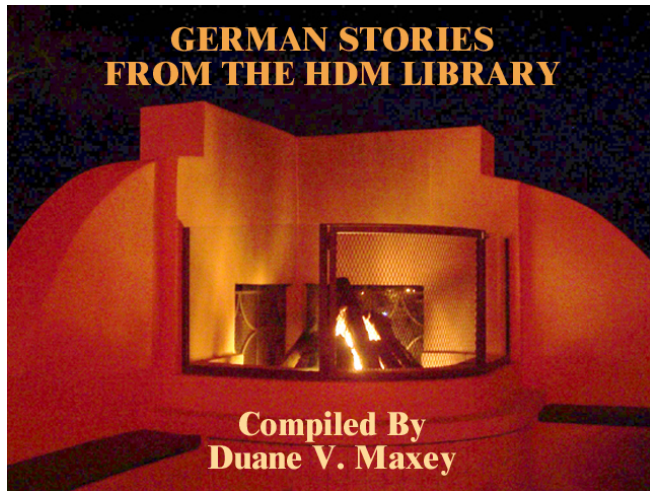


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GERMAN STORIES FROM THE HDM LIBRARY
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Digital Edition 03/13/2009
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INTRODUCTION

Germans had a lot to do with early Methodism. German Moravian, Peter Boehler, [1] was instrumental in John Wesley's conversion; Moravian in Hernhut, Germany, Arvid Gradin, [2] was the first man Wesley ever heard clearly testify to the experience of entire sanctification; the pastor of the first Methodist Society in

America was Philip Embury, of German descent, and Barbara Heck, Mother of American Methodism was likewise of German descent.

The Hecks and Embury were converted as the result of John Wesley's missionary ventures into the Irish Palatine-German area, occupied by Germans who had been driven from the Palatinate on the Rhine in Germany. [3] When times got tough, in 1760 Paul and Barbara Heck, Philip Embury, and a number of other Palatine Germans emigrated from thence to America and settled in New York City. [4] Embury had been their spiritual leader when they embarked for America, but after some early efforts to preach he had grown discouraged and others of them were either backsliding or backslidden.

Barbara Heck decided to act! Coming upon a group of the Palatine German immigrants who were playing cards, and, "in the spirit of an ancient prophethess she seized the cards and threw them into the fire, and solemnly warned the players of their danger and their duty." Then, "under a divine impulse she went straightway to the house of her cousin, Philip Embury, and appealed to him to be no longer silent, 'entreating him with tears.' With a keen sense of the spiritual danger of the little flock she exclaimed, 'You must preach to us or we shall all go to hell together, and God will require our blood at your hands.' 'I cannot preach, for I have neither house nor congregation,' he replied. Nevertheless, at her earnest adjuration he consented to preach in 'his own hired house,' and this mother in Israel sallied forth and collected four persons, who constituted his first audience. Its composition was typical of the diverse classes which the vast organization of which it was the germ was to embrace." (hdm0688, Makers of Methodism, by W. H. Withrow -- See also: hdm0544, Barbara Heck, Mother of American Methodism, also by Withrow.) [5]

See Endnotes [3] and [4] in order to read more of the details presented in the 3 preceding paragraphs. However, this compilation is not a history of German involvement in early Methodism in England and America, but it is simply a collection of stories from the HDM Library involving Germans -- interesting incidents about people of Teutonic ancestry. And, since I suspect that the term "Dutchman" in early America was somewhat synonymous with "German," I have taken the liberty to change the term used in several accounts from "Dutchman" to "German". Finally, for the benefit of those who may want to read more, or all, of the source texts from which these stories are taken, I have noted nearly all of the titles and HDM files numbers of such.

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Part 1
"IN DE ODER VORLD I HAS A KINGDOM"
From hdm0683 -- J. B. Finley's Autobiography

[In this story, James Bradley Finley meets an old German who had apparently been converted under Robert Strawbridge, another immigrant from Ireland, whom

some asserted was the real, first pastor of a Methodist Society in America, instead of Philip Embury.]

An incident occurred on one of my excursions in the wilderness part of my circuit, which I will relate. I was traveling along a solitary path through the woods, and all at once I came upon an old man of the most grotesque appearance, trudging along at a slow rate, half bent, with an ax and two broomsticks on his shoulder. As I approached him I said, "Well, grandfather, how do you do?"

He was a German, and replied, "It ish wall."

"You have too much of a load to carry."

"Yes, but I can go not often."

"Where do you live, old friend?"

"Shust dare," pointing to a small cabin on the hillside.

"You seem to be poor, as well as old."

"O yes, in dis vorld I has noting. But in de oder vorld I has a kingdom."

"Do you know any thing about that kingdom?"

"O yes."

"Do you love God?"

"Yes, mid all my heart, and God love me."

"How long a time have you been loving God?"

"Dis fifty years."

"Do you belong to any church?"

"O yes, I bese a Metodist."

"Where did you join the Methodists?"

"I jine de Metodist in Maryland, under dat grate man of Got, Strawbridge, on Pipe Creek, and my vife too; and Got has been my father and my friend ever since; and I bless Got I will soon get home to see him in de himels."

By this time I felt my heart burn within me; and, having arrived at the Bethel, I stopped, and went in. His wife, who was also quite aged, was sitting by her wheel, spinning tow. I told them I was a Methodist preacher, and was more than happy to meet with them. There was but one little chair in the cabin; but, though destitute of furniture, every thing I saw looked neat and clean. I inquired into their history, and learned that they once owned property in Maryland; but they sold it, and came out west, for the purpose of benefiting their son. They bought a tract of land containing fifty acres, and improved it so they could live comfortably. In the meantime their son grew up, and became restless and uneasy; wished to leave home, and make his fortune elsewhere. To quiet him the old people made him a title to the farm, and took his obligations to maintain them as long as they lived. In a short time, however, the unnatural son sold the land, took the money, and left for the west; since which time they have never heard of him. Being obliged to leave their home, they went into the woods, built their little cabin on Congress land, and obtained a livelihood by making brooms and baskets. They had an old Bible, well-worn, and a hymn-book, which bore similar marks of use. Here, in this cabin alone, they held their meetings; classmeeting on the Sabbath, and prayermeetings morning, noon, and night. They had rich enjoyment. They talked about religion, as if they had been the inhabitants of the heavenly Canaan.

We sang and prayed together; and such a meeting I had not enjoyed for years. I realized, in my very heart, that I would not have exchanged their lonely little cabin for the most sumptuous palace on earth, without God. It was distressing to look at their apparel, and yet their faces were radiant in the midst of their rags. I took down my saddle-bags, and gave the old servant of God all the wardrobe I had with me, and then, with many blessings, bade these happy saints adieu.

When I arrived home I reported the case to the brethren and sisters of Barnesville, and they went to work, and made up two horse-loads of clothing, meal, and meat, and dispatched it to them. O what a lesson I learned from this Simeon and Anna! their humility, patience, entire and happy resignation to the providence of God! Thus they lived happy in God while they lived; and after a few years, they went rejoicing home to heaven.

* * * * *

Part 2

HE "BROMISHED" TO GIVE TEN DOLLARS

From hdm0268, "Life Among The Indians" By J. B. Finley

I will here entertain the reader with an address which I heard on a certain occasion -- in a love-feast, in December, 1837. A good, simple-hearted German arose in the love-feast, and, after a brief introduction, said, "I am very bad man. I have vowed to the Lord, but I have not paid my vows. When I did read de 'counts of de missions, I did bromish mine Got I would give 'im den thallers a year for dem missions; but I did not do it. Den de Lord did take from me eight hunder thallers;

and I went to de glass meetin', and de Beecher did aks me, 'Vot is de matter?' and I did say, 'I am a bad man. I did bromish de Lord den thallers a year for de missions, and I did not do it. And now dare is my pocketbook -- dake it out, for I am 'fraid I vill not pay mine vows.' Every year since I has paid de Lord de den thallers; and he has given me back mine money, and more too, and he has, last night, converted my two childer."

How much is lost by covetousness, and by not laying up in the Lord's treasury! It is in that bank only that deposits are perfectly safe, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

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Part 3

HOW GOST FOUND GOD!

From hdm0230, "Sketches of Western Methodism,"

Chapter 31, By J. B. Finley

When we were traveling the Cross Creek circuit, in 1815, in a region of country which was mostly settled by German Lutherans, and not much regard paid to the Sabbath, or any kind of religion, there lived a German by the name of Gost. He was one of the principal men of the neighborhood, and had great influence among his German friends. At one of our love-feasts we heard him relate his experience, and though it was in very broken English, yet it was told with an unction and a power which melted all hearts, and which thrilled and interested us so much that we have not forgotten it to this day.

There is something peculiar in the German mind and character which shows itself, perhaps, more strikingly in regard to the subject of religion than any thing else. It seems that in whatever enterprise a German embarks, it engrosses his entire energies, and when once fully committed on any subject, he adheres to it with an energy, zeal, and perseverance worthy of all praise. Staid and somber as he may appear, he nevertheless has the excitability of a Frenchman without his mercurial nature. Luther was a noble type of the Teutonic mind, and exhibited the different characteristics of which we have spoken, when he said he would go to the Diet of Worms if there were as many devils in his way as there were tiles on the roofs of the houses; and when, in his excited imagination, he saw the devil before him in his study, and threw his inkstand at him; and, also, when on another occasion, he was arraigned before an ecclesiastical council for heresy, and threatened with punishment if he did not retract, he said, "Here I stand, God help!"

One has said, "Get a German once converted, and there is little danger of his refusing to take up his cross, or turning back to the beggarly elements of the world." They seem to carry out more fully Mr. Wesley's idea of Methodism than even the English brethren themselves. When they sing, "they sing lustily;" when they pray, they pray with all their might; when they speak in class meeting or love-feast,

they come right to the point of Christian experience without any circumlocution. Such was the case with our good German brother whose experience we are going to relate.

Shortly after the speaking exercises commenced, he arose and said: "Mine dear bruders, ven I comes to dis blace dare vas nobody here. Den after, mine freins dey comes too, and ve did comes along very goot, as ve dot. Ve did drink viskey, and frolic, and dance, and ve all dot it vas wery nice; but binebys der comes along into de neighborhoot a Methodis breacher by de name of Jo. Shackelford, and he breaches and breaches, and brays and brays, as you never see de like in all your lives.

"He says, 'You beeples all goes to hell unless you git converted, and be saved from your zins.' Now, vell den, de beeples begins to dink zeriously on dis matter, and dey say ve must do better, or, sure enough, de devil vill git us shust as he says. Den dey gits Christen, and begins to bray; and dey valls down, and brays, and croans, and hollers, and I says to my beeples, 'Dis is de devil;' and it goes on till it comes to my neighbor Honnes.

"Vell, I does not go, and my vife and gals does not go, because I said it vas de devil. Vell, however, it gomes so near by mine house, I says I vill go and see vat is dis ting vat makes de beeples so crazy. So von night I goes to Honnes' to see de brayer meeting, and I sets down and sees de beeples come in, and dey all looks shust like dey used to do, and I dot it vas all vell; but dey soon begins to zing and bray, and I dot dis is all right.

"Den some pegins to croan, and valls down; and I says, 'Dis is de devil, and I vill shust go home;' but ven I vent to rise up I could not, vor I vas fast to de bench. Den I vas skeered, and I said, 'Dis is de devil sure enough.' I looked round, and I dot de door vas growed up, and I vas fast enough. Vell, vell, den I say, 'Mine Got, de devil vill git me now, by sure!'

"I looked more for de door, and bresently I sees him, and I makes von spring, and out I goes headforemost. Den I gits up, and runs mit all my might till I comes to mine fence; and ven I goes to git over I comes down smack upon my pack, and now I says, 'De devil vill git me, py sure!'

"I lays dare for some time; den I gits up, and climes de fence, and goes to mine house, and dot I would shust go to bed mitout making any noise; but shust as I vas gittin in ped, smack down I comes on mine pack upon de floor; and Madalana, mine vife, did shump out of de ped, and did schream; and Petts and Kate -- dat ish my two gals -- dey did shump up and schream and holler, and dare I lays, and I says, 'O, mine Got, dis ish de devil!'

"Madalana says, 'No matter for you; it shust serves you right; you vould go, and now you prings de devil home mit you to your own house.' Petts and Kate dey

both cries, and mine vife she scolds, and de devil he shakes me over de hells, and all my sins shust comes up to mine eyes, and I says, 'O, mine Got, save me!'

"After a vile I goes to ped, but I not sleeps. I says, 'O mine Got, mine Got, vat vill become of me!' Shust at daylight I gits up and goes down to my parn, and gits under de hoss-trough, and smack I comes on mine pack again. Den I cries, mit all my might, 'O, mine Got, mine Got, have mercy upon me!' I dot I vas goin to de hells.

"Shust den someting say to me, 'Di sins pe all vorgifen.' Den someting comes down all over me at my head, shust like honey, and I opens mine mout shust so vide ash I can; but it filled so full it run over, and den O, I vas so happy as never I vas before in all my life!

"I did shump like a deer, and I hollered, 'Glory, glory to mine Got!' mit all my might. Mine hosses dey did veel round and shnorted, and I did veel round too, and hollered glory, and I did not know dem, and dey did not know me.

"Bresently I saw my gray hoss, Pob, and I snatched him round de neck, and he did veel round, and I hollered, 'Glory, glory, and bless de Lort!' I love dish hoss unto dis day so petter than any.

"I now ish on mine vay to de himmels, and dare I vill bless Got for his pringing me down on mine pack, and for mine vife and mine gals; for dey now goes mit me to glory; so, mine bruders, ve vill all bineby meet in dat goot vorld, to braise de Lort forever and ever."

* * * * *

Part 4

NO MORE CARRY HEAVY LOAT

From hdm2176, "The Beloved Physician, Walter C. Palmer"

By George Hughes

A German woman sat drinking in the blessed words, while the glad responses of her heart brought to her face an expression of ecstatic joy that attracted the gaze of the people. She arose and, clasping her hands, said, "O, mine heart is so full -- so happy! Jesus is mit me! I talk mit Jesus and He talks mit me all the time. He makes me so glad! He bless me so! He is so goot to me! He's my Saviour! I love Him! O, I'm so glad He loves me! Nothing can hurt me wile Jesus mit me! O, glory to His name!" At another meeting she said: "Ten years ago I vas feel guilty sinner -- I vas sorrowful. Lady vere I vas vork for say to me, 'Vat the matter mit you? Vy don't you eat, and vat make you look so sad?' I say, 'I don't know, mine heart feel very bat, great loat here' (placing her hand upon her side), 'great heavy loat!' Ten I go to meetin' and hear about Jesus, that He vas frient of sinners; ten I tought He is mine frient, for I'm sinner. Ten I say, 'Jesus, I come to Tee -- forgive mine sins -- vash me mit Ty blood, and make mine heart clean.' Soon feel mine loat

all gone and mine heart so light! Next tay I go to vork for same laty, and she say to me, 'Vat make you look so happy tis morn? You not like te voman vat you vas yesterday. I say, 'Jesus took mine heavy loat away -- all mine sins gone; I'm happy voman now.' So ten I eat and feel vell all day, and mine heart so glat! All time tese ten years mine heart light; no more carry heavy loat; Glory to Jesus! O, I love Him! He's mine Saviour!"

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Part 5

TRYING TO PRACTICE WHAT WAS PREACHED

From hdm1557, Autobiography of Peter Cartwright

To show the ignorance the early Methodist preachers had to contend with in the western wilds, I will relate an incident or two that occurred to Wilson Lee in Kentucky. He was one of the early pioneer Methodist preachers sent to the west. He was a very solemn and grave minister. At one of his appointments, at a private house on a certain day, they had a motherless pet lamb. The boys of the family had mischievously taught this lamb to butt. They would go near it, and make motions with their heads, and the lamb would back and then dart forward at them, and they would jump out of the way, so that the sheep would miss them.

A man came into the congregation who had been drinking and frolicking all the night before. He came in late, and took his seat on the end of a bench nearly in the door, and, having slept none the night before, presently he began to nod; and as he nodded and bent forward, the pet lamb came along by the door, and seeing this man nodding and bending forward, he took it as a banter, and straightway backed and then sprang forward, and gave the sleeper a severe jolt right on the head, and over he tilted him, to the no small amusement of the congregation, who all burst out into laughter and grave as the preacher, Mr. Lee, was, it so excited his risibilities that he almost lost his balance. But recovering himself a little, he went on in a most solemn and impressive strain. His subject was the words of our Lord: "Except a man deny himself, and take up his cross, he can not be my disciple." He urged on his congregation, with melting voice and tearful eyes, to take up the cross, no matter what in was, take it up.

There were in the congregation a very wicked German and his wife, both of whom were profoundly ignorant of the Scriptures and the plan of salvation. His wife was a notorious scold, and so much was she given to this practice, that she made her husband unhappy, and kept him almost always in a perfect fret, so that he led a most miserable and uncomfortable life. It pleased God that day to cause the preaching of Mr. Lee to reach their guilty souls and break up the great deep of their hearts. They wept aloud, seeing their lost condition, and they, then and there, resolved to do better, and from that time forward to take up the cross and bear it, be it what it might.

The congregation were generally deeply affected. Mr. Lee exhorted them and prayed for them as long as he consistently could, and, having another appointment some distance off that evening, he dismissed the congregation, got a little refreshment, saddled his horse, mounted, and started for his evening appointment. After riding some distance, he saw, a little ahead of him, a man trudging along, carrying a woman on his back. This greatly surprised Mr. Lee. He very naturally supposed that the woman was a cripple, or had hurt herself in some way, so that she could not walk. The traveler was a small man, and the woman large and heavy.

Before he overtook them Mr. Lee began to cast about in his mind how he could render them assistance. When he came up to them, lo and behold, who should it be but the German and his wife that had been so affected under his sermon at meeting! Mr. Lee rode up and spoke to them, and inquired of the man what had happened, or what was the matter, that he was carrying his wife.

The German turned to Mr. Lee and said, "Be sure you did tell us in your sarmon dat we must take up de cross and follow de Savior, or dat we could not be saved or go to heaven, and I does desire to go to heaven so much as any pody; and dish vife so bad, she scold and scold all de time, and dish woman as de createst cross I have in de whole world, and I does take her up and pare her, for I must save my soul."

You may be sure that Mr. Lee was posed for once, but after a few moments' reflection he told the German to put his wife down, and he dismounted from his horse. He directed them to sit down on a log by the road side. He held the reins of his horse's bridle and sat down by them, took out his Bible, read to them several passages of Scripture, and explained and expounded to them the way of the Lord more perfectly. He opened to them the nature of the cross of Christ, what it is, how it is to be taken up, and how they were to bear that cross; and after teaching and advising them some time, he prayed for them by the road side, left them deeply affected, mounted his horse, and rode on to his evening appointment.

Long before Mr. Lee came around his circuit to his next appointment, the German and his scolding wife were both powerfully converted to God, and when he came round he took them into the Church. The German's wife was cured of her scolding. Of course he got clear of this cross. They lived together long and happily, adorning their profession, and giving ample evidence that religion could cure a scolding wife, and that God could and did convert poor ignorant German people.

The German often told his experience in love-feasts, with thrilling effect, and hardly ever failed to melt the whole congregation into a flood of tears; and on one particular occasion which is vividly printed on my recollection, I believe the whole congregation in the love-feast, which lasted beyond the time allotted for such meetings, broke out into a loud shout.

* * * * *

Part 6

ELIZABET, NED, JIM, AND FADER TOO! -- ALL METHODISTS

From hdm0226, Abel Stevens' M. E. History, Vol. III

It would not be deemed compatible with the dignity of history to narrate some of the incidents of his humble memoirs; but as my pages aim at the best possible illustration of the primitive character and influence of Methodism, I insert an instance which exemplifies his influence over an untutored family. It is an account of the testimony of a converted German, given in a love-feast, about the present period. Hibbard writes:

"He said, 'Mine dear brethren, I want to tell you some mine experience. When the Metodists first came into these parts I tot I was doing bery well, for mine wife and I had two sons, Ned and Jim, and we had a good farm that Neddy and I could work bery well, so I let Jim go out to work about fourteen miles off from home.

"But de Metodists come into our parts, and Neddy went to dare meeting, and he got converted, and I tot we should all be undone; so I told Ned he must not go to dese Metodist meetings, for so much praying and so much going to meeting would ruin us all. But Neddy said, "O, fader, I must serve de Lord, and save my soul." But, I said, you must do de work too. So I gave him a hard stint on da day of dare meeting; but he work so hard dat he got his stint done, and went to de meeting after all. While I set on my stoop and smoked mine pipe, I see him go over de hill to de Metodist meeting, and I said to my wife Elizabet, We shall be undone, for our Ned will go to dese meetings; and she said, "What can we do?" Well, I said, den I will stint him harder; and so I did several times when de meeting come.

"But Neddy worked hard, and sometimes he got some boys to help him, so dat he would go off to de meeting while I set on mine stoop and smoked mine pipe. I could see Ned go over de hill. I said one day, O mine Got! what can I do? dis boy will go to dese meetings, after all I can do. So when Ned come home, I said, Ned, you must leave off going to dese meetings, or I will send for Jim to come home, and turn you away. But Neddy said, "O, fader, I must serve de Lord, and save my soul!" Well, den, I will send for Jim. So I sent for Jim; and when he come home, den I heard he had been to the Metodist meeting, where he had lived, and he was converted too. And Ned and Jim both said, "O, fader, we must serve de Lord, and save our souls!"

"But I said to mine wife, Dese Metodists must be wrong; da [pronounced "day"] will undo us all, for da have got Ned and Jim both. I wish you would go to dare meeting, and you can see what is wrong; but Ned and Jim can't see it. So de next meeting-day de old woman went wid Ned and Jim, but I set on mine stoop and smoked mine pipe. But I said to mineself, I guess dese Metodists have got dare match, to get de old woman, and she will see what's wrong. So I smoked mine pipe, and lookt to see dem come back. By and by I see dem coming; and when da come

near, I see de tears run down mine wife's face. Den I said, O mine Got, da have got de old woman too! I tot I am undone, for da have got Ned and Jim, and de old woman; and when da come on de stoop, mine wife said, "O we must not speak against dis people, for da are de people of Got." But I said nothing, for I had not been to any of de meetings, so I was in great trouble.

"But in a few days after I heard dat dere was a missionary going to preach a little ways off; so I tot I would go, for I tot it would not hurt anybody to go to his meeting; and I went wid Ned and Jim and mine wife, and he preacht; but dare was noting done till after de meeting was over, and den dare was two young men in de toder room dat sung and prayed so good as anybody, and da prayed for dar old fader too. And many cried, and I tot da prayed bery well. After dis I was going out of de door to go home, and a woman said to me, "Mr. _____, you must be a happy man, to have two such young men as dem dat prayed." I said, Was dat Ned and Jim? She said, "Yes." O, I felt so mad to tink da had prayed for me, and exposed me before all de people! But I said noting, but went home; and I went right to bed.

"But now mine mind was more troubled dan ever before, for I began to tink how wicked I was to stint poor Neddy so hard, and try to hinder him from saving his soul; but I said noting, and mine wife said noting; so I tried to go sleep; but as soon as I shut mine eyes I could see Neddy going over de hill to go to his meeting after he had done his hard stint, so tired and weary. Den I felt worse and worse; and by and by I groaned out, and mine wife axt me what's de matter. I said, I believe I am dying. She said, "Shall I call up Ned and Jim?" I said, Yes. And Jim come to de bed, and said, "O fader, what is de matter?" I said, I believe I am dying. And he said, "Fader, shall I pray for you?" I said, O yes, and Neddy too. And glory be to Got! I believe he heard prayer; for tough [pronounced "toe"] I felt my sins like a mountain load to sink me down to hell, I cried, O Got, have mercy on me, a poor sinner! and by and by I feel someting run all over me, and split mine heart all to pieces; and I felt so humble and so loving, dat I rejoice and praise Got; and now I am resolved to serve Got wit Ned and Jim, and mine wife, and dese Methodists."

* * * * *

Part 7

DESE METODIS ARE A PAD BEOPLE!

From hdm213, Early Methodism on the Old Genesee Conference by George Peck

"The next morning my father mounted his horse and rode on to his quarterly meeting, which was forty miles distant. On his way he overtook a man, a German, and they rode on some distance together, chatting very pleasantly. They passed a church just as they were entering a quiet little village. My father inquired of him what church it was.

"It is a Lutheran church," he replied.

"Is there no order of Christians here but Lutherans?" he inquired again.

"Yes, dare is some Presbyterians and some Metodis."

"Ah, are there many Methodists about here?"

"Not a great many; dese Metodis are a pad people. Is dare any of dem up where you come from?"

"Yes, a good many; but what makes them such a bad people?"

"Why, dey tells lies; dey say dey can live mitout sin, but they can't, dough."

"If they say they can, when they cannot, they must be a very bad people, sure enough. But what do you say to such a passage of Scripture," quoting it.

"If I furstood de English I would meet you dare."

My father quoted another passage.

"I tell you I don't furstand de English; I can read only de German. I say dase Metodis are a pad people, dey quarrels mit everybody dey meets along de road. I am a Luteran, and you are a Metodis, and I an't going to tell you what I be, so dare, now."

"He whipped up his horse and rode on, and left his Methodist friend to pursue his journey alone.

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Part 8

HOW MILTON LORENZO HANEY WAS MADE HUNGRY FOR HOLINESS

From hdm0095, Pentecostal Possibilities, or Story of My Life, by M. L. Haney

Peoria was then but a small town and the Germans had effected a settlement on the east side of the river east and south of the city. The Methodists in those days were wide awake in looking after foreigners as they arrived. Dear old Father Bristol was a resident of the city, and a German by birth, and he was much drawn to help his countrymen. He understood both languages and could preach well in either. So he spent months in personal contact with these newcomers, laboring from house to house by day, preaching in some private dwelling at night. Most of them were old country Lutherans, and some of them Catholics, but none of them seemed ever to have the blessedness of an experimental salvation. Many of them were soundly converted in Father Bristol's meetings, and he, being a true Methodist, led his converts right in to Christian perfection. Many of them became wonderful Christians, and Father Bristol used to interest us with enchanting stories of their

faith and victories. Two of these German women, who had learned a smattering of English, came over to our quarterly meeting. Their whole being seemed radiant with the joy of God. My soul had been stirred with inward needs and was feeling indefinitely for the supplies which would satisfy its longings. I had reached increasing victories of faith and got near enough to the Lord to increase my hunger. I was troubled as to the responsibilities involved in my future ministry.

In the quarterly love feast, which was glorious, these German ladies gave a relation of their Christian experience. They had each plainly found the Lord in the forgiveness of sins, and were thrilled with the joy of regeneration, but in brief time after that, had been perfected in love. Their description of the new birth was clear as light to me, because I had gone over the road and had what they possessed; but when they each proceeded beyond this to testify as to a second distinct work of cleansing, and filling with Divine love, I was left behind! Their testimony left an indelible imprint upon my soul. While thinking of their experience in tears, the Holy Spirit whispered within: "That is just what you need." Those two testimonies to full salvation, attested by the Holy Spirit, I have never shaken off till this day! Those two saints, who must have been embarrassed with their very imperfect English, did not know that their broken words would bless me through endless years. O, why don't God's ministers and people enter into this wonderful rest and herald it to others? Why should millions of earnest souls be left to wrestle with their chains for want of clear, distinct preaching and definite testimony on Christian holiness? "Kenneth, Kansas, Oct. 2, '85. M. L. Haney."

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Part 9

BRUDDER HANEY PREACHED ON SANCTIFICATION

From hdm0095, Pentecostal Possibilities, or Story of My Life, by M. L. Haney

In December, 1884, I held a second service in Sedlia, Mo., Brother Miller still being pastor of Montgomery Street M. E. Church. Miss Jennie Smith, "the railroad girl," had been there, working among the shops by day and preaching to railroad men by night, and many of them had been saved. Being compelled to leave, the pastor wrote urging me to come at once, and help lead these converts into holiness. Oh, if all pastors could see the importance of at once leading their converts into holiness what backslidings would be avoided, what glory would be brought to Christ, and what salvation to men! Coming, I found the pastor joyful over the work done, but especially over the conversion of an old German Roman Catholic. He declared he had never seen his equal. I found the old German had a wonderful experience. His conversion was a marvel, and through the days which followed, he had a wonderful power over the people. He seemed continuously filled with the joy of God, and had been recognized as the leading spirit in the meeting. This naturally led him to feel he had the highest and best experience there was for mortals! I saw that in him, and was concerned about him, and revealed my feelings to the pastor,

but he could see no danger whatever. He also urged to press the truth upon him, with the other converts, and get them all sanctified.

I saw the devil was using the effulgence of the old man's experience to floor him, and the very fact that God had so marvelously used him, to hedge the way to his becoming sanctified. I renewed the expression of my fears to Brother Miller that Satan was succeeding in leading the old German to rebel against the truth, and it became apparent to Miller that he was badly tempted. One night I preached a sermon on consecration, showing the difference between the repentance of a sinner and the consecration, of a child of God, and the old man was the first to the altar, and God sanctified him wholly! When he came to relate his second experience, he brought out all I had feared in his case and confessed he came near not coming to meeting that night. His statement was, as nearly as I can remember, as follows:

"When Brudder Haney preached sanctification I no liked it. I thought I had all the religion that any body had and I no liked sanctification. Tonight I said I no go to church tonight, but the devil he say you go, and if Brudder Haney preach on sanctification, you get up and go out, and if any of the brudders ask you why you go out, you tell them you are tired and you go home to rest. But when Brudder Haney preach this sermon tonight, I saw Brudder Haney was right, and I go to de altar, and God, He sanctify my soul! And now, Brudder Haney, you preach sanctification! When the people like it, you preach sanctification, and, Brudder Haney, when they don't like it, you go on and preach sanctification!" Such a speech, by such a man under such pressure of glory from God, can never be fully written!

Some time before this his Priest had come to his house and greatly insulted him, and he led the Priest out through the door, asking him not to return. He was a born Catholic and his parents for generations had been Catholics. He had lost his wife, and his children were in Ohio, so he thought he would visit his fatherland and see his parents once more. He had notified his father of the time of his coming and the old gentleman met him as expected. They had not gone far when his father stopped the carriage and said to him, "You leave the church!" He replied, "No, fadder, I no leave the church." "Yes, but you did leave the church!" and took a letter out of his pocket from his Priest in Sedalia, and read it to him!!! "Now," his father said, "You confess to the Priest, and come back to the church, or you get out right now and never come to my house." So he got out of the carriage and did not see his father's house! He did see his mother, but she took sides with the priest, and he returned to America an infidel! and was in that condition when Jennie Smith found him. He had a fine salary in railroad employ and was now in command of one hundred and fifty men.

After he got saved he requested of his superiors that no unnecessary work be done on the Sabbath, but they would not grant his request. He said where there was a wreck or any providential occurrence which made it necessary that work be done, he would gladly do it, but he would not compel those men to violate the

Sabbath. His boss dismissed him, but he trusted in the Lord. After praying over it, he felt impressed to return to Ohio and visit his children, and he reached the home of his daughter to find her sick unto death. Telling how wonderfully God had saved him, he led her to Christ and she died shouting the praises of God! He went into Cincinnati and secured a place in a railroad company, much better than the one he lost, with a much higher salary and no Sabbath work in it at all! Glory be to God! the faithful covenant keeping God! I ought to add, that when settled in his new place, he wrote me a letter, giving all these facts and assuring me of his heart intention to be true to the end. If Jennie Smith should see this recital, she will have still greater reasons for thanksgiving to God, because such results have accrued to her ministry.

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Part 10

"I WANT WHAT THE OLD GERMAN HAS"

From hdm1013, Illustrations From "Living Waters" By Daniel Isom Vanderpool

The man with the "flowing river" experience will in time change the spiritual climatic condition of the community in which he lives. A sanctified individual -- be it preacher, teacher, merchant, farmer, or coal miner -- will plant seed thoughts in the minds of those whom he may contact that will pave the way for the oncoming revival.

An evangelist friend of mine, now gone on to heaven told the story of an old sanctified German which goes about as follows. He met the German at a camp meeting. After a day or two of the camp he came to my evangelist friend and requested him to come over and give him a camp meeting. My friend inquired of him, "Are you a pastor? Do you have a church?" But the old man said, "No, no. I just wanted you to come and hold me a camp meeting." Then my friend told him that he did not have an open date but would let him know if he got a cancellation.

A few weeks went by and my friend had a ten-day meeting canceled. He wrote the old German and got a quick response saying, "Come on. We will try to be ready." He told my evangelist friend the railroad station to which he should come.

When he arrived he found a little, dilapidated, almost "ghost town," and the old German was not there to meet him. My friend said he thought that he certainly had missed it by coming to that forsaken place. Just then a man touched him on the shoulder and asked, "Are you the evangelist that has come to hold the camp meeting?" When he had assured the fellow that he was the evangelist, the man led him out to a buggy and said, "Come, get in. I'll take you on out where the camp is to be held." "What!" my evangelist friend said. "Isn't this far enough out?" The driver assured him that it was eight miles farther out.

As they rode along my friend inquired of the driver, "Do you know the old German?" His answer was, "Yes, do you?" My friend answered him that he had only met him at a camp. Then the driver said, "The old German is sure a queer old duck." My friend inquired, "Isn't he a good neighbor? Isn't he honest?" "Oh, yes," answered the driver, "but you wait until you get to the top of the hill and you will see why I say he is queer."

At the top of the hill my evangelist friend saw a board fence a quarter of a mile long. Painted on the board fence were a number of scripture texts: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God"; "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin"; "And holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord"; and, "Be filled with the Spirit." Pointing to the texts the driver said, "See, that is why we say he is queer. It cost the old German hard-earned money to hire that painted on the fence." He then pointed to a great barn nearly a mile away and said, "That is the old German's barn. See what he has painted on the roof." In big, bold letters my friend read the text, "Holiness unto the Lord." "That's what makes us say he is queer," the driver said.

The old German met them in the barnyard and apologized for not meeting the evangelist himself, but said he had been busy getting ready for the meeting that night. My friend inquired if he had been able to get out some advertising for the camp. The old German said, "Well, I just told them that I was going to have my camp meeting." "But," my friend asked, "When did you tell them?" "Well," he answered, "I just told them about seven years ago and I have been telling them ever since. I think they will be there."

When they came to the first service, people by the hundreds were there filling the tent and brush arbor adjoining it. A holy silence was upon the whole place. They sang and prayed. My friend said that, when he arose to preach, "God's presence was mightily upon the place." It was not his custom to make an altar call the first night, but feeling impressed to do so he opened the altar and about thirty came kneeling at the altar and about the platform. After an earnest prayer, my evangelist friend went among the seekers inquiring, "What are you seeking?" and the answer always was, "Oh, I want what the old German has."

The old German with the flowing-river experience had, in seven years of holy living, favorably affected his whole neighborhood. Though they thought he was queer, they wanted the old German's kind of religion. Let's harness ourselves to a task and not quit until it is finished.

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Part 11

"I HAF GOT HIM!"

From hdm0097, 33-Years a Live Wire, By John Thomas Hatfield

Another very peculiar incident occurred in another revival meeting. An aged German lady had attended the services very faithfully and one day was brightly converted. She was very happy over the newfound treasure. She went home and related her wonderful experience to her husband, who had not attended any of the services. When the old German heard his wife tell what the Lord had done for her, he became hungry for an experience that would make him happy too. On a certain day the old lady was seen coming to church leading her husband by the hand. She directed him to the front seat where he listened most attentively while the Word was preached.

At the close of the sermon when the altar call was made the old lady took her husband's hand and led him to the altar, where he kneeled and buried his face in his hands. The old lady stepped back and looked very critically at her husband, and his exact position at the altar, then she said, brokenly, "Shust about nine inches to the north, Shames." The old gentleman immediately removed the required distance and the old lady said, "Dat will do, Shames." The old man at once arose and said, "I haf got Him! I haf got im! Shesus saves me. Praise the Lort!" Undoubtedly the old lady had acquainted her husband with the minutest details of her conversion and she had instructed him to kneel in the identical position and location where she had received the blessing. In simple, childlike faith, the old gentleman followed directions, and, sure enough, God blessed his soul.

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Part 12

LOTSPEICH AND HOEVNER

From hdm1566, Last Words and Old-Time Memories By Maxwell Pierson Gaddis

Ralph Lotspeich, of German descent, was born in Culpepper County, Virginia. He removed with his father's family to Tennessee, where he was called to preach the gospel. His complaint bid defiance to medical aid. An inflammation turned to a mortification of the kidneys, which terminated in death June 15, 1813. He suffered much for nine or ten days previous to his death, but was never heard to complain. He often sung with composure and joy these lines:

Great spoils shall I win
from death, hell, and sin;
'Midst outward affliction
Shall feel Christ within."

Having called on A. Cummins to adjust his temporal business, he told him it was done. On inquiring and being told what money he had left, with a heavenly smile he said, "That will keep my wife and children one year, and the Lord will provide." The day on which he died, being asked how he was, he replied, "I can only say I am sure of heaven. Not a doubt or a cloud has appeared since my sickness

begun." Just before the solemn scene took place he said, "Tell my old friends all is well -- all is well.

Christopher Henry Hoenner, a native of Germany, was licensed to preach in 1844. He joined the Ohio Conference in 1844 and was transferred to the New York Conference in 1849. In 1851 he was sent to Newark, New Jersey, where he died February 24, 1852. A few days before he died he remarked with heavenly sweetness, "Oh, how glorious is this perfect love of God shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost. I am ready to go home. You think Brother Hoenner is going to die. No, he is going to live. Give yourselves up to the ways of the Lord, for they are wonderful, and have a glorious end."

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Part 13

THE IMPACT OF LEONIDAS LENT HAMLINE ON WILLIAM NAST

From hdm0803, "The Life and Works of Hamline" By Daniel D. Whedon

Dr. Nast, the apostle of German Methodism, has spoken emphatically: "In private and in public I have often tried, to express my gratitude for what, under God, we Germans owe to that great man of God. Bishop Hamline, in the darkest days of my penitential struggle, when I was on the point to give it up, presented the Gospel to me with the power of a new charm and inspired me again with hope. During the first two years of my ministry, when I labored as a missionary in Cincinnati, I had the privilege of being every day in his company, and from him I learned, more than from any other source, how to attack successfully the skepticism of my countrymen. He was my pattern in preaching and in writing.

"As to the mission of our Church among the Germans, which God has crowned with such glorious results, I am confident it would never have been taken hold of in earnest had it not been for the soul-stirring and convincing appeals of Bishop Hamline to the Church. It was his eloquent advocacy to which the "Apologist" chiefly owes its existence; but he not only induced others to give, but, with his well-known liberality, he contributed out of his own ample means for the support of the German Mission work, and the building of a number of German churches.

"No part of the Church was more deeply afflicted than the German ministry when Bishop Hamline felt compelled, on account of his physical debility and suffering, to resign his episcopal office. The Germans felt as though they had lost a father indeed. O, how deeply engraven are his episcopal addresses on the hearts of the older German preachers!"

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Part 14

FROM HDM1038, 2700-PLUS ILLUSTRATIONS

In an old German city there is a sight that attracts every traveler as he passes through and brings out a very urgent and curious inquiry from him. Away up on the peaked roofs of one of these old German houses, if you look up you will find a marble statue of a lamb carved and lifted up. A traveler passing through that village two or three years ago inquired of an old resident what it could mean and he said: "There is a curious story connected with it. When the first owner of this house was building it, he was working away up just where you see that object. Suddenly slipping, losing his balance, he fell from the roof and would have been dashed to pieces except from a strange fact. Just at that moment his pet lamb happened to be on the green grass, and he fell with all his weight upon the lamb. It was crushed, but when he rose, he himself was unharmed and unscratched, with not a bone broken, and not a bruise received. He found his lamb lying there in its blood, crushed beneath the weight of the fallen master. This is the reason why he reared this statue of the lamb that it might be there, a perpetual memorial of the fact that his life had been saved by the intervention of this innocent being." --Dr. Gordon

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Part 15

FROM HDM1039, 2700-PLUS ILLUSTRATIONS

Many years ago a poor German immigrant woman sat with her children in the waiting room of an Eastern station. A lady passenger to a train, struck by her look of misery, stopped a moment to speak to her. She confided that her husband had been buried at sea; she was going to Iowa, and it was hard to enter a strange land alone with her babies. The stranger had but one moment. She pressed a little money into the poor creature's hand, and said: "Alone! Why, Jesus is with you! He never will leave you alone!" Ten years afterward the woman said: "That word gave me courage for all my life. When I was a child I knew Christ and loved Him. I had forgotten Him. That chance word brought me back to Him. It kept me strong and happy through all troubles"--All Aboard.

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Part 16

FROM HDM1040, 2700-PLUS SERMON ILLUSTRATIONS

August H. Francke, the well-known German preacher of the 17th century, founded an orphanage to take care of the homeless children who roamed the streets of Halle. One day when he desperately needed funds to carry on his work, a destitute Christian widow came to his door begging for one gold ducat. Because of his financial situation, he politely but regretfully refused. Disheartened, the woman sat down and began to weep. Moved by her tears, Francke asked her to wait while he went to his room to pray about the matter. Seeking God's guidance, he felt that

the Holy Spirit wanted him to grant the request. Trusting the Lord to meet his own pressing needs, he gave her the money.

Two mornings later he received a warm letter of thanks from the widow saying that because of his generosity she had asked the Lord to shower the orphanage with gifts. That same day he received 12 ducats from a rich lady and two from a friend in Sweden. He thought he had been amply rewarded, but shortly afterward he was informed that Prince Lodewyk Van Wurtenburg had died, and in his will had directed that 500 gold pieces be given to the orphanage! Francke wept in gratitude. In sacrificially providing for that needy saint, he had not been impoverished but enriched.

We should always give with pure motives, "hoping for nothing again" (Luke 6:35); yet God does promise, "He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack!"

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Part 17 FROM HDM1041, 2700-PLUS ILLUSTRATIONS

Mendelssohn, it is said, once visited that cathedral at Fridbourg, and, having heard the great organ, went into the organ loft and asked to be allowed to play it. The old organist, in jealousy for his instrument, at first refused, but was afterward prevailed on to allow the great German composer to try the colossal "thunder" of the cathedral. And after standing by in an ecstasy of delight and amazement for a few moments, he suddenly laid his hands on the shoulders of the inspired musician and exclaimed: "Who are you? What is your name?" "Mendelssohn," replied the player. "And can it be! that I had so nearly refused to let Mendelssohn touch this organ!" How little the Lord's people know what they are doing when they refuse to let Christ have full possession of their entire life and evoke the full melody and harmony of which it is capable!

Some years ago, in Germany, a young man lay upon the operating table of a hospital. A skilled surgeon stood near, a group of students round about. Presently, bending over the patient, the surgeon said: "My friend, if you wish to say anything, you now have the opportunity, but I must warn you that your words will be the last words that you will ever utter. (He had cancer of the tongue.) Think well, therefore, what you wish to say." You can readily imagine that such a statement at such a time would give pause to anyone. The young man therefore waited, apparently lost in deep thought. A deep solemnity settled over the faces of the onlookers. What words would he choose for such an occasion? The students bent eagerly forward. Some time passed, and then the lips at last parted, and at the sound of his voice you could have seen tears swim in the eyes of those present: "Thank God, Jesus Christ!" --Evangelical Visitor

"I know your works, that you have a name that you are alive, but you are dead." Revelation 3:1 A German soldier was wounded. He was ordered to go to the military hospital for treatment. When he arrived at the large and imposing building, he saw two doors, one marked, "For the slightly wounded," and the other, "For the seriously wounded." He entered through the first door and found himself going down a long hall. At the end of it were two more doors, one marked, "For officers" and the other, "For non-officers." He entered through the latter and found himself going down another long hall. At the end of it were two more doors, one marked, "For party members" and the other, "For non-party members." He took the second door, and when he opened it he found himself out on the street. When the soldier returned home, his mother asked him, "How did you get along at the hospital?" "Well, Mother," he replied, "to tell the truth, the people there didn't do anything for me, but you ought to see the tremendous organization they have!" --John Seamands

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Part 18 FROM HDM1042, 2700-PLUS ILLUSTRATIONS

In a cemetery in Hanover, Germany, is a grave on which were placed huge slabs of granite and marble cemented together and fastened with heavy steel clasps. It belongs to a woman who did not believe in the resurrection of the dead. Yet strangely, she directed in her will that her grave be made so secure that if there were a resurrection, it could not reach her. On the marker were inscribed these words: "This burial place must never be opened." In time, a seed, covered over by the stones, began to grow. Slowly it pushed its way through the soil and out from beneath them. As the trunk enlarged, the great slabs were gradually shifted so that the steel clasps were wrenched from their sockets. A tiny seed had become a tree that had pushed aside the stones. The dynamic life force contained in that little seed is a faint reflection of the tremendous power of God's creative word that someday will call to life the bodies of all who are in their graves. He will also bring back every person drowned at sea, cremated, or destroyed in some other way. This is no problem to the One who made something out of nothing when He spoke the universe into existence. Unbelief cannot deter the resurrection. But faith in the risen Christ opens the door to blessings that His resurrection guarantees -- a glorious new spiritual body and a home in heaven. In new bodies we will be reunited with saved loved ones to live with Jesus throughout all eternity.

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Part 19 FROM HDM1043 2700-PLUS ILLUSTRATIONS

Jean Frederic Oberlin, a minister in 18th-century Germany, was traveling by foot in winter when he was caught in a severe snowstorm. He soon lost his way in

the blowing snow and feared he would freeze to death. In despair he sat down, not knowing which way to turn. Just then, a man came along in a wagon and rescued Oberlin. He took him to the next village and made sure he would be cared for.

As the man prepared to journey on, Oberlin said, "Tell me your name so that I may at least have you in grateful remembrance before God." The man, who by now had recognized Oberlin, replied, "You are a minister. Please tell me the name of the Good Samaritan." Oberlin said, "I cannot do that, for it is not given in the Scriptures." His benefactor responded, "Until you can tell me his name, please permit me to withhold mine."

Sophie Lichtenfell was but an humble, German washerwoman, yet, any minister would envy her record of souls won for the Lord. Dr. R. A. Forrest, president of Toccoa Falls Institute, who was supposed to have preached her funeral sermon, revived the well-known story of "Sophie the Washerwoman." He related the following incidents relative to her zeal for souls and relative to her funeral:

"Rainin'!"

"Yes, it is raining very hard."

"It's nice to be under a shelter."

"Yes."

"Are you sheltered from the wrath of Gott?"

"I don't know."

"Have you a mudder?"

"She has been dead for a long time."

"Didn't your mudder pray for you?"

These words of a barrel-shaped, German washerwoman in New York, uttered while standing under an awning during a shower, resulted in the conversion of the man to whom the words were spoken. Years afterward, when the washerwoman lay dead, the man came to her funeral, and just before the sermon was to be preached, arose and told the above incident to a large audience.

That started a testimony meeting; the sermon was never preached. One after another, men and women in all walks in life arose spontaneously to tell how Sophie Lichtenfell led them to Christ. There was one solid row of street car conductors. Everyone loved Sophie the Washerwoman because she spoke to high and low alike about her Savior and their need of Him.

Sophie's pastor, the famous Dr. A. B. Simpson, had preceded her in death by one day. Someone thoughtfully suggested retaining a bouquet of flowers from his funeral for Sophie's, so that the contrast would not be too painful. But such fears were needless. Dr. R. A. Forrest, the minister who was to have preached her funeral sermon, states that the entire front of the church was a solid bank of flowers--tangible evidence of the love and affection the big city had for an humble washerwoman who spoke much, though brokenly, of her Savior.

On a recent visit to Venice, that city prepared an elaborate performance at one of the principal theaters for Emperor William of Germany. The performance was set for Sunday evening. When the Emperor was informed of what had been done and was asked to honor the assembly with his presence, he replied, "Since I have become Emperor, I have made it a principle of my life never to attend any place of amusement on the Lord's Day." King Humbert followed the Emperor's example. As both Emperor and King were expected, the theater was crowded from floor to ceiling, but the royal box was empty. The brilliant gathering learned a lesson on the duty of keeping holy the Lord's Day. --Topical Illustrations (see poem below)

No pelting rain can make us stay
When we have tickets for the play;
But let one drop the pavement smirch,
And it's too wet to go to church.
--Author Unknown

Dannecker, the German sculptor, spent eight years in producing a face of Christ. At last, he wrought out one in which the emotions of love and sorrow were so perfectly blended that beholders wept as they looked upon it. Subsequently, being solicited to employ his great talent on a statue of Venus, he replied: "After gazing so long into the face of Christ, think you that I can now turn my attention to a heathen goddess?" Here is the true secret of being weaned from worldly idols--"the expulsive power of a new affection."

"I have heard the voice of Jesus;
Tell me not of ought beside;
I have seen the face of Jesus,
All my soul is satisfied."

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Part 20
FROM HDM0781, "THE SPEAKING BLOOD" BY W. B. WALKER

The glory of Christ is involved in the believer's call to holiness. I heard of a poor German mother who had a boy who was born with a club foot. When he was nearing his teens, his mother sent him to one of the great institutions for deformed

children. The doctor fell in love with the bright boy, and did his best to cure him. The boy said to the doctor, "Doctor, if you cure me, the world will never hear the last of it." He was graciously cured, and when the day came for him to go home, his mother met him at the train. She stood back and watched him come down the steps of the car, and stooped and kissed his foot, saying in tears, "Oh, my boy can walk as other boys now!" But the boy said, "Oh, mother! you ought to know my doctor!" How little glory the Great Physician gets out of these limping, half-starved, erring, and backsliding Christians!

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Part 21

FROM HDM0231, "POINTED ILLUSTRATIONS" BY W. M. TIDWELL

Substitution

Dying for Friends

At Ragenbach, Germany, one afternoon a great number of people were assembled in the large room of the inn. The room door stood open and the village blacksmith, a pious, brave-hearted man, sat near the door. All at once a mad dog rushed in, but was seized by the smith with an iron grasp and dashed on the floor. "Stand back, my friends," cried he. "Now, hurry out while I hold him. Better for one to perish than for all." The dog bit furiously on every side. His teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith, but he would not let go his hold. When all the people had escaped, he flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall and left the room and locked the door. The dog was shot, but what was to become of the man? The friends whose lives he had saved stood around, weeping. "Be quiet, my friends," he said; "don't weep for me. I've only done my duty. When I am dead, think of me with love. Now pray for me, that God will not let me suffer long or too much. I know I shall become mad, but I will take care that no harm comes to you through me."

Then he went to his shop. He took a strong chain. One end of it he riveted with his own hands around his body; the other end he fastened around the anvil so strongly that it could not work loose. Then he turned to his friends and said, "Now it's done! You are all safe. I can't hurt you. Bring me food while I am well, and keep out of my reach when I am mad. The rest I leave with God." Soon madness seized him, and in nine days he died -- died gloriously for his friends. But Jesus died for His enemies (R. Newton) . -- W. W. Glenn.

A Murder

Two men had lived together as congenial neighbors for years. One day they were driving to town in a wagon. They talked of World War I. The American insisted that the Germans were completely beaten. The other man, who was German-born,

declared he was mistaken. The argument grew heated and bitter. Finally the American said, "I know one American that can whip one German." The team was stopped and they began fighting. Finally the German knocked the other man down; but as they fought the American got the finger of the German in his mouth and was chewing it off. He refused to let go. The German found a piece of brick and beat the head of his antagonist into jelly, and then dragged his body out into a pond. He was conscience-stricken. He went on to town and confessed to the officers what he had done. He, as well as the other man, was a highly respected citizen. The officer insisted that the man had not done what he declared he had. But he took them to the pond and waded in and dragged the body out. A gruesome sight! He just had one thing to say, "Oh, I murdered my neighbor, I murdered my neighbor." This he continued to do until the time when he was electrocuted.

Sin will cause one to do what cannot be undone. We had better get rid of sin or it will ruin us. -- Elbert Dodd.

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Part 22

FROM HDM0238, "MUST WE SIN" BY HOWARD W. SWEETEN

An old German once said in a testimony meeting, "I dank Got for barbed wire religion." This was a new kind to the writer, but we learned the significance of the statement later, and found that his idea was, that you could not sit on the fence, and, therefore, were compelled to be either on one side or the other. We might add that this is exactly what New Testament Christianity will do; it makes us take sides, and will not allow one to give place to, or compromise with, sin. Even to attempt to be neutral is impossible, as you will note from the words of Jesus, "He that is not with me is against me" (Matt. 12:30). The fact, therefore, that you are not for God, brands you as being against Him.. May the good Lord save us from the standard of piety that labels us only Christians in name, and leaves us sinners by practice. Having a name to live, yet being dead.

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Part 23

"GOD PAYS ME!"

From hdm0304, "Touching Incidents" By Solomon Benjamin Shaw

Two sisters, one about five years of age, the other one older, were accustomed to go each Saturday morning, some distance from home, to get chips and shavings from a cooper shop.

One morning with basket well filled, they were returning home when the elder one was taken suddenly sick with cramps or cholera. She was in great pain, and

unable to proceed, much less to bear the basket home. She sat down on the basket, and the younger one held her from falling.

The street was a lonely one occupied by workshops, factories, etc. Every one was busy within; not a person was seen on the street.

The little girls were at a loss what to do. Too timid to go into any workshop, they sat a while, as silent and quiet as the distressing pains would allow.

Soon the elder girl said: "You know, Annie, that a good while ago Mother told us that if we ever got into trouble we should pray and, God would help us. Now you help me to get down upon my knees, and hold me up, and we will pray.

There on the side-walk did these two little children ask God to send some one to help them home.

The simple and brief prayer being ended, the sick girl was again helped up, and sat on the basket, waiting the answers to their prayers.

Presently Annie saw, far down the street on the opposite side, a man come out from a factory, look around him up and down the street and go back into the factory.

"O sister, he has gone in again," said Annie. "Well," said Vanie, "perhaps he is not the one God is going to send. If he is he will come back again.

"There he comes again," said Annie. "He walks this way. He seems looking for something. He walks slow, and is without his hat. He puts his hand to his head, as if he did not know what to do. O sister, he has gone in again; what shall we do?"

"That may not be the one whom God will send to help us," said Vanie. "If he is, he will come out again."

"Oh yes, there he is; this time with his hat on," said Annie. "He comes this way; he walks slowly looking around on every side. He does not see us; perhaps the trees hide us. Now he sees us, and is coming quickly."

A brawny German in broken accent asks: "O children, what is the matter?"

"O sir," said Annie, "Sister here is so sick she cannot walk and we cannot get home."

"Where do you live my dear?"

"At the end of this street; you can see the house from here."

"Never mind," said the man, "I takes you home."

So the strong man gathered the sick child in his arms, and with her head pillowed upon his shoulder, carried her to the place pointed out by the younger girl. Annie ran around the house to tell her mother that there was a man at the front door wishing to see her. The astonished mother, with a mixture of surprise and joy, took charge of the precious burden and the child was laid upon a bed.

After thanking the man, she expected him to withdraw, but instead, he stood turning his hat in his hands as one who wishes to say something, but knows not how to begin.

The mother observing this, repeated her thanks and finally said: "Would you like me to pay you for bringing my child home?"

"Oh, no," said he with tears, "God pays me! God pays me! I would like to tell you something, but I speak English so poorly that I fear you will not understand."

The mother assured him that she was used to the German and could understand him very well.

"I am the proprietor of an ink factory," said he. "My men work by the piece. I have to keep separate accounts with each. I pay them every Saturday. At twelve o'clock they will be at my desk for their money. This week I have had many hindrances and was behind with my books. I was working hard at them with the sweat on my face, in my great anxiety to be ready in time. Suddenly I could not see the figures; the words in the book all ran together, and I had a plain impression on my mind that some one in the street wished to see me. I went out, looked up and down the street, but seeing no one, went back to my desk and wrote a little. Presently the darkness was greater than before, and the impression stronger than before, that someone in the street needed me.

"Again I went out, looked up and down the street, walked a little way, puzzled to know what I meant. Was my hard work and were the cares of business driving me out of my wits? Unable to solve the mystery I turned again into my shop and to my desk.

"This time my fingers refused to grasp the pen. I found myself unable to write a word, or make a figure; but the impression was stronger than ever on my mind, that someone needed my help. A voice seemed to say: 'Why don't you go out as I tell you? There is need of your help.' This time I took my hat on going out, resolved to stay till I found out whether I was losing my senses, or there was a duty for me to do. I walked some distance without seeing anyone, and was more and more puzzled, till I came opposite the children, and found that there was indeed need of my help. I cannot understand it, madam."

As the noble German was about leaving the house, the younger girl had the courage to say: "O mother, we prayed."

Thus the mystery was solved, and with tear-stained cheeks, a heaving breast, and a humble, grateful heart, the kind man went back to his accounts.

I have enjoyed many a happy hour in conversation with Annie in her own house since she has a home of her own. The last I knew of Annie and Vanie they were living in the same city, earnest Christian women. Their children were growing up around them, who, I hope, will have like confidence in mother, and faith in God. -
- Jeigh Arrh.

Annie was the wife of James A. Clayton of San Jose, California. I have enjoyed their hospitality and esteem both very highly.--James Rogers.

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Part 24

FROM HDM0616, "LIFE AND TIMES OF ELIJAH HEDDING" BY DAVIS W. CLARK

One or two other incidents illustrative of the times we shall draw from the same source. The first is from the pen of Abner Chase, one of the early co-laborers of Mr. Hedding, and gives a characteristic view of the annoyances they suffered in their meetings. It was a quarterly meeting, which was held in a large barn, the female part of the congregation occupying the floor, while the men occupied the "haymow." "While the prayer meeting on Saturday afternoon," says Mr. Chase, "was progressing in a good spirit, a wagon was driven up, in which was a number of persons of both sexes. They came in high glee, alighted from the wagon, and, after standing a while at the door, and listening to several prayers from some of the females, one of the young women from the wagon pressed through the crowd, declaring that she would pull down the next female that attempted to pray. Accordingly, as one commenced praying, she laid hold of her hair and drew her backward; and when another commenced she treated her in like manner. This produced a great excitement throughout the congregation, and yet no forcible means were used to compel the young woman to cease from her rudeness; but several of the females commenced praying that God would lay his hand upon her, and show her and her companions that he could vindicate his own cause and people.

The spirit of these praying females seemed to be instantly diffused throughout the praying part of the assembly, as by a flash of electricity; and I have often thought that if I ever saw a company of people agreed, as touching one thing, it was on that occasion. While lips and heart were thus employed, this rude young woman seemed to be paralyzed, and stood like a statue; a death-like paleness came over her countenance; she trembled and fell to the floor as one dead. A loud shriek

was uttered by her companions at the door; and after a short pause, two young men, who had accompanied her to the place, pressed through the crowd, -- though with as much apparent alarm as though they had been approaching a loaded cannon ready to be discharged, -- laid hold of her clothing and drew her through the congregation, and through the barn-yard, which had recently been wet by a shower; tearing her garments in their haste, and besmearing them with mud and manure." In this ludicrous plight they threw her like a log into the wagon, pitched in themselves with all possible haste, and drove away at the top of their speed. "What became of her afterward," says Mr. Chase, "I never learned."

We add another incident which also goes to illustrate the lights and shades of itinerant life in this early day. The incident occurred not far from Starksborough, and is given on the authority of Rev. Ebenezer Washburn, who commenced his itinerant career the same year and in the same region with Mr. Hedding. "In this place," says he, referring to the vicinity of Hinesburg, "was a wealthy German by the name of Snyder, who had a large family. His youngest child, an interesting little girl about four or five years old, sickened and suddenly died. They called a Baptist preacher to attend the funeral, who preached a pointed Calvinistic sermon, which did not much please the German, he having been brought up to believe the doctrines of Luther. But when the preacher turned his address to the afflicted parents, he told them that there were at least nine chances for the child to be lost to one for it to be saved. The father's heart could bear no more. He stamped his foot and said, 'Hold your tongue; I will have no such talk in my house. I am so well satisfied where my little babe has gone, that, by the grace of God, I intend to do just so as to go to it.' He then turned to a member of the Methodist Church who was present, and said: 'Neighbor Norton, won't you bring a Methodist preacher to see me?' Brother Norton said, 'I will, if you request it.' 'When will you bring one?' said he. Brother Norton replied, 'I expect one at my house tonight; and I think it probable I can come here with him tomorrow morning.' 'Do,' said the afflicted father.

The child was buried without further ceremony. The next morning brother Norton and I went to see him. The whole family were collected together, and I conversed with each one separately, gave a general exhortation, and prayed with them. I then left an appointment to preach there in two weeks, and went on my way rejoicing. When I came round again I found the man, his wife, and several of the children, earnestly seeking the salvation of their souls. I preached to them and a goodly number of their neighbors. The Lord was with us, and owned and blessed his word. The old gentleman, his wife, and some of the children experienced religion and joined the Church; and when I left the circuit, I left a flourishing class in that place, of which brother Snyder was the leader."

Incidents like the above give us a better insight into the prevailing temper of the times, the state of society, the agencies at work in it, and the prevailing features of the Methodistic movement than could be obtained from any merely verbal description. Here the curtain seems to fall; that former age comes to our vision, and passes in panoramic view before us. The "anecdotes of early Methodism" would

not only fill a volume, but add an interesting and important chapter to its history. Indeed, not a little of the philosophy of Methodism, as it is with the philosophy of human life, would be found embodied and developed in its anecdotal history.

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Part 25

FROM HDM0226, "ABEL STEVENS' M. E. HISTORY, VOL. III"

Jacob Gruber was one of the unique "characters" of these times. Many of us still recall him: his prim clerical costume, his white locks sleekly combed behind his ears, his German accent, his glowing, genial face, with its quizzical play of humor and sarcasm that at once attracted, and held on anxious guard, the interlocutor, his unrivaled power of quaint and apposite illustration, his aptness and humor in telling a story, his tireless readiness for labor, and his staunch tenacity for everything Methodistic. His colleague, Boehm, says he was at this time a fine intelligent looking man, and his countenance often expressed a thing before his tongue uttered it. "He had a German face and a German tongue, and often looked quizzical. He wore a drab hat, and a suit of gray cut in Quaker style. With a rough exterior, but a kind heart, it was necessary to know him in order to appreciate him. A more honest man never lived, a bolder soldier of the cross never wielded 'the sword of the Spirit.' As a preacher he was original and eccentric. His powers of irony, sarcasm, and ridicule were tremendous, and woe to the poor fellow who got into his hands; he would wish himself somewhere else. I heard him preach scores of times, and always admired him; not only for his originality, but at all times there was a marvelous unction attending his word."

He was born in Bucks County, Pa., in 1778, and became a Methodist before he was fifteen years old. He was driven by his father from his home on account of his new faith; they were reconciled, and he was received again under the parental roof; but his zealous labors for the religious welfare of his neighbors produced such excitement as to lead to his second and final expulsion. He took his leave, with his clothes in a knapsack on his back, and wended his way on foot toward Lancaster, not knowing what should befall him. But on the route a Methodist preacher on horseback accosted him; a few minutes conversation sufficed to make known his forlorn case to the itinerant, who exhorted him to go out forthwith and preach the gospel, recommending him to a vacancy on a circuit.

No advice could better suit Gruber's feelings at the moment. He immediately spent all his little means in purchasing a horse, and mounting him was away for the circuit. Thus commenced, in about his twenty-second year, his long and never-slackened itinerant career of more than half a century, during the whole of which, it has been affirmed as "a remarkable fact," that there was not a gap or intermission of four consecutive weeks for any cause whatever. His appointments extended from New Jersey through Pennsylvania to the Greenbrier Mountains of Western Virginia, from the interior Lake regions of New York to the shores of the Chesapeake. He was

presiding elder eleven years, was on circuits thirty-two, and during seven filled important stations in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

He died an honored veteran of more than seventy-two years, and in a manner befitting his career. On being informed that he could not live through another night, "Then," he replied, "tomorrow I shall spend my first Sabbath in heaven! Last Sabbath in the Church on earth next Sabbath in the Church above!" and with evident emotion added, "Where congregations never break up, and Sabbaths never end!" He requested a fellow-laborer to collect a few brethren and sisters around him, "to see me safe off," (to use his own words,) "and while I am going sing, 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.' " They were gathered, and sung while his spirit calmly took its flight.

It has been affirmed that he performed more work, preached more sermons, endured more fatigue and hardship, with less abatement of mental and physical energy, than perhaps any other minister of his times. Like most of the primitive Methodist preachers, he was a courageous opponent of slavery, and hesitated not to preach against it. We shall hereafter see him arraigned before a court of Maryland for his fidelity to his ministerial office in this respect, in a case which resulted in his honorable acquittal, and an important demonstration of the antislavery position of the Church before a slave holding people...

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Part 26 HENRY BOEHM

Henry Boehm was born June 8, 1775, in Lancaster Co., Pa., and died December 29, 1875, aged one hundred years six months and twenty-one days. He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1798. In 1799, Bishop Asbury records of him as follows: "Martin Boehm, his father, is all upon wings and springs since the Lord has blessed his grandchildren. His son Henry is greatly led out in religious exercises." In 1800 he was licensed to preach, and in 1801 was received on trial in the Philadelphia Conference. After the General Conference held in Baltimore in 1808, he became the traveling companion of Bishop Asbury, who was then sixty-three years old. He was the bishop's friend, companion, and associate for five years. After he ceased to travel with the bishop, he was successively presiding elder of Schuylkill, Chesapeake, and Delaware districts.

At the close of his service in this office, he returned to the pastorate, in which he labored earnestly and faithfully until his infirmities compelled him to take a supernumerary relation. After the division of the Philadelphia Conference he was connected with the New Jersey portion. At the organization of the Newark Conference he became a member of it, and remained connected with it until he died. On the 8th of June, 1875, by the direction of the Annual Conference, his centennial anniversary was celebrated in Trinity church, Jersey City. There was a large

gathering of ministers and laymen from various parts of the country. He preached in John Street church, New York, on the 12th of July; and on the first Sabbath in October he preached at Woodrow, Staten Island, and administered the sacrament. His text was, Behold, I stand at the door and knock." On the 16th day of December he met a company of ministers of the Newark Conference, and at the close of this pleasant interview, Father Boehm arose and formally addressed the company on the goodness of God, after which he led in prayer.

He was remarkable for the gentleness of his spirit and his uniform courtesy to all whom He met. His intellectual powers were remarkably preserved to very advanced life. He had a vigorous and well-balanced mind. He preached fluently both in English and German. The first sermon in the German language preached in Cincinnati, O., was by him. Before 1810, he had preached the gospel in German in nearly fourteen states. He was requested by Bishop Asbury to superintend the translation of the Methodist Discipline in the German language. In 1807 the work was completed by Dr. Bomar and himself, and was largely circulated. On Sunday, the 12th of December, He read sixteen chapters of the book of Revelation, and laid it aside, intending to finish it on Monday. On the night of the 17th of December he was taken sick, and most of the time until he died his pain was very severe; yet his frequent expression was, "Precious Jesus!" Just as the sun went down, this centenarian of American Methodism was gathered to his fathers.

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ENDNOTES

1 Peter Boehler, was born at Frankfort-on-the Main, Germany, Dec. 31, 1712. He was educated in the University of Jena. When sixteen years of age he united with the Moravians. When twenty-five he was ordained by Count Zinzendorf. He was immediately sent on a mission to the Negro population in Georgia and South Carolina, via London. On arriving at London, he had his first interview with John Wesley, Feb. 7, 1738. He remained in that city until the 4th of the following May, during which time the Wesleys had frequent interviews with him. They went in company from London to Oxford, and Mr. Boehler, afterwards giving an account of this journey, says, 'I traveled with the two brothers, John and Charles Wesley, from London to Oxford; the elder, John, is a good-natured man. He knew he had not properly believed on the Saviour, and was willing to be taught. His brother with whom you (Zinzendorf) often conversed, a year ago, is at present very much distressed in his mind, but does not know how he shall begin to be acquainted with the Saviour. Our mode of believing in the Saviour is so easy to any man that they cannot reconcile themselves to it. If it were a little more artful they would much sooner find their way into it.' Charles Wesley began to teach him English. Questions were asked him, and he usually answered them by direct quotations from the Scriptures. His explanation of saving faith was new, even to many London Moravians.

Among other things which he taught the Wesleys was, that true faith in Christ was attended by dominion over sin; and also. that constant peace would arise from a sense of forgiveness; and again, that saving faith in Christ is given in a moment. To this last doctrine Wesley was at first decidedly opposed; but searching the Scriptures for himself, he became clearly convinced that Mr. Boehler's doctrine was true; yet he was inclined to believe that what occurred in the first ages of the Christian church, with respect to conversion, did not continue until these later times. Mr. Boehler removed his objections to this by bringing into his presence a number of the Moravian brethren, who testified from actual experience that in a moment they had been translated out of darkness into light. Wesley then said, "Here ended my disputing; I could now only cry out, ' Lord! help thou my unbelief.'"

The Wesleys, however, did not experience assurance until after Mr. Boehler had left London, May 4, for South Carolina. Mr. Boehler, finding that his mission in South Carolina was not successful, removed to Pennsylvania about 1740. At the forks of the Delaware he was joined by Count Zinzendorf and a number of elders, who were engaged in the visitation of the North American churches. His labors were successful at Bethlehem, Pa., where the Moravians had established a settlement. His episcopal visitations were extensive in England, Ireland, and Wales. A stone in the Moravian cemetery at Chelsea bears this inscription, "Petrus Boehler, a bishop of the Unitas Fratrum, de parted April 27,1775, in the sixty-third year of his age."

2 In 1738 John Wesley visited the Moravian colony in Germany. While there at Hernhutt he recorded the following testimony of Arvid Gradin, A Swede, who had entered in the the experience of full assurance of faith:

"I had from our Lord what I asked of him, the "plerophoria pistoos" (written in Greek), the fullness of faith, which is repose in the blood of Christ: a firm confidence in God and persuasion of His favour, with a deliverance from every fleshly desire, and a cessation of all, even inward sins. In a word, my heart, which before was agitated like a trouble sea, was in perfect quietness like the sea when it is serene and calm."

"This," said Wesley, "was the first account I ever heard from any living man, of what I had before learned myself from the oracles of God, and had been praying for, with the little company of my friends, and expecting for several years." --
Source: "The Life of Wesley and the Rise and Progress of Methodism" by Robert Southey

3 The following account is taken from Abel Stevens' M. E. History, Vol. IV, hdm0360: John Wesley passed through the County of Limerick, Ireland, in 1758, preaching night and day. He records in his Journal that he met there an extraordinary community, settled in Court Mattress, and in Killiheen, Balligarrane, and Pallas; villages within four miles of Court Mattress. They were not native Celts, but a Teutonic population. Having been nearly half a century without pastors who could

speaking their language, they had become thoroughly demoralized: noted for drunkenness, profanity, and "utter neglect of religion."

But the Methodist itinerants had penetrated to their hamlets, and they were now a reformed, a devout people. They had erected a large chapel in the center of Court Mattress. "So did God at last provide," writes Wesley, "for these poor strangers who, for fifty years, had none who cared for their souls." At later visits he declares that three such towns as Court Mattress, Killiheen, and Balligarrane were hardly to be found anywhere else in Ireland or England. There was "no cursing or swearing, no Sabbath breaking, no drunkenness, no ale-house in any of them." "They had become a serious, thinking people, and their diligence had turned all the land into a garden. How will these poor foreigners rise up in the day of judgment against those that are round about them."

But the most interesting fact respecting this obscure colony was not yet apprehended by Wesley, or he would have wondered still more at their providential history. The Methodism of the New World was already germinating among them; in about two years the prolific seed was to be transplanted to the distant continent, and at the time of Wesley's death (about thirty years later) its vigorous boughs were to extend over the land from Canada to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, sheltering more than sixty-three thousand Church members, and two hundred and fifty itinerant preachers. In about thirty years after Wesley's death (1820) American Methodism was to advance to the front of the great "movement," with a majority of more than seventeen thousand over the parent Church, including all its foreign dependencies, and thenceforward the chief numerical triumphs of the denomination were to be in the western hemisphere.

But how came this singular people, speaking a foreign tongue, into the west of Ireland? The troops of Louis XIV., under Turenne, devastated, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, the Palatinate, on the Rhine. Its population was almost entirely Protestant; the strongest reason for the relentless violence of the bigoted monarch and his army. The whole country was laid waste; the Elector Palatine could see from the towers of Manheim, his capital, no less than two cities and twenty five villages on fire at once.

The peaceable peasants fled before the invaders by thousands to the lines of the English general, Marlborough. Queen Anne sent ships to convey them from Rotterdam to England. More than six thousand arrived in London, reduced to dependent poverty. The sympathy of Protestant England relieved their sufferings, and commissioners were appointed by the government to provide for them. They were encamped and fed on Blackheath and Camberwell Commons. Popish rule and persecution followed the invasion of the Palatinate, and thousands more of its virtuous and thrifty peasants deserted it for refuge in England and other countries.

Nearly three thousand were sent by the British government to America in 1710, and became valuable additions to the colonies of New York, Pennsylvania,

and North Carolina. Of those who remained in England about fifty families emigrated to Ireland, where they settled, near Rathkeale, in the county of Limerick. They were allowed eight acres for each person, young and old, for which they were to pay a small annual rent to the proprietor, Lord Southwell. The government paid their rents for twenty years, made them freeholders, and furnished each man with a musket, enrolling him in the free yeomanry of the county as "German Fusileers." A list of those who "settled contiguous to each other on Lord Southwell's estates" has been published; on it are the names of Embury, Heck, Ruckle, Sweitzer, Guier, and others associated with the original Methodists of New York. An Irish historian represents them as industrious, "better fed and clothed than the generality of Irish peasants. . . . Their houses are remarkably clean, to which they have a stable, cow-houses, a lodge for their plow, and neat kitchen gardens.

The women are very industrious. In short, the Palatines have benefited the country by increasing tillage, and are a laborious, independent people, who are mostly employed on their own small farms." Such was the origin of the "Irish Palatines," and thus did the short-sighted policy of Louis xiv. scatter these sterling Protestants of the Rhine to bless other lands, as his bigoted folly, in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, sent half a million of his own best subjects to enrich, by their skill and virtues, Switzerland, Germany, England, and the North American colonies. His attempt to suppress Protestantism in the Palatinate led, through the emigration of these Irish settlers, to one of the most energetic developments of Protestantism recorded in the modern history of religion.

In this singular community was born, in 1734, Barbara Ruckle, at a place called, after her family, Ruckle Hill, in Balligarrane. She was strictly educated in the Methodist faith, which had so thoroughly reformed the colony, and had made it the garden spot of the county. When a maiden of but eighteen years she openly took upon herself the vows of her faith, joining the "Society," and professing and exemplifying a regenerated life, little supposing, in the humble obscurity of herself and her people, that her youthful fidelity was to be rewarded by pre-eminent usefulness and distinction in the religious history of the distant New World. From the beginning of her Christian life her piety was of the purest and profoundest character.

The Wesleyan doctrine of the Witness of the Spirit was the inward personal test of piety among the Methodists of that day; it was the daily criterion of the spiritual life of Barbara Heck, and when, in extreme age, she was about to close her life-pilgrimage, in the remote wilds of Canada, after assisting in the foundation of her Church in that province, as well as in the United States, she could say to the growing circles of Methodists around her, that she had never lost the evidence of her acceptance with God, for twenty-four hours together, from the day of her conversion. She was of a thoughtful and serious habit of mind, calm, self-recollected, quietly resolute. She had, through her entire Christian life, intervals of sadness and of severe mental conflict; and there are traditions among her descendants which show that these trials were not unlike those of the great

Reformer when enduring the "hour and power of darkness " in the castle of Wartburgh. Her German Bible, her familiar companion to the end of her days, was her consolation in these ordeals, and prayer her habitual resource; it was her rule always to persist in the latter till she prevailed.

Thus marked by strong natural character and uncommon piety, she was early recognized among her Palatine associates as a religious guide and counselor of her sex -- "a mother in Israel," before she attained middle age. In 1760, when about twenty-six years old, she was married to Paul Heck, a devout member of the Teutonic community, and in the same year they departed, with a company of their neighbors, for the New World. God was leading her on her unknown but momentous mission. An Irish writer, familiar with the local history of the "Palatines," has described the scene of the embarkation. "On a spring morning of 1760," he says, "a group of emigrants might have been seen at the custom-house quay, Limerick, preparing to embark for America.

At that time emigration was not so common an occurrence as it is now, and the excitement connected with their departure was intense. They were Palatines from Balligarrane, and were accompanied to the vessel's side by crowds of their companions and friends, some of whom had come sixteen miles to say 'farewell' for the last time. One of those about to leave -- a young man, with a thoughtful look and resolute bearing -- is evidently the leader of the party, and more than an ordinary pang is felt by many as they bid him farewell. He had been one of the first-fruits of his countrymen to Christ, the leader of the infant Church, and in their humble chapel had often ministered to them the word of life. He is surrounded by his spiritual children and friends, who are anxious to have some parting words of counsel and instruction. He enters the vessel, and from its side once more breaks among them the bread of life. And now the last prayer is offered; they embrace each other; the vessel begins to move. As she recedes uplifted hands and uplifted hearts attest what all felt.

But none of all that vast multitude felt more, probably, than that young man. His name is Philip Embury. His party consisted of his wife, Mary Sweitzer, to whom he had been married on the 27th of November, 1758, in Rathkeale Church; two of his brothers and their families; Peter Sweitzer, probably a brother of his wife; Paul Heck and Barbara his wife; Valer Tettler; Philip Morgan, and a family of the Dulmages. The vessel arrived safely in New York on the 10th of August, 1760.

Who that pictures before his mind that first band of Christian emigrants leaving the Irish shore but must be struck with the simple beauty of the scene? Yet who among the crowd that saw them leave could have thought that two of the little band were destined, in the mysterious providence of God, to influence for good countless myriads, and that their names should live long as the sun and moon endure? Yet so it was. That vessel contained Philip Embury, the first Class-leader and local preacher of Methodism on the American continent, and Barbara Heck, 'a mother in Israel,' one of its first members, the germ from which, in the good

providence of God, has sprung the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States; a Church which has now, more or less under its influence, about seven millions of the germinant mind of that new and teeming hemisphere! 'There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.'

Philip Embury justly ranks as founder of American Methodism, but Barbara Heck may even take precedence of him as its foundress. Embury, though a local preacher, as well as a class-leader, in Ireland, seems to have quickly lost his zeal, or to have become discouraged, in the new country; a diffident man, he shrank from responsibility, and needed a prompter. On his arrival some of his companions were dispersed, and others fell from their steadfastness in the temptations of their novel condition. Not only months but some years passed without an earnest effort to save them, or to reorganize them in the disciplinary forms of their old Irish home. Barbara Heck maintained, during all this interval, her religious life, her daily internal evidence of acceptance with God, clinging to her old German Bible. It can hardly be doubted that she often remonstrated with Embury and the other Palatine exiles about their religious negligence and indifference; but they were few, obscure, without a place of worship, and without means to provide one, and she was a modest though earnest woman. Some more urgent provocation was necessary that might justify her more energetic interference. This at last occurred in 1766.

Dr. Roberts has recorded the authentic facts of the case: "The families who accompanied Embury," he says, "were not all Wesleyans -- only a few of them; the remainder were members of the Protestant Church in Ireland, but made no profession of an experimental knowledge of God, in the pardon of sin and adoption. After their arrival in New York, with the exception of Embury and three or four others, they all finally lost their sense of the fear of God, and became open worldlings. Some subsequently fell into greater depths of sin than others. Late in the year 1765 another vessel arrived in New York, bringing over Paul Ruckle, Luke Rose, Jacob Heck, Peter Barkman, and Henry Williams, with their families. These were Palatines, some of them relatives of Embury, and others his former friends and neighbors. A few of them only were Wesleyans. Mrs. Barbara Heck, who had been residing in New York since 1760, visited them frequently. One of the company, Paul Ruckle, was her eldest brother. It was when visiting them on one of these occasions that she found some of the party engaged in a game of cards; there is no proof, either direct or indirect, that any of them were Wesleyans, and connected with Embury.

Her spirit was roused, and, doubtless emboldened by her long and intimate acquaintance with them in Ireland, she seized the cards, threw them into the fire, and then most solemnly warned them of their danger and duty. Leaving them, she went immediately to the dwelling of Embury, who was her cousin. It was located upon Barrack-street, now Park Place. After narrating what she had seen and done, under the influence of the Divine Spirit and with power she appealed to him to be no longer silent, but to preach the word forthwith. She parried his excuses, and urged

him to commence at once in his own house, and to his own people. He consented, and she went out and collected four persons, who constituted his audience. After singing and prayer he preached to them, and enrolled them in a class. He continued thereafter to meet them weekly. Embury was not among the card-players, nor in the same house with them."

The names of this first of the congregations of American Methodism have never, I believe, been reported in any of our denominational books; but they have been ascertained and may well be recorded, for the little group prefigured the future mission of Methodism in its widespread assemblies throughout the New World; as preaching the Gospel to the poor. Small as it was, it included black and white, bond and free; while it was also an example of that lay ministrations of religion which has extended the denomination in all quarters of the world, and of that agency of woman, which, as we have seen, Wesley organized, and to which an inestimable proportion of the vitality and power of the Church is attributable. The name of Barbara Heck is first on the list; with her was her husband, Paul Heck; beside him sat John Lawrence, his "hired man;" and by her side an African servant called "Betty." Such, let it ever be remembered, was the germ and type of the congregations of Methodism which now stud the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Mexican Gulf almost to the perpetual snows of the north; they could hardly have had a more fitting prototype.

The subsequent growth of this obscure germ, until it "shakes like Lebanon" over all the land, has been the subject of too exciting a story not to have become familiar to us all, if not to all the religious world. History records how the little company soon grew too large for Embury's house; how they hired a more commodious room, which was immediately crowded; how, in a few mouths, there were two "classes" meeting regularly, one of men, the other of women, comprising six or seven members each; that no little excitement began quickly to prevail in the city on account of these meetings, calling out Embury to preach elsewhere, for the lower classes of the people received the word gladly; that in 1767 the humble assembly was startled, if not alarmed, by the appearance of a military officer in regimentals among them, but who turned out to be the good and brave Captain Webb, one of Wesley's local preachers, who afterward took his stand at Embury's preaching desk, or table, with his sword on it by the side of the open Bible, and preached three times a week in a manner that soon roused the whole city, and who thenceforward, for nearly ten years, was to be the chief founder of Methodism on this continent, preaching its doctrines in New York, on Long Island, through New Jersey, in Philadelphia, through Delaware and Maryland, and in Baltimore -- "The old soldier . . . one of the most eloquent men I ever heard," said President John Adams.

The famous Rigging Loft, on William street, relics of which are now precious mementos throughout the Methodist world, was hired in 1767 to accommodate the increasing throngs of hearers; but "it could not," says a contemporary authority, "contain half the people who desired to hear the word of the Lord." Webb saw the

necessity of a chapel; but he was anticipated in the design by Barbara Heck, who had watched devoutly the whole progress of the infant society thus far. From the time that, "falling prostrate" before Embury, and "entreating him with tears to preach to them," she had recalled him to his duty by the solemn admonition, "God will require our blood at your hand," she seems to have anticipated, with the spirit of a prophetess, the great possible results of Methodism in the New World. Seeing the growth of the cause and the importance of a permanent temple, "she had made," she said, "the enterprise a matter of prayer; and looking to the Lord for direction, had received with inexpressible sweetness and power the answer, 'I the Lord will do it.'" In the fervor of her wishes and prayers, an economical plan for the edifice was devised in her mind. She considered it a suggestion from God. It was approved by the society, and the first structure of the denomination in the western hemisphere was a monumental image of the humble thought of this devoted woman.

Webb entered heartily into the undertaking. It would probably not have been attempted without his aid. He subscribed thirty pounds toward it, the largest sum by one third given by any one person. He was one of its original trustees, Embury being first on the list first trustee, first treasurer, first class-leader, and first preacher. They leased the site on John-street in 1768, and purchased it in 1770. They appealed successfully to the citizens of New York for assistance, and nearly two hundred and fifty names are still preserved on the subscription paper, including all classes, from the mayor down to African female servants, known only by their Christian names, besides the primitive Methodists, Lupton, Sause, White, Heck, Jarvis, Newton, Sands, Staples, Brinkley, etc. Paul Heck subscribed o3 5s. The highest ranks of the New York social life of the times are honored on this humble memorial -- the Livingstons, Duanes, Delanceys, Lights, Stuyvesants, Lispenards, and the clergy of the day, Auchmuty, Ogilvie, Inglis, and others.

The chapel was built of stone, faced with blue plaster. It was sixty feet in length, forty-two in breadth. Dissenters were not yet allowed to erect "regular churches" in the city; the new building was therefore provided with "a fireplace and chimney" to avoid "the difficulty of the law." Though long unfinished in its interior, it was "very neat and clean, and the floor was sprinkled over with sand as white as snow." Embury, being a skillful carpenter, "wrought" diligently upon the structure; and Barbara Heck, rejoicing in the work of her hands, helped to whitewash its walls. Embury constructed with his own hands its pulpit; and on the memorable 30th of October, 1768, mounted the desk he had made, and dedicated the humble temple by a sermon on Hosea x, 12: "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground, for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you." The house was soon thronged. Within two years from its consecration we have reports of at least a thousand hearers crowding it and the area in its front. It was named Wesley Chapel, and was the first in the world that bore that title. Seven months after its dedication a letter to Wesley, concerning Embury and Webb, said, "The Lord carries on a very great work by these two men." The city at this time contained about twenty thousand inhabitants, the colonies but

about three millions. Methodism was thenceforward to grow alike with the growth of the city and of the continent...

Paul Heck died at Augusta, in the peace of the Gospel, in 1792, aged sixty-two years. "He was," says a correspondent, [28] "an upright, honest man, whose word was as good as his bond." Barbara Heck survived him about twelve years, and died at the residence of her son, Samuel Heck, in "front of Augusta," in 1804, aged seventy years. Her death was befitting her life; her old German Bible, the guide of her youth in Ireland, her resource during the falling away of her people in New York, her inseparable companion in all her wanderings in the wildernesses of Northern New York and Canada, was her oracle and comfort to the last. She was found sitting in her chair dead, with the well-used and endeared volume open on her lap. And thus passed away this devoted, obscure, and unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the grandest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name will last with ever-increasing brightness as "long as the sun and moon endure."

4 Whence came these people? They were descendants of Germans who had been expatriated by a terrible war from the Palatinate, on the Rhine. Having no pastors who could speak their own language, they had been half a century without religious instruction, and had sunk into incredible degradation. Drunkenness, profanity, Sabbath-breaking, had become almost universal among them. Wesleys itinerants had penetrated their settlements, and preached in their streets. They had been reclaimed, had built chapels for their families, and the great evangelist declared that "three such towns as Court Mattress, Killiheen, and Ballygarrane could hardly be found elsewhere in Ireland or England." There was "no profanity, no Sabbath-breaking, no drunkenness, no ale-house, in any of them." Their "diligence had turned all their land into a garden." One of their young men, with whom Wesley became acquainted, was afterward licensed as a local preacher.

In 1760 lay in a harbor of Ireland a ship whose decks were thronged with emigrants for America, one of whom stood at the bulwarks, taking leave in a religious discourse of a crowd of friends and spectators on the wharf. The passengers were "Palatine" Methodists, and the speaker was their young local preacher, Philip Embury. They settled in New York; Philip Embury became the recognized founder of Methodism in the United States. He preached at first in his own house, and formed there the first American Methodist society. Two years later he dedicated the first Methodist chapel on the continent.

5 The few Methodists of Canada who in 1804 bore Barbara Heck to her grave in the old Blue Churchyard, Augusta, might well have exclaimed, "What hath God wrought!" The cause which she had been instrumental in founding had already spread out from New York city over the whole of the United States, and over much of both Canadas. It comprised seven Annual Conferences, four hundred traveling preachers, and more than one hundred and four thousand members. But if we estimate its results in our day, we shall see that it has pleased God to encircle the

name of this lowly woman with a halo of surpassing honor, for American Methodism has far transcended all other divisions of the Methodistic movement, and may yet make her name an endeared household word throughout the world.

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THE END