then I received a letter from Towles, lamenting that "Daniel Sommer would endorse a faction." (And I should mention that Towles published a leaflet in behalf of Terry and company.) But I replied, in a letter, that he had been allowed to do as he thought best in regard to Wauneta, and I did not complain; and now why should he complain when I had done what I thought best in regard to Wauneta. Bro. Terry soon died.

I now offer a few remarks concerning W. L. Thurman of Oklahoma. He came to Indianapolis in summer of 1934, on his way to Virginia where he supposed he would spend his remaining days in and near a home prepared for him. But he was disappointed and returned to this city. He is a few weeks older than I am and has been preaching about the same length of time I have. He began in Texas and probably did most of his preaching there. He is well informed, and both eloquent and logical. He preached in near or about every meeting house under control of those who profess to be apostolic in the city of Indianapolis, and in two of the out-of-town places of worship, and gave satisfaction especially to those capable of understanding. His style of speech is above the average listener. He seems not to have any relatives to care for his welfare; but disciples in North Indianapolis had compassion on him, and they will receive their reward.

Concerning W. A. Burcher I should also make mention. He was reared in Morgan county, Ohio, and became a disciple in his youth. When about sixteen years of age he began to make public speeches in behalf of the gospel, and in due time became a preacher. When I first heard of him he was represented, by those who knew him best, as "pure gold". And his life morally and religiously had indicated that he was worthy of such representation. But he had the misfortune of losing his wife, who was one of the best of women, and then made certain business mistakes which damaged him much as a preacher. But those who have known him best have never lost confidence in his integrity, and hope he will come safely through all his trials, and that his maturest days may be his best, and his period of greatest usefulness for the church.

When advocates of religio-secular colleges began to come among churches north of the Ohio river and advocate their misnamed "Bible colleges", not one of my critics knew enough about either the Bible or the college to confront and expose them. As a result, every one of those critics was liable to become a "collegiate". I had been to college and knew such an institution was no part of the gospel of Christ. I wrote and spoke against those colleges about two years before I received a word of approval from any one of the Review's friends. The controversy required of me from five to ten years' writing and preaching to save churches of Christ north of the Ohio river from being deceived by the "college craze", which was common in the Southland. As a result one so-called "Bible college" after another went down, or became a thing of the past. One in Nova Scotia went down; one in Beamsville, Ontario; one at Odessa, Mo.; one near Bowling Green, Ky.; one at Cordell, Okla.; one at Harper, Kan.; one at Morrillton, Ark. Besides these, several went down in Texas.

A leading college advocate was heard to say in Long Beach, Calif., "We did put the name Bible on our schools, but Sommer drove us away from that; and we did call on the church treasuries, but Sommer drove us away from that." Thus the good work was advancing, when a friendly gesture was made toward individuals of the college order. But that gesture was only such as churches

generally had been practicing toward individuals in favor of colleges, organs and missionary societies. Then what occurred? Simply this: a certain class of individuals got mad, gave sway to their unsubdued human nature, and burst forth in denunciation of the best and steadiest publication of the age, except the Bible. And, with rare exception, they seem beyond the domain of reason on the subject. Not many of them from their first outburst have seemed capable of reading a paragraph, a sentence, or even a line that is against them, without injecting into it what isn't in it. But all of that class who have any conscience with reference to truth--plain, common truth--are liable to become reasonable again, as several of them have already become. Then the Review will be free from its unfriendly writers and they will all go to their "own place".

I have read much concerning Heathenism, Mahometanism, Catholicism, Methodism and Witchcraft. But nothing has surprised me more than the charge that the Review has become a journal of "compromise". And all the friends of the Review can afford to say is, for all who regard truth as worthy of their consideration to read this journal and judge for themselves.

Mention was made to me about Peter Shick of Kansas, and Peter Ainslie of Baltimore, Maryland. And I had to confess I had not thought of them in connection with A Record Of My Life, which I sometimes think of as my obituary.

Peter Shick was of small stature--probably about five feet and five inches in height, and weighing perhaps a hundred and thirty pounds. I suppose he was seventy years old when I saw him, and was not slow in making himself known to me when he came to a place in Central Illinois where I was engaged in meetings. He introduced for me by reading and prayer, and I thereby learned, as well as by his conversation, that he was really a living man. I spent several hours in his company, and he did not hesitate to tell of his griefs as well as his labors and successes. He was then living in Mound Valley, if memory serves me correctly. But I. D. Moffitt later told me most about Bro. Shick as a gospel preacher and debater. Bro. Moffitt seemed to regard Bro. Shick as not second to any man he ever knew. While Bro. Shick was with me he told this story:

Soon after he commenced to preach, one night after retiring he heard some one calling. He lifted the window and inquired what was wanted. A young man asked if he was Mr. Shick. "Well" said the young man, "I want you to come out to my place and give my sister religion. She is under conviction and is crying; and we can't stop her, and we want you to come out."

Bro. Shick turned and asked his wife what she thought about it. The Methodists had been holding a meeting out in those parts, and he thought some one had the hysterics. But as his wife said he would better go, he put on his clothing for an out-door trip, put his New Testament in his pocket, went out, saddled his horse and was soon ready to start. On the way out he learned from the young man that his suppositions were correct.

When he went into the room where the girl (perhaps sixteen years of age) was, he found her sobbing and crying, "What must I do to be saved? Oh, what must I do to be saved?"

He said, "Now be quiet for a minute, and I'll tell you." When he gained her attention he read in Acts 2nd chapter what the apostle Peter said to people who were asking that same question.

She listened, and he read it a second time. "Then", said he, "she turned eyes toward me and asked, 'Ain't that Campbellism?'"

"No," said he, "this is the word of God."

She answered, "It sounds to me mighty much like Campbellism?"

"And," Shick concluded: "I stopped the hysterics, but could do nothing more with her.

Dr. Peter Ainslie of Baltimore, Md., was a very different kind of man and disciple of Christ

from Elder Peter Shick of Mound Valley, Kan. Shick might be classed with pioneers for apostolic simplicity in the West, while Ainslie might be regarded as a pioneer for apostolic complexity in the East. Shick proposed obedience to the gospel as recorded in Acts of the Apostles as first necessary in all efforts in behalf of religious unity; while Ainslie seemed to regard an extension of the charity to all religious people--such charity as the New Testament only recommends to Christians of the order mentioned in the New Testament as due to each other.

Yet in courage the two men resembled. Shick was always ready for debate of the position he occupied; and Ainslie invited me to his home--to sleep under his roof and eat at his table while we would talk of unity in regard to religion.

Peter Ainslie and I did well in our talks while only general principles were considered. But he had published a volume titled, "The Equality of all Christians before God." In one interview I asked if those Christians in Corinth who called themselves after Paul and Apollos and Cephas were on an "equality" before God with those who still called themselves after Christ. He gave no answer, and that was about the end of our controversy. True, he asked me to preach to his prayer-meeting audience one night saying, "I'll keep the instruments of music still." [I told him I had said I could endure the instrument in any church as long as that church would endure my preaching. But when time came for me to speak he told the audience I was one of the "Conservative brethren"] who did not use musical instruments, and they would keep their instrument silent that night. Then he added that the "Greek church never used it". I preached on Matthew twenty-fifth chapter, as I had often done to my own brethren, and emphasized what I thought should be emphasized for benefit of my unusual audience.

[Peter Ainslie died soon after I became acquainted with him. He needed some kind of a surgical operation which indicated some other operation, I was informed, from which he died. I was saddened by his death, especially as he was taken from his wife and two small children. He was over sixty years of age when he married.]

He was a gentleman of the first order; and I suppose must have been an excellent speaker, for he was much in demand. But I am sure he did not rank with cold logicians nor intense scripturists.

In 1809 Thomas Campbell wrote of a "Christian Association". About a quarter of a century afterward Alexander Campbell wrote of "Christians among other denominations". Then after another quarter of a century Isaac Errett wrote of disciples "communing with the pious unimmersed". Then after another quarter of a century had passed Peter Ainslie wrote and preached in favor of "open membership", which meant ignoring immersion as a condition of membership among disciples of Christ.

Such is a brief statement of the digressions of the disciple brotherhood. It misused the name "Christian" when it was applied to a humanly arranged society or association. Then it misused that name in applying it to those who had never put on Christ by baptism. Later water baptism began to be ignored as a condition of fitness for the Lord's Table. Finally it was ignored as a condition for membership among disciples.

Nearly all this was set for July 4, 1934 by Daniel Sommer in a speech in Butler University. I did not then mention Thomas Campbell's so-called "Christian Association". But all else as stated in this paragraph was then offered. And yet certain critics report that I compromise when I go into the discussion meetings of the so-called "Christian Church". I suppose those critics have not courage enough to go among their religious neighbors in order to tell them where they are wrong. Then they decided that whoever ventures to go among them for that purpose must be a compromiser. Or they

think if you don't insult your religious neighbors you are a compromiser. To say the least of such, they are unfortunate!

This causes me to think that two years ago last July or August (1932) I went to Moundsville, W. Va., to attend a debate between two Southern preachers on the Instrumental Music Question. [While there I met with F. B. Srygley, a prominent preacher and writer of the Southland. One day I said to him, "I have a notion that about the beginning of next year I may pack my grips and go down into the Southland, and let you fellows down there know that I am not mad at you. And if you treat me well I'll turn that to good account; and if you don't treat me well I'll turn that to good account." He laughed a little and said, "Come on!" Accordingly, the eleventh of January, the day I finished my eighty-third year, I started for Louisville, Ky. And after spending a few days there and preaching every opportunity that was opened for me, I went to Nashville, Tenn.] There I was well received, and within a little over one week as memory serves me, I was called on to make about a dozen speeches.

And what did I talk about? The answer is that I tried to say what the occasion demanded, and did as all the Southern preachers should have done when they came Northward. I never heard any complaint against what Elam and Larimore did when they came Northward. But that was not true of Harding and Armstrong and Klingman and a few others who tried to impose on their congregations unwelcome and unworthy peculiarities, including their notions about religio-secular colleges. By so doing they disturbed many congregations and made necessary a controversy here in the Northland which, probably, has done more harm than those who introduced it ever did good in their entire lifetime. And the end is not yet in sight, for the controversy needed to become so intense that a few of those in the Northland seem to feel concerning colleges as a certain man in Canada said of the word "disciple". One preacher behaved himself after such a manner that the name "disciple" became hateful to that man, as he said in my hearing. Yet after I had made several speeches before the student body in David Lipscomb College, a request came from them that I would consent to deliver a speech on "Reminiscences", which they thought I could do with advantage in view of my age and experience.

In my speech I mentioned what I could recall of my conflict with innovations from Bethany College to Sand Creek and on to introduction of religio-secular colleges. I did not forget to mention the charge that I was "opposed to education" when I opposed such colleges, and then added, "I will leave this audience to judge whether "I oppose education." Then I opened a volume of lectures offered in 1919 from Abilene, Tex., and turned to the latter part of Henry Eli Speck's lecture on that occasion, and read this paragraph:

Will I be considered an heretic if I say that today if "we as a people" ever intend to come into our own and to make the influence of the religion of Jesus Christ felt through us, we must build, maintain and perpetuate a system of schools in which Christianity in its beauty and simplicity may be taught in some way co-ordinate with the State schools! And I am willing to go on record today as being one who is not in sympathy nearly so much with the idea that now prevails, where any one who chooses may establish a school of this sort, as I am with a systematized, organized, purposeful effort on the part of all Christians of all congregations of God in all the counties of all the states of these United States. Call that a system of "Church schools", or what you will. I am willing to go one step further, and say that that individual who purposefully puts himself in the way of the progress of Christian education through the Christian College is either ignorant of the opportunity it affords, or he is a slacker in the army of Jesus Christ, and a traitor to His cause.

When I finished reading that paragraph the president of the college, Batsell Baxter, arose and

said he recollected the paragraph when it was offered, and did not approve it. One or two others of the preachers and teachers on the platform arose and said about the same. My answer was to this effect, "But as no publication was made of your dissent from that paragraph, I could not understand that it was not endorsed by the entire Southern brotherhood." Then I proceeded to mention what I thought was in harmony with my work in opposing such colleges.

When my home-folks learned of what I was doing in the Southland, my son Austen remarked: "Father must have a good deal of nerve to go among those people down there."....But that never occurred to me. I felt that I was among people of gentility,--men and women of the highest rank in behavior. I knew how to treat them and they knew how to treat me. I felt at home among them and they treated me as a guest of honor.

My candor among them was as it usually is; and one day as I was passing from David Lipscomb's residence I said to the president of the college, "Glory be to the rich!" as I pointed to that part of the institution named "Harding Hall".

He answered, "But Harding was not rich."

I answered, "But he had rich friends, and these he influenced."....(My wording of that interview may not be verbally accurate, but I am sure I said, "Glory be to the rich!")

My reception at Henderson, Tenn., and my interviews with Professor Hardeman were on the same order. I approved of his efforts to teach, but deplored his union of the Church with the State, especially by means of athletics imposed by the State. And I well recollect Hardeman said he wished something could be substituted for athletics in the schools....[To this I add that in athletics the players are overtrained, and the spectators generally act like maniacs! Both results are damaging to all concerned physically and mentally, morally and socially, religiously for time and eternity.] Besides, athletics are by those schools sanctified in the estimation of all who attend them in the name of "religious education".

From Henderson, Tenn., I went to Memphis, and was met at the station by Elder G. C. Brewer. He conveyed me to his home, and there I was made welcome. Bro. Brewer was the first man of the Southland who said I might occupy his pulpit, and that he was an elder of the church where he preached. He was not then in his best health, having lately recovered from a serious surgical operation. But he and Sister Brewer gave me a genuine Southern welcome! The audience room where he preached will seat about a thousand listeners. He told me certain of his brethren wondered whether a man eighty-three years of age could address so large an audience as met in their house of worship so as to make the people hear. But his fears were relieved, he said, when he had heard my voice at the railroad station. I preached on John 3: 16 in the forenoon, and John 3: 14, 15 at night. My discourses seemed well received, and I was well treated in every particular, even financially.

From Memphis, Tenn., I went nearly a thousand miles southward to Austin, Tex. There I was received as kindly as anywhere else, by G. H. P. Showalter. He had served, I was informed, as Elder of the University church in Austin for twenty-five years. I told him that was and is a high compliment--for a man to serve as elder of a church of Christ for a quarter of a century! He put me to work, I might say, at once; and I decided an exposition of the Savior's "Sermon on the Mount" would be a good subject. And, as memory serves me, I discoursed on it three or four times at night, and then selected some other subject on Lord's day. Yes, and I recollect that on Lord's day I delivered four discourses, after which I left for San Antonio.

Bro. Showalter remembered me from Virginia, where his father and I evangelized when George was under twenty years of age and I was under forty. He is now the Firm Foundation editor

and publisher. I was renewing an old acquaintanceship while with Bro. Showalter. And though he has not turned entirely against religio-secular colleges; yet I recollect reading from his pen, a few years ago, an expression of his contempt for the craze of certain preachers to be called "Doctor".

At the F. F. office I had the privilege of becoming acquainted with the spiciest specimen of humanity I think I ever met. His name is Etheridge, and he took charge of me each Lord's day I was in Austin, as I recollect, and I had the pleasure of being entertained at his home, and the reader cannot imagine how I enjoyed meeting his wife and three boys, who reminded me of the time my family was the same size!

I met others at Austin, whose names I cannot recall, except the widow of the Doctor Herndon, whom I recollected from Columbia, Mo., and of whose husband I made mention in my report of what I saw and heard and did in Boone county, Mo. Dr. Herndon lived there then, but soon moved to Austin, and then soon died. I was much gratified when she came forward after meeting, the first Lord's day I spent in Austin, and informed me that she was "the widow of Doctor Herndon." I think she said she hadn't seen me "for thirty-nine years". I feared she might remember my unpleasantness with her husband, but she did not manifest it.

From Austin I went to San Antonio. I preached there twice, as I recollect; but the weather had been and still was unusually cold. As a result the autos, quite generally, had become disabled by reason of frozen gasoline, and our audiences were not as large as they would otherwise have been. But a Brother Gist, as I recall his name, took me in his car to what was called "The Buck Horn Tavern". It was a building of several rooms, that had in former days been a tavern, but had been later used as a place of exhibition of buck horns of all kinds of deer that had been found in Texas. Still later it was used to collect and exhibit the horns of all the other horned animals, I suppose, in the world. I there saw what I had heard of--two bucks with their horns locked in a fight till they died.

When through at the "Buck Horn Tavern", Bro. Gist took me to the Alamo--the fort where Colonel Bowie, David Crockett and their men were massacred by the Mexican army when Texas was struggling for liberty from Mexico. There I saw good pictures of those notable men, and also of the preacher who brought Bowie information of the approach of the Mexican army of about three thousand men under General Santa Anna. The preacher advised Colonel Bowie to evacuate the place; but he refused, and he and all his men were killed before General Sam Houston could come to their relief. But when Houston and his men came to the Alamo and saw what was done, they seemed, with one accord, to swear vengeance against Santa Anna and his army,--and never ceased to pursue them till they found and overthrew them. Since I saw the Alamo I have read a sketch of Gen. Sam Houston's life, and it indicated he was one of the greatest men of his generation.

Brother Gist arranged an appointment for me at Mathis, Tex., about eighty miles from San Antonio, to which I went and preached a few days. There I met Bro. Ben Smith, whom I had met many years before at Barnard, Mo. He was much broken in health, yet seemed pleased to see me; and I was certainly gratified that I had the privilege of meeting him again and his youngest daughter, who had grown to a splendid womanhood since I had seen her in Barnard as an infant.

When through at Travis, where I formed valued acquaintances, I returned to San Antonio, and thence to Austin, where I spent another busy Lord's day, speaking four times. Next day I started across country westward, I think, to Abilene, about a hundred and sixty miles distant, if I recollect aright. The Lecture Course was due, and was announced to begin the day I started for that place. I went in an auto with a brother who was going to show Bro. Showalter's publications. I was well received in Abilene, and had privilege of making a few short speeches, and one long one on "Health and Happiness". In that speech I spoke concerning what I knew of those subjects by reason of my

four-score years. I did not forget to mention in my usual manner the damage done to health and happiness by use of cosmetics, tobacco, and every other violation of nature's laws. To the president of the college in his own office I specially expressed myself against union of the church and the world by means of the religio-secular college. And I recollect that at Abilene I renewed acquaintance with Milton, another son of J. T. Showalter of Virginia. And I should not forget to mention that at Abilene I formed acquaintance of the elder Wallace, father of Foy and Cled and several other sons. He stopped his car one day in passing me, in order to assure me that he appreciated what I had said against use of tobacco in my speech on Health and Happiness.

I left Abilene in care of H. D. Jeffcoat of Dawson. I wished to go to Dallas to visit Dr. A. T. Harris. Bro. Jeffcoat conveyed me about a hundred miles in his car to some town where I boarded a coach on an electric line and reached Dallas. I remained there visiting in the family of Dr. Harris, then left for Dawson....In Dallas I became acquainted with that wonderful man, Bro. Pullias, and heard him preach several times. I preached twice in Dallas--once where Bro. Pullias proclaims and once where Bro. Oliphant proclaims. My time in Dallas was chiefly spent in home of Dr. Harris, and I have pleasant recollection, especially as I was permitted to form acquaintance of an aged mother. We parted by a prayer that I believe was in harmony with the parting of the apostle Paul from the elders at Ephesus and others at Miletus.

In Dallas I made arrangements to visit Bro. Jeffcoat at Dawson, and there I met a congenial company. My home was with a Brother and Sister Edwards, as I recollect. And, after speaking several times, Bro. Jeffcoat induced me to go to a place I cannot now name, about forty or fifty miles, to moderate for him in debate. It was between himself and a Calvinistic Baptist. The two disputants were cousins according to the flesh, and reared and trained in the Predestinarian doctrine. That doctrine insists that God did, before the foundation of the world, foreordain certain men and angels to be saved and others to be lost. But Bro. Jeffcoat said one day he read of certain ones of whom Paul wrote that they were in Christ before Paul was. He said he could not understand how that could be--if they were all foreordained before the foundation of the world to eternal life. (See Rom. 16: 7.) Bro. Jeffcoat said that was "the turning point" in his religious life. He became a disciple of the apostolic order, while his cousin held to the old Baptist faith and challenged him for debate. He wished me to moderate for him and I decided to do so....It was a good natured arrangement, and I saw a Calvinistic preacher, in Jeffcoat's opponent, perform to perfection. He had not advanced more than ten or fifteen minutes in his first speech, as I recollect, before he pulled off his coat and (I might say) almost raved. Yelled himself hoarse in nearly every speech; and would sometimes put his hands on his knees and look at his opponent and ask, "What's the matter with you, Doss?" I admonished him against his style of speech; and he received my admonition kindly, but said he "couldn't change all at once." Bro. Jeffcoat behaved well, but was too rapid in speech in order to have the best effect.

The place of that debate was Teague, Tex., and the home preacher was named Hartzell, and my stay in his home was the kind that made a lasting impression on my mind of the pleasant order. Bro. Hartzell, I decided, was a man of more than ordinary ability. I heard him preach a very judicious funeral sermon, and did not hesitate to tell him so. And the occasion and circumstances connected with that discourse made an impression that remains with me.

When that debate ended the brethren wished me to remain a night and preach, and Bro. Jeffcoat suggested "The Book of Revelation" should be my theme. I consented and spoke about an hour and three quarters--the longest discourse I had preached for many years.

When through with that debate Bro. Jeffcoat conveyed me back to Dawson, as I recollect, by way of Corsicana. Then, as I recollect, after preaching again at Dawson (or hearing Bro. Jeffcoat preach, I have forgotten which) I was taken to a meeting house in a country place, where a preacher named J. L. Hines (of Corsicana) spoke in the afternoon, and I then went to his home. And I spoke several times in Corsicana. But my efforts were somewhat interrupted by the ceiling of the audience room of their splendid meeting house becoming loosened, and threatening disaster to the audience. I learned while there that Bro. Hines did not endorse all my ideas of keeping clear of the appearance of evil. But he and his wife treated me the best, and I still remember her musical voice.

Next place I visited was Boles Orphanage, not far from Greenville, Tex. I preached several times, and learned much concerning cost and management of such a home. I learned a man named Boles had a tract of land that was not profitable, and decided to give it for an orphanage--if "the disciples" in those parts would take it and put buildings on it worth thirty thousand dollars. I learned, also, the managers had started a monthly magazine, and it was used to report progress and beg--beg--beg--beg! Far as I could judge, everything about the place was well conducted under supervision of its manager (whose name I cannot now recall). Yes, I recollect mention by him of the saddening fact that even Methodists were so well pleased with the management of Boles Orphanage that some were disposed to thrust their children on them, for support and training. I suppose that every State in this country would be pleased if the church would accept all the orphans thrust on the State, and care for them by begging the churches.

From Boles Orphanage I went to Greenville, and think I spoke once or twice, then started northward. While there I was with the home preacher, Leslie Thomas, and as memory serves me, he conveyed me to the railroad station, from which I started North. Yes, and on my way I stopped again in Memphis, Tenn., and heard Brother Goodpasture preach once or twice. From Memphis I went to Murfreesboro; and after preaching once or twice I made my way to Winchester, and visited Bro. and Sister Cambron and the young people of their family, and preached on Lord's day in a mission chapel, and one night in the house of worship where I had gone, about forty years ago, at the invitation of Dr. John Grizzard, who served as an elder there many years. He has long since been dead; but his son became a doctor, and I had privilege of being with him several hours and becoming acquainted with the queen of his home.

The young preacher I found there, as I recollect, showed evidence of much ability and a genial disposition. At Murfreesboro I met a preacher who showed much ability and a good heart. I wish I could recall his name. I met him at the debate in Moundsville, W. Va., and he treated me the best. His family I recall with unusual pleasure. And the congregation there treated me with courtesy I still recollect as the best. No city in the South impressed me more favorably than Murfreesboro. And if I should for any reason need to leave my home town and seek a place to live somewhere else, I think I would first mention Murfreesboro, Tenn.

(Later)--I now have Azell, as the name I had forgotten. Yes, Bro. Azell, I shall be pleased to think of you and yours while my memory enables me to recall what is pleasant.

Bowling Green, Ky., was my next stop, as I recollect--though the thought occurs to me that I paused a few hours in Nashville on my way north from Winchester, Tenn. And the most I recollect concerning the stay in Nashville is that I visited the office of "The Apostolic Way" paper, edited and published by James Allen. Yes, and he invited me to his home where I was cared for pleasantly. I tried to persuade Bro. Allen that "The" should be left off the name of his paper because it was too inclusive and too exclusive. I tried also to induce him to exclude all worldly advertizing and send forth a clean paper. But I am not sure I made any impression on his mind. Yet I simply offered

suggestions and left him to accept or reject, as he deemed best. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" Thus Paul wrote, and elsewhere declared, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." Questions of intense accuracy must be left to every one's capability of appreciation.

After worldly advertising had been rejected from the Review, I was offered a hundred dollars for one full-page ad for a certain kind of soap, in one number of the paper. I said, "No, I am not in the business." And I suppose that cleansing the Review of worldly advertizing has cost me at least forty thousand dollars. But I have had a good conscience! And I now recall that one of the first rebuffs I received concerning the paper known as "Gospel Advocate", was when I saw in it an ad for a diamond ring to be had for twenty-five cents!?

But I stated that Bowling Green, Ky., was my next stopping place. I had not been there for over thirty years, and no one was expecting me. I had slight acquaintance with Ben Taylor, who was preaching there. And I knew the name of one man and woman I was supposing lived there--Calvin Potter and wife, who were chief in building "Potter Bible College" near Bowling Green. That college had long ago failed and the building used for an Orphanage for a period of years.

Then I remembered the name of a widowed sister named Lively, who had long since been dead. I had learned that one of her daughters married a preacher named Hawley, who lived in Michigan; and the other married a gentleman in Bowling Green, who was engaged in business there. I remembered where the Lively homestead was, and when Bro. Potter had told me somewhat about it I soon found it. I rapped at the door of the old mansion, or rang the bell; but received no response. I wrote a note and put it under the door, I now think, and turned to walk slowly toward the street. And as I walked I looked over my right shoulder and saw a woman whom I instantly recognized as the younger daughter whom I had met there over thirty years before. She walked slowly and I walked slowly. Neither said a word till she spoke: "Isn't this Brother Daniel Sommer?"

This is the reason I have been careful to mention definitely this meeting and recognition. I was expecting to see her, but she was not expecting me. The remainder of my story is that I was invited to dine there next day, and the same was true of Ben Taylor, and we had a pleasant interview. The most I could remember about my first visit to Bowling Green was that I had preached there a week or ten days in the court house. But Bro. Taylor told me I "set the church in order". And when I said I didn't recollect anything about it, he brought the old church record and showed me a considerable number of paragraphs in my own handwriting!

I preached once at Bowling Green, then Bro. Taylor took me to the station. I still remember his kindness and benevolence.

From Bowling Green I went several hundred miles out of my way in order to visit Paducah, Ky., again. I had been called there, the latter part of the preceding year, to preach at the funeral of Joseph Beasley, and I wished to see what I could find of his family. I was met at the station by one or several of his sons, spent several days there, and was invited by a preacher with one of the elders of one of the so-called "college churches" to preach for them. A brother Douthitt was the preacher, as I recollect, and he asked the peculiar question. "Do you think you could go through with a protracted meeting?" That was the nearest approach to an invitation to engage in a meeting in the Southland that I received in course of my nearly three months among churches and preachers there. I charitably supposed these churches could find plenty of preachers who would suit them better. And I feel sure their preachers would not press on their minds (as I would) that baptism has a forward bearing for Christians called "newness of life". I am not sure I found any preacher in the Southland who would emphasize that Christians should keep themselves "unspotted from the world, denying ungodliness and worldly lust," and "live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world," and

“abhor that which is evil and cleave to that which is good,” and finally “abstaining from all appearance of evil.” But preachers there are strong in trying to convert alien sinners and their religious neighbors so as to make them members of “the disciple brotherhood”.

Since I have written the preceding part of my record, I have been inquired of whether I made mention of Bro. W. H. Horn. He lived for a period before his death in Wichita, Kan. I regarded him as a good man and a good writer, but never heard him preach. Yet I learned he was very earnest and emphatic, more so than his strength could well endure. But such was his temperament, and he, like many others, never learned to modulate his voice to his own advantage. But his writings were above the average, and he compiled them into a volume which was well received.

Yes, and I have been inquired of whether I mentioned Bridgeport, Conn., and my labors there. I was called there, I think, about the beginning of this century. I cannot name the time when the church was established nor by whom. But when I went to Bridgeport two families were prominent there--the Abercrombies and Pikes. The Abercrombies were Scotch, as their name indicates. Those families were steady and disposed to be intensely scriptural. I never knew a man more disposed to ask, “What does the Book say about it?” than was Elder Pike. He would not venture an opinion.

And I should not forget a family named Weed, that lived on a farm near Danbury, about twenty-five miles from Bridgeport, but drove to Bridgeport for worship frequently in a horse-team, before autos were introduced. One of the sons became prominent as a speaker in that church. I baptized several of his children and as far as I was informed, they all remained faithful. I wish I could recall his first name, for he was a worthy man. And the name Wheeler recurs to me as prominent in the church there. Yes, Harry Wheeler took Sister Sommer and me to the train, and showed much benevolence as well as courtesy to us when we left.

I don't recollect whether I ever saw Elder Abercrombie, but I heard many favorable comments concerning him made by Elder Pike. A son of Elder Pike (named Arthur) have long been prominent in the church there. An older brother of the Abercrombie family was an elder for years, and up to the time of his death. I recollect my work there with much gratification, though I could never accomplish much in Bridgeport. The spirit of New England prevailed, and that was the spirit of “culture”, which meant irreverence. The idea of New Englanders in regard to religion was--and I suppose still is--indifference to the definiteness and angularity of truth. Whoever says anything in religion is “so”, or “not so”, is regarded as lacking in “culture”. The common expression in New England is, “It seems so”, or “It does not seem so”. Whoever has read the history of New England is aware that it was largely settled by those who fled from persecution in several countries in Europe. Then, strange to relate, their descendants soon became religious persecutors, in Massachusetts especially, largely on the imaginary basis of witchcraft. Then when civil authorities put an end to that, people were turned by their leaders toward “education and culture”. Colleges and even universities were established: and in regard to religion, the education and culture introduced would not tolerate very much that was definite, emphatic, angular, in regard to doctrine. But the expressions, “It seems so,” and “It does not seem so,” will cover much, if not most, of the religious conviction found in New England.

With the exception of the few apostolic disciples found in several places in New England, the Unitarians, Congregationalist, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodist, Universalists and so-called Christian Scientists have control. It has been an “open door” for the vagaries and metaphysical ejaculations of Mary Baker Eddy. The power and dignity of definite religious convictions seem seriously absent from New England! And what is true there is advancing and gaining ascendancy

in many other places in the United States and other parts of so-called “Christendom”. The heathen and Mahometans are maintaining their religions much more definitely and earnestly than so-called believers in the Bible are maintaining their faith. That was true when the prophet Jeremiah wrote of the Jews: “Hath a nation changed their gods, which are yet not gods? But my people have changed their glory for that which doth not profit. Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this; and be horribly afraid, be ye very desolate, saith the Lord. For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water”. (Jer. 2: 4-13).

My disconnected record may not be very satisfactory to any methodical reader. This record is widely separated in style from John Wesley’s “journal”. In early life I began to record the number I baptized, but soon read of king David’s mistake in regard to statistics. (See the last chapter of the second book of Samuel.) And I became afraid of statistics! Besides, I could not keep a record of “backsliders” from those I gathered into the church.

John Wesley evidently wished to make a great name for himself--and he made it. But the Bible required me to turn from Wesley and his religion of Sensationalism, as previously stated in this record. Besides, I soon read the tenth chapter of Isaiah and learned the greatest earthly monarch of ancient time (perhaps of all times) was but a tool in the hands of the Almighty to accomplish the divine will. Then I concluded I should try to be only a plain, humble man, day by day; and if I could become fitted or worthy of some extra place, the Lord would know it. That conclusion is not yet changed.

I have been hampered, annoyed, censured, grieved much in my life’s work, by my mistakes in regard to men I consented to help. My judgment has been spoken of contemptuously because I have given confidence to me who proved selfish, envious, treacherous! But when censured for so doing, and my judgment spoken of reproachfully, I generally replied that the Lord had not made me a “discerner of spirits”. Besides, “the charity which the gospel requires me to show toward all mankind impelled me to try those who would come to me professing that they had become Christians and were trying to live the life of Christians.” These the gospel required me to help and accept. I did so and tried them, and reluctantly gave them up when they proved “ungrateful, unreliable, treacherous, ambitious, hateful.” Then I received censure for giving such men any degree of my confidence. But, as previously stated, I could only say I was “not a discernor of spirits”, and the gospel required me to be “charitable” even toward weaklings.

But I now add this explanation and defense of myself in regard to those “mistakes”. My natural judgment did not cause me to regard one of them as a manly man by nature, experience or education. But, for religion’s sake, I did the best I could with them; and gave them up reluctantly and sorrowfully. I tried to do them good and enlarge their usefulness by opening a way for them to make themselves known to the brotherhood. But I could name many who verified the scriptural declaration, “He that hath eaten bread at my table hath lifted up his heel against me.”

But “the Judge of all the earth will do right.” This is my confidence and my fearful consolation. And as I now think of those who composed that company, not one, as I recollect, was ever an active worker for the Review’s greater circulation. And this causes me to wonder whether many who now report in the Review are not of the same order, if judged by the number of subscribers they send (or don’t send) to the Review office...But a favorite poem recurs:

I see not a step before me,  
God hangs a mist o’er mine eyes,  
And on each step in my forward course

He makes new scenes arise;  
And every joy he sends to me  
Comes as a sweet surprise!

Perhaps the dreaded future  
Is less bitter than I think;  
Or He may sweeten the waters  
Before I stoop to drink;  
But if Marah must be Marah,  
He'll stand beside the brink.

Or, it may be He has waiting  
For the coming of my feet,  
Some gift of such rare blessedness--  
Some joy so strangely sweet--  
That my lips shall only tremble  
With the praise they cannot speak.

So I go onward, not knowing,--  
I would not if I might;  
I would rather walk in the dark with God  
Than walk alone in the light:--  
I would rather walk with Him by faith  
Than walk alone by sight.

(I copied the poem from a sister's album over fifty years ago, and have repeated it many times.)

Before I finished the preceding paragraphs about judgment of men, charity and walking by faith, the question was asked by one of my home-folks, whether I had forgotten J. D. Jessee, R. W. Officer and Jeff K. Snodgrass.

I first met J. D. Jessee in northern Missouri, as I recollect. He was a man of slender form and not very tall. Quick in speech, rather jocular in manner, and liable to offer peculiar questions in conversation, and sometime in the pulpit (and would even offer them in his writings). One was that he had "whipped the Baptists by contending that according to John 4: 2, Jesus had to baptize John the Baptist's disciples over again." And no appeal, even to the Greek of that text, was sufficient to convince him the disciple of Jesus did the baptizing on the occasion mentioned. No, sir! He had "whipped the Baptists" with that application of that scripture and he was not willing to give it up.

But Jessee was a genial fellow and, as memory serves me, I never had anything from him that indicated ill-temper. The last I heard of him he was in Texas. From all I heard of him he was a success in looking after temporal affairs. But in course of the period that he was most active in writing for the Review, a brother named R. H. Tanner also wrote occasionally. And when he learned of Jessee's peculiar notions he wrote thus to the Review office: "I think that man, Jessee, must have a large brain, for he thinks just as I do on many questions!" To this I should add that Bro. Tanner wrote (when he learned sins were forgiven under the ages mentioned in the Old Testament, and not "rolled forward", as many have taught) and said, "I'll need to revise several of my sermons!"

Who started that doctrine of sins in the first and second ages of the world's history being "rolled forward", I have never learned. By whom such a doctrine could have been even thought of I cannot imagine, in view of Leviticus fourth chapter, and Num. 14: 19,20 to say nothing of the book of Psalms on that subject. And then, the doctrine that God did not, or could not, forgive--in view of the death of Christ that he had ordained in man's behalf--I cannot understand. Yet I am pleased to report I have not heard of that doctrine's advocacy for a long period, and hope never to hear of it again. And I have not heard what became of R. H. Tanner.

But R. W. Officer should next be mentioned. When the Review was brought under my control I found Officer was serving as a sort of missionary among people in the district then designated "Indian Territory", but which later was admitted among the States as Oklahoma. Friends of his work contributed to support his missionary work. Once he came to one of the "Annual Meetings" held in Missouri by apostolic disciples, at "Red Top" in Boone county. In course of that meeting I learned R. W. Officer was partly of Indian parentage, and he showed it in his manner, especially in his speech. I heard a public address from him before that meeting closed, and all I recall concerning it is that it was largely made up of figures, flashes and flourishes. It was of the concrete rather than of the abstract style (as an Indian generally talks)...But to shorten this story I should mention that at a later date I was informed that Officer had become perverted by what is known as "Russellism".

And now I mention Jeff K. Snodgrass. He lived, I think, in northeastern Indiana, and was a preacher and writer of some ability. But I am not sure I ever saw him. He and J. H. D. Tomson began a discussion in the Review about "communion wine"--whether it should be "strong wine" or "unfermented grape juice". Tomson was in favor of "strong wine", as the only wine that could justly represent "the strong blood of our Savior." Snodgrass did not think so....How long they would have discussed that subject I have no means of knowing, because a writer I could name came between those disputants and reminded them that the New Testament did not mention wine of any kind in connection with the Communion. Then he added that "fruit of the vine" was the language of the Sacred Text.

Having mentioned nearly all the preachers and writers for the Review concerning whom I think special remarks should be made, I now return to comments on doctrine.

Many years ago a preacher from Indiana went into Canada where worship on Lord's day is placed before preaching, even when a preacher was present. That preacher returned filled with the idea of magnifying the worship and mutual teaching without preaching at the hour of worship. And he disturbed many preachers and congregations by preaching an hour on Lord's day morning against preaching at the hour! A preacher in Missouri tried it and disturbed many congregations. How many others adopted the idea, I am not aware. Finally the evils of having the breaking of bread in the early part of the service, and before all members could get there (in view of accidents and incidents, became evident to the Missouri preacher. I inquired, "What did Paul mean when he said that when brethren came together to eat they should tarry for one another? Did he not mean they should prolong their singing and praying, reading and teaching, till all could have opportunity to be present?"

That was the turning point in that preacher's teaching on that subject. He tried to correct his mistake, and in course of time the disposition to regard Acts 2: 42 as a "ritual" was abandoned. And with few exceptions, it is not now contended for anywhere in the United States. But in Canada it is continued, and has hindered the work very much because it has discouraged outsiders from attending the forenoon service....To this should be added that I tried that order of worship in Eastern

Pennsylvania for a few occasions. But a blunt-speaking sister put a check on it by saying, "I don't believe in keeping a dog and then doing your own barking!"

And a brother of more than ordinary ability speculated in regard to when thanks should be given for the bread used in the communion,--whether before or after it was broken. He decided, as Christ's body has been broken, the bread should be broken first and then thanks be offered....How far that would have been adopted I know not. But I heard it from two preachers, who seemingly had been talking or corresponding in regard to it. I said to one that if any change should have been made, certainly the apostle Paul would have made it when he corrected brethren in Corinth about their misplacement of the Lord's Supper. But as Paul didn't make any change, but followed the Savior's example--in taking bread, and after giving thanks, he broke it--I did not think we should venture on any change. That brother said, "Perhaps I'd better not go any further with that." (But the other preacher--the one with whom I think that idea originated--was not willing to surrender without a struggle. He was contentious in a high degree, but finally yielded.)

And I should mention that another preacher of considerable ability adopted the idea that no one should say the bread and wine of the communion "represent the body and blood of our Savior", for the Savior said, "This is my body" and "this is my blood". I called his attention to Paul's words in 1 Cor. 11: 26 where he used the word "shew" or "show", and asked what that word meant, except to present or represent. (He replied that he had never before considered the force of "show" as there used. In that reply he showed he was not contentious, but had only overlooked a word he should have considered.)

But very few who adopt wrong ideas are easily convinced they are wrong. Samuel Piety was the man, above all others I know, who would at once surrender when a clear argument or plain fact or scripture was offered against any position he had taken that was wrong. He was clear in thought, honest and humble. He had no personal pride, nor pride of position to maintain. But a large majority of preachers and men others seem to think they will be personally humiliated if they admit they have made a mistake in anything they have said or done. They should rather consider their honesty, fairness and clearness of intellect and their moral integrity are all involved in the manner in which they attempt to defend themselves in controversy. For instance, I suppose the controversy concerning water baptism has revealed within the last century and a quarter more unfairness than controversies concerning all other religious subjects combined. I suppose every principle of incorrect reasoning has not only been adopted once, but a hundred, if not a thousand times, in order to avoid immersion as necessary to salvation of an alien sinner from his sins and become a Christian, according to the New Testament as indicated in the book of Acts. And same has been, in some degree, true in regard to communion on the first day of the week. Nor should we forget importance of Christians calling themselves by the name applied to them in the New Testament. Yet after all that may be said on the subject of names, this conclusion may, perhaps, be safely adopted: "All who are really Christians will be satisfied with the name Christians"....This means--all who are not satisfied with that name thereby show they are not Christians in the sense indicated in the New Testament. This does not mean that no one has pretended to be a Christian who was not one in reality. Nor does it mean that no one may do so hereafter who is not a Christian in reality. Yet the name "Christian" is generally objectionable to those who have never obeyed the gospel as recorded in the book of Acts.

In our Bible class in North Indianapolis, recently (1934), the seventh chapter of Paul's letter to saints at Corinth was under consideration. In course of remarks this statement was offered:

"The tenth and eleventh verses of this chapter are the only parts the apostle declared were

given by special inspiration. All else was declared given by divine permission, or according to Paul's judgment." And the remark was also made that the value of this chapter would have been inestimable if it had only been properly considered and applied by professed Christians. Wherein they could not find plain Scripture for a position, doctrine or practice, they should have said, "Here we have no commandment of the Lord, but we give you our judgment." By so doing the so-called "Apostolic Fathers" and all other writers concerning all parts of the Bible would have offered two lines or domains of information: one divine, and the other human. The divine part would have been plain scripture; and the human part would have been expressions of human inferences, deductions, inductions, conclusions. Readers of those writings then could have been at liberty to decide for themselves whether they would be satisfied with the word of God or with that which human beings would offer for their consideration as their opinions. But instead of doing as the apostle Paul indicated in 1st Corinthians 7th chapter the so-called "Apostolic Fathers" intermingled divine truth with human opinions. As a result, they confused the reader of their writings! In other words, they endeavored to stretch and strain the word of God on various subjects so as to cover their opinions, inductions, deductions, inferences, suppositions, imaginations. In the meantime those so-called "Apostolic Fathers" seemed to have forgotten that Christ is King, and thus is Lawgiver for his church.

Such is the value to me of the seventh chapter of the apostle Paul's first letter to the church at Corinth. And I would not be surprised if that chapter will be the standard by which to measure thousands, if not millions, of preachers and others in the last great day. According to 1 Tim. 1: 16, the apostle Paul was intended to be a "pattern" in regard to "long suffering". And this implies subjugation of the human mind, heart and life to the divine will. Think of a statement like this in a humanly arranged creed: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned." Then suppose this should follow: "But we don't think this refers to water baptism; but if it does, we should not forget there are three modes of baptism."....Think of a humanly arranged creed in which this statement would be made: "Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins; and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Then suppose this statement would be made: "But our opinion is that water baptism is not necessary to a sinner's salvation, but is only of importance when a person wishes to join some church not mentioned in the Bible."

Such and such like would be the appearance of humanly arranged creeds if those who formulated them would have followed the apostle Paul's example in 1st Corinthians 7th chapter. But this is not all which should be here stated. This chapter indicates Paul's inspiration was so clear he knew the very words with which it began and ended. Yet many pretended scholars and scripturists discard the doctrine of verbal inspiration. On that subject Alexander Campbell wrote:

We regard the apostles of Jesus Christ as gifted with a full and perfect knowledge of the Christian institution: which entitled them, without the possibility of error, to open to mankind the whole will of their Master, whether in the form of fact, precept, promise or threatenings; and as furnished with such knowledge of the signs of those ideas in human language as to express this knowledge clearly, accurately and infallibly to mankind. But from what they have spoken and written, we are authorized to think that they were as free in the selection of words and phrases as I am in endeavoring to communicate my views of their inspiration.--("Christian Baptism," Nashville Edition, 1913.)

And here is what Moses E. Lard wrote on the same subject, in 1875, in his Preface to his "Commentary on Romans":--

But the mere indwelling of the Holy Spirit is not inspiration, although it is the antecedent to it and necessary condition of it. For, conceivably, the Spirit might dwell in a person, and yet communicate to him no ideas,--in which event we should hold him to be not inspired. Something more than, than mere indwelling, is essential to inspiration.

The communication to his mind of ideas. No matter whether these ideas be original or revived, whether they be ideas of things in heaven or things in earth,--the communication of them to his mind is essential to inspiration, and without them there is no inspiration. But the mere communication of ideas is not enough; for were the process of revelation to stop here it would evidently stop at an incomplete stage. Another step therefore is necessary.

Selecting the words in which the ideas shall be spoken or written. Were the ideas simply communicated, and the endowed then left to select the word in which to impart them, we can see readily how great blunders might be committed and disastrous results follow. The Holy Spirit alone, that communicates the ideas, is fully capable of selecting the words which will precisely convey them; and this he does. See 1 Cor. 2: 13.

Thus those great men differed. Campbell declared inspired men were given ideas, but were as free to use their own words in expressing those ideas as he was in selecting and using his own words in expressing himself about their writings. But Lard declared the words as well as thoughts were given to them in their speech and writings....But Campbell was a rhetorician more than a logician and Lard was a logician rather than a rhetorician. The writings of those men clearly indicate what I have stated concerning each. The rhetorician wishes large liberty for expressing himself eloquently; the logician is chiefly concerned in regard to accuracy. And, according to writings of the so-called "Apostolic Fathers", the rhetoricians were chief in leading primitive churches astray! I am certain one of them, Chrysostom, tried to justify deliberate deception (commonly called lying) in behalf of what he called "a good cause".

Mention of Moses E. Lard causes me to think of Detroit, Mich., again--the city in which began "The New Interest" (as departures from "the simplicity that is in Christ" were first designated). Perhaps the word "Progressives" had been previously used to designate those departures. But "The New Interest" was the name of a document in which those departures were set forth, as I recollect. If I could find a copy of "Lard's Quarterly", published about that time, I would be inclined to offer the entire document with Lard's comments.

Since writing the preceding paragraph I have consulted Lamar's account thereof, given in his "Memoirs of Isaac Errett". It is brief and conservative, but mentions Errett as the first pastor of the first digressive congregation of disciples in Detroit, and, perhaps in certain respect, the first of "the disciple brotherhood". It was arranged so it met in its new place of worship "early in January, 1863." That congregation was result of a division resulting from agitation of the "imported pastor" question and several others. (The organ controversy had not then been introduced.) Alexander Linn was chief in contending for apostolic simplicity, while a man named Colin Campbell was chief in contention for "The New Interest".

And this is what Alexander Linn said to me: "After the contentions had been introduced we thought a good protracted meeting might do good, and we sent for Isaac Errett to help. He came, and we did not have preaching in the forenoon (which was our period for worship, mutual teaching and exhortation). But we missed Errett on Lord's day morning from our worship. At night he was present and preached a good discourse on 'the second coming of the Lord'. He remained till the audience generally had left. I put the light out and then asked where he was in the forenoon. He said he went to hear a certain man preach, who, he understood, was very eloquent,--and he wished to hear

him. I said we were troubled and oppressed, and sent for him to hold us a meeting; but on Lord's day morning--when we met around the Lord's Table--our preacher was absent--listening to an eloquent sectarian! Then I told him that he had preached that night on 'the second coming of the Lord'--and asked what if the Lord had come that forenoon and found our preacher absent from the worship?... (But the only answer he gave was that he couldn't find any other time to hear that man; and he wished to hear his eloquence.)"

The reader will recollect what I offered in my Record, of meeting Isaac Errett in 1877 on my way to Richmond, Va., and that he said the disciples should not have tried to break down the denominations. His idea was, as expressed to me, that we should only have tried to teach them immersion for remission of sins and observance of the weekly communion. Add to that his record in Detroit, in time of the Civil War; and his convictions and purposes may be understood. Then add his contentions for musical instruments in the worship, and for man-made societies in work of the church; and his disregard of the Savior's prayer and apostolic exhortations for unity; and finally add his tuning-fork argument, and his use of "fogy," "old fogy," "antis," "anti-everything," and "mossback," (in his paper or by his admirers) and the defects in his picture will be complete for those who are friends of "the simplicity that is in Christ," and who contend for "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace".

Does some one say charity should cause me to refrain from mention of defects in a man's record after he is dead? If so, my answer is that the Inspired Record has set the example of recording evil as well as good of a man's life. Whether living or dead, God's book records both sides of a man's (and even of a woman's) life. The better we understand Isaac Erratt's history the better we can understand his admirers. By his popular talents, his jocularly, his versatility of thought and speech he betrayed multitudes who might have become true disciples. And "a million of lost souls" has been the estimate placed to the credit (or discredit) of Errett and his admirers and followers! And besides all this I learned, several years ago, that the denominations around us "ceased to regard us seriously" after we had "divided over the organ"; also that we were denied a place among those who had "made a contribution toward unity, because of that division."

Finally I should mention that the work of saving a residue of the disciples of Christ imposed on me nearly all the chief controversies of my life for over three-score years. Therefore my Record of my life's work has required that I should make prominent mention of the man who, above all others, by his advocacy of humanism's among disciples of Christ, has oppressed me in my life's work and blasted many of my prospects for doing good. I have been compelled, much of my time, to contend against disciples instead of contending against worldlings and common sectarians.

Now I am prepared to inform readers of this Record what I thought should be said to them in regard to literature of "the disciple brotherhood". But what I offer will be only a beginning of what I think should be offered. Probably a volume of a thousand pages would be needed to make just exposure of errors which incautious writers have thrust on their readers.

In a late number of the "Apostolic Review" (1834) is an article headed "Why We Divide", which I shall adopt as a good beginning of that which I think should be considered. Yes, it should be most seriously considered by all who love truth of all kinds and abhor error of all kinds. But what is offered in that article will seem like technicalities or hypercriticisms to such as are disposed to treat artificial language simply as something to use for common occasions in this life. I say "artificial language" because I wish to discriminate between it and "natural language". A grunt, a groan, a sigh, a laugh, a shake or nod of the head, pointing the index finger and other signs belong to the domain of natural language. But that which normal persons generally use in communicating

ideas is artificial language, for it must be by artificial sounds addressed to the eyes or ears, or both eyes and ears. (But here is the article to which reference has been made)--

### **“WHY WE DIVIDE”**

The illuminating discussion at the recent Butler Institute of the so-called “Lunenburg Letter” of Alexander Campbell, by Marion Stevenson and Daniel Sommer, called attention to the fact that most of our differences have arisen because there were really two Alexander Campbell’s instead of one as we frequently assume.

The young man who went into the Baptist Church after he and his father had been practically kicked out of the Seceder Presbyterian fold, was a different figure from the Sage of Bethany who helped found the American Christian Missionary Society and wrote the Lunenburg Letter. The Campbell who wrote and taught during the thirty-five years from substantially 1812 to 1837 was impetuous, dogmatic, inclined toward legalism and disposed to be intolerant when his views were called in question. The Campbell of the last quarter century of his life was more inclined toward peace, tolerance, breadth of comprehension, and that spirit of good-will which is the essence of the gospel.

It is almost a duplication of the career of the apostle John, who early in his life wanted to call down fire from heaven on his enemies, but later became the apostle of Love. During his Boanerges years, Alexander Campbell edited *The Christian Baptist*, opposed musical instruments in worship, objected to missionary societies, practiced close communion, and in general laid the foundation which his more conservative followers have built on with such industry. That he changed his view later simply means to these brethren that he became an apostate and deserted the faith. Of course; to the more progressive group it means he grew in grace and knowledge.

One saving factor about the Campbell dualism is that it possesses an underlying unity. In spite of early and later divergences, the essential program of the great reformer never varied. This should encourage us to hope for more complete unity in our Brotherhood life. Assuming some of us prefer *The Christian Baptist* to the *Millennial Harbinger*, there is still no reason why we should not stand together on the New Testament.

“The preceding is from the pen of Prof. F. D. Kershner, Dean of the ‘School of Religion’ in Butler University, Indianapolis. That was formerly ‘Northwestern Christian University,’ and is a formidable factor of the so-called Christian church.

“I regard Prof. Kershner as a friend of truth, and sometimes designate him as my ‘brother in hope’ because I have hope for him. And my reason for hope is because he seems to wish both sides of questions offered in the ‘Discussion Institute’ held in July, in Butler University. For that reason he has invited me to assist on four different occasions. With this explanation I now offer comments on the preceding article.

“Firstly, that article is found in a journal named ‘*The Christian Evangelist*’. That name is wrong in every particular. ‘The’ is too inclusive and exclusive--too comprehensive and too intensive. It embraces too much and rejects too much. But even ‘*Christian-Evangelist*’ would be wrong. For ‘*Christian*’, as used in the Sacred Text, is a noun or name-word, and there applied to the only being on earth that God created in His own image. Besides, that name is in that text applied to that being only when he has obeyed the Gospel, and thus has been renewed in the image of Christ. Finally, ‘*Evangelist*’ means a preacher of the Gospel in form of a man.

“Secondly, the reason we have divided and my yet divide is offered in the preceding

paragraph, but may need amplifying or explaining. ‘Christian Baptist,’ ‘Christian Standard,’ ‘Christian Leader,’ ‘Christian Evangelist,’ and ‘The Christian,’ as names of human enterprises are all wrong. Those names for human enterprises may be justly regarded as irreverent, illogical, untruthful, misleading. The philosophic definition of Truth is, The exact relation of what is signified to the sign used to signify it. And the right expression of Truth is--The use of such word or words as expresses that exact relation. But this was not considered by the rhetorical--Alexander Campbell nor by his rhetorical followers. As a result we have divided, are divided, and may hereafter divide. With all our colleges and professed devotion to learning, yet our inaccuracy in regard to Biblical and philosophic speech is lamentable! We, as a ‘disciple brotherhood’ are in certain respects unbiblical, unphilosophical, inaccurate. We censure our religious neighbors for inaccuracies, and then, after making a few corrections, we imitate them! Nearly all of us seem to have forgotten that Paul wrote to Titus and enjoined on him this command: “Sound speech that cannot be condemned: that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of thee’ (Titus 1: 8). As a result we are divided and sub-divided, and, as Cains Cassius is represented as saying, ‘The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings.’ To this I add that when ancient speculators concerning the soul of man disregarded what the Grecian Socrates said about the soul of man being the mind which controls body, and then disregarded consciousness as the standard of measuring in the domain of mental philosophy, they became visionists of the most divergent kind. As a result, Sir John Davies, philosophic poet of the Elizabethan age, wrote concerning them;

    Musicians think our souls are harmonies;  
    Physicians think that they complexions be;  
    Epicures make them swarms of atomies  
    Which do, by chance, into our bodies flee.

    One thinks the soul is air; another fire;  
    Another blood diffused about the heart;  
    Another saith the elements conspire,  
    And to her essence each doth yield a part.

    Some think one general soul fills every brain,  
    As the sun gives light to every star;  
    Another saith the name of soul is vain,  
    And that we only well mixed bodies are.

    Thus these great clerks their little wisdom show,  
    While with their thoughts they at hazard play,  
    Tossing their light opinions to and fro,  
    To mock the lewd as learned in this as they.

    For no crazed brain could even yet propound  
    Touching the soul so vain or fond a thought  
    But some among these doctors have been found  
    Who in their schools the self same thought have taught!

“Thirdly, in the domain of so-called Christendom a similar admixture and confusion may be

found. Yes, and the shame of it is that disciples who came into existence in the 19th century, in order to unite followers of the Savior, are not free from such admixture and confusion! To this I add that if Prof. Kershner will consider that 'the sage of Bethany' was in the prime of life when he wrote his reply to the 'Lunenburg Letter' and when he started Bethany College, he would not liken him to the apostle John in old age. And if he would read again the apostle John's letters and record of his vision on the Isle called Patmos, he would modify his comparison of Campbell with John. For John in his letters could call a man a 'liar' with the grandest grace of any writer. Besides, he was the man the Lord directed to declare that 'all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death' (Rev. 21: 8). Yes, and I think John and all other apostles should be esteemed because of their inspiration rather than by reason of their natural temperament. On the same principle we should esteem Alexander Campbell by reason of his devotion and integrity and adherence to strictness of the word of God, rather than by supposed changes by reason of age or supposed growth in grace.

Finally, I mention that whoever will read Alexander Campbell's essays on the difference between change of heart and change of state, published in 1859 (See Millennial Harbinger Abridged, Vol. I, p. 521) will learn he was as intense as ever even in his old age, or within seven or eight years of his death. My own estimate of Campbell is that he was always honest, dignified, eloquent. But he was a rhetorician rather than a logician, and his popularity caused him to forget much that he had written. Readers of his writings should have accepted truth he offered but rejected his errors. But as they did not all do this, we have two or three orders of 'disciples'. For over sixty years this has been one of the chief burdens of my heart and oppressions of my mind. Yet I am not discouraged, especially while such an institution as Butler University has men connected with its management who will invite a 'conservative' speaker into certain of its discussions without placing restrictions on him. By reason of this fact, and the number of men and women who have rejected man-made societies and are considering propriety of the disuse of instrumental music in worship, I have hope! Such disciples are yet in the wrong position but headed in the right direction, and thus are as 'prisoners of hope'. For their full deliverance all apostolic disciples should hope and pray every day! Many of them are willing to be told of their faults and don't mad about it. This is a hopeful indication of mind, and encourages those who believe in teaching and exhorting as well as reproof and rebuking. I go among them as Paul went into Jewish synagogues and made the Gospel known."

(Such was the article referred to as published in the Review for Dec. 18, 1934, excepting one sentence spoiled in printing.)

The subject of inaccuracy in use of words is before us as introduced by uninspired penmen. But now I offer an introduction in words of an inspired penman:--"The words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times. Thou shalt keep them, O Lord, thou shalt preserve them from this generation forever" (Psa. 12: 6, 7).

These declarations mean to me that the Infinite one has exercised his infinitude in expressing his thoughts in words for mankind to consider by best use of their best mental powers. The Infinite one used human language divinely given,--and with divine precision chosen the Infinite one addressed the human understanding. And when one word that was proper to use in addressing the Infinite one had been misused or misapplied, then He condemned that word and ruled it out as unfit to be used in addressing Him. This is evident by what we find in Hosea 2: 16, 17. The word Baal means Lord, and was a proper name by which to address God. But when it had been applied to a heathen god, then it was desecrated, and no longer a proper name by which to address the Creator of the universe, the Jehovah, the great and glorious and Self-Existent one--the I AM!

Now consider this: “And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory; and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name” (Isa 62: 2)...Then consider this: “Behold, my servants shall sing for joy of heart; but ye shall cry for sorrow of heart, and shall howl for vexation of spirit. And ye shall leave your name for a curse unto my chosen: for the Lord God shall slay thee, and shall call his servants by another name” (Isa 65: 14, 15).

As disciples of Christ we believe all this occurred when the Jews were doomed to death as a nation, and “the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch” in Syria (Acts 11: 26, 26: 28; 1 Peter 4: 16). Thus this “new name was to be “another name” by which God would “call his servants”. That name--as divinely ordained, given, applied--was the name of beings created in the Image of God and renewed in the image of Christ; and was never applied by any divinely inspired speaker or writer in any other sense than as a name-word.

Whence then come the expressions “Christian Dispensation,” “Christian Age,” “Christian Association,” “Christian church,” “Christian Baptist,” “Christian Standard,” “Christian Record,” “Christian Evangelist,” “Christian college,” “Christian Missionary Society,” “Christian character,” “Christian nation”. And certain Mahometans have been heard to designate saloons as “Christian drinking houses”! Mahometans don’t use intoxicants. And the sultan of Arabia decided that no one shall remain in his dominion who makes use of intoxicants or tobacco!

But whence came the misuse of the name Christian, to which reference has been made? What is the secret of the misuse of that high and holy name God authorized and which has the name of Christ in it?

I hesitate to charge it to ignorance; because so many learned ones have used it...I hesitate to charge it to irreverence; because so many good men have used it...I hesitate to charge it to carelessness; because so many teachers and preachers have used it.

But whatever may have been the cause of the adjective or modifying use of “Christian”, yet we may safely say it has been general and fundamental, and served as a foundation for numerous errors; or, as jurists sometime say, “a footing for forces.” Yes, and forces that should never have had a footing in the domain of religion!...In a certain legal document I find a judge named Bradley, of the Supreme Court of the United States many years ago, boldly declared--“Illegitimate and unconstitutional practices get their first footing by silent approaches and slight deviations from legal modes of legal procedure.” But misuse of a divinely chosen and divinely given word which the divine Father purposed from before the foundation of the world to introduce--that misuse of that word may be justly designated as “fundamental and far-reaching” on earth! What it will be in the estimation of the Judge of all the earth, in the day of final accounts, no human being should venture to state nor even intimate. But all to whom that mistake is mentioned should try to avoid repeating it. I have tried to avoid its misuse at all times. When I need to designate mistakes of others in using the word “Christian” as a modifier, I try to place in quotation marks.

Now we are prepared to consider the volume named “Christian Baptism” by Alexander Campbell. I have before me the “Nashville edition”. In beginning the second paragraph of the “Preface” to his discussion of the subject under consideration the writer declared” Five points are necessarily involved in this discussion, essential to a rational and scriptural decision of the question. These are: 1. The action called baptism. 2. The subject of that action. 3. The design of that action. 4. The antecedents; and 5. The consequence of that action.”

My readers will be surprised when they learn that I regard all I have thus far copied from Campbell on baptism as wrong. The expression “Christian Baptism”, which he offered as the title of his volume, is wrong for the reason already mentioned, namely, it makes misuse of the noun

“Christian” by applying it to an institution, and thereby using it as a modifier, and not strictly as a name word as divinely authorized. Then it is wrong because it refers to baptism as an “action”. And as he does this five times, we find here five wrongs! Baptism, as mentioned in the Sacred Text, means a state or condition, whether accomplished by dipping, pouring, or an overwhelming (as in death). Or, as mentioned elsewhere, by an inundation--as when a district of country is covered by water; or a condition, as when one is overwhelmed by wine (or some other intoxicant) and is drunk. People were dipped when baptized to obey the gospel; people were poured on when baptized with the Holy Spirit (as on the day of Pentecost mentioned in Acts second chapter); then the Savior spoke of his death as a baptism (Matt 20: 22, 23).

In view of all this, how any one could write such a paragraph as I find near bottom of the 87th page of Alexander Campbell’s work on “Baptism”, I do not understand. Yet here is that paragraph:--”Baptizo indicates a specific action, and, consequently, as such, can have but one meaning. For if a person or a thing can be immersed in water, oil, milk, honey, sand, earth, debt, grief, affliction, spirit, light or darkness, etc., it is a word indicating specific action, and specific action only.”

How Alexander Campbell--usually clear in writing--could have written published; and later endorsed such a paragraph, I am not able to understand. And how later writers could have endorsed that “specific action” idea, and that such action is its “only” meaning, is staggering to my intellect. One could be dipped in a liquid; but not in a solid such as “sand, earth,” or any other heavy material. Same is true in regard to debt, grief, affliction, spirit, light, darkness. One may be surrounded by it as the Israelites were widows, for they do not have husbands, nor does Scripture recognize their right to bear children! The Greek text of the New Testament has a different word for “widow”, and another for “virgin”, even as we have in English.

But suppose all womankind had been referred to by the word “woman” in the mentioned scriptures, what of it? Woman would only be restricted in regard to teaching and usurping authority. This would then refer to public enforcing of divine teaching in the congregation generally. She would not be restricted in singing, praying, reading, giving thanks; for not one of these is referred to by the word “teach” in 1 Tim. 2: 12. Whoever questions this should be asked to state definitely how far silence of woman is to be maintained in the congregation, and why; also, why she is permitted to sing, since we are to teach and admonish one another in psalms, hymns and spiritual songs? (Col. 1: 16).

The advocate of such silence on the part of women in public assemblies as causes division among apostolic disciples is on the affirmative, and should be closely questioned to tell how far and shy their silence should be maintained. As a result, he will reveal himself as strictly unreasonable; or will be convinced of his error, and repent....Singing breaks silence, and is intended to teach; and must all women that are Christians be forbidden to sing? By such questioning all that are not strictly unreasonable will be enabled to see the silence enjoined even on married women, and in their childbearing period, is summed up in restricting them in public teaching of a promiscuous audience and usurping authority over their husbands. Why then should we allow preachers to disturb and divide us on this question?

All preachers that advocate unscriptural extremes are divisive characters; and Paul commands, “Mark them that cause divisions and offenses contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned, and avoid them! For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ but their own belly (selfishness), and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple” (Rom 16: 17, 18). Advocates of unscriptural extremes among us have done more harm than they ever did good, and the sooner we learn to avoid them the better we shall be able to serve the Lord.

After I had been a student at Bethany for a collegiate year of nine months, and tried to read after Alexander Campbell, I needed to have a dictionary constantly. That was good for me; but what of the poor fellow who did not have a dictionary? And that reminds me of an incident near Bethany college.

As a company of four or five were riding along the road a sister pointed to a tree where, she said, Campbell had preached. Then added, "And as he was discoursing in his learned manner many people who heard him did not understand him any more than did the sheep and cattle grazing in the field near where the audience was seated." I did not question what she said. Yet after I became sufficiently acquainted with language to understand him, his writings became a delight to me, except where he exalted his rhetoric above logic and the Bible. As evidence I copy two paragraphs of what he wrote concerning his father, found on pages 317-18 of "Millennial Harbinger Abridged," by Ben. L. Smith--

The following synopsis of the grand outline, elements and design of Christianity, was written by Thomas Campbell in the 82nd year of his age. He desires its publication as the result of all his thought on the great subject--as a very summary view of its cardinal features, sustained by a very liberal collation of scripture quotations. It's chief object is to demonstrate that Christianity is a development of the infinite, eternal and immutable love of God to man--of that love partially exhibited in the creation of man and in providence for his wants; but perfectly and completely displayed in his eternal redemption from sin and death.

The apparent redundancy of quotations and proofs in all his essays is the effect of a seventy years' devout study of the Book until it has become part and parcel of the mind of the writer. Himself an old man, he is fond of the old style of expressing himself, as well as the ancient and commendable custom of dealing out liberal portions of the Sacred documents in explanation as well as in commendation of his views.

This is an indication of the difference between Alexander Campbell and his father. Thomas Campbell was disposed to adopt the apostle Paul's style and example in repeating quotations from the Old Testament; but Alexander was disposed to imitate Chrysostom or some other eloquent writer of the so-called "Apostolic Fathers" who helped turn the primitive church from "the simplicity that is in Christ."

Here I feel disposed to pass from reflections concerning the man whose rhetorical writings charm my ear, yet whose lack of scriptural and logical accuracy has filled me with grief and lamentation. His business ability was certainly beyond what was ordinary. Yet he married a rich man's daughter, and from that time never felt oppressed for want of money. Yet if he had given as the Lord prospered him he would never have thought he had twelve thousand dollars to give for building a college. And when that was burned he never would have thought of giving eighteen thousand more for another building. Besides, he would not have had enough for his children and in-laws to enter into a lawsuit to "break his will". A brother who knew him best stated to me that Campbell was "worth about a quarter of a million" when he died. That was a ruinous example for his admirers to follow! Regardless of the word of God concerning giving into the Lord's treasury according to prosperity, many thousands seemed to think--"Alexander Campbell became a rich man; why can't we?" Many of his admirers tried it--to their sorrow. About fifty colleges including several universities, have been established. Yet I heard a preacher of the order of disciples established by Alexander Campbell in his later years, say, several years ago, "I have a son nearly ready for college, and I don't know where I can send him where he will be clear of the danger of infidelity concerning the Bible."

But the volume known as “The Christian System” is before me. It is learned, dignified, instructive. And the statement may be made of it as was made about fifty years ago of a preacher who had been instructed by it: “He preached truth enough to save the world and error enough to damn the world!” The idea of a humanly arranged document, however good it might be, designated as “The Christian System”!! The definite article before the word “Christian” is too inclusive and too exclusive--too intensive and too comprehensive. “A Christian System” would have been bad enough, because it would be misuse of the word “Christian”, which is a divinely ordained name for a divinely ordained being, and should never have been otherwise applied. The word “system” is not objectionable if properly or modestly preceded. “A Systematic Volume,” or “A Systematic Religious Volume”..such would have been appropriate.

This reminds me of a young publisher in the Far West who sent forth his first number as “The Biblical Educator:”. I wrote that the definite word “The” was, or made his publication appear, presumptuous, for the Church was the Biblical educator. He admitted his mistake and omitted the definite article from the name of his paper from that time on.

In conclusion I mention the mistake of naming a book “The Gospel Preacher,” “The Church of Christ,” “The Prophecies Unveiled.” All such names are presumptuous, and thus inaccurate. Though innocently made, yet they should not be imitated by those who wish to be modestly accurate or accurately modest.

I would be pleased to copy notes I made years ago when I read “Millennial Harbinger Abridged,” and offer them to readers of the Record. But they would be of the same order with what I have offered. Alexander Campbell was an extraordinary man! What his record would have been if he had not married a rich man’s daughter, no one on earth can justly judge nor perhaps even surmise. He overworked himself and showed signs of failing health at the age of sixty-five. He continued to fail, physically and mentally, and death came when he was seventy-eight years of age. (I did not go to Bethany till 1869, and then he had been dead about three years, I was informed.)

Differences between Alexander Campbell and Daniel Sommer are so numerous and serious that I have but one prospect of ever imitating him in one particular. I have been informed that he spoke much of his time leaning on his cane. And if I ever need to use a cane in the pulpit, I may imitate him in that particular. But, since I reflect on the past, I recollect that nearly fifty years ago I had an attack of sciatic rheumatism--and then I used a cane! And that was the nearest to him that I ever was, I suppose. Though I don’t suppose he ever addressed an audience of more than five thousand people on one occasion. And I did that, as many supposed, at Sand Creek in Shelby county, Illinois, when the Sand Creek Declaration was offered. And that was the declaration in which lines of demarcation were drawn, as never before, between Churches of Christ and the so called “Christian Church”. That demarcation assisted many to understand they should not follow those who were not careful to follow the Savior in name and organization; doctrine and practice, worship and work.

Here I pause in direct criticisms in regard to errors which have made disciples a divided and disgraced brotherhood. Who have had among us only a few preachers too much devoted to the Lord’s work to strain certain scriptures, or inferences concerning Scripture, so as to avoid becoming divisive characters. And I don’t know of a religious journal, except one, that has not suffered strainers to remain connected with it to the damage of the brotherhood. But the strainers have all come to grief sooner or later.

While considering the preceding paragraph I thought of a pamphlet which Sister Sarah White, of St. Catharines, Ontario, requested me to write, many years ago. Her request was in view of

divisions that J. A. Harding, S. M. Jones and others had introduced into Canada. She asked me what it would cost, gave the money to me, and I wrote the pamphlet. I offer it as part of this Record.

## **ADDRESS TO THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN ONTARIO AND ELSEWHERE**

Dear Brethren in Christ: Grace, Mercy and Peace to you all from God the Father through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Believing we should always and seriously consider the Savior's prayer for oneness of his people, also exhortation of the Apostles in behalf of unity among believers in the Savior, I, an old disciple, appeal to you on this subject. And I feel impelled to do so at this time because of divisions introduced among us within the past twenty five or thirty years. For by these divisions the name of Christ has been disgraced, the work of Christ hindered, and many of us have been made unhappy by alienations, strifes and contentions, even in our local assemblies and families. Agitations, distress, griefs, heartrendings and tears have often been results of these divisions, besides all the other injury resulting from them.

In view of all this I not only feel impelled to appeal to you on this subject, but feel persuaded to think my appeal will not be in vain. Some of you recollect when the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace was ours, when our evangelists were generally acceptable to the churches, and when at least those that professed to be Apostolic were not rejected because of doubtful doctrines. Some of you recollect when our "June Meetings" were a delight and we were generally united against innovations. Such will recollect when having rejected the innovating spirit, we were not divided over right hands of fellowship, attitude of the body in time of public praying, silence of women in meetings for worship, the right of Christians to vote and hold office in civil governments, special providence, tithing, the right of congregations to have Bible classes in meeting houses on Lord's day, the need of having an extra arrangement called "a Bible School" or "Bible College", nor any kind of organized committee, nor any kind of organized association in addition to the divine arrangement of the family and local congregation to do religious work. Before any of these questions were introduced, or before any agitation was begun by reason of them, we were generally at peace among ourselves as Apostolic disciples. And wherever a "June Meeting", or any protracted meeting, was announced to be held, we all felt at liberty to attend, and felt assured of hearty welcome. But that time has passed, and many local assemblies have been divided in sentiment, if not formally divided, over one or more of the mentioned questions. Concerning all this I now offer the inquiries:

1. Do the mentioned divisions need to continue indefinitely?
2. What should we do to make changes the Gospel requires in behalf of oneness?

The Savior's prayer for oneness of his disciples forbids us to be divided as we are. Exhortations to unity offered by several Apostles forbid that we should be divided as we are. Besides, the end the Savior mentioned as the result of oneness of his people forbids us to be divided as we are. he prayed his disciples might be one even as He and the Father are one, in order that the world might believe the Father had sent Him. This implies the world cannot be converted by a divided church. Besides, Christ prayed his disciple might be one in order that they might be "made perfect". This implies the disciples individually and the congregation collectively cannot go on to perfection in a divided condition.

Much thus far stated on the subject has long been understood by many of us. In our

reasonings against divisions in that part of the religious world known as “the Denominations” we depended much on the Savior’s prayer for oneness of his disciples. In our appeals for oneness among professed disciples of Christ we made free use of the Savior’s prayer on this subject. We made free use, likewise, of exhortations in favor of unity as found in some letters to churches, written by Paul and other Apostles; and all this we have done in our arguments in favor of unity and against divisions in religion. Those arguments were certainly just when used against others, and they are now just against religious divisions among ourselves. If we do not accept the force of those arguments and do our best to banish the mentioned divisions among ourselves, certainly this scripture will be applicable to us: “Therefore thou art inexcusable O man, whosoever thou art that judgest; for wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself, for thou that judgest doest the same things” (Rom. 2: 1).

Dear brothers and sister in Christ, we cannot afford to condemn ourselves by continuing to tolerate these divisions that have been mentioned as existing among us. We cannot afford to tolerate divisions the Savior does not require, especially when they result in grief and disgrace where they exist. We cannot afford to hinder advancement of the Gospel, and dishonor the Savior’s name, by tolerating such divisions. Therefore we should decide they must not exist among us any longer!

“What should we do to make changes the Gospel requires in behalf of Oneness?” Certainly we should not be divided over men, nor our preferences for them, if they all act the part of Christians. Paul wrote, “I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase” (1 Cor. 3: 6, 7). Here we are informed even the best of preachers are not “anything”, or are as nothing, compared with God. Paul was an apostle of Christ, and Apollos showed himself willing to be taught (Acts 18: 26). In character those men were above reproach, and in doctrine and behavior were all right. Yet they were as nothing, in their labors, compared with God that blest them. In view of this, brethren at Corinth were exhorted not to be divided over them. In 1 Cor. 4: 6, Paul wrote: “And these things, brethren, I have in a figure transferred to myself and Apollos, for your sakes; that ye might learn in us not to think of men above that which is written, that no one of you be puffed up for one against another.”

With this before our minds, brethren, certainly we should not be divided over preachers such as we have now, if they be all of good behavior. Not one of them ranks with Paul, and we are not sure all of them are as willing to learn as was Apollos. Some of them may be too impulsive to be of good behavior; and certainly something must be wrong with some of them in regard to doctrine or we would not now be a divided brotherhood. Have not all divisive questions now troubling us been introduced by preachers? And whence came those preachers?

Who disturbed us over the right hand of fellowship when receiving persons into the local congregation as fellow workers, on the basis of equal rank with us?

Who disturbed us over attitude or posture of the body in time of praying?

Who disturbed us in regard to silence of women in our meetings?

Who disturbed us in regard to right of Christians to vote and hold office in civil governments?

Who disturbed us by advocating that Christ’s special providence over his disciples in course of his personal ministry is applicable to Christians in the fullness of the Gospel Age?

Who disturbed us by denying that Churches of Christ may conduct Bible classes in their place of worship on the Lord’s day?

Who disturbed and divided us by advocating a Bible college or school, to teach persons in

secular knowledge as well as in the Bible?

And who disturbed and may yet divide us, over organized committees or associations, for religious work; thereby implying the divine arrangements of the family and the local congregation are not sufficient to perform fully the Lord's will?

Brethren of Ontario and other places where you are disturbed over the divisive ideas just mentioned or over any others,--I entreat you to consider the questions just submitted. And if you can find whence those ideas come, and who introduced them among you, then remember this exhortation: "Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them who cause divisions and offenses contrary to the doctrine which you have learned, and avoid them." (Rom. 6: 17.)

Not one of the divisive ideas mentioned as having disturbed us is authorized by Scripture. Some are not even mentioned in Scripture; others are mentioned incidentally or remotely, and not as questions that should be urged on the brethren. Not one is authorized by Scripture as it has been advocated among us; but all of them are largely made up and enforced by human reasoning, such as "digressive" disciples adopted in behalf of their devices. Those disciples made a bid for popularity and adopted devices they thought would make them popular, or increase their popularity before religious denominations about them and before the irreligious world. And then in order to give appearance of Scripture in behalf of those devices, they adopted any kind of reasoning they thought would be plausible. This they did regardless of Scripture that was against them and regardless of right methods of reasoning. We are quite well acquainted with their methods of reasoning and know them to be largely unsound. We know, also, that divisions wrought by their digressions have been contrary to the Savior's prayer for oneness of his disciples, contrary to exhortations in writings of the Apostles in behalf of such oneness; and contrary to the law of charity, or love, that the Holy Spirit urged on Christians. And yet, as if the havoc wrought by "digressives" was not sufficient, we must confess with shame that certain men professing to be strictly Apostolic, even of the soundest of the sound, have come among us, and by their advocacy of pet notions, theories, hobbies, and straining of Scripture in their behalf, have wrought other divisions. Truly we have reason to be humbled, and even humiliate! We have reason to remember the prayer of the Prophet Daniel: "O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face....because we have sinned against thee." (Dan. 9: 8.) As we have exposed and denounced the reasonings of religious denominations about us, which they have done in behalf of their religious devices; and as we have likewise exposed the reasonings of "digressive" disciples which they adopted in behalf of their devices in worship and work, we are doubly inexcusable if we tolerate false reasoning among ourselves, especially when by such reasoning we have become a divided, confused and disgraced brotherhood!

In view of all that has been thus far submitted to you, my brethren, I ask again, What shall we do to make changes the Gospel requires in behalf of Oneness?

First of all, certainly those of us that favored any devices or notions that caused divisions and offenses contrary to the Gospel need to repent of having favored them. This we need to do in order to get right with God, and with our brethren that kept clear of those devices. When convinced we have endorsed something that has done harm to our brethren we should not think we can drop the wrong, and then try to sneak back among those we have damaged, and then all will be well. But we should humble ourselves by making confession and asking forgiveness both in a Godward and manward direction. And this is specially necessary if we have stood by, encouraged or in any ways aided those that have been worker of division among us by their unscriptural ideas.

Next we should certainly resolve to be careful concerning men in the future, and not become so devoted to any that we will accept their reasonings instead of demanding Scripture, either for or

against what is proposed by them.

Next we should adopt Eph. 4: 1-3 more earnestly than ever before. In Paul's exhortation there we find: "I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation (calling) wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." This exhortation we should adopt in practice as well as in doctrine, and apply with utmost care. We should consider that we are not walking worthy of the calling wherewith we are called if we do not "with all lowliness and meekness and long-suffering" forbear "one another in love". All these requirements were intended for Christians because of their differences and weaknesses. The Lord intended we should be united, and he told how to avoid divisions.

When dealing with denominations about us we know how to say, "There is one body," and show this "one body" is the Church, for Paul so declares in Eph. 1: 22, 23, Col. 1: 18, and in other writings. We know how to say, likewise, that this "one body" does not mean two or more bodies or organizations to do religious work. On this basis we know how to denounce every sectarian organization, also the missionary society, endeavor society, ladies' aid society, and all other societies that originated in the minds of uninspired men. Why then don't we all see that the "one body" does not mean a religio secular college, or so-called "Bible school", nor even an organized committee or association of any kind to do religious work?

Moreover, we all know how to say to sects and "digressive" disciples that the law of love as set forth in the Apostolic writings should prevent them from urging human creeds, names and organizations, or any thing else not clearly commanded by the Holy Spirit. We know how to repeat Paul's declaration that if eating meat would make his brother to offend he would not eat meat while the world would stand. (1 Cor. 8: 13). We know also how to say "But if thy brother be grieved with thy meat, now walkest thou not charitably." (Rom. 14, 15). And some of us know how to show difference between meats lawful because created to be received with thanksgiving of them that believe and "know the truth." (1 Tim. 4: 3) on the one hand, and human devices the Lord never mentioned in his book on the other. We have learned to say a swine has more dignity than any human device; for the swine is a divine creation and generally, if not always, accomplishes the end God had in view in creating him. We have learned how to reason well in opposition to others, but sometimes fail to apply our reasoning fully to ourselves. "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man whosoever thou art that judgest, for wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself, for thou that judgest doest the same things!" (Rom. 2: 1.) "And thinkest thou this, O man that judgest them who do such things and doest the same, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God?" (Rom. 2: 3.)

Brothers and Sisters in Christ, I appeal to you in His name and by the love you have for your own souls, consider what I now offer! Don't trifle with the word of God on any question; and I appeal to you specially on the question of unity. Let us not act the part of triflers, not to say infidels, in regard to God's word on this subject, and let us not condemn ourselves longer.

A "digressive" disciple asked a sectarian, "Where did you get your infant sprinkling?" The answer was, "Just where you got your endeavor society." he might have added, "And just where you got your religio-secular college to do religious work, and just where you got your evangelistic committee and other organizations not mentioned in the Bible."

Why can we not all see this and decide we will be consistent with what we know to be right, and not vary from it so as to give our enemies opportunity to close our mouths and stop our pens with reference to their errors? Surely we should see our mistakes in these particulars, especially when devices for which some of us have contended have introduced many divisions and much

disgrace, besides hindering advancement of the Gospel. We have learned to use against “digressive” disciples the fact that Solomon declared “he that soweth discord among brethren” in an abominable character before the Lord (Prov. 6: 16-19). Why can we not all see this aright, and thus understand the danger of introducing what we know has caused, and will cause, “discord among brethren” and “divisions and offenses contrary to the Gospel”?

In addition to all thus far submitted we can justly say the churches mentioned in the New Testament did not have any of these devices nor anything like them. The Family and the Church were God’s arrangements for man as a social and religious being; and by means of them, without other arrangement, he changed what was known as “heathen Rome” into what has been called “Christian Rome.” In view of this surely we can see all these modern devices, including our so-called “Bible schools” and “Christian colleges” and organized committees, are non-essentials.

Same is true of our religio-secular papers. Strictly religious documents may be written to Christians even as strictly religious discourses may be preached to them; but not a mixing of things religious and thing secular or worldly. But attention is now invited specially to that which has disturbed and divided disciples of Christ that profess to be apostolic. Let us who make such profession banish everything of that kind, and turn from those that have advocated them--if they will not repent. But while trying to induce them to repent, let us show all possible patience, and bear with them in love--till they will have shown they are genuine heretics. Then we should admonish and reject them as Paul commands (Titus 3: 10, 11).

Finally I mention “special providence”. In Matthew 6th chapter is some of the Savior’s teaching on that subject. We find more in Matthew 10th chapter. The Savior said to his disciples when he sent them forth to preach in course of his personal ministry, “Take neither purse nor scrip.” That meant they should not take money nor even a shepherd’s bag. But how long was this to continue? In Luke 22: 35-37 we are informed Christ said to those same disciples before leaving them, “But now, he that hath a purse let him take it, and likewise his scrip.” Could anything be plainer than that the Savior limited his command to “take neither purse nor scrip”? That command, like the one, “Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat?” was intended to apply only during Christ’s personal ministry. Therefore Christ’s doctrine of special providence as set forth in Matthew 6th and 10th chapters was intended for his personal ministry only. In view of this, whoever applies it to the fullness of the Gospel age misapplies that doctrine, and is guilty of gross perversion of Scripture! As a result, whoever advocates such perversion is a divisive character; and if he will not be convinced of his mistake and turn from it, or, at least, cease to urge it on others, then that one should be regarded as a heretic and dealt with accordingly. “The man that is a heretic, after the first and second admonition, reject!” (Titus 3: 10).

As far as I have been informed, churches in Ontario have never been disturbed by those that strain Scripture in favor of re-baptism. But if they should be disturbed by them, they should press them with these questions: What did Paul ask certain persons he found at Ephesus that had previously been immersed? Have we the right to ask any other question of those that come to us as immersed believers? Does the fact that sectarians have translated the Bible make it a Sect Bible? Does the fact that certain sectarian errors have been put into about all translations of the Bible we have make it a Sect Bible? If not, then why speak of baptism performed by a sectarian, and with some sectarian error connected with it, as “sect baptism”? Is complete turning away from sin sect repentance because taught by a sectarian and at a “mourners’ bench” or “anxious seat”?

These and other questions of the same order will do advocates of re-baptism good if they be Christians that have simply been misled. But if they be heretics they will, by close questioning be

led to show their real disposition and character.

All persons that have been immersed and have concluded by searching the Scriptures that they were not scriptural subjects, for immersion at the time they went into the water should be immersed again. But they should not be made dissatisfied with their immersion by any one denouncing something called “sect baptism”. Trine immersion more nearly deserves the name “sect baptism” than any single immersion that is practiced. But I have been called to immerse again about as many that had been immersed by disciples as had been immersed by sects. This means much to me.

In the foregoing I have said but little concerning disciples that make a bid for popularity, and for that reason adopted the religio-secular college, religio-secular newspaper, the man made missionary society, the preacher/pastor at a set salary, musical instrument to help in the worship, human schemes to raise money, endeavor societies to train the young, with the Sunday-school as a separate organization. Some of those devices, specially the colleges and missionary society, brought bitter fruits; and the end is not yet. Their plausible reasoning has been shown to be false, by evil outworkings of certain devices; and by “the logic of events” they are now biting and devouring each other! They would not hearken to appeals for unity and now are reaping bitter results of their perverseness.

Before concluding this appeal I mention to you, my brethren,--those preachers that are ambitious to make a big name for themselves by baptizing many persons. As a rule they preach little except what are called “first principles”. When they go beyond these they denounce the sects, and often with undue severity; though some endeavor to weep over them. But such preachers do much harm! They baptize many by undue urging; and such do not remain faithful--(in many instances they will not attend worship except when they have prospect of hearing a sermon). Preachers of that class, as a rule, like to tell of “big meetings” they have held, the numbers they have baptized, and compliments they received. Some feign weakness and humility, in order to be praised. All such exert influence that is against the purity, peace and harmony of the churches.

And now, my dear brethren, whether in Canada or other parts of the world, I offer concluding arguments in this appeal. Some may say I have not mentioned all arguments nor objections that might be urged on any question to which I have referred; and that is correct. This document was intended to appeal to your devotion to the Gospel rather than a controversial document. And you don't need to be made acquainted with all arguments in favor of truth, nor with all objections against error, that may be held on any subject, in order to be safe or know what way is safe. A celebrated pilot, who safely steered vessels in and out of a dangerous harbor many years, was inquired of, how he could remember where the rock and shoals were. He answered, “I don't need to know where they are, but only where they are not, in order to be safe.”

On the principle of the answer of that pilot I have tried to write this appeal. My purpose has been to show how we may be kept free from rocks and shoals of a dangerous coast; and I have tried to do this in order that we may keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Certainly we can't be united on error and remain united. Therefore we must seek the truth. Those that have advocated extreme notions among us may have been sincere, but certainly have shown themselves inconsiderate, impulsive, hasty. As a result we have become a disturbed, confused, divided, disgraced brotherhood!

Shall we remain thus; or shall we by patience, humility, earnestness, and devotion to the simplicity of the Gospel, endeavor to be united again?

Somewhere in literature is told of a king whose only children were twin brothers. He

decided to make them equal rulers of his kingdom, and before his death had them swear they would never allow any one to come between them.

But in course of time trouble arose in a kingdom nor far distant, and a princess fled to those twin brothers for protection. They gave it, and after a time began to be estranged from each other. Each thought the other to blame. But when they made their confession each said he loved “the foreign princess”! (After considering the oath to their father, that they would now allow any one to come between them, they decided they would keep their oath and dismiss the foreign princess!)

Now, dear brethren, we have not made oath in regard to our oneness. But we vowed allegiance to Christ our king, and that means we are bound to live in harmony with his prayer for oneness. It means, likewise, we are bound to obey the Apostles’ exhortations to unity. We were doing this till foreign notions were introduced among us by certain preachers. Then we began to be alienated from each other, and now some of us feel more like strangers than we do like brethren in Christ. What shall we do about this? Shall we not remain true to our vows of allegiance to our king, who is the Lord Jesus Christ, who prayed we might be united as he and his Father are, and who died to save us?

Some may think much of those foreign notions; but does not our love for Christ overbalance our love for those notions? And should we not dismiss those notions in order to be true to Christ our king? And if we cannot dismiss them at once, can we not all decide we will keep them as private opinions, and not urge them on our brethren?

In the meantime can we not reconsider arguments by which we have been led to accept those notions, and honestly decide whether they are sound? At least can we not all settle on the apostle Peter’s exhortation, “If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God”? If so, we shall certainly be brought together in speech, and that will in time bring us together in thought and conduct.

An account is in history of the first half of the 19th century: A preacher of Christ who was identified with Universalists attended one of our meetings, declared he believed and preached the gospel as we had been doing, and wished to unite with us; but said he did not believe the wicked would be punished forever, for he was a restorationist on that question. After some discussion he agreed to keep his restoration ideas as PRIVATE OPINIONS; would not preach them publicly or privately, and would “speak as the oracles of God”. He was duly accepted; was true to his agreement, and as a result was soon declaring of the wicked that “these shall go away into everlasting punishment”.

Now, brethren, why can we not agree to speak as the oracles of God, and bind ourselves to all those oracles declared and clearly imply, without extra arrangements or unscriptural restrictions?

I appeal to you by consideration of all God has done for us in creation, in providence and redemption; and by all the Lord Jesus Christ did for us in his life, his sufferings, his death, his burial and resurrection--

I appeal to you by reason of his prayer for oneness, and the exhortations to unity found in the writings of the apostles--

I appeal by consideration of our own salvation, the salvation of our brothers and sisters in Christ, and all the unconverted that may be affected by the Church--

I appeal in view of the honor and glory of God and Christ, and by consideration of all Christ is now doing for us as our Great High Priest, seated at the right hand of God, where he ever lives to make intercession for them that come unto God by him--

I appeal, finally, in view of the second coming of the Lord, the resurrection of the just, the

end of the world, the salvation of the righteous, the condemnation of the wicked, and the eternal glory of the redeemed in Heaven--

In view of all this I appeal to you, my brethren, to dismiss all divisive doctrines and teachings, and be henceforth bound together in the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

(REMARKS.--The preceding was printed, I suppose, before the World War was introduced, for I was then in Ontario. To this I add a speech I wrote after I delivered its substance and many of its definite declarations in July, 1931, at Butler university, Indianapolis.)

#### BACKTRACKING:

Came 1939. The end of the Old Preacher's earthly journey drew near. After several weeks waiting to see if his eyes regained their sight he seemed to sense the inevitable. So on July 15 he called me to his bedside and dictated the following - "As I don't understand my ailment, but suppose I'm liable to become unconscious at any time, I've decided to make a few statements concerning my life's work. I've nothing to regret concerning the course I've pursued as preacher and writer except that I've been so fearful of being uncharitable that I've strained charity in behalf of many who've not appreciated it. As result of this condition of mind I decided many years ago, I didn't have any real enemies; but friendly friends and unfriendly friends. My friendly friends understood and tried to help my work; my unfriendly friends didn't understand me, either because they couldn't or wouldn't. Yet

the course they pursued helped me understand something of what the apostle Paul endured from his enemies. And I've regarded him as my pattern among preachers. Christ was the perfect exemplar and the apostle Paul was close copyist of the Savior. As a result I've thought of the apostle Paul as the man I should copy after. As further result I've served my brethren and mankind outside the church as I thought he endeavored to serve. So, as final result of copying after him I've regarded my unfriendly friends as those who helped me understand and appreciate what a preacher of Christ should endure. I think I've appreciated aright all my friendly friends have done to help me, and thank those who still live for their kindness. As for my unfriendly friends, I still pray, as the Savior prayed for his enemies, that the Father would forgive them, for they knew not what they were doing. But when they became convinced of their wrong in calling for Him to be crucified, and wished to know what they should do, they were plainly told to repent and be baptized for remission of sins. And when the Samaritan sorcerer was convinced of his sin and wished to know what he must do, he was told to repent and pray if perhaps the thoughts of his heart might be forgiven him. As result of thus regarding those who may live when I shall be gone I wish them to know I cherish no enmity with reference to them. In regard to my life personally I state that in my youth I began to pray the Lord to lead me in the way His wisdom would see best. And that has been the most constant prayer of my life for myself, for all my dear ones of flesh and blood relations and for my brothers and sisters in Christ. I've written a Record of My Life... and tried to omit mentioning those I thought mistreated me, and used kind words concerning those I thought tried to do right. (I've no *Will 3* to make as I own nothing but a few books.)...My chief concern has been with reference to 'the disciple brotherhood,' and my chief grief was over its divisions. For if the Savior had prayed his disciples might be divided or subdivided as much as possible in order that the world might 'not' believe in Him and believers might 'not' be made perfect, -don't think Rome and her daughters could have done any worse than 'the disciples' have done. This was my sentiment many years ago and hasn't changed. Any my chief grief has been that many disciples followed the example of their sectarian neighbors The apostle Paul confined himself to conversion of sinners and perfection of believers. He was given as a pattern to all who believe in Christ.

## THE FINAL DAYS

*(By Allen R. Sommer)*

But along in 1939 someone remembered the mentioned story of Daniel Sommer's life, and a search began. When located in a pile of literary odds and ends it was discovered as far from being complete. Away back there something had gone askew. He was either discouraged from further writing, or stopped of his own accord. Anyhow, his many personal experiences as Gospel preacher, family man, editor and plain citizen of the Republic were forever lost from record except as found in Review files. His most intimate touches with the life of the Restoration movement among disciples of Christ are beyond recall. And many happenings, public and private could have thrown much-needed light on our "brotherhood" history, had not a strange influence caused him to stop recording. But he did write some references to his early life, religious and otherwise. His conversion from Methodism, determination to preach publicly, imbibing of what Dave Lipscomb called "Campbell's greatest mistake" (Bethany College) a couple of terms, a fling or two at "pastoring," marriage, starting a family, - and right here I feel a post script in form of a revelation is needed. Of his 5 boys and girl who attained maturity, Daniel omitted mentioning the author of these present recollections, - who was very close to him in his failing years. My brother Chester and I were with him in his failing years. My brother Chester and I were with him in a nightly split-watch, and Bessie K. and Chester's wife (Mary) looked after him daily in the old Indianapolis homestead.

He had attended a Witty-Murch unity meeting of several days in this city. Spoke along with Morris, Murch, Boles, Witty, Errett and McMillan. Jorgenson led some singing. No instrumental music. It was in a Christian Church building, too. Some free-for-all discussions livened the occasion. When one such seemed getting out of control Don Carlos Janes brought order when he pleaded, "Brethren, let's pray." That did it for that time. But, at another, a Bro. Alexander of Irvington congregation blustered a challenge to the whole Christian Church fraternity to meet him in public discussion of "the differences." None answered the out-of-place braggart. But Otto Trinkle, host pastor, at the end called for "another such meeting, at Irvington church house"; and Alexander and his kind were suddenly dumb. A courtesy response was out of their line. In Detroit years later, Witty told me Alexander later apologized.

Daniel boarded a night train for Pittsburg (he was in his 89th year). Suffered a stroke of blindness on the way. Spoke for Pittsburg congregation. Then down into West Virginia hoping the veil would lift. But was persuaded to come home after a few days. He had no serious trouble in travel, for he had ridden those rails many years. Train crews knew him, recognized his infirmity, and looked after his needs including transfers. When he arrived home he alighted from the taxi and made his way over old familiar ground. Inside the front door he climbed the stairs, turned into "his room," deposited his baggage, walked to the wash room, - then entered the kitchen for the lunch Bess always spread for his return. He expressed his never failing "thanks to the Giver of all good gifts"; and then we noted for sure something was wrong. He groped for the knife and fork! We queried him, and he told of the "hot flash" that passed over his head, and the fatal blind pulled down over his eyes, never again to look out on this world.

It hurt us unforgettably. But how glad we were to have him with us, so we could look to his every want. His mind and body weakened together. There was no pain. And after he over reached his 90th birthday anniversary by some weeks I was awakened early one morning by his choking cough. (I slept on a cot across the doorway. Chester was there 'til midnight, awoke me, and I took the watch until Bess came in the morning. That was our order.) I turned Father so the choking substance ran out into a basin. Then the others came. He now could neither see nor speak, but after we laid him on one side he groped with the free arm and found his only daughter's hand. His fingers ran a rhythm over her first 3 fingers - one, two, three - over and over. And we gradually figured he was trying to tell us this was "the 3rd stroke"...After he had been home for a while he would descend the rear stairs at the house and come down to The Review shop. But one afternoon I resumed from an errand and found him struggling with an arm that lay helpless on a desk where he sat. Chester was operating the linotype in the next room and didn't even know of his nearness...We laid him on the floor and waited. Soon he roused and exclaimed, 'What am I doing here?' We helped him up and explained. He seemed indignant and made for the house. But never came down again...Once in my watch I observed him on hands and knees in the middle of the bed piling pillows atop each other. I asked, "Father, what's the trouble"? He replied, 'I'm trying to get these seats together so I can sleep"...He was traveling again on those old-fashioned railway coaches. And right then, about 3 or 4 A.M., the sound of a long musical whistle from an old coal-burner engine reached us, the Monon passenger coming down from Chicago. Father straightened, a smile on his face as he turned his poor sightless eyes: "There she is, on time"! (he was "out on the road" again)...Next morning after that "3rd stroke" Dr. Jaquith\* came, stood in the doorway and shook his head. "There," he said, "goes a vast store of knowledge not many of us will ever acquire."

\*As this book goes to press Dr. O. S. Jaquith still lives in Indianapolis 97 years of age - retired from active service at 96 after a long life of service to thousands of patients including scores of preachers.

### UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

DANIEL SOMMER was born January 11, 1850 and died February 19, 1940, aged ninety years, and on the eighth day. (Funeral Feb. 21 conducted by J.S. Johns at Shirley Bros. Parlors, Indianapolis) He married Katherine Way in 1873. To them were born eight children; four sons and a daughter survive with fifteen grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren. Mrs Katherine Way Sommer died in 1924. Daniel Sommer was married to Miss Esther White of Ontario, in 1926. She died two years later.

Daniel Sommer, in young manhood decided that Jesus the Christ was his best friend, for now

and eternity. So, for more than sixty-nine years he endeavored, “in season and out of season” by tongue and pen, to impress on all minds who could read and hear the importance of preparing for that inevitable change which he has so recently undergone, and which we verily believe rewarded him with the long-awaited “Well Done!” spoken by the Master in Heaven, whom he so long and faithfully served. The Lord had given to Daniel Sommer a sturdy body and mind. He used them to the full in his Lord’s service. He stood firmly for the truth as he understood the revealed will of his Master; and though oftentimes some doubted the wisdom of his application of his conceptions of truth, yet none doubted his sincerity.

The clock of Time for him has run down; Eternity’s ceaseless ages are before him...The tale is told, the volume is closed, the fire is out, the house is very still, --and we are very lonely....A friend, and father, and brother in Christ has just stepped out, and Death has noiselessly closed the door. By faith we see that welcome in the Paradise of his Master!

“To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne.....After this I looked and, behold! a door has opened in Heaven, and the voice as of a trumpet said: Come up hither, and I will show thee things which must be hereafter.....And I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven, and a great voice: Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men....and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain---for the former things are passed away....And there shall be no night there...they need no candle, neither light of the sun...for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever. He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.”

Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master’s joy.

The pains of death are past;  
Labor and sorrow cease,  
And, life’s long warfare closed at last,  
His soul is found at peace.

Daniel Sommer was the last of the great pioneers of the Restoration Movement. Born in 1850, only twenty years after the dissolution of the Mahoning Association, his life stretched back to the days of the Campbells and spanned almost the entire cycle of growth and development of the movement. As the successor of Benjamin Franklin in the editorship of the American Christian Review, he became a dominant protagonist of the right wing among the Disciples and was usually regarded as the very tip of the wing. Sommer was opposed to all “humanisms”, as he styled them, and believed that the only way to preserve the purity of the church was by forbidding even the slightest compromise with erroneous tendencies. Hence, (sic) he opposed missionary societies, Sunday schools, Christian Endeavor societies, and above all, instrumental music in the worship. He was roundly denounced by various groups of conservatives who permitted the camel to put his nose under the tent, in one respect or another, but he always held his ground. He was opposed to Bible colleges or special training schools for the ministry because he believed that they undermined the faith of their students and taught them everything except the Bible. In one way or another, he isolated himself from the overwhelming majority of the brotherhood, a fact which caused him much sorrow, but which never shook his own convictions as to the rightness of his course.

Notwithstanding his rather extreme theological view, Daniel Sommer was one of the most tolerant and fairminded men we have ever known. He had the Christian attitude toward the search for truth and the Christian spirit in his method of dealing with people with whom he disagreed. He had no trace of that ecclesiastical bigotry which refuses to sit on the same platform or speak at the same meeting with another individual suspected of heretical views. Instead of this widely prevalent Pharisaism, the editor of The Apostolic Review would go anywhere he was invited to speak, no matter how much he disagreed with the people who were managing the program or the general point of view prevalent at the meeting. He rightly reasoned that unfavorable circumstances of this kind made it all the more incumbent upon him to deliver his message whenever he had a chance to do it.

Hence he preached the gospel everywhere, to all sorts of people and under the most bizarre and unusual circumstances. Money was no consideration whatever with him and he never received more than a bare living for his untiring labors in behalf of the church. He delighted in real missionary work and only a few days before his death he insisted in going forth again to take up the task of evangelism. He had a tonic influence upon all who came in contact with him and his obvious sincerity and disinterestedness gave weight to his words far beyond the tricks of the professional orator or elocutionist.

Even in his advanced age, Daniel Sommer was a forceful speaker and his thinking was logical and clear. He was one of the great preachers of the Restoration and his memory will be affectionately cherished by multitudes who possessed only slight personal acquaintance with him. Old as he was when he left this world, his more intimate friends will be conscious of a keen sense of loss in his departure, a feeling which will only partially disappear with the passing of time. He was a great soul, perhaps one should say more correctly, he is a great soul, and many of us feel that we shall not look upon his like again.

Frederick Kershener

from: Christian-Evangelist LXXVIII:11  
(March 14, 1940 p.90