

**LIFE HISTORY
OF
J.V.B. Flack, D.D.
BY HIMSELF**

INTRODUCTION AND CONCLUSION

BY

Rev. Jerry Clevenger

WITH TRIBUTES BY

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ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE

Ever since Dr. Flack's death, knowing as I did, the unusual ability this master of the pulpit, this silvery tongued orator, this evangel, and realizing the high esteem in which he was held by the people and the large circle of his acquaintance, I felt that some one ought to write a biography of his life.

But nearly six years have rolled into the past and no one seems to have been led to take up the work. After I had been called to the pastorate of his old church in Excelsior Springs and remembering that the general council had voted that there be erected in Excelsior Springs a church edifice to his memory and realizing that as pastor of the church the people were looking to me to raise the means with which to build the house, I began to study every possible way to assist in the enterprise, and knowing that in order to complete the building I would have, to go to different states to solicit, the thought occurred to me that if I had a brief history of Dr. Flack's life that I could sell it to the people and raise some money in that way and much as I felt my inability, I had decided to attempt it myself, but when I spoke to Mrs. Flack about it, to my surprise and joy I found that he had written his own life, and all that was necessary to make it complete was to write an introduction and conclusion. So I am glad we are able to give to the public the biography of Rev. J.V.B. Flack, written by his own hand and every cent of the profit from the sale of these books will be applied on the memorial buildings.

JERRY CLEVINGER

INTRODUCTION

I deem it a great privilege and a pleasure to have the opportunity of introducing to the reading public and all those who never knew him in life, Rev. J.V.B. Flack, D.D.

Every age has, its great men. The Almighty has a way of bringing men upon the stage of action just at the opportune time to serve His purpose and bless the world. When the cries of an enslaved and oppressed nation came up before God, the inspired record says "There went a man of the house of Levi and took to wife a daughter of Levi and the woman conceived, and bear a son and when she saw him that he was a goodly child she hid him three, months." And then you remember she made a little ark of bulrushes, daubed it with slime and pitch put the child in it and set it afloat and waited for God to take hold and He did.

That child was found by the king's daughter and adopted as her son and at the proper age was placed in school and educated in all the learning and literature of that day. But underneath it all there was the mother training for about seven years that determined his character and shaped his destiny and in after years as he kept the flocks of Jethro in the land of Midian God spoke to him from the burning bush and called him to lead the Israelites out of bondage, and he was equal to the task.

When the American colonies became so oppressed by the iron clad laws and enactment's of the mother country England that they could stand it no longer, but threw off the English yoke and declared their independence, war was on hands at once, but God had his Washington ready and he took command and led the colonial army on to glorious victory and he was so wonderfully protected by the Almighty that though he rode many times in the forefront of the battle yet his flesh was never torn with a ball. History tells us that in Indian who was a marksman took sixteen fair shots at him with his rifle, yet he couldn't make the, balls take effect. The Indian said , "There was some hand that turned aside his bullets." He was God's man and was divinely protected to accomplish the work that he did.

When the groans and heart rending screams of a race of black people who were being bought and sold like brutes, and torn asunder, the husband from the wife, and the parent from the child and while they were being driven under the lash to do a certain task as did Israel in Egypt, a boy was born in a rude log cabin in the state of Illinois. He knew nothing but toil. He was afterwards called "Honest Abe the rail splitter." He had no opportunities of school, but he had a giant mind and after he was a grown man he studied hard at night books that he had borrowed from another until he had stored his mind with useful knowledge that gave inspiration to his life. He made the study of law a specialty, arose rapidly in the estimation of the people, and just at the proper time to serve the divine purpose, he climbed into the executive chair of our nation and when the time was ripe and the enslavement of human beings had become a stench in the nostrils of good men, with the pen of his authority he struck the shackles from the limbs of four million slaves and they became free men and women. He was God's man and performed the task the Almighty intended him to. Just when divine truth was being locked up and buried from the people, Martin Luther was born and rapidly developed into manhood, and with the conviction of God in his soul and the courage of a lion in his heart, he faced the pope and stood for a free Bible and salvation by faith. He was followed by Wesley who perhaps did more to establish and settle God's people than any man of modern times. Since his, day there has been Charles G. Finney, D.L. Moody, Sam Jones, R.A. Torrey and many others who seemed to be a necessity of the times and were no doubt raised up of God to do the work they did.

But these great men we have referred to were confined principally to the cities. There is one thing peculiar that I have noticed and that is that some of the greatest men I have ever

known, men of unusual ability in prayer and sermon, have been strangely held in the smaller towns and country places. I suppose it is simply a demonstration of God's care for the common people.

Dr. Flack was one of those men. Dr. Flack was not only a divinely qualified and sent servant of the Lord, but he had become religiously identified in such a way that his life and influence was given to the common people. He had native talent and acquired information that would have secured for him a position at the top in any one of the great world wide denominations.

It has been my privilege to listen to Prof. Swing of Chicago, one of the most profound thinkers of modern times, Dr. Torrey the world renowned evangelist, J. Hudson Taylor, the great missionary to China, Sam Jones the Boanerges of our day, D. L. Moody the chief of evangelists. Billy Sunday, the clerical puzzle of the twentieth century and Gypsy Smith, the apostle of love, and many others but I can truthfully say that among them all I have never heard a man who could excel Dr. Flack in the flow of language, in the magnificence of his words, in the flights of oratory, in the inspiration that brazed forth from the man as the power of the Holy Ghost rested upon him. His power of description was wonderful. He could come as near uncapping hell before the eyes of the people and allowing them to smell the brimstone and look down into the awful abyss as any man I ever heard, and then he could reach up and pull away the veil that separates between us and the land celestial until like Stephen I could have cried out many a time "Behold, I see heaven open and Jesus Christ standing upon the right hand of God."

"There was a man sent from God whose name was John." So there was a man sent from God whose name was John Van Buren Flack and like John, the Baptist, he had his mission in the world.

My first recollections of Dr. Flack was when I was a boy about sixteen years old, living in the country near Orrick, Ray county, Missouri. At that time Dr. Flack was living in Missouri City managing a large dry goods store, editing the Christian Witness and preaching extensively. He was in great demand in all departments of the work. The people wanted him as a pastor of churches. The masses wanted him to conduct revival meetings and he was in great demand to dedicate churches and to meet all these demands he traveled extensively over different states.

I remember one time he came to the country school house where I attended and though but a boy I noted how careful he was of his personal appearance. I remember how just before he entered the place of worship he stopped and brushed the dust off his shoes. I thought he was the neatest man and the finest looking man and the most eloquent man I ever saw. Not long after this he removed from Missouri City and founded the now famous little city of Excelsior Springs. He advertised the waters extensively and wherever he went he let the people know of the curative power of the waters of Excelsior Springs. I remember how he used to use envelopes in his correspondence that were covered with advertisements in reference to the waters.

After I grew to manhood and entered the ministry I was associated with him much in annual councils and revival work. I afterward removed from Ray county, Missouri to Dade county, lived in Greenfield, the county seat, and attended the Ozark college which was owned and controlled by the Cumberland Presbyterians. After a time I rented out my place and came back to Ray county where I taught a number of schools and preached on Sundays.

After a while I became so nervous that I laid off from teaching and preaching and, thought I would rough it for a year and try if possible to build up my health. I went to Kansas City and got shipped out to Ft. Leavenworth to work in Garland's grading camp and from there I went to Wilson, Kansas and from Wilson to Stone Cannon, Colorado. I worked at hard labor for

quite a while, but finally got my foot crushed with a rock falling from a cart. Then I felt that I had better pull in somewhere and get a school, so I went to Hotchkiss, Colorado and secured a school and taught and preached. It was a new country. The Ute Indians had not been gone from there only a short time. The country was full of game and the people were kind hearted and very receptive to the truth. I preached regularly for them and when I thought the time was ripe I sent for Dr. Flack to come and help me in a meeting. He came and the meeting began. The power of God was upon him. The people were captivated by his eloquence and power. I never shall forget one Sunday at 11 o'clock how as I sat behind him in the pulpit, he had great liberty in preaching and in his usual happy spirit he patted my cheeks and played with me like a mother cat petting her kitten. Wonderful conviction fell upon the people, a revival broke out and many souls were saved and the first Church of Christ in Christian Union was organized in Colorado. The people had never heard such a man. They were carried away with his preaching and though the country was new and the people poor yet I raised \$80 in cash for his two weeks work. After this I was in charge of the Colorado work and Dr. Flack visited the field a number of times and was much appreciated by the people.

I remember one time he visited my meeting at Douglas, Oklahoma, and swept the deck with two of his matchless sermons and I went with him from there to the annual council held with old Union church near Hennessey. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity. He preached a good sermon and I remember at the close I followed him with an exhortation and we sang "Christ is all in all." The power of the Holy Ghost was upon the people. The congregation melted, and during the singing Rev. John B. Rogers sprang to his feet and shouted the glory of God.

It has been said by many that the greatest effort of his life was made at Edinburg college when the council was held there. One of the professors of the school had just read a very fine oration on the White City and when he had finished Dr. Mitchell who was president of the school nodded to Dr. Flack. They said he arose with every faculty of his being alive. At first he very respectfully and appropriately complimented the professor on his magnificent production. Then he made the White City illustrative of the city of the Golden, that city that John saw beyond the stars and they said like the Master on Mt. Olivet on the day of the ascension he rose before them. He took wings, he left the earth, he stepped from planet to planet, he led them up and up higher and higher until the new Jerusalem with its domes and spires burst upon their vision and twelve gates of solid pearl swung back upon their hinges to welcome the ransomed nations in. They said they never heard anything like it in their lives. The people were beside themselves. They had been carried away in the spirit and left gazing into heaven.

He was a man of powerful influence over men. Like Jacob of old, he had wrestled with the angel and prevailed and he had power with God and with men. O, my dear reader, get the thought: He who would influence men for, good must first prevail with God for himself.

There is an almightiness promised to the man who in righteousness proves loyal to God. Sampson was unconquerable while he remained true to the Nazarite vow. God's promise to Joshua was "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life. As I was with Moses so I will be with thee. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Many years ago when Daniel Webster was making his famous speech on Bunker Hill, the people were spellbound with his words and the press of thousands so eager to hear his words was so great that Mr. Webster saw that life was in danger and he stopped in his talk and said: "Gentlemen, fall back. I fear some one may lose their life" and they said it is impossible and he said: "Impossible! There is nothing impossible on Bunker Hill!" and the people fell back.

O, there is a place where redeemed man can get in the divine that all things are possible and wonderful things can be accomplished for God and humanity.

George Whitefield was one of those men who had prevailed with God and, as a result had influence with men. He was not only a great soul winner but whatever he undertook he had such a pull on the people that he made it go. The historian says that when he took up collections for the poor his buggy would be loaded with coin. At one time when he was raising money to establish an orphanage, Benjamin Franklin went to hear him, and Franklin differed with Mr. Whitefield as to the place where he was going to locate the institution and he said he made up his mind he would go but he wouldn't give a cent. He said he had in his pocket some copper and silver and gold, and he said Whitefield hadn't been speaking long until his heart softened and he said "I will give him what copper money I have." A little further along he said "I changed and said no, I won't be that small. I will give him the silver I have," but he said at the last he made such a touching peroration and appeal that when the collector came around that "I threw in every cent I had, copper, silver and gold!"

Many years ago when Rev. Andy Arnote desired to have Dr. Flack visit his work in the northern part of Missouri and preach at the district council, the people for some cause rebelled and said if he had him come he would have to remunerate himself and he said all right. So he, had Dr. Flack come any way. A great crowd assembled and Dr. Flack was feeling at his best. His head was clear and his tongue loose, and the Holy Ghost was upon him and Brother Arnote said that just as he began to climb to those heights of power so characteristic of the man and the people were weeping everywhere, a man who had been the hardest against him came to him crying with a \$5 bill in his hand and said, "I'm ashamed of what I have said. Give this to him as soon as he sits down." And when Brother Arnote made a pull for Dr. Flack's expenses the money rolled in.

Dr. Flack was a natural born orator. He had a great brain, a very fertile mind and a finished education, and with a great library as his kit of tools, he applied himself and forged out many a sermon that astonished the people. He was preeminently a preacher of the gospel and a fisher of men. He looked upon the gospel ministry as the highest compliment that was ever accorded to mortal man. With all his natural wit and general information as a public speaker I never heard Dr. Flack deliver a lecture. It may be that like Mr. Spurgeon he hadn't time to give in that way. Many years ago when Charles H. Spurgeon was in the strength of his power, some lecture bureau in America wrote him and offered to go into contract with him to pay him \$1000 a night for one hundred nights,—in other words \$100,000 for a little over three months work. He answered them in the following language "I would not come to America and lecture for all the gold and silver you have there. I am not a lecturer—I am a preacher of the gospel."

Dr. Flack had a great passion for souls and he was never so happy as when he stood at the close of a sermon extending an invitation and clasping the hands of those who were coming forward as penitents and falling at the altar. I saw a marble statue of Lincoln once in the art gallery at St. Louis. Near him was a full blooded African in chain as a slave and the great emancipator was striking the shackles from his limbs and giving him freedom and I thought it was very appropriate and if ever a sculptor should undertake to carve in marble the favorite pose of this great man it would be Dr. Flack kneeling beside a penitent soul with his left hand upon the shoulder of the seeker and his right lifted pointing to the cross of Calvary as the remedy for all sin.

Dr. Flack, though a refined, high-toned gentleman, was yet one of the most common place men I ever knew. People who were not well acquainted with him dreaded to have him come to

their homes, but he could adjust himself to any kind of circumstances and always made himself agreeable anywhere he might be. If he was in a palace he had read so much and traveled so extensively that he was ready for any new phase of etiquette that might be introduced. If he was invited to dine in some humble home he wasn't there but a short time until he made the entire family perfectly at ease in his presence.

I well remember a time in Colorado when he was at my home and about thirty people took dinner with us. I gave him the honored place at the head of the table. I was standing near, carrying on a conversation with those at the table. Dr. Flack finished before the rest of them and jumping up he said with a funny twinkle in his eye: "Sit down, Jerry and eat your dinner."

He was a great man to encourage young men who were striving to get a start in the ministry and always took advantage of everything possible to cheer them on their way. One time when I was in company with him and a number of men he saw how thin my pocket book was and said: "Let me see that!" I handed it to him and he put a piece of money in it, then passed it all around and each man put something in.

It was an inspiration to be with him in his study and hear him talk of the work of the Lord. I suppose I was as near to the secret of his life as any man unless it was Dr. Mitchell. I said to him one day: "Brother Flack, do you pray in secret, much?" and he said: "No, not as much as I used to. I just talk to God as I sit in my chair or walk around," and as we have been out in the work together and would retire for the night I would hear him whisper as he lay beside me in the bed: "Bless the Lord, O, my soul!"

It was a great inspiration to be with such a man and feel the divine presence that was with him.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time!

JERRY CLEVINGER.

LIFE HISTORY OF J.V.B. FLACK

Having completed what we deemed a sufficient course of study preparatory to the work we designed to follow and to meet the seeming demands of active life, we strolled into a rural district in order to spend a few days in visiting some personal friends and enjoy a few hour's rest from books and from town associations. We intended to bend our energies in the direction of a profession—law or medicine—but rather felt inclined toward medicine and concluded to put our humble self under direct drill as soon as the way fully opened and an eminent physician gave us a situation as "roust—about" and student; but the Lord had seemingly ordered otherwise, and we dropped into the community before referred to at the precise time when we little cared to be there, for we found our friends all carried away by consequence of a protracted meeting then being conducted in a school house—something more rare than common in that hill country. But little action had been taken except on the part of a few old church members who had long felt the need of the bread of life and an awakening in that part of Ohio.

This was fifty odd years ago and great changes have been wrought since that time.

We soon found that everybody was going to meeting—the old saints to hear the preaching, and the young men to see the girls, and the girls to capture the best looking chaps

then running at large—so we went with the rest of the boys; for of course we are not supposed to have cared about the girls, they being “country lasses” and all strange to us.

It would be well to remark that we had been trained in good Presbyterian order, and did not believe very much in even that, being rather skeptical in mind, and certainly we did not take any stock in the exciting, stirring manner and matter of those revival preachers—for such we soon found them to be—but we went with “the boys.” The first night we spent most of the time looking at the crowd seeing the style of dress, the bearing of the girls—whether graceful or bewitching—and in trying to pick out Amanda Jane (the girl Dave told us was the prettiest girl in the neighborhood and the “gal” he knew we would like).

The meeting closed and dispersed, the old folks moving homeward rather moodily and the young folks with hilarity and plenty of “gab” about little nothings. It is needless for us to say that most of the boys got their girls and we went home with the old man and old woman—father and mother of my special friend Dave.

The old folks talked religion to us, and we combated the idea of exciting and scaring the people, shouting, women praying and ignorant men preaching, until a late hour, when Dave came home from sparking his Susan Angelina. We retired at rather a late hour and we—after a habit that we had learned so early we could not tell when, said:

“Now I lay me, etc.,” and went to sleep, for let us record here that in our most skeptical and most sinful days, we could not forget our baby prayer and the impression that religion was a reality after all, Satan, depravity and skepticism taught.

Next morning at 10 o'clock there was to be meeting again and we, with the rest of the family, went again. This was an experience meeting and not very many in attendance. We got interested in what seemed at first most like a school exhibition and each fellow had a speech. Those old veterans both men and women—perhaps a dozen in all—made telling speeches and the tears flowed freely over rough, sunburnt cheeks and wrinkled, matronly faces, and in spite of all our mustering of courage the tears would come into our own eyes.

After meeting was over we pondered a little over the matter and came to the conclusion it was common sympathy, and we a fool for shedding tears like a baby, and so pushed back the invisible impulses of our soul.

We were all there again at night. We listened to the sermon more closely and shed a few tears, in spite of our coughing and a free use of our pocket handkerchief to hide them from the boys. How often they keep a young man from Christ, and from being himself indeed. The good in him is smothered by the fear of a sly grin, or a spiteful laugh on the way home. We saw the meeting close and heard the preacher offer a most plaintive prayer “for that one who felt that, O yield to Christ, was duty, but who would not give up to the wooings of the Holy Spirit.” It appeared very much like he meant us, but then he did not, for he had no personal knowledge of us, unless he beheld our foolish (?) tears, for so we felt prone to deem them.

We attended meeting the next day and the next night. At night we never felt more strange in all our life. We did not think of doing anything. We felt well enough up to the close of that sermon.

We had ventured a little nearer the preacher that night and sat about half way up the school house aisle. A call was made for persons to come forward for prayers and consultation. We were all standing. To us a strange body and mind seemed to possess us. We trembled. The floor seemed to move. The audience seemed to glimmer, or the light rather, glimmer over every object. The preacher looked to be a great distance from us, and the singing to ring like chimebells above us in a church tower. Tears flowed freely. We thought of the past—what we

had told God when a little boy in our trundle bed and how dear ones talked to us of how we had gone away from those child experiences, and how badly we had treated our conscience and our God. We shook with fear, for calamity had fallen upon us—sickness or death. While in this frame, some one, we never knew who, took hold of us, laying their arm gently around our shoulder, for our state had been discovered. The next thing we knew we found ourself upon the anxious seat, and a new feeling almost instantly took possession of our soul. How we deplored our condition. What a fool we had made of ourself. How could we get away from there and nobody see us go? Where could we hide? What would the boys say? And every devilish scheme that Satan could throw in our way came before us. We could not, and would not run. We certainly had friends there, and they certainly would do us no harm so we decided to remain. No sooner had we gone through these temptations until a sense of our spiritual need took possession of our soul and the same self condemnation burnt like fiery hooks of steel in our soul. Some one came and talked to us, but of what was said we never had any recollection then nor since, until some person quoted: “Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and shall be opened unto you.” “If you confess your sins God is faithful to forgive your sins and cleanse you from all unrighteousness.” We at that moment laid hold upon those promises, for we felt it was the Word of God and God would not lie nor trifle with a poor needy soul. The chains dropped off. The light shone in upon us. The songs rang like angel chantings. The house looked like a palace. The soul felt free and a new series of sentiments and inclinations completely took control of our mind. Those we had not loved appeared dear. The Bible seemed like a new book. Our Sunday school verses appeared to come back to us and suit themselves in analysis to our needs joy filled our heart and new scenes appeared to burst in upon our future vision. We realized that Jesus had come to save us and all our past misdeeds were beyond Christ and He—the Redeemer—near, as our best and most pleased friend and thus the service closed, with the bright dawn of new spiritual life in our soul, within the walls of a rustic school house in Ohio.

Here began an especial train of life histories, that may be of interest to our many intelligent readers.

It was more than a struggle for us to change our conception of what seemed the most desirable course of life for us to pursue.

We had often been told that we had been designed for the ministry, by our Presbyterian friends, and that we had native qualities pointing to a public life on the platform or in the pulpit; but we shrank from the responsibilities of the ministry when our conscience, enlightened by the Word of God and the Holy Spirit told us that we should at once began a life of consecration for the good of others and the salvation of sinners. In fact the work seemed too large entirely for our feeble abilities and we halted with fear and trembling. We never shall forget how deeply we felt that it was our duty to preach immediately succeeding our realization of pardon and yet, how the purposes of the past and selfish inclinations waged a war against the idea.

Our new friends pushed us forward and our first speech in a social meetings, was so well received that, but for the grace of God, we might have been destroyed then and there. Hardly had it been evident that we had some natural gifts warmed by a new sweet sense of pardon, until the preacher and the brethren to encourage us by too many words of praise and speak of us as destined for a cause of usefulness. We were certainly accorded the most unqualified and extravagant flattery from some of the more frank and interested friends and Satan stepped forward to dictate a little vanity and we truly felt inclined to yield to the temptation. Here we lost our hold and our deceiver succeeded in persuading us that we had missed our mark and that glory and honor was the ambition of our heart.

We say that we lost ground and felt most miserable indeed. We trembled and shook—even doubting our own acceptance of God.

We passed through a sore struggle and only after a long season of prayer, out in the woods kneeling in the snow, with our conscience and our God did we gain the victory. But thank God it came and from that day on—susceptible as we are to the good opinion of our friends—we have never permitted Satan to get the mastery over us by the use of flattery or praise—merited or unmerited.

In the meeting spoken of previously by the grace of God we led many young men to the altar of prayer—and to God be the glory—saw them happily converted. We felt in our weak prayers and endeavors that the Master was aiding us and that God, not man, did the work. Whenever such God honoring sentiments possessed our soul we never made an effort to influence our fellows with other than good results but if we ever made an effort and thought that our own influence was sufficient, we realized disappointment. This fact has proven a truism all our life.

God must be acknowledged and our own nothingness felt if we would see the salvation of the ungodly.

We are only dust—only poor, faulty mortals, not able to save a soul and to be God honored, God owned instruments the glory and honor must be honestly and heartily accorded to the Lord Jesus Christ—to divine interposition and power.

Halting and moving, doing and then sitting down to ponder and canvass our ignorance and weakness we passed on through the revival and left for our home.

We did not hesitate to make known our spiritual state and when spoken to about the change that had come over our conduct we acknowledge our profession, but never hinted one word about the internal conflict we constant underwent touching the call to the work of the ministry—for such we felt our impressions to be.

We never read the Bible so much and never saw so much in it perfectly adapted to the wants of our restless spirit and hungry soul.

For some time we had contemplated going west and now we thought that if we got away from where our feeble efforts had been made that we could more readily work ourself into an easy state of mind and perhaps get rid of the impressions to preach.

Our father was then located in Illinois and desired our uncle with whom we had lived to remove west also.

Uncle and aunt had no children and they had been father and mother to us and we felt lead to separate from them, but they could not make up their minds to remove, so we decided to go anyhow—partly to meet the wish of father and especially to get away from surroundings and make our start in the growing west where young men might grow up with the country. So west we went.

The first Sunday after reaching the new west we went to Sunday school. The superintendent wanted to know if we professed religion. We answered in the affirmative.

“Then,” said he, “you must open the school.”

We declined, but he would not take, “no” for an answer, but placed the books in our hands and sat down.

All the school turned their eyes upon us.

“Ah,” they thought, “that is a young preacher.” At least we imagined that they thought so.

We had to go ahead—forced into the very place we did not seek. We read and the school

sang and then we tried to pray and a miserable prayer we made of it. We can feel that embarrassment yet.

Poor Jonah! Swallowed by a whale at last.

We got through some how and could read in the faces of the children that we had been “swamped.”

Well, of one thing we felt certain we had not worried our hearers with a long prayer—if it was haphazard in its makeup.

This was one of our most stupendous “play outs.” We felt collapsed and refused to teach a class when father came to, the rescue and said that we had to teach his that day. How those boys grinned and winked at each other and miscalled words to see if the teacher could correct them and in a hundred and one ways tried to get “our blood up.” We worried through—a poor, miserable creature—and came out wet with perspiration, for that class thought they had a strange young man in a hot house and would give him a Turkish bath to make him more supple next time.

The school ended and we remained for preaching and got back toward the door. Meeting over the preacher went home with “our folks” and put a few more questions to us than we cared to solve, finding out that we, sometimes prayed in public.

Lo and behold! at night he called upon us to pray and we got along a little better than before, but poor enough at best for we had not recovered from our morning's shock and “bath.”

From this on we succeeded a little better and became the regular teacher of the Sunday school class before mentioned and had a successful and pleasant time.

A Methodist protracted meeting was commenced. We attended and saw many of the young boys of our Sunday school class come out on the Lord's side. We made it our special duty to personally labor with the young men of the community. Here we got back our feeling of trust and confidence in God's willingness to help those who disinterestedly seek to win souls for the glory of the Master.

Everything appeared to conspire together in forcing us forward in the special work of the church of Christ. Wherever we turned a door seemed to open. Being unsettled and waiting to know what we dare do, we took charge of a public school.

Here unrest and solicitude about our duty gave us no little heart trouble, for we could not banish the soul demand—“go and preach.”

By this time a license to preach had been handed us. Our school was well nigh out, and how gladly we anticipated the day when we should escape the prison of a school room and annoyances of repeating, times without number, the same lessons and the same explanations as became our duty as a teacher.

Our body and mind craved a more varied and more active sphere of usefulness, and our dreams almost nightly pointed to a wide field of usefulness—to crowded halls and thronged groves, where masses of living mortal listened to our words of cheer and admonition.

How, O, how can a man, whom God has called flee from the imperative demand and live in peace?

The field now opened more widely.

Having found it a vain endeavor to get away from my impressions and duty, I told the Lord, by His help, I would do my best for the advancement of His cause. I announced a protracted meeting at a school house in Adams county, Illinois, an out of way place, yet a thickly settled community.

Here I proposed to severely test my call to the work of the ministry, and if the Lord did

not show me favor and bless the endeavor, I proposed to take it as an evidence of my release from weighty responsibilities that seemed to rest upon my soul day and night.

We found on the first night a fine crowd in attendance and the best of order prevailed. Many were, the tears shed and a deep impression seemed to be made. Not that our effort was characterized by any particular amount of ability or we felt that we had ventured in much weakness to lift up the royal banner.

The next night the Lord gave us further access to the hearts of the people, and we saw several persons arise for the prayers of the few praying people who were present to help on the good work.

The third night of the meeting several came forward to the altar of prayer, and found peace by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ.

From night to night the interest increased and widened until singing and prayer, and shouting and talking religion was the order of almost the entire community; and we established a church of thirty nine good, substantial members.

Here we stood amazed at what God had done, and from that day to this we have never doubted God's willingness to bless when in His righteous name we went forth to do His holy will. It is proper for me to say that I was identified with a certain evangelical denomination; and do not mean to be personal beyond our own history. We shall leave out names that might reflect (at times) upon peoples whose standing as evangelical—orthodox bodies need not, at this point, come into question.

We always lived beyond the narrow channels of a partisan kind of so called Christianity and felt that all real followers of our common Lord were—alike common brethren and sisters; hence we always extended the fullest freedom toward all professed Christians. Party lines were set aside and the full hearted urged to do their utmost for “the alone sake of Jesus.” Handsomely we succeeded upon this glorious principle, although meagerly developed.

This closed the first protracted meeting we ever held, and with the impressions thereby made upon our mind set forth. The regular circuit preacher was called in, and the work committed to his charge, and we began to look around for some other opening.

Brother S., the preacher in charge, desired us to help him in a protracted meeting at a new place. We went, but the old preachers insisted upon the management of the meeting and a cold, stoical management it was. Too much primness. Too much precision and carefulness about forms and old ceremonies, too fearful that there might be too much noise, so seeing that his spirit and ours did not harmonize, and that his manner of conducting a meeting and mine did not possess the same nature, we chose to leave the meeting in his hands and go elsewhere.

We went home and remained a few days, when to our utmost astonishment, a messenger came for me urging me to visit an old and experienced circuit preacher residing in another county. We did not hesitate, but immediately made our way to the home of Father J. We soon learned that the dear, good brother was in very poor health and felt obliged to give up his charge; and desired the “Boy Preacher”—for such they called us—to take the work.

We trembled at the responsibility, for be it known that this was a prominent circuit, and had been under the charge of an able, old and very experienced minister. Within the bounds of this charge was the denominational institute, the seat of learning for the state of Illinois and elsewhere. In the chapel of this institute we had to preach once every two weeks, subject to the criticism of teachers and students. No wonder we halted and prayed before acting. Brother J. urged upon us the necessity of our taking the charge off his hands, as he could not continue to travel. Finally, in the strength of God, we ventured to accept the appointment and time for

commencement was fixed for the next Lord's day. We had to travel by horseback, over prairie and woodland, consuming nearly two days, when, amid a rain storm we halted at the door of a prominent member upon whom we had been directed to call and make our home.

A tall gentleman came out and inquired as to "whom we might be."

We told him.

"What!" said he, "you the new preacher Brother J., was to send us?"

"Yes, sir; so I suppose."

"Why, you are nothing but a green looking lad."

"Very true," said I; "but still I am sent to try and preach to you the remainder of this year."

"Ah, my young friend, you will find it a hard job to meet the duties of this charge, but, yes—guess you had better get down and come in out of the rain!"

"Thank you, sir. My dear brother, I did not know but that you meant to send me on to some more humble home!"

"That last remark took the brother by surprise and he changed his entire tone and manner toward the "Boy."

We preached our first sermon on that charge that night, and the Lord gave us a sweet spirit and a ready tongue with which we talked from to the text: "Father forgive them." A very decided change! came over my friends, and everybody wanted me to "go to their house."

The quarterly meeting met next day and the presiding—elder was on hand—high, loud, stuffed and puffed—and—withal concise in manners and style of preaching. Strangely, he took an interest in the "Boy Preacher," and spake well of us to friends behind our back, but almost broke our poor back to our youthful face, for he was cruel, and held that it would not do to encourage, it might give a person the "bighead," but scold and frown and condemn them to their face, to keep them humble, at the same time "boosting" them up privately.

Such foolish lords over God's heritage—are a curse to the flock, and the sooner the church gets rid of such hypocritical religious demagogues the better for Zion, and a sin cursed earth. Every man, woman and child needs a certain amount of good cheer, and if they merit it, it is their due to receive it, and God meant that His faithful workers should be recognized and encouraged by His people, just as God Himself certainly recognizes and cheers every faithful, hard, honest worker in His vineyard.

I have no desire to possess the spirit and mind of those persons, who pretend to help a man help a cause, by beating him over the head and trampling him under foot and the dear cause, but while I know that a brother or sister is a good, true worker, I must not acknowledge it, it might take some glory, from the Lord—especially my lord—myself. There is the secret of those scarifying, over righteous, pretentious, lookers along side of the gospel wagon. Give us men full of "Amens," "God bless you." and "go on doing your Master's work so faithfully and well."

After our meeting at Elmwood, the quarterly meeting spoken of previously we at once went to work as a circuit preacher. Many were the foreboding we had. The work was a large and important one for a youth so inexperienced as the writer was at that time.

We shall never forget the "doubtful" looks of the old church members and public generally, when we first made our humble appearance at our various appointments. Often have we overheard the old folks talking about us, after they had consigned us to an adjoining room, with only a board partition between us. We have laid in bed and great drops of perspiration would settle over our entire body, as we could not avoid hearing conversations like the, following:

“What do you suppose they meant by sending that boy up here? He can't ride this circuit.”

“Well, wife, I don't know; but it does seem to me that we are the most unfortunate people living. We have put up with everything.”

Such conversation as the above, but much more than here recorded, often burned like fire on our poor soul; yet we felt that the old man and old woman were justifiable in much that they had to say. We knew our looks were that of a green lad, and that it could not be expected of us to do much logical or profound preaching. Time and again we have felt like giving up before we completed the first round on that charge.

One night we received a few words of cheer. We, had been restless in body and mind, and although we kept quiet we could not sleep. We stopped with a poor family and slept in the same room occupied by the husband and wife. About 12 or 1 o'clock they awoke and commenced talking, supposing that the boy preacher was sound asleep. Strangely enough, they begin about their guest. In rather low tone the wife remarked that “she had no idea that Brother Flack could sustain himself.”

Then it was that the dear, good brother helped us:

“Sustain himself! You will see. He is a better preacher now than one half the older preachers we have been having, and besides that he has some acquirements, and is the most studious young man I ever saw. He will make his mark, mind that. He is sensible of his lack of experience and wants to learn, and will learn.”

How we thanked God for the good opinion of that man. The wife soon seemed to accept the encouraging view her husband had taken, and they dropped the subject.

We then and there resolved to be faithful to that man, and to prove that we could and would do good. We studied hard, almost day and night, and readily took advice from our seniors in the ministry and the churches.

When we reached the seminary, where we had an appointment for Sunday, it was with no, little trembling, for we expected a critical audience. We were not disappointed. Prof. R., was present and most of the students. How heavy the load! But we meant to, do our duty by all means and preached the very best we could and went home with Prof. R. for dinner. Instead of picking us to pieces he encouraged us, spake well of our sermon, if a sermon it was.

At this place, Blandinville, we held a blessed meeting, and the Lord did much for the people and for the preacher. Some grumbled about the lack of age and of inexperience, at first, but seeing that we possessed unusual earnestness, they set aside their objections, and our pastorate labors were very pleasant indeed to the end of the year.

Still these were trying times to us. Often we have wept and prayed nearly all night over our frailty and over the faults we felt certain hung to our public efforts. To go back we could not; to go forward seemed almost beyond possibility. Yet the Lord appeared to say: “You will succeed by and by.” “Love your work and never give it up,” was the advice of a good sister. We took it home to our heart; and blessed be God, we have never forsaken that admonition.

On this work we soon learned that a preacher would have members that it was almost impossible to keep right. They seemed bent on keeping up a fuss and of reporting some one for misdemeanor. We had to work for days in order to keep down disturbance about mere personal trifles.

We here learned never to take sides, or permit foolish little differences to be dragged into church sessions and public trial. By a gentle and conciliatory spirit we succeeded in squashing an old feud of several years' standing. So can almost any minister keep down public ruptures

and scandal if he will wisely look after the real interest of his charge.

This year closed with more success than defeat and “the boy preacher” had learned very much by having met the ragged edges of life, and by coming off at least alive and some what encouraged.

When the year closed we prepared to attend conference at Ellison, and found the companionship of a number of preachers who chose to strike, our field on the way, and preach to the poor, half starved (?) churches (as I suppose they conceived) whose ears, had not been saluted by any voice save that of a weak and inexperienced boy. We heard one or two preach, and very highly esteemed their efforts, all except a narrow brained swell of a young preacher, who had never heard us preach in his life, but chose to remark to a warm friend of ours that it was too bad to put such an ordinary preacher as Brother Flack on a work possessing so much intelligence. If he had known anything about our talent, or no talent, for preaching, we might not have set him down as a jealous and unjust young rival. Right here we got an insight to sectarian jealousy, and the meanness of denominational rivalries; but saw still more of it when the examining board decided that we could easily pass a three years course in two years study, having examined us on all those studies embraced to the end of three years, but every young swell in the conference raised a howl, and the conference, to keep peace and rivalry—jealousy rather—from making a disturbance by over ruling the report of the examining board. Nothing under the sun stood in the way except the narrow fear of young preachers who could not pass the examination, and were unwilling we should stand one year ahead of them. Our friends, several of them being presiding elders, argued our fitness for ordination, and the writer remained silent, except to quiet the heated debate by declaring his unwillingness to receive ordination, as we did not consider the mere “laying on of hands” formally any particular help; for we had all along held that God, only ordained, and had, regardless of church sectarian code, administered baptism and the sacrament. Just here we formed a most repulsive idea of creeds and church rituals and formalism, and not until in later years did we permit ordination (as men call it) to be performed until it was done by an unsectarian, Bible Christian people.

But to return to the conference. This year the young swell, whose piety ran out after the dear people who had suffered the affliction of having the undeveloped “boy preacher” was sent to the work we had traveled and we assigned the charge he and another old and experienced preacher had served. Strange change, but God had a hand in it we thought. We went to our work immediately to find that the young predecessor, and his colleague, had literally “rode the circuit” into the ground. Every class was in bad condition. They had not filled their appointments. They had put on more style than ability appreciated; had domineered over the brethren, and not a revival had occurred on Brooklyn circuit.

Here we pause to note an incident that showed the training of this charge.

We put up at a fine, well to do farmer's at the first appointment. Plenty every where, and every way. In conversation with the old lady, who said she “had no use for Newton, and but little use for Matthew,” we observed, “that no marvel the poor fellows had not succeeded, as they had received scarcely nothing for their services,” (both having reported \$86.) This stirred the old lady, and she asked, “Did they report that they got nothing on this work, if they did they lied, for the last time Newton was here I paid him 25 cents myself.” Our disgust may be better imagined than expressed. This was the standard effect of the young swell's perished and classical training on this work, the value put on his ability.

We continued around the circuit, finding everything cold and dead at the seven appointment. At an early date we commenced a series of protracted meetings, and continued

them from point to point until by the blessing of God, we had a revival at every appointment, the lowest number of additions being twenty, and the highest fifty four. During the year we held fourteen protracted meetings—indeed, it was a year of almost continual meetings. Seven new churches were added to the work and our report excelled any report presented to the next annual conference, and the circuit was divided and constituted two circuits. The unjust critic, and jealous young swell, who followed on the circuit we had traveled the year before, and meant to mete out intelligent discourses to our poorly fed parishioners reported one revival, fifty additions; but the facts came out that another brother, whom we shall call Evans, had held and managed the meeting for him and the revival was not due to the tactics and skill of Newton. We received, on Brooklyn circuit, more salary than had been paid in five years previous, and Mr. Newton had the satisfaction of receiving less, for the whole year, than we had received on the same work for six months service. We make this note to call attention to the heinousness of being bigoted, jealous and self assured. A man must not permit an unholy emulation, and, certainly, must not speak disparagingly of his peers, and endeavor to keep them down and back, for fear of being excelled. Merit, energy, and “go-ahead,” must characterize a preacher and above, or rather with those traits, he must compel consecration to God and His work. A good man rejoices in the success of all his brethren and especially rejoices in the prosperity of Zion under any and every ministration. The young man to whom we have referred, had much pulpit ability, but he was vulnerable at so many other points that he rendered himself a narrow self conceited bigot in the eyes of the people; yet we were happy to learn that age and experience made many changes in him for the better. Let every preacher put his entire trust in God and do his level best to be useful, and a necessity to the church, and he cannot—he will not fail. God’s chosen servants often require some time and experience to show the legitimacy of their calling.

During the meetings mentioned we endeavored to preach the truth in love, but very plainly denounced sin, drunkenness, swearing, gambling and horse racing, the prominent types of sin prevailing in that community. This roused the ire of certain sinful libertines, and they took occasion to abuse us, by slander and lies. We paid no attention to anything but went ahead.

It has always been our custom to shake hands freely with everybody and to speak to everybody we could after getting to the door at dismissal, and taking every passer out by the hand, saying a kind word to all, inviting them to come to the next meeting, also trying to remember them all by names, thus being able to presume an acquaintance, at least showing that we had interest enough in them to know their names.

One day as we shook hands with every one, one man refused to take our hand, saying: “He would as soon shake hands with the devil.”

“All right, my dear sir,” said I, “every man has a right to choose his most intimate acquaintances.”

“This man threatened” “to spit in our face if we ever spoke to him again?” so, to avoid any trouble, we passed him by as unworthy of notice and left him with his intimate friend, “the devil.” Our refusing to notice him cut him more than anything else, and his opposition to the meeting became quite fierce, so much so that he lost all force to harm us. He went on drinking and gambling, lost his possessions and became an outcast to society, and there we lost sight of him.

Another man in this meeting went home from the second service “so mad at the preacher” that he vowed that he would return no more, and forbid his wife going. The next night his wife requested him to go again and take her, but he refused saying that she might go, but he would not. After she had gone, he felt so badly over the matter that he determined to go

once more. That night his feelings for the preacher underwent a change and he went home seeking the Lord. He went out to the barn to put up the horses they had ridden and while so doing, in answer to his prayers, he experienced the pardon of his sins and went to the house shouting happy. His wife found peace the next night and no two ever thought more kindly of mortal than they did of the once despised preacher. This man was a brother of the other party mentioned who refused to shake hands with us.

During this meeting we had the cooperation of some Unitarians and gave them all the consideration they seemed to ask, and in no way infringed upon their peculiar views, holding a strictly union meeting after the fashion of sectarianism generally, but hardly had we closed our meeting until they imported one of their "big guns" and commenced an independent meeting, and to thunder out their peculiar dogmatism. On our return we learned that their meeting had closed and some six had joined, four of that number having been converted at the union meeting, one of whom became a useful member of the Christian Union, several years after, in the state of Iowa, at that time we having charge of a church at Clarksville.

The sectarian spirit ran high with the Unitarian element and our brethren claimed we had been assailed and that a reply must be had. We opposed having any controversy, but proposed to preach our own personal views on the doctrine of the God head of Christ and so announced. It was at night. Long before 6 o'clock the house and yard seemed to be literally filled. Some seven different preachers were present. We preached only three hours, and then called upon our Unitarian brother to follow. He seemed more embarrassed than any man we ever remembered seeing. His remarks were few and scattering and in substance "that he was not prepared to say he had any reply, as our positions were all new to him, and different from any he had ever heard advanced by any of the believers in the underived deity of Jesus Christ." He had announced an appointment for the next night, but that he withdrew, stating that he was needed at home very badly, as his folks were not well. The facts were when bellowing on his dogma he meant to attack us and had not a correct idea of our position. This ended all controversy at this point.

We always condemned controversy and never incited it or gave occasion to our neighbors to, consider us a theological pugilist. We never thought the cause of Christ could be subserved by ministers quarreling. We could always find enough to preach about without assailing other religious bodies in the preservation of human opinions, and "questions of strife." Peace with all men work with all men, pray and preach with all, to the end, that souls might be led higher up than the dusty arena of religious gladiatorship.

Sectarians have always proven themselves "disturbers of the peace," and like the man above: referred to, often come to, grief and uselessness, stepping down from the ministry into political and other discordant elemental spheres. Kindness, love, harmony and good will, mingled with fairness and due respect for the opinion of others, will never debase a preacher nor stop his usefulness.

This was at Amarugla, Illinois, where we had held a most successful meeting and endured no little persecution from certain ungodly men. The meeting was followed by an inglorious effort of a sectarian bigot to raise a disturbance, by agitating the doctrine of Arianism, he being an Arian. We preached one sermon, presenting our views of the deity of our blessed Saviour, and peace reigned supremely afterward.

From Amarugla we went to Union, where we held a meeting of marked interest, with the addition of twenty good members. At this point we saw fully exemplified the narrowness of sectarianism. An old local preacher—a member of a certain sect—attended our meeting. He was an old gray headed man, and, as a young man, we felt very much like enlisting him in the

service and of having his cooperation, but he would come with his mouth “poked out” and sit away back in the farthest corner of the house all the while looking down his well developed nose, enacting the air of disgusted savor. His business was to watch lest his sect might suffer and we make proselytes, an object we had no ambition to accomplish. Well as it occurred during the meeting, the old man’s preacher came along, and we succeeded in having him preach one evening. As soon as this old narrow brained sectarian saw his preacher was going to preach he got up and came forward to a front seat, and all the time of the delivering of that sermon kept up a, hallowing of “Amen! amen!” Occasionally he would get so roused that he would pound his cane on the floor. How chagrined we felt—first on the account of his hypocrisy, and secondly, on account of the annoyance of his incessant, foolish demonstration. Of course we knew that a cooler would soon quiet him as effectually as a bath in a cold pond, for we would follow the preacher, of course. By and by the preacher wound around to a close, and we began to talk. Down went the old sinner’s head on his hands resting on the top of his cane. His vocal machinery got out of gear all of a sudden, his enthusiasm subsided and we went on. The deep seated, mean prejudice of the man was the more apparent as others wept and several came forward, inquiring what to do to be saved. He sat as long as he could and withdrew, walking down the aisle like a blind horse. This same old bigot, in after years, came to the state of Iowa, where we served a church and basely lied upon us in order to injure our influence. He had no idea we would track him, but we did, and to his sorrow. Here we leave a personification of what sectarianism is, what it feels, and to what it will resort to defeat, discourage and harm those who work for Christ outside of certain sects.

At this point we had no little trouble by consequence of a turbulent sister. She was one of those, fault finding, gossiping, tattling creatures, that always had some bad news to tell the preacher about some of the members. We endured it for some time, finally telling her that perhaps the fault was nearer home than over at Jones’. Where? said she, to which we replied that we really thought it was with her. Then she flew into a rage and vowed she would leave the church. We felt good then, and told her to go, praise the Lord.

When persons are always complaining of the short comings of other, nine times out of ten, they are unholy at heart themselves. We have observed that this rule holds good in almost every case.

A good person has no evil tidings to retail—nobody to, crash or harm in any way.

From Union we went to our regular appointment, at Elmwood, and found a large and attentive congregation, to which we preached.

That night an appointment had been announced for a lecturer to address the people in that house on the subject of emancipation. We concluded to attend as we learned there was no little opposition to his speaking. He came, and was met by a committee of my own church, and informed that he could not use the house. This was surprising to, me, to permit an announcement to be made for some time, and then bluff the man when he came to meet his engagement. It was the more strange to me when I learned that the leaders in the opposition were members of a sect that set forth in their discipline and the church literature the strongest kind of abolition sentiments. Here we met a little antagonism as we favored the right of free speech and that the gentleman should have the hour and the house; although we did not concur in his views, we believed in his right to be heard. Then they said we must preach. Not a word of it! It is not our appointment, and we do not propose to be a party in the case of free speech suppression, and we did not preach. If that man had been a member of the right church he would not have been gagged, but he was not. O, how loathsome such intolerance always appeared to us! It was said

afterward that the lecturer was a nice gentleman, a Christian and a fine talker.

We advised all parties to say but little one way or the other about the matter, as the entire proceedings were in no way complimentary to the self constituted "gag law makers."

We began a meeting at a new place, sending a young preacher ahead to commence the meeting.

A few days of rest and study intervened and we began a protracted meeting with Hazel Green church. When we first came to this locality, a few months before, we had, unluckily, left our overcoat behind at another appointment, making at that time our first round on the work, and the night and day before we reached Hazel Green were wet and cold. A good friend had proposed to lend us an overcoat, and as he was tolerably large and we rather small, we realized the adage that, "borrowed clothes don't fit well;" but it was the best we could do, as we must go on, and it would not do to ride in the rain, in an open buggy, without some shelter; and so we accepted the coat. It was a kind of cream colored or light dun, or a mixture of both, and struck us somewhere in the region of the ankles, and came up largely about the neck and ears, but it kept out the rain. When we rode up to our first stopping place at Hazel Green, a lad saw us, and, without answering our call, ran into the house saying, "Great Moses, dad! there's a boy out there with his pap's coat on." By this time the old man came out, looked at us very quizzical and wanted to know what we wanted. We told him we wanted shelter, something to eat, feed for our horse, and to be taken care of over Sunday.

"Who are you?" For by this time he had gotten close enough to see that we looked like we might be twenty one years old, anyhow.

We told him our name.

"What!" he said, "you the circuit preacher?"

"Yes."

"Amen! Here, Dave; Dave! Come here! Got out, Brother Flack, and Dave will take care of your horse."

So out we got out, and went along behind Brother A ___ our coat going flippetty flop, flippetty flop, about our heels. Well, the queer looks of the women folks may be imagined as we stepped in, and before we could get off our borrowed coat, received an introduction. Then we pulled off the coat and looked like another person; for we had a neat fitting, decent suit hid away under that "gorgeous gown of Caesar's." Then, when Dave came in and looked around to see where that "boy with his dad's coat on" had gone, he slowly came to the realization of the fact that it was the new preacher, after all; and he never got done laughing and talking about the affair every time we met during the two years we traveled on that work.

It does not do to judge who or what every man is by the exterior; for often a good man is clad in the rags of poverty, and a mean man sometimes has the appearance of a polished gentleman. One idea stands out in this connection that it becomes a gospel minister to be careful of his appearance and never dress so as to subject himself to ridicule or unnecessary remark.

After months of excessive labor in meetings of prolonged length and regular appointments, we begin our meeting at Hazel Green. The presiding elder was with us and did the preaching, leaving on Monday. He was a fair preacher, but felt too largely the dignity of his little human office. We protracted the meeting, and many were saved from their sins. The church was greatly built up, and a good house of worship the ultimate results.

With this church we had many pleasant reminiscences, and some very sad ones; for when the war broke out, and we refused to join the "Union League," the very brethren who had been our fast friends at Hazel Green, turned to be our bitterest assailants; and as the war

increased in fury and intensity they even; advised removal by death, but the number those blood thirsty villains were not legion. At one time a member of this church met us on the street and took us to one side and sounded us on the war question, finally becoming so dissatisfied with us because, we opposed preachers meddling in politics in any way, that he frankly told me that “soldiers enlisted in the army to kill just such men as I was and furthermore “if rebels at home were all killed the war would soon end”. But more of the cruel war, when we get to it.

After the above mentioned meeting, we held a meeting at the town of McQuon. This was powerful meeting, indeed. The town was noted for its saloons, gambling and general wickedness. There were, perhaps, 600 inhabitants, and not a church organization in the place, although occasional preaching services by Methodist, United Brethren, Christian and Roman Catholic ministers. When we begin the meeting, it was said that the meeting could not be held—that the bad element of the town (not a few of whom were Spiritualists) would break up the meeting. However, the meeting was commenced, and great and glorious results followed. As many as 100 were known kneel at their seats at a time, and call for the prayers of God's people. Over 100 united with the church and a flourishing organization established. Several incidents, showing the power of religion, and the nature of men, occurred during this meeting.

One man, who kept a saloon, came to the meeting “for the fun thereof,” and was so deeply interested that he came back again, this time to go away deeply moved on account of his sins. He began to pray, and for some three days bowed down under a sense of guilt, and sought rest everywhere, but finding none. He came to the meeting. We saw his deep emotions at every service, and deeming it our duty to have a talk with him, we went to him when he told us all. We advised him to resolve on giving up the nefarious liquor traffic, and of coming out fully on the Lord's side, trusting the future to the wise care of the Master. He said he had no other way then open to him as a means of securing a livelihood, and that his large family must be supported. I saw that a great struggle was going on in that poor man's soul, and urged him strongly to give up whiskey selling, as he valued his undying soul; and that the blessed Saviour would provide for those dearer than life to a loving husband and father's heart. He seemed to sink into a deep and solemn study. Desolation and melancholy had forcibly taken hold of his very inner soul, and he left the house like a man bewildered. That night he crossed the Rubicon. He went to his home and told his wife that he meant to pour out every drop of rum in his possession, and change his life, God helping him. He at once repaired to his saloon; he emptied every demijohn, every flask, every keg, and amid the destruction, gave his heart to God, and a happier man we rarely ever saw. What to do for a livelihood was the next problem. He came to us for advice. We consulted with other friends, he was advised to open a grocery store. Endorsements were given, and he soon had a good stock and a good trade, and never prospered so as after he gave his heart to Jesus.

No man need follow a hellish business unless he wants too. God never made a man who had to depend upon a calling from the pit in order to live. Honest avocations and a competency lies open before every man and child.

Another instance: There was a man who lived in the country; he was one of the most ungodly, nasty bestial swearing dram drinkers in that section. He came to the meeting out of curiosity and was pierced by an arrow of conviction, and came forward for prayers. He found peace believing in the Lord Jesus Christ He arose from his knees, and the nature, so long roughly cultivated, not being smoothed nor his intellect brushed of the cobwebs of the past bad phrases, he instinctively, in the peculiar exuberance of his soul, shouted aloud, “bully for God! I am saved!” He ran out, of the house and along the streets shooting the same sentence, with others as

equally inadmissible. Some said, "old Jerry will not stick," but he did. He became one of the sweetest, finest spirited men in all that country. He has since gone to his reward, like the sun going down amid radiance of ineffable glory. The religion of Jesus transforms the very nature of men, so that "old things pass away and all things become new."

After the close of the great McQuon meeting we continued to preach every two weeks to immense audiences and many more accessions were had to the church. The next quarterly meeting was to be held at this place, and in the absence of the presiding elder proper, an ex-presiding elder came to fill the place. This ex-presiding elder was a widower and was paying no little attention to the daughter of a wealthy local preacher, residing elsewhere on the circuit. This ex presiding elder seeing the strength of our work, that it paid well and was a fine field, conceived the idea that, as he was without work, he would like to get our work; so he and the local preacher (who wished to marry off his daughter) undertook to oust us and get the work. The elder proteem kept "dark" himself and sought to appear as no party in the affair, while his taper and tool made the attack. It was like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, as there had been no intimations, no mutterings of discontent that we had as yet heard of. The matter came up on the matter of ministerial standing. We had given in our report, and all seemed well pleased with the way we had worked and the condition of our charge, until this low, treacherous old sinner began his assault. He said that "Brother Flack had done a great deal of good, but there were some complaints; that he was too frivolous, and lacked soberness, and made himself too free with everybody; and worse still, he was not sound in sentiment; that while the church opposed slavery, Brother Flack was, he believed, a democrat, and hence in favor of slavery. Furthermore that the church was opposed to secrecy, and it was currently known that Brother Flack was in favor of Masonry and Odd Fellowship; that for these reasons he did not think that we fully represented the church, and was not the man to have charge, unless, we could clear away these things, and for his part be was not willing for our ministerial standing to be endorsed or pass." After giving vent to this selfish spleen he sat down, and it became our necessity to reply, which we did by saying that, as a young man, we felt a delicacy in replying to an old man, but, as young William Pitt was as compelled to reply to the aged Sir Robert Walpool in self defense, we felt that, while ignorance did not stop with mature old age, young men should not spare the rod of chastisement and suffer the imbecility of years to, spit upon them and strike them in the face. We then appealed to the members of the conference to say if our daily walk and conversation had, in any way been unbecoming that of a Christian gentleman; if we had taken undue liberties about their homes or in their presence, when all over the house men and women shook their heads. At this the old sinner interrupted us, saying we, did not understand him. We told him we did understand him and that he knew he had basely and falsely assailed our character, and if he did not mean to do so, to say he did not, and take back then and there what he had said. He said he did not mean what we thought he did. "Then," said we, "you take it back do you? You swallow the false charges you have made on this floor?" and turning to the conference we called upon those present to witness that he took it all back. Yes, I take back all but that you are a proslavery democrat and a Mason. "Yes, Sir, that is the point you mean to make, and to, do so by foul insinuations and unproven statements your own mouth. Do you know I am a Mason?"

"I have heard it said you were?"

"Who said so? Did ever an acknowledged Mason say, I was one?"

"No. They are sworn to shield each other."

Yes, it is said they are; but I never knew a Mason so false to honor as to try to crush a

fellow mortal on mere hear say, and for the purpose of supplanting one man with another in order to marry off a daughter, if he could violate his order.

That was a bomb shell and took the wind out of every sail; for it was the means of letting the light of day through both schemers. Several gentlemen sprang to their feet demanded that our character be passed; that no man had ever so fully done their duty on that charge as had Brother Flack, and that the attack made upon us was entirely uncalled for; that the charge meant to retain their present pastor, and there was no use of any further war of words. A vote was then taken and not a dissenting voice to the passage of our character was heard. When the conference adjourned the old sinner said to us: "I will make you sorry for this, yet." We replied, "you will have to succeed better than you did today; and, if you please, I don't want to hear any more of your threats, or I will have you arraigned for base immorality, fraud, deceit, and lying. You proved yourself guilty of a falsehood today, and the conference confirmed it." Further on in this work we will show how this sinner of the deepest dye tried to carry out his threats. We remained, however, on the work, and seemed to occupy a warmer place in the hearts of our people than ever before, so much so that our return was petitioned for, and we returned to the charge the next year.

The year came, as do all years, to a close, and we found ourself again at conference. The attendance was larger than usual and a great deal of interest manifested. Reports showed that the year had been one of ordinary revival interest. The number of members received on our work largely exceeded any of our coworkers.

This conference was held in a community where there were about as many of one kind of politics as another, and to our astonishment the report prevailed that I was the only democrat in the conference, which I learned afterward was substantially the fact. Up to this time, I had given myself no particular trouble as to the party of any one of my brethren, not deeming the political views of as any part of sound religious faith. But the report obtained that "the little preacher whose report was well spoken of by the bishop," was a democrat; and then all the democrats rallied around us and we had to do their preaching, some old fellows being present who had not listened to any man preach for years, as almost all the preachers were radical in politics.

We had more attention shown us than we felt we really merited, and all because of the notoriety of our being called a democrat among some 200 republican preaching brethren.

One Baptist brother remarked to us, "How do you expect to get along with those radical priests and not belong to their political party?"

"By minding our own business and preaching the gospel, and not party politics," was our reply; and we really thought we could remain quiet, vote as we pleased, and preach Jesus. Of this we soon saw the folly. This was about the breaking, out of the civil war, and the air was full of heat and excitement, growing hotter and hotter every day.

At this conference the body passed some red hot resolutions in support of the Lincoln administration, and it became our modest duty, young and inexperienced as I was, to oppose any commitment of the church to the probable policy of any president or party. Our little opposition was like pitching straws against the wind. The resolution went through with a whoop. I saw what I had felt before, that there was no use in my saying or doing anything to check the mad career of a company of politically enthused preachers, and made up my mind-over again to "keep my mouth shut," and go along preaching and working for souls, hoping to avoid any trouble and desiring to live in peace with all men. I decided they might do all the foolish things that they chose, only so my personal rights and sentiments were let alone.

In this conference, men remarked that the administration was actuated by the very

principles of the church, and that they meant to force the war until the slave was free, if all the life blood of the nation had to be shed to consummate the atonement. We heard some of the most uncalled for utterances and sacrilegious prayers we had then ever listened to, but this was only the beginning.

At this conference the “old sinner” spoken of previously again made an effort to glut his spirit of revenge, and as there was no hope of me marrying Mary get some one who would. He was sick and not able to attend the conference, so he wrote a letter to the bishop stating that, as Brother Flack had been petitioned for as the preacher for their circuit next year, he had a suggestion to make, to wit: “That Brother _____ be appointed preacher in charge, and Brother Flack as his assistant, that such an appointment would meet the wants of the work best.”

The letter was read by the bishop in the presence of the board of elders, when the bishop remarked that unless the elders objected he (the bishop) would appoint Brother Flack preacher in charge, and Brother _____ his assistant—colleague and so it was fixed, to the chagrin of the old trickster.

On our way back to our charge we held a meeting in a new place—a country school house—near the home of an old acquaintances local preacher and the result of the—meeting was blessed, some twenty united with the church, and many warm attachments made.

We went from there to the residence of our father, in Adams county Illinois and spent a few days visiting among our friends. While here, we held several gracious meetings and saw a number awakened and brought to Christ.

Leaving the old home, we took the train, and in due time found our humble self back on our work to commence a series of meetings, previously announced, in the event we returned to the charge.

A most happy and cheerful welcome greeted our return; and our friends, in and out of the church, expressed their appreciation by many words and acts, some going so far as to make us valuable presents, etc. We found, however, that efforts had been made to prejudice many of our friends, and that it had been reported that we would return, but not as preacher in charge. We found that a secret, unfathomed war was at work in an undefined way, which will, eventually, show itself. We began a meeting at Gelson church, and from the first, large audiences came together.

The house soon became too small to accommodate the people, and the meeting was removed to an adjoining grove. Night after night large crowds of people from near and far assembled in that grove. The worst men in all that country came out on the side of the Lord until hardly a person was left outside of the pale of the church. After the meeting had progressed for several days our colleague came on and joined in the meeting and seemed to drink in the spirit of the great work. If our memory serves us, seventy persons professed religion, which being added to the already strong church, made it a most powerful organization, containing most of the wealth and intelligence of the surround country.

Old men, for long years wanderers away from the cross, were brought out and became active workers. Women, as timid as the fawn, became bold, courageous talkers and canvassers for the Master. Many were led to yield, for whom all hope had been lost. One man, (a miller) known as the wickedest man in all that country, came to the meeting and took a stump, determined not to act. He went home from the meeting and could not sleep. He left his house and rambled in the field, up and down the railroad, out in the grove, seeking in vain to calm his throbbing heart. Day light found him in the woods. He awoke to his whereabouts and resolved to offer one more prayer, and then go home and try to work. He kneeled and prayed long and

earnestly, when light sprang up in his soul, and, as the sun arose in the east, the star of Bethlehem arose in his soul. He did not work any that day, but spent it in rejoicing and going around among his neighbors, telling the fluent story of a happy, new born soul. His song—his favorite song was:

“Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King
The triumphs of His grace.
My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The, honors of Thy name.”

The whole current of his life was turned and “he was indeed. a new man in Christ Jesus.”

The influence of this one man upon that community eternity alone, can tell. His great aim seemed to be to lead everybody to the Saviour he has found, but one defect characterized this man that too often appear in other good and pious Christians. He seemed to think that everybody else

should undergo the same kind of an experience he under went. That the same joyful, instantaneous conversion must be theirs. Such is not the case. Some men are not so constituted, and hence grow, as it were, day by day, into a complete knowledge of their acceptance. Others receive a sense of pardon calmly and quietly, yet, as certainly as, those whose emotional nature overflows with esthetic exuberance, others seem to work their way into a satisfied condition of soul by daily thoughts and acts of religion, reaching the point where they leave all to God and know that they are forgiven and on good terms with their blessed, heavenly father. At the close of this meeting another effort was indirectly made by the same “old sinner, to damage. He enlisted his entire family. The first cause of their hate occurred with my unwillingness to entertain the advances of Mary, which were of such a character as to raise the ire of the whole family. Had I known her as I would have known a high toned pure minded lady, and whom no presiding elder's familiarities could shake in my estimation, I might have entertained her good grace and been pleased with her ready attentions, but as I did not choose to select any lady of whom hard things had been said, as one with whom I chose to have the public see me intimate, I must be followed with relentless hate by the whole family. At the close of the meeting a son of this same enemy sought my good graces by saying they all knew I was right, and he never had been anything but my friend and hoped I would not think hard of him. He seemed to court, my favor and company. One day he showed me an obscene book, the only ,one I ever saw. I looked at it for a few moments and gave it back with a rebuke. What followed? In less than two weeks it was whispered around that I was seen with an obscene book. I insert this to show with what appearance of truth men can falsely assail an innocent man. This report gave me some trouble, as it did not come to me for some time after it had been whispered from ear to ear. When an explanation was given, my word stood against his. With some he was acknowledged none too good for anything and, I suffered but little. The devil never did have any particular liking for me.

As time, the avenger, sets all things even, we, went along trying to do all the good we could and as little harm. The young man who sought to do us harm went on down the hill and finally removed himself from the possibility of harming anyone, as his lewdness, drunkenness and gambling, sent him to his eternal abiding place.

We made a couple of rounds on the work and with our colleague began a meeting at Taunton. The place was remote from railroad or any considerable point, in a rather hard community somewhat back woods and on a small stream, running amid broken hilly farms and poor soil. The people had been neglected on account of being poor, and therefore unable to pay for the luxury of kid gloved preaching. We learned of the condition of affairs in that locality and pushed out to see if something could not be done for the needy souls of that sections. Our colleague had no faith in wasting time on such worthless material, but as we run the work as the preacher in charge, he had to go if he did call it "going out among the heathen." That is the true preacher's business.

The meetings were held in a poor although large school house. At first, but few came out. After the second night the crowd enlarged, and very soon every corner was crowded. The fourth night the work began and many called for prayers. The meeting went on for two weeks and a church of some forty members established. We found that all this people needed was the gospel to make them a large hearted, noble, peaceful people.

We found a variety of beliefs in the this remote corner. Methodist extractions, Baptist, Mormons, Spiritualists and infidels were converted and the others, except the Mormons and Spiritualists brought into play a happy, peaceful unity as one body. We might mention at this time that one reason for our success was from the fact that we did not preach on questions endearing strife and dogmatic warfare, but preached the soul saving truth and left out so called division doctrine, and as a result the community easily combined and flowed together in love. We learned in the early part of our ministry that fighting and quarreling with other people never won souls; hence always avoided everything of the kind to the best of our ability. We rarely ever had any difficulty in getting the different denominations to work with us in our meetings. It is true that occasionally we came across men and women so much wrapped up in their sect as to refuse any and every overture of Christian fraternization, but such persons were more rare than plenty. From this meeting an influence went out in another direction and led us over into another locality equally needy, where we had another excellent meeting and soon established the organization of a local Church of Christ with fifty odd members. During this meeting our colleague was "under the weather," and could not help us much in any way. He by and by got up and around, being in the neighborhood all the while. The time came for one of our appointments to be filled, some twenty miles away. Mr. C. was able to be out as well as ever. I was worked down and tired. I wanted him to go and fill my appointment. He refused, said he would remain there and preach and I could go, myself. I told him he was rested and I worked down, but would not mind preaching if it was not for the rough ride; and I thought he would enjoy it rather than otherwise, but he was determined on making me go and his remaining there. We had a few words. I saw that he meant to show his force and compel me to go. I told him that I was the preacher in charge, that he was under me and not I under him, and that unless he went, and that without any further words that I would discharge him for insubordination and notify the elder at once. He knew I meant it and went; but that occurrence never got out of his "crawl," but one thing he did do, and that was never to refuse a like demand again.

The meeting terminated with happy results and up to our latest knowledge of the place a good church remained in that woodland region, called Pleasant Hill church.

Having gone through a winter of excessive labor we found ourself greatly exhausted and troubled with our throat, caused by overheating and exposure to cold night air. We had gone as long as we could and was compelled to stop by an attack of constipation and fever. After remaining under the doctor's care for some fifteen days we began to go about again. Our

physician said our nerves were greatly deranged, (of which we were aware) and that a rest and trip would be of service to us. Concurring in the idea we took a trip to Ohio on a visit to our native county where several friends then reside, most of whom are now dead.

While in Ohio, Hon. C.L. Vallandigham was arrested and sent south. Times were hot. Mr. Vallandigham was a special favorite of mine and of my relatives. I thought it was terribly hot in Ohio, as we saw churches torn to pieces and riots holding prominence in religious meetings among Methodists, Baptists, United Brethren and Christians.

We knew that false mutterings as to our loyalty (?) had been heard before we left our charge, but thought but very little about it, until we received a letter from our colleague informing us that the feeling against us was so great that it would not be safe for us to return to our work and that we had better stay away. That it was currently reported that we carried the traitor Vallandigham's photograph and all knew him to be a traitor and we must be one, too.

Some weeks before leaving for Ohio we had one day shown the presiding elder Vallandigham's picture, when he flew into a rage and demanded that if we carried such a picture as that he wanted us to return his (the presiding elder's) photograph, as he would not allow any man to carry his picture in connection with such a villain's as that of C.L. Vallandigham's. I told him I carried the two together in the hope that Val's picture might beautify and adorn his, but if he could not stand it I would have to use different pockets for them.

When my colleague wrote me that I had better not return, as my life would be in danger—that "a rope was in readiness," I confess that it so stirred my indignation that I felt like rather than be beaten by a set of hypocritical frauds, we would sooner die, and at once took the train to return. We stopped in Chicago a few days with some acquaintances and then went on to our charge—Farmington circuit. Sure enough the cauldron was boiling hot. We had written to some of my democratic and sensible republican friends of our coming and the depot was thronged with persons. As we got in sight we confess to some trepidation. We hardly knew what it meant. We thought it was a mob, but when the train halted, we saw that the majority were my friends. Men and women gathered around me and conducted me to my boarding house. We then felt that in all probability we might be waylaid, as threat after threat came to our ears, some, in the shape of anonymous letters and some by personal attack. When we went along the streets men and boys would whistle and use insulting language such as "rebel," "copperhead," "traitor," etc., etc. Why all this? Just because we would not take sides and preach and pray politics. One day a republican friend, a member of the Union league, came to me and told me that my name was up before the body as a subject unfit to run at large—that my life was in danger and to be on the lookout. That he thought the idea of arrest and incarceration would be finally decided upon.

We told him that we, too, belonged to an order; that we had been forced to join it in self defense; that men were crazy and that we wanted him to tell the league that if we were touched five of their number would pay the penalty for the act. After that we heard no more from our friend or the league, except in common insults and the circulation of basest lies, by which they undertook to crush us, the main leader being the old preacher before, mentioned. To enumerate the sneaking schemes, and tricks, and plans put into execution to get me to commit myself and thereby give them a pretext to do something desperate would take much time to write.

The camp fires of the fratricidal war blazed more and more vehemently on every hillside, and the very air seemed hot. Men were being arrested for real and supposed offenses against the government and committed to prison. We knew that some men really deserved arrest for their insane, reckless course and wild and disloyal utterances, but to be subjected to the cruelty that

followed was simply base, and inhumanity to man, in very many instances.

The intolerance became so much worse, from time to time, that the right of opinion unexpressed, even, was denied, and free speech ignored, unless said speech was full of vindictiveness and hate toward our “erring” southern brethren. To leave the arbitration, of the war to God was an offense worthy of death. In one of our prayers we left the results of the war with God, claiming that “we might be in error as to the right;” and that prayer were trumpeted all over the country as treasonable.

We could not remain silent and be in peace; we, could not speak without censure and vile abuse following. If we used moderation, we showed treason; if we condemned unjust arrests in the closet, the same were published on the house tops. Our very whispers appeared to be watched, and we suffered more from what we did not do than for what we did. We preached the gospel, just as we had done before the war, and allowed a man’s political views to go unmolested, as his private possession as a free American citizen.

We soon found that a base element meant to run us out of the country if they could. We had our meetings interrupted, and the trouble generally came from church members of the sects, or some members of their families. All manner of reports as to our utterances and acts were kept afloat; tending to destroy our influence; and those who went through those trying ordeals remember that all that was necessary was, for a man to be, put under the ban of being opposed to war and in any way in sympathy with the south, or the democrats, or any one who had been arrested and sent to a military Bastille.

The heat of battle increased all over the country, from east to west, from north to south. The members and ministers of the church made it their special business to assail and persecute the “only democrat” they claimed had the audacity to remain in the church—“a church loyal to the core,” as they said, and an “unfit place” for such a man as the claimed us to be.

We sought peace, but could find none. We did our best. In our weakness and desire to do good, we knew not what to do or where to fly. To stay where we were, was impossible; to go, was sure to call down upon our defenses head a still more bitter following and persecution, but we decided at last, forced to decide as a man of honor. We had to dissolve our connection with the church or violate our manhood and principles, by becoming a bloody howler and political preacher and join the Union league, all of which we never thought of doing for one moment.

A few republican friends remained and one day a prominent colonel came and offered us the securement of a chaplaincy in the army if we would avow ourself what he called “a loyal union man.” We thanked him for his grace and told him we was a union man and always had been, but we would not go in the war under any circumstances if we could help it. We missed much in one sense by not accepting his offer, as the man who got the place fairly coined money, but how he did it eternity will tell. He sent home box after box of fine goods, cloth, jewelry, books, etc., and came to be the possessor of fine property, with a large amount of money on interest. In after years we saw boys who were in that regiment, who told of the life that chaplain lived, in the army. He rarely ever preached, after a few weeks, but gambled, traded, and sported, and visited places of doubtful repute and reveled in the charms of a deluded career and came home to be feted, feasted and praised by a so called loyal church, regardless of the crimes he had committed in the south and, the depths: of his immoralities, while those who sought to keep their skirts clean and work for Jesus were cried down, and everything that could be was done to destroy their good name.

Thus we refer to the shameful spirit of political hate that led the prominent members of

the so called evangelical churches into hateful extremes and basest and boldest intolerance. The idea of charity and love had almost, if not quite, died out, and men and women thought themselves great only as they became more and more vindictive and revengeful.

There was a smell of powder and smoke in the air. A kind of malarious war fever swept over every grade of society. It was not so strange for men of bad principles and loose habits to run mad, and with vengeance and blasphemy seek the destruction of those they felt were not in harmony with partisan views, but when the leading men of the church became wildly insane and “full bent” on the destruction of character and the shedding of innocent blood, the features of, the hour became alarming in the extreme; yet such was the case.

Members of the churches who were officers of leading pretensions would become so delirious over the ring and thrum of the war orchestra, that they lost all thoughts of piety and love, and would rush to and fro, through the streets like wild beasts just let out of their cages. They would buzz and scream at the sound of a fife and drum and then they were ready to show how brave they were, by insulting some old man, woman or minister, provided some one had said that said parties did not run equally crazy and make a sufficient amount of was demonstration

When reports of bloody slaughter flashed over the telegraph and it was learned that thousands of brave men were weltering on the field of battle, if the victory was to the army of the north jubilee meetings would beheld, and political mountebank priests would orate and pronounce doxologies, mingled with brutal glee. Many of the leading clergy boldly declared, that if bad men, with blackest stains and foulest oaths upon their lips, fell in the defense of the north, they would as certainly be saved as there was a God in heaven. That loyalty to the government atoned for all sin. That death in the union army or on a march against the south, was the securement of eternal salvation.

The very idea of religious or moral responsibility was swallowed up in the wild and furious heat of what men choose to call “loyalty to the flag.” Loyalty to the flag was well enough, this we did not disbelieve, but to make loyalty to the flag supersede loyalty to the cross, and thereby remove the restraints of the moral law was beyond, or rather below, our estimate of obligation to the divine lawgiver and the Holy Bible.

We saw the effect of such moral training every day of our life in the drunkenness and lewdness of men who had thrown off their hope through the church code, or had put their faith in the war code. We saw the ensign of their religious faith as boxes of fine silks, dresses, chinaware, silver spoons, gold mounted harness, were shipped from the south to wives and partners in the north. All this disgusted us.

Ministers of the church with which we stood as a fractional part, preached in justification of everything done by the administration, no difference how revolting and men who chose to dissent from the blatant utterances of said preachers were publicly reprimanded, insulted, and often arrested in the house of God—so called—but transformed into a cage of wild beasts, called preachers and Christians. Old and pious men would be dragged out of their houses at the dead hour of night, and for the protection of their persons be compelled to hurrah for the man the mob chose to nominate.

Church conferences passed the most invective, bloody resolutions that brainless, senseless, political “stay at home” croakers could invent, and then in blasphemous prayer direct God to carry the spirit of their devilish resolutions into effect. We listened to prayers bad enough to shame Satan himself, and whole conferences would say, “amen,” with but very few exceptions.

This state of affairs was growing hideously worse and worse all the time. No man's piety, was safe in association with such backslidden, time serving, God dishonoring blasphemous companions; yea, a true Christian was not wanted by the rebellious wretches, who had no use for God, only in so far as to wear His name as a cloak, while they gratified old grudges, and took satisfaction out of old enemies whom they generally endeavored to prove disloyal by some "hook or crook" and in this they generally succeeded with but an occasional failure, when some other clue would be trumped up, even if it took ten months to gain the abominable point desired. All good morals and vital piety was measurably unsettled. We could not endure such injustice and impiety and chose our course.

It was quite generally reported that we did not endorse the state of society existing in the church and state, and that we had been remonstrated with, that we had refused to make any avowal, that we had neglected to pray for the war and its "necessities," that we would not preach on the subject of loyalty, that we had insulted the presiding elder when he was sent to reclaim us from the error of our way; that in short, we had done so many disloyal things that we merited execution; but as it was known that we were guilty of no crime in the true sense of the law, it was a debatable question how to crush us and not permit the real cause to be known. There were a goodly number of pure hearted Christian men and women, who knew that the crusade against us was on account of our not being willing to prostitute our calling, and use the livery of heaven to serve the devil in, by preaching party politics instead of the gospel of Jesus Christ, hence, to come boldly out and expel us for not preaching politics, when all knew that we, in our humble way, preached Christ, would not be good policy. What could be done? Our personal enemies cast around for every pretext; they dogged our tracks by night and day; they sought to excite us and make us say or do something mean. The "old sinner" spoken of formerly even sought to get into good grace with us, so as to get us in his house that he might black mail us; but through good luck or principle, we saw their traps and watched each and every path we took. When they talked roughly to us we knew they wanted us to get mad, When they lied about us we knew they meant to make us desperate; and when by female intrigue they sought to inculcate us, we were careful to stay away from the chirping of the katydid and to press onward in doing all we could to maintain a clear record and above all keep a clean conscience. We daily and hourly saw good men and true driven from the sects by the rage of persecution and resolved to permit no one to have any just cause to assail our good name. But, O, what a fool a man can be! When the devil gets on a man's track with all his blood hounds, he may expect to be chased by a tremendous howl, and be blamed whether he is guilty; or not but to know that your heart is right and that your enemies are wrong is brace enough to make the good man stand, come what will or may. An expected exigency now arrived. Our enemies were miscalculating as to the ultimate means through which our connections would be dissolved. They had failed to secure any pretext for an expulsion and had seemingly settled on the conclusion that we could run at large, and continue on the circuit until conference, in the fall, when our "loyalty would be questioned" if something else could not be "hatched out" by that time. Of the counsels of our enemies, we received information. A quiet, precious friend who moved in the confidence of our worst foes, but never uttering a word in our favor in certain quarters. Detective tactics became needful in those dark hours, men met in darkness and secret conclave to vote away the lives and reputation of those they wished destroyed. Without saying a word to anyone, we decided on a formal withdrawal from the sect. We wrote a letter to the bishop enclosed our credentials and dissolved our connection with those men in whose hearts rankled the bitter venom of the viper. They knew nothing of the step until the secular press gave the announcement that a public meeting would be

held, to be addressed by Rev. J.V.B. Flack, Subject: "Constitutional Liberty." An immense crowd assembled and we publicly set forth our grievances and held up to public gaze, the vile crusade of the political priest craft of the day. That was a fiery day, as, men and women filed into that grove, many of them armed with revolvers and clubs. Up to that time we did not know how many friends we had. They were of all sects and no religious connection whatever. The direful results of that day were sensibly felt by those men who had matured plans to destroy us or force us into a compliance with the vindictive partisan policy of the political priesthood at those dark days.

Men came to our public meeting, threatening our life if we undertook to speak. They came with implements of death concealed. One church officer cut himself a hickory club, saying that "he was an old Hickory democrat and that hickory club was for the head of a traitor," meaning us. With some little excitement the speech of three hours was delivered and, when completed the wagon on which we stood was quickly driven out of the crowd, while rough men and soldiers yelled and cursed us as the team flew speedily away, never stopping until we reached the county seat—Knoxville—six miles distant. The next week The Observer came out with a full account of the speech and from that the camps were ablaze. Every base falsehood that fellow companions of the pit could invent were put into circulation and if ever men conspired to take the very life of a man, those, radical intolerant so called Christians sought to rob us of everything dear. There were but few times known to the human calendar that were not put down to our credit, base and false in every particular. Of all the hate we ever encountered under the sun religious hate was and is the most virulent.

Immediately following we became associated as an editor of a newspaper. Here commenced our first work on a paper as an editor. We formed this alliance partly in self defense and partly because nothing else presented at that time.

We were almost daily urged to organize independent churches, but could not get our own consent to undertake such a great and responsible work. We felt too weak for a leader against tremendous odds prejudices, and persecution. So we addressed large meetings on the subject of "War and Peace," endeavoring to pour oil on the troubled waters. We occasionally preached a sermon, while working on the Observer but devoted most of our time to the paper and its business, largely increasing its circulation and business by an extensive canvass.

At this juncture several of the denominations solicited us to unite with them, but we saw no organization exactly suiting our state; of mind, experience and taste. A noted journalist of Cincinnati, Ohio, wrote us urging us to become identified with his people, making fair and flattering promises as to the future and approving our course in relation to, our recent conduct.

About this time we visited Chicago on business. It was nothing strange for gentlemen to visit the Queen City of the lakes, but we had hardly left our office until the venal press of a competitor published a tirade of abuse and accused us of running away. When in a few days we returned, and demanded retraction the lying dogs excused themselves by claiming that a certain dirty representative then absent having just left—had so informed them. This same representative was the man who tried to incite a mob to assail us because we said in a sermon that "the government and promises of the government would one day fail, but that God and His promises would stand forever." He said we meant a thrust at the administration and the greenback money, just coming into circulation. Poor deluded fools. When men run mad by dint of folly, where will they not go land what will they not say and do?

Great and deep changes were being wrought throughout society and the way was being prepared by a master hand for wonderful developments and evolutions destined to tell on the

generations to follow.

While the red hot coursers of proscription and sectarian and sectional strife were racing over the beautiful prairies of Illinois, and crushing the spirit lite out of tens of thousands beneath their hoofs, the same foul demon was sending forth his emissaries in the other states and the banquet of the insane devotees of radical partisanism was being held in Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Illinois and Missouri. Men of the soundest piety, and of life long devotion to their respective churches were hunted down like tigers of the jungle. The right to speak, yea, even to think in any way averse to the prevailing spirit of the times were denied in very many instances. Many noble minded ministers were forced to take heavy, iron clad oaths or else quit the field; especially was this the case in the state of Missouri, hence some holy ministers, and some scape graces, fled from their home and their fields of labor to find, if possible, more liberty in Illinois and elsewhere.

The country was at white heat, and men's lives were jeopardized, in almost every section of the country, first on one pretext and then another. If they preached for the perpetuation of the union in some sections they were obliged to flee for their lives; if in other sections they uttered a syllable in favor of the south, they were immediately put under arrest and sent to loathsome, filthy Bastille's, to rot and die in many cases, or be liberated without a trial or being proven guilty of any crime whatever —often returning to their families with health and mind destroyed. Thus onward pursued the evil genie its tired victim.

Radicalism in the sects ran mad, both north and south and personal and religious liberty were immolated. The times grew more and more fretful as the destiny of the war became more and more apparent. All over the north swarmed refugees from the south who were driven as pilgrims hunt other countries in order to be free from arrest and death. From the north men fled to the south for like causes, although not so generally.

The leading rivals were the religious sects —they being more vindictive, if possible, than the political parties—yet God knows all were bad enough indeed. In the midst of this great commotion, and the upheaval of public sentiment, men began to cast about them for means of rescue from the pelting storm. The good and pious had been outraged. The spirits of the Jeffries, Robespiers and Marat, had gone forth through the land and the sure and holy had no peace day or night. A person who would not endorse the war mad spirit of the times was the object of calumny and hate.

Old men of God—ministers who had stood on the walls of Zion for half a century, having grown gray in the service of the church were assailed, arraigned and finally expelled from the sects by this insane spirit of blood and vengeance The records of a holy and well spent life were of no avail when the wild passions of intolerant war, hate and spite were let loose.

The heart grows sick and the head dizzy in the retrospection of those trying, wicked and exciting times. How many of our readers will sadly remember the dark hours of those years of fury, irreligious and thirst for blood—times when the very spirit became weary of being, and yet could not cease to be. In the midst of this revolution men began to confederate and to combine, and to provide religious homes and shelter outside and independent of the sects. We soon heard of bold and brave men who formed alliances to worship God, without the obtrusion of any phase of political faith. They flowed together like streams of water from common nature, level and sameness.

Soon we received invitations to visit those needy communities and preach for them after the style of a pure and apostolic old fashioned practical gospel. We were told that they needed help—needed ministerial counsel, and could not get the help they required at the hands of the

biased political, stump speaking clergy of the sects. The call was as the voice of God. Needy, downtrodden, honest men and women who had been guilty of no crime (unless to believe in the pure gospel was a crime) were begging for assistance. We at once decided and sent out a number of appointments to localities where we had devoted much of our most active ministerial and pastoral life.

We trembled at the idea of being considered a leader in such a new and untried experiment; but what could we do other than heed the Macedonian cry of “come over and help us!” We went and found that some men and women traveled twenty and thirty miles to attend those “Independent Union Meetings,” as we termed them, although our enemies nicknamed them in no complimentary manner.

We refused to organize churches formally, claiming that our services were for “The People” who chose to attend and enjoy the benefit thereof. It was decided by the localities visited that we should return and handsome sums of money were donated at every meeting to help us devote our time to the Word.

About this time we learned that a paper had just been issued at Columbus, Ohio, by Rev. J. F. Given, and that a like movement had set in motion the down trodden elements of Ohio. We at once wrote Brother Given a letter of inquiry. In a few days the following letter came to our office—at that time Galesburg, Illinois:

Columbus, O., Dec. 21, 1863

Rev. J. V. B. Flack:

“Dear Sir and Brother—It is with pleasure I read your letter of recent date. I am glad you have decided to act under the inspiration of this great necessity. We are beginning to: move in Ohio, and I receive letters almost daily of the same nature as yours, asking me for help. I tremble for Zion as I see her bleeding at every pore. Something must and will be done. God is just. He rules the armies of men as well as the armies of heaven. The hour has come when the oppressed must go free, and political demagoguery no, longer sway the destinies of men and hold the souls of freemen in obedience.

“You ask me, dear brother, what we are doing? What I am trying to do, I answer, just what you are forced to do, towit: seek to build the house of Father anew. I am forced to meet calls, as you have and where it will end God knows. Others are with me in this work, and we mean to gather in the scattered sheep of the Master as fast as we can. A large place awaits us I verily believe. I have decided to issue a ‘Christian Witness’ to meet the demands made almost daily for a pure paper—a witness for the pure gospel against political rancor. I will mail you a sample copy. Will send it to you, if desired, as often as issued.

“Go on, as you have; call your churches ‘Churches of the Christian Union’. Let each locality govern itself and adopt its own rules and regulations. You need no other authority than the demand of the people. We will all get together by and by. Will hold a convention here at Columbus before long to more fully perfect this work. Can't you attend? Let me hear from you often as you can. I think we will meet in convention some time about the first of the month of February prox. Will let you know in time.

“Your Brother in Christ,

“J.F. GIVEN.”

We went ahead anew after receiving word from the above brother. We at once organized Churches of Christ and by spring had established several on the very ground where our enemies had done most to assail and persecute us. At one place—a country place—where there was a sect that had been badly abused by a political priest we held a meeting and after the first meeting

the chapel was locked against us and we were obliged to hold, our meetings after that in a school house. At the second meeting we called for members to unite with us in Christian Union, ignoring all sectarian lines and questions of strife in politics and religion. Forty seven persons united as fast as we could write down their names, and among the number the very bone and sinew of the sect who had, locked their doors against us. They continued to unite until almost the entire sect church came into the new movement, and a new meeting house was at once put in course of erection and completed and dedicated to a pure gospel and the unity off the church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

But trying times were to come.

Shortly after receiving the letter from Brother J.F. Given, we learned of a like movement being carried on in Marshall county, Illinois, with a kind of headquarters at Lacon; that Eld. Ira Norris was chairman of an impromptu convention held at Lacon. We also learned that a similar work was being conducted by Rev. R. Smithson, at Wenona, and by Rev F.M. Mills, at Henry, Illinois. We wrote several letters and received answers, and soon learned that a convention had been held and another one appointed to meet January 21.

Those brethren took the style of the "Christian Association." In a few months, when the knowledge of the existence of Christian Union churches in Knox and Fulton, and Mercer counties became known, and that they were in harmony with the same kind of work in Ohio, and elsewhere, the name was changed to "Christian Union of Illinois." This change of name occurred at a council held at Wenona, Illinois, August 19, 1864. From this the work began to take form and assume larger proportions. We traveled far and wide, as did Brother David Rose, R. Smithson and others; and wherever a Christian Union preacher went Churches of Christ were established. Our enemies followed us wherever we held a meeting and poured slander and lies into the public ear and often we were in danger of being mobbed.

When about to start to an appointment we would receive a notice that we could not pass through certain towns; or that our meeting would be broken up by armed men; that traitors could not congregate and worship God in mockery, etc., etc. One morning, just before taking the train at Gales-burg for a meeting in Fulton county, we received our mail and among the letters was one reading thus

Sir: —

"I am a good democrats I have a good democratic gun. — I have good democratic powder and a democratic bullet, and a democratic ramrod, and a democratic wad; and if you pass through our town, as a good democrat, I shall deem it democratic duty to use my democratic gun in killing a rebel.

DEMOCRAT."

We thought that was a burden of democracy, and looked very dangerous on paper; but we took the train and passed through the town on to our appointment, and "we still live." Of one thing we felt certain now, that, with party hate running at its highest degree, no man who valued his life could act foolhardy, or seek in any way to precipitate an encounter with the reckless, skulking tools of the political war priests of the country; hence we sought to follow our calling and duty without indulging in any seemingly threatening or bantering attitudes. Things were bad enough without any provocation on the part of men who could not go the sectional strife of the partisan cliques. Without exception we met abuse and insult in every locality, as well as almost invariable success in establishing a union church. We look back over those hours of anxiety, trembling and prayer as among the most eventful and trying moments of our life. It was very dangerous for such men as we were to travel after nightfall; hence most of our meetings were

held during day light.

We found it necessary to publish a number of articles in the public journals, in self defense. For months after our withdrawal, and especially after we began Christian Union work in common with Brothers Given, Bowman and others, our sectarian enemies used every partisan sheet they could to defame us and hedge up our way; but thanks to a friendly providence, we always had the help to print as many replies as we deemed necessary to meet Greek with Greek fire.

The fall after our withdrawal was at hand and the conference was to meet and as we had formally withdrawn in the spring, and hence had no connection, we, by right, could not be tried by the conference. But in those days rights were not thought of by a base political set of party dead beats and bummers. So the conference met and, entered into business.

Of course we paid no attention to the forthcoming conference. It was nothing to us and we were really nothing to it, and had not been a member of that sect since early in the spring previous; but it would never do to let the opportunity to give us a stab pass, hence they arraigned us in our absence, condemned us, excommunicated us, anathematized us, and then appointed a committee of three of their very smartest and sharpest writers to reply to anything we might publish in self defense and in relation to their exparte action. We soon had to meet the report that we had been expelled from the church for disloyalty and gross immorality. What their charges were in detail we never knew, and cared less. We chose to present our criticism in very strong language, sending it to their church paper, but was denied a hearing, of course, when we took occasion to publish what we had to say through Chicago papers, and such country papers as we could use to advantage. We expected a rejoinder from the delectable gentlemen of the conference committee, but never saw one nor heard of one. Perhaps the advice of an preacher of the conference was deemed wise. Said he: "How long do you mean for this committee to stand? I move it stand for all time to come; for, gentlemen, if you begin replying to Brother Flack you will have a life long job on your hands; for he will come back at, you every time."

This was somewhat imaginative on the part of the brother; but being a friend of ours he told us of the affair one day at the depot, in Galesburg, shortly after the adjournment of the conference.

November 25 the Illinois council met in Peoria. This was the first time we ever met the gloriously good Eld. Joseph Richmond. He, too, had been driven to action rather than wink at deceit and crime, and had commenced a work in Mercer county, Illinois. He was a truly devoted, earnest, able, and aggressive Christian Union man. His work has been great and grand ever since we knew him.

With Brother Richmond and others we began, anew and in good earnest the development and extension of gospel Christian Union at Peoria and together we still stand, although many of our copeers, at that time, have fallen by betrayal or by death. We cannot pay too high a tribute to Father Richmond. Gray hairs adorn his temples now, but his great heart is as youthful as ever. He is one of the staid and pious men of the church of God. (He is now dead. — Ed: to).

We now go back a few months. While Christian Union was crystallizing in Illinois, it was also crystallizing in Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa. The Ohio brethren had met in Deshler hall, Columbus, February 3, 1864, and fully organized a victory for the state. Sixteen counties were represented, and led by Brother Given, the cause moved forward with decision and force. We had become so engaged in our immediate work as not to be able to meet with the brethren of Ohio at Columbus, as, had been urged by Brother Given and others. The rapid growth of Christian Union in Ohio was a marvel to its enemies and a source of congratulation and joy to its

friends. Great and good men became identified with the cause in Ohio.

About the same time of the Ohio council, at Columbus and the Illinois council at Lacon, a similar body met at Plainville, Iowa led by K.D. Wolf, Ryan, Goode, Wilson and others, and formed the spontaneous, union churches of Iowa into a state compact; and shortly after a like result was consummated in Indiana under the leadership of Elders O.H.P. Abbott, H. Ellis and others. Thus onward went the blessed union organizations—springing into existence as if by magic and without any great material endeavor. The people often met without the aid of the clergy and formed themselves into local churches and then call for the assistance of such ministers as they could induce to make them a visit. The people were sorely tired of the insults, bombast and harangues of the denominational “blatherskites,” whose whole ambition consisted in stirring up strife, envy discord and hate. Peace was wanted, the privilege of hearing the cross preached was longed for and sought. The light gleamed along the shore once more; and out of the smoke of battle came the yearning of souls longing for the life and power of vital religion.

Among the noblemen who came out in favor of the Christian union reform was Elder M.T. Bowman of Hamilton, Ohio, a most influential and useful gospel minister of a leading sect. He became an immediate power in his state and shoved his labors out into other states—Indiana in particular.

The sects made determined war upon Elder Bowman as they feared his great power. When he would commence a meeting in a town the sects, especially the one he had left, would appoint a meeting, and if they held not a meeting they would ring their church bells and get up a general howl, so as to destroy the solemnity of and the sacredness, of the Bowman meetings.

Those persons who came out under the labors of Elder Bowman were called “Bowmanites;” those uniting under the labors of Brother Given were called “Butternut Givenites” and those uniting under our ministry were called “Copperhead Flackites.” Why all this? Were those persons uniting with Christian Union all democrats? No, not by any mean. But many of them were honest, pious republicans, who had become disgusted with the blatant party demagogues of the day.

It has been very falsely asserted by sectarian enemies, that the Christian Union cause was the result of disloyal sentiment. Such a charge is basely untrue. The writer hereof was never disloyal —was a union man; and, although a democrat, was true to the government, as were thousands of other good men. Hon. S.A. Douglas was our ideal of a statesman, and all knew him to be loyal. We opposed the reckless apostasy of the so called church. religions and press and saw that apostolic purity and unity could not be preserved at the reckless state of intolerance and fanaticism men were carrying their political preferences. Some of the best ministers and members among us were republicans.

The charge of our being biased by party politics was claptrap, and used by our enemies for want of something better. It is true that thousands of democrats were shamefully denied name and place in the radically insane sects and those men thus thrown out, of homes came to Christian Union —an organization in the which the various political views were tolerated and unmolested.

Be it ever known that this record of Christian Union is a true one, and, one that the facts in the case will forever verify.

Under our own immediate eye we knew of many decided republican union men and women becoming identified with Christian Union Churches of Christ. In a few places it was charged by democrats that the very name “Christian Union” was an evidence of our being in sympathy with the union war party. Thus the fallacy of any one charging party politics upon us

was more and more apparent to all who knew us.

We have a circumstance in mind at this moment. We went into a town in central Illinois to hold a meeting, and as was our habit, visited largely among the citizens, when a citizen democrat told us that he had no use for any radical union outfit; that he had been lied upon, slandered, and his life threatened by these union howlers; and that he believed Christian Union was only another name for radical priestcraft. "Why," said he, "your very name shows what you are." Thus it went until the true nonpolitical nature of our work became fully known.

Hosts of men and women came into the churches in Christian Union because they were opposed to human creeds and division. They saw that our plan was broad and catholic; that we stood upon a tenable platform, and that the work we had undertaken was a work of necessity; and, (as it were) forced upon the church by the upheaval of a revolution never before known to the annals of this country; that the line was being drawn between religious liberty and ecclesiastical reform—between a plain duty and the justification of cruelty and crime. The better elements of the country were not slow to see the necessity of a change in the religious creeds of the day; and hailed with jubilant hearts the dawning of a day of personal freedom and the apparent restoration of the "old land marks."

It is true that some unworthy and base material was swept into these union churches, as will be shown further on in this history.

Our headquarters were at Galesburg and our field of labor wherever the way opened although several organized churches had sought to secure four location among them, as stated pastor, we had refused to engage except with the one then served, using our time in the field as a kind of general evangelist. The membership of our parish was weak and we desired to make it strong, and devoted much time and attention to the one church for several months, meeting calls as largely as we could, and leaving churches established, in the hands of local elders and such ministerial help as could be secured at the time and place. Our hopes were measurably defeated in doing much at Galesburg, as the spirit of party and fanaticism ran exceedingly high; and as the field became more and more extensive we changed our base, and at a call from Polo, Illinois, located at that place as pastor of a Union church. The first visit was made in the capacity of an evangelist at the call and instance of Dr. J.C. Allaben, who was the leading spirit of the church, and under whose leadership Eld. R. Smithson had visited Polo and established a church sometime before. We spent a few days at Polo, and conducted quite an interesting meeting during which quite a number united and a greater determination to succeed gendered.

The church decided to employ us as a regular pastor, Dr. Allaben engaging to pay us \$300 himself, and the church to cover the remainder. We wish to here speak of Dr. Allaben. He was one of the best friends a man ever had, so long as the man merited friendship. He readily forgave his enemies, but was unrelenting and uncompromising when his rights were assailed. He had a keen sense of moral dignity and grandeur of a pure gospel, being a most pious and devoted Christian gentleman, with a most holy and exemplary wife, the sinful digression into political degeneracy on the part of the sects met in Dr. Allaben and family, a bold and decided condemnation and opposition. The doctor was an eye sore a—, an elephant and almost everything else the partisan priests and their allies, did not like.

The outspoken terms of Brother Allaben in reprehension of the blatant course of preaching politics instead of religion was very soon turned into an excuse for a violent crusade against his reputation. He was arraigned, and when he had made his defense and removed any grounds for culpability or sin, they trumped up other and more unreasonable charges and specifications, resolved on ousting a man too good to silently see the cause of Jesus disgraced

without protest. Seeing the infamous character, the lying and trickery of the attack, knowing that he was prejudiced without a hearing, and all for the crime (?) of opposing sin and sinners who had dishonored the sacred calling of the ministry and disgraced the holy Temple of the Most High. Knowing these things, Dr. Allaben withdrew from the denomination and from its deluded and vindictive ministry. Every man and woman knew that this was a clear case of political prescription; not so much for what Dr. Allaben had said or done for what he would not do, in order to court the good graces of the dominant political church leaders. No man's reputation was secure during these trying times. Piety and devotion to the pure principles of the gospel were no safeguard against defamation and formal disgrace.

When we took charge of the Union church at Polo we became a member of Dr. Allaben's estimable household, as we boarded in his family. We had a perfect chance to see that brother and his wife and children from an interior standpoint, and can say of a truth that we never knew of a more excellent, peaceful, and pious family in our entire life. Down to life's latest remembrance we shall keep a warm place in the depths of our heart for those dear friends in whose home some of the most important hours of our life were spent.

Calls for more extensive operations continued to come in upon us and our labors were constantly growing more abundant. During our location at Polo, we held, a number of special meetings with more or less success attending them, of which more will be said at another place. In company with other brethren we attended the state council at Wenona, of which we will speak hereafter; as a spirit averse to what we admired began to show itself.

The time came around when we should start to the general council. Dr. Allaben was not able to go, on account of having so many patients on hand; but Prof. J.L. Holmes, of Wenona university, wrote us if we would come by he would accompany us to the council; also stating that Rev. J. Ditzler would meet us there and go on to Terre Haute.

Taking the train at Polo, we started for Wenona, on our way to the general council, as the town of Wenona was on the direct route to the council. We reached the residence of Professor Holmes, to learn that Dr. Ditzler had not, as yet, put in an appearance, but had written Prof. Holmes that he would certainly be on hand, also giving a very graphic description of his important personnel. He so impressed Prof. Holmes and ourself with the dignity of his person that when we went to the train we were looking for the appearance of an English prince, with a fine English "beaver," and the imposing man of a lord.

We missed our man.

A person of ordinary gait and shabby clothes and a very dingy "plug" got off the train and we sauntered over into town, calculating that our great man had not come.

After attending to some little purchases, we started home, and when some half way to the residence of Prof. Holmes, we saw our stranger with the dingy "plug." He went on and by and by turned into the yard and we at once concluded that we had been deceived in our man or else some one else had concluded to call and see us. We went on into the house, when Lo, and behold! Dr. Jacob Ditzler introduced himself to us and looked at us wisely, scanning the two little block heads who could not tell a great man and an "European traveler" when they saw him. We soon found that Brother Ditzler was one of the most voluminous talkers we had ever met. We could do nothing but listen. He had been to England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales. He had rummaged the rusty records of Edinburgh, and looked upon the fine art halls of London. He had studied the languages at the seats of learning, and, in short, what he did not know, it was doubtful about anybody else knowing it. To deal fairly is our aim, and to our mind, Dr. Ditzler was a stupendous egotist, yet one of the best read men we had seen in a long time. He appeared to be

familiar with every department of general knowledge, and had the best command of language of any man with whom it had been our fortune to converse; but with it all, he was not in any true sense in sympathy with the organism of Christian Union. His were high church notions, bordering on hierarchy, if not that of strictly an episcopacy, yet he thought we could improve on even the Methodist episcopacy. In fact, there was nothing in existence he did not seem to, think could be, made a great deal better by the touches of his master hand; and indeed he could have greatly improved many institutions.

We soon saw that the aim of this man was immortalization. That he was endeavoring to do some great and surprisingly famous thing—something that would distinguish him more and more among men; and he arrogated to himself the very fatherhood of Christian Union of southern Illinois, although others had established the work before Mr. Ditzler had been heard of as a Christian Union advocate. We saw that the doctor was in need of suitable wearing apparel for so great a divine as he certainly was, according to his own account, and as his learning and knowledge of men and things seemed to prove.

Dr. Holmes and the writer each made a donation and started out among the friends and soon secured enough to buy Doctor Ditzler a new outfit and also to help him on his way to the general council. He was very grateful for the kindness, and preached one of his finest sermons to a fair audience in the academy chapel on that evening.

In conversation with Dr. Ditzler he referred to his advanced thoughts. That he had written a great book on “The Philosophy of Church History,” and that he expected to have it published by the Methodist Book House at St. Louis, Missouri. He said that he “did not expect to be appreciated for what he was worth, until 300 years after he was dead; that Shakespeare, and Homer, and Virgil were never appreciated fully until hundreds of years after their death; that he had advanced ideas that the world was not able to hear and understand at present, and probably would not be for centuries.”

We then wended our way to the depot, bound for Terre Haute, Indiana.

Once on the train the delectable doctor gave us many ideas as to the schemes and plans he had fixed in his mind. It was plainly to be seen that he was in the interest of a creed after the notion of the Smithsonian and Howard school.

We hastened away to Pana, Illinois, at which place we made a change of cars for Terre Haute, being obliged to wait some ten hours at Pana for the eastern bound train. Here we met Smithson, Proctor, Howard, Westcott and a number of other delegates, bound for the general council.

In conversation with Smithson and others we soon learned that Brothers J.F. Given, Bowman, Ellis, and Abbott were, in no sense, in sympathy with the advanced (?) notions of the Illinois delegation, whom we were told, meant to, have a clearly defined system by which to be governed and that if they could not carry the general council they meant to go back home and set up, what they should call “The Christian Union Church,” and if the other states did not join, they would be outside the church.

We were all ready, and at the depot, in Pana, when the train came in from St. Louis, and struck out for the seat of the, first general council. On the train we found a few more delegates.

We reached Terre Haute to find that Brothers Given and Bowman were there before us, and had posted notices of the council and its location, all over the city. We found splendid quarters at one of the best hotels in the city, and after arranging our toilet, went to the court house, where the council was to convene, as no better place could be secured. We met, for the first time, that master orator and sermonizer, J.F. Given. We loved him from the first—we loved

him to the last.

Shortly after the council convened, Smithson came to us and wanted to know where we stood. If we still had the same vague notions about the adoption of the name “Christian Union Church” and “Rules of Faith and Church Government.” We told him that we had; but as Brothers Given and Bowman were there, we would stand with them, if they and Brothers Abbott, Ellis, Price and others of the Indiana Union and the, leading men of Iowa were in favor of such action we would not bolt; that we would stand by the general Christian Union of the stores then organized and that we would not say much any way, as we were young and would await the action of Brother Given in particular as we deemed him the leader and the best informed of any among us.

Smithson hooted at the idea, and said Given was not a smart man; that Jones, Westcott, Ditzler, or our humble self, were the superiors of Given or Bowman either. How fulsome and vain such stuff sounded in our fears. We knew it was flattery to get our support in putting through a measure that they had “cut and dried,” but which as greatly changed and modified before it came before that general council. We knew much more of the secret workings of these men than any one outside of the Illinois delegation.

We soon secured a conference with Brother Given, at our hotel, when we explained all their schemes to that great and good man, and learned what he thought of the plan. He said we never would adopt any such a measure, and that we would fight it to the end. We then felt safe, and resolved to keep as quiet as possible, knowing that the work was in good hands, and that J.F. Given was more than a match for all of them.

The resolution came up neatly modified to what it was and after much debate and modification further, was passed and was hardly known by its father after it had passed that council. The only strong and really intelligent “declaration of views” was presented by Brother Given, after the other medley was disposed of, and that sound “declaration” was bitterly opposed by many of the Illinois delegation, but was passed by the house nevertheless.

We never saw a more vexed set of men than Smithson & Company. This was, in many respects, a heated convention, and in no way satisfactory to the schemers. A long and windy paper was read by J. Ditzler, much of which was culled from the productions of other writers

Many circumstances, of no vital interest, occurred, which we pass by. The preaching was good, in the main and Christian Union had held its first general convention, out of which more complete organization of the work was adopted.

On our return several of the Illinois delegation severely condemned Brother Given and others and declared that they intended to do as they pleased in Illinois—that outside of Illinois there was but little talent, anyhow.

The minutes were to be, put into pamphlet form by Brother Given; and Smithson remarked to us that he had no idea that the minutes would be gotten up correctly. We afterward saw through that remark.

At the same time the support of the Christian Witness was spoken of by us, when it was remarked by several that “the Witness was weak and insipid;” that they meant to use the St Louis Christian Advocate and support it by way of subscription, or start a paper of their own. It was plainly evident that the imports from the M.E. church south meant to create general dissention, or convey Christian Union over to their master. Nothing was to be left undone that was within the bounds of possibility in the consummation of their designs.

Before the general council at Terre Haute, it was quite generally talked by those who sought the conveyance of Christian Union over to the Methodist Episcopal church south that the

general council would be used as an auxiliary and that Given, Bowman, Ellis, Abbott and others, would be easy to control, as the Illinois delegation would have the balance of power and the brain force of the council, and when these boasts and schemes were thwarted the remark was made that those good and true men were not of any great force, anyway.

In a short time the minutes were issued by Brother Given from the Witness office, and sent broadcast over the states. No sooner were the out than Smithson & Co., had slips of what they said was the only correct action of the general council, and that Given and Bowman had garbled and mutilated the action of the council to a shameful and disgraceful extent. Why and how was this? "Smithson & Co.," had a copy of their original paper, as presented to the council, and not as afterward modified and passed, and this they claimed as the only correct copy, and so published it—casting false and cruel reflection upon the action of Brother Given.

Thus matters went on until the state council of Illinois met at Xenia. It was expected at this council to carry out the plan conceived before the Terre Haute council, and which, failed of being satisfactorily carried out at that time.

The Xenia council was attended by ourself and Dr. J.C. Allaben. It was largely packed by delegates from southern Illinois as the location was favorable of access, hence, every friend favorable to a creed congenial to Smithson, Ditzler and Company, was on the ground. The position of the writer and Dr. Allaben was readily surmised, indeed, understood and hence they looked upon us as enemies of their project from the start. The very day we arrived, dust covered and tired, the schemers, in order to get rid of us to some extent, at once put the writer up to preach in the city hall. We felt it to be an endeavor to deprive us of a fair chance to do ourself, or the subject justice and Dr. Allaben felt it to be the same as we did. We determined to do our best, and succeeded in having one of the most interested audiences we saw during the sittings of the council, so much so that the citizens of Xenia held an impromptu meeting and made a call for a second sermon by us. This call chagrined several parties very much, and indeed we regretted that the call had been made, on that account.

In due time the adoption of their "creed" came up and then came the tug of war. A majority was evidently in favor of the document; but the council wanted to pass it without withdrawing from Dr. Allaben, Flack, Father Finley and a few others, as they knew that the very moment they adopted that creed, they left Christian Union proper, as its adoption set aside the general union, and made the Illinois membership another and very different religious organization, with a name contrary to the very genius of Christian Union in the other states, as the style was that of local and independent churches, and the new Methodistic creed of Smithson & Co., made the local churches societies of the "Christian Union Church of Illinois," thereby centralizing everything—government and suffrage, office making, etc., in the state conference. The discipline also provided for offices almost the very same as had in the Methodist church, with this difference: that the bishop was called a president, and the presiding elders were called superintendents. Dr. Allaben and the writer firmly opposed the entire plan and in the final vote was defeated, and the discipline carried by a close majority. While the question was pending, first Jones, then Smithson, than Ditzler, would take us out and beg us to be acquiescent, at least, if we did not quite endorse it. It was an experiment, and if it did not work well we could change it, etc. All this we knew to be "bosh" and for the purpose of hoodwinking the true Christian Union men. We told them that if that document—that creed—was adopted, those who adopted it left Christian Union proper that minute, and became dissolved from the other states, and hence the general union was forever destroyed. They told us that the churches and all the states would come to it—would adopt the same creed, and we, of Illinois, would have the honor of originating

it. All of this was “behind the scenes.” We now step before “the footlights” again.

As soon as the “Xenia creed” was adopted, without referring it to a single church, that conference, or council as previously called, (but afterward was denominated a conference) proceeded to the election of its bishop president, presiding elder, superintendents, and constituted its circuits, stations and missions.

We made up our mind that from that time we should use our influence to, prevent the adoption of the “Xenia Creed” to the extent of our ability to reach churches before any of the bolters got to them. We knew that we stood with Christian Union proper, with Given, Abbott, Ryan, Richmond, and those men who stood by the action of the general council, and that Smithson & Co., had willfully seceded from the association, but that they should not gobble up the churches without warning and carry out their plan of going over to Bishop Doggett of the M.E. church south without protest.

We had just bought a nice supply of minutes of the general council and with these to fortify our position we started out. One thing stood in our way of canvassing the churches at once. We had a protracted meeting appointed for a point called Hickory church in Cass county, and would be obliged to hold that meeting before visiting any of the established churches.

We took the train at Xenia on Monday morning, more firmly fixed in the principles of Christian Union than ever before. We ran into St. Louis and stopped a few hours until a steamer left for the upper Illinois river, when we took passage for Beardstown, Illinois. We reached Beardstown in time to meet our engagement, and went immediately to Hickory, where we met one of the best men we ever knew—Eld. J. M. Osborn, of Naples, who had engaged to help us hold the Cass, county meeting. Brother Osborn was a very ordinary preacher, his speech being weak, but he was one of the most forcible writers we ever read after and a wise man. We told him about the “Xenia Creed,” and soon learned that he would have, nothing to do with it, but would stand with the general union. We did not have a member at Hickory. There were two church houses there—a Presbyterian and a Baptist.

We used the Presbyterian house, and soon fine audiences assembled from night to night. The meeting “dragged,” as we sometimes say, for several evenings, when the work began. The spirit of the religious element of this country had been as vindictive and cruel as in other places, and many good and true men had been driven from the popular sects, because of their failing to endorse the “blood policy” of the preachers who stumped the church instead of preaching in their pulpits. It was no unusual occurrence for preachers to harangue for a whole hour about the south and advocate the promiscuous butchery of rebels. The right of private opinion was denied and every man not sanctioning the course of the war party was set down as a traitor and an enemy to his country.

He might be an old man whose sons were in the front of the union, but if he took any exceptions to the administration he deserved to die. The meetings began to stir the whole community and large crowds wended their way to the house of God to hear a man who did not preach democratic or republican politics, but instead, preached Jesus, love, and good will.

The people living around Hickory were well to do farmers and many of the representative men of the county. Their farms were spread out all over the Sangamon river bottoms, from the river to the high bluffs that skirted as fine section of bottom lands as ever laid out of doors. Below them was the flourishing and beautiful county seat—Beardstown—above them, on the same bottom, was Chandlerville, a new and rapidly growing railroad town.

Many of the people living in this community were rich and educated. Their children were sent off to school at Jacksonville and elsewhere and general thrift marked most of the

inhabitants of this valley. As beautiful sight as we ever beheld, of the kind, was those broad fields lying in the bottom below the high bluffs. The waving fields of wheat and corn swaying in the wind and sunshine was a befitting sight for an artist's brush.

The interest of the meeting continued until many were at the altar of prayer—many of them being the best inhabitants of the community. Almost every night a more or less number united with Christian Union until some seventy odd were formed into a Church of Christ in Christian Union.

During this meeting one of the most eventful circumstances of our life occurred and by the way, one of the happiest. A young lady came into the audience toward whom our attention was at once called by a strange fascination. We saw that she was graceful, and, in our eyes, everyway strangely- attractive. After the services we inquired of Uncle Alvin Smith as to who that certain young lady was. He said she was the daughter of his brother-otherwise, Judge S.H. Smith, of that county, who resided on his farm, not far from Hickory. I spoke of the young lady in complimentary language, when Uncle Alvin informed us that “Miss Pet”—for by that she was generally known—was too haughty and proud to become a Christian; that she had been educated at the Presbyterian college at Jacksonville, and would not be very likely to take any special interest in the meeting. In a few nights afterward we saw her at the altar of prayer. We saw the sunshine smile upon her fair face and expressive eyes when she was pardoned. We received her into the “happy band” of Christ's followers, at Hickory, to the surprise of many. She was one of the best singers we had ever met and at once became a prominent leader in the singing, and one of the most effective workers in that meeting. Much of the interest following was due to her influence and help. She had been a teacher in the community. Had been loved by all her scholars, and by all who knew her. We heard everyone speak of Miss “Pet” in the warmest terms imaginable—both men, women and children. We write thus freely of this young lady as we deemed her, and still deem her, the model of her sex. We never have had occasion to change our opinion of her, from that day to this. She has lived her religion. She has been faithful to her Master. She has gone through many trying scenes, and been tossed high upon the waves of life's conflict, and still she clings to Christ. She has been, since that time, the kind wife, as well as the affectionate mother, of five little boys and two girls. Her associates have been scattered over several states; and we do not believe she has an enemy on earth, and certainly none in heaven. That woman will never live who does more for those she loves, and cling more lovingly to the man she calls her husband. Reader, come to the writer's home, and he will take pleasure in introducing you to the once Miss “Pet” Smith—now Mrs. Marietta Smith Flack.

We do not think it worth while to ask the reader to pardon us for this tribute to the one who has been more to us than all the world besides; who has cheered us on our way and watched over us day and night during the afflictions of years; in whose smiles and cheerful words we found refuge from the raging storms of the cold and heartless outer world, and in the most unqualified sense has been a helpmeet worthy of the Christian name. At the Hickory meeting we became acquainted with Miss Smith, but our marriage did not take place for some considerable number of years thereafter.

The meeting finally concluded, and a large strong church was established on the plan of the general union and after the style of Christian Union proper. The minutes of the general council had been freely circulated and read, and we operated explicitly as set forth in the former usages and customs of the Christian Union of Illinois, not permitting any thought of the Xenia scheme to influence our action in any way whatever. This became a cause of offense to the as will appear by and by.

Immediately after the Xenia council, the aiders and abettors of the Xenia Creed or Confession of Faith, began their most incessant and persistent efforts in pushing the adoption thereof among the churches of Illinois. We had informed the leaders in this digression and secession movement, that, for one, we did not propose to dissolve our connection with the general Christian Union of the United States, or abandon the action of the general council. All the acts of the general council were left optional with the local churches. They could adopt the doings of the Terre Haute general convention, or they could ignore them, and in no sense cut the unity of the general union; but the Xenia creed excommunicated from what they chose to style "The Christian Union Church" all persons who did not adopt said creed. The style of the name meant centralization—a merging of all the local, sovereign and independent churches into one, general church, to be controlled by clerical lords and self constituted rulers. Bishops were to preside over the general body. Elders were elected to visit and hold quarterly meetings; preachers were under the control of creed made supervisors, and the mass of the common membership were to pay to support all these self imposed rulers. To all such an assumption of power we felt bitterly opposed. It was presuming upon the confidence and credulity of thousands who were to be hoodwinked into an acquiescence by a well laid scheme and plan.

We deemed it treachery of the boldest type, and such it was. Many of the local churches had come out of the various sects, and had learned but little of the new movement and of the large and liberal plan of its government by which tyranny and priest craft were to be kept in check and we knew full well that such smooth tongued men as Smithson and Howard could and would deceive the masses and lead them directly back into an old bondage under new names and promises. To practice deception on the confiding membership of Christian Union in Illinois was repulsive, and, in our estimate of moral duty, a stupendous fraud. We never, for one moment, contemplated entering into an engagement that favored the adoption of any "Rule of Faith and Practice," other than the Word of God. That had been the rallying cry of the canvass all over the Christian Union field, and to go to the people with a moderated and modulated human creed was no part of our intention; and with the writer stood Father Finlay, Brother Norris, Elder Richmond, Dr. Allaben, W.C. Blumdell and a goodly number of others.

Soon after the Xenia council the emissaries of the creed began a canvass over the state to lead the local churches into the adoption of the "new discipline," for, as before stated, it was claimed that only those who adopted said creed, or form of church government, were de facto members of the "Christian Union Church." All who, did, not adopt remained as "Churches in Christian Union," in common with Indiana, Iowa, Ohio and elsewhere. Understanding the advantage meant to be taken by those men who were preparing the way for conveying Christian Union over into the M.E. church south, we at once set about the work of visiting and writing to all the churches we were acquainted with in order to put them on their guard, and give a correct idea of the intention of the Seceders. Every church we reached repudiated the Xenia creed.

Following us came Smithson, Howard and Ditzler, full bent on crushing our influence, but failing in almost every instance to induce the churches we had visited to adopt their creed.

A straight was now reached. Wherever they went they met the stubborn fact that all through northern Illinois the writer hereof had gone before them and prepared their way. What was to be done now? They must break down the influence of the cause of their not being able to hoodwink the churches into their scheme. They well knew that we stood on the original platform, in harmony with the general council and Christian Union of all the other states; that we had denounced their movement as a secession from Christian Union proper and that we would not endorse their action or go with them, yet, to break down the opposition they

suffered on our account, they conceived the idea of preferring charges against us for “inveighing against the government and usages of the ‘Christian Union Church’” together with other malicious and base allegations. We received notification of trial, to take place at a town a long distance from our charge, and under influences where they thought to condemn us.

The instigators of this crusade knew as well as they knew they lived that they had no more jurisdiction over us than never Dr. Swing of Chicago or Eld. Given of Ohio, as we stood in connection with one body; and they—Smithson, Howard & Co.—had seceded, or withdrawn, from the original Christian Union and had set up “a Church of their own” in which scheme we had peremptorily refused to join them. With their charges they sent a letter signed, by R. Smithson, asking us to formally withdraw from the Christian Union Church of Illinois.

We answered that “it was impossible for us to withdraw, as we had never belonged to said “Church,” but stood identified with “The Churches in Christian Union of the United States.”

To this letter we received, the reply that “they considered us a member of ‘The Christian Union Church,’ and that we had better withdraw.”

We replied that we did not belong to the so called “Christian Union Church of Illinois;” and if they considered that we did they were mistaken, and might as well consider :that we did not belong thereto.

To this Smithson replied “that they would accept our answer as a withdrawal from the ‘Church.’”

That was all they wanted, towit, a pretext to circulate that we had withdrawn from them under charges; and we soon noticed that they published it in the political and venal papers that “J.V.B. Flack had withdrawn from the Christian Union Church of Illinois under charges.” They sent a notice to Brother J. F. Given, to be published in the Witness, containing the same falsehood to which Brother Given replied that no such base and slanderous notice could go into the Witness that as be understood it, Brother Flack had never belonged to the so, called “Christian Union Church of Illinois.” This made them more hostile than ever, both toward the writer, and Brother Given, whom they also tried to try and expel at their next council, on charges as false as they were infamous. The trouble was these fellows assumed to be lords of the entire Christian Union, although they were merely a handful of self important Seceders.

Never did a class of men try harder to crush and destroy every one unwilling to follow in their lead than did R. Smithson, W.R. Howard, and their aiders and abettors.

The next council met at Canton, and did its work.

Having raked the country far and near, they marshaled the few they had in sympathy with them, and held their formal council, at Canton, where they made preparatory plans by which to step still further ahead toward going into the southern church. Jacob Ditzler was sent as a messenger to the southern general council and the Southern M.E. paper was adopted as their church paper. The proceedings of the council were a burlesque to cover up their tricks.

The Southern Methodist church, as a respectable body, is not to blame for the tricks and manipulations of those men. They were men in no sense in harmony with Christian Union proper and only meant to get up a sort of self exalting machinery by which to elevate themselves in the eyes of the old church and have it to say, while they were refugees from Missouri and the south, they introduced the Southern Methodist church in the north, and came into the then crystallizing Christian Union for that alone purpose; and in southern Illinois they too well consummated their designs.

To pass over many sickening and disgusting things is a pleasure to us and perhaps a relief to our readers, suffice it to say that Ditzler visited the general conference of the M. E. church

south and made many great and eulogistic boasts of what he had done and demanded recognition and in due process of time Bishop Doggett came to Illinois and formally received the raiders and refugees and those they could, carry with them, into the southern church.

About this time Ditzler made a raid in Indiana, publishing windy accounts of his doings in Southern Methodist papers, but he found poor encouragement, for he was met and repulsed by such men as Elders Abbott, Ellis and others and he soon left the field and dropped down in Kentucky, becoming a fighter—making debating his main profession, especially assailing the Disciple church, and subsequently the Baptist church. In that particular locality that gentleman continued to ply his vocation.

We have wandered away from the legitimate purpose of this life history in order to give our readers an idea of the men who were not of us and whom we have been obliged to oppose in our loyalty to the great and good cause of Bible Christian Union.

These men were political “coachers,” did us more harm than good, in trying to subordinate our great cause to political huckstering. They never had the true idea of gospel Christian Union, hence the trouble they gave. Of such men Christian Union has been sifted.

In making the canvass in opposition to the raiders, we had dissolved our connection with the churches we serve as pastor, and was traveling at large evangelizing. We held a number of most interesting meetings at Hickory church, at Virginia, Chandlerville, Monroe, Marshall and elsewhere in Illinois, following as the way seemed to open and preparing the way for others to follow. We sowed much good seed that we have often heard of in after years. We have, in some respects, been unfortunate and have passed through many a fiery furnace, because it was impossible to be true to our manhood and go around it; but we can say of a truth, we have ever sought to be true to our God, our conscience and our Christian Union cause. No one can ever say we willfully misused them or falsely betrayed their trust. When we have been driven through dark places we have pushed ahead in the sole realization that our heart and motives were right and that, with the inner sensation that the Greatest was our Father and Friend, and would never leave nor forsake us. When the real secret of the heart is to please God and do good, we are never forsaken. Often, when trials sore have weighed upon us; when those we thought were friends repulsed us, and enemies maligned us, we have gone away from the association of mortals, and, in some hidden hollow or silent wood have prayed for hours until the light and love of God so filled our poor soul that we felt we could endure anything, and almost longed for more to suffer.

God is good. He never forsakes an honest, yearning heart. There are no troubles so great but what the Great Burden Bearer will help us carry them, if we truly trust and abide in Him.

Experience has proven these things to the writer beyond a doubt. The common masses do not always understand men. There are men who live and move in a very different kind of atmosphere to that of other men. There are those that have experiences that others could not endure, but they are tests to try men, and fires to refine them, thereby preparing them for spheres of usefulness and effectiveness that they know not of at the time. We have never had an experience that we have not been able to see the meaning of it in some way and to see that the blessed Lord was directing those experiences to our soul life and eternal good. We have learned, to be cheerful and uncomplaining as we push through the developing evolution prepared by our divine disposer.

Reader, try it!

That we have always been free of fault or imperfection we do not have the hardihood to assert. We are but dust, but our errors have been of the head, and not of the heart. No two

persons can see alike, in everything, for what one deems right, another may deem wrong, and each having a just cause in their own eyes, and either is liable to be right or wrong. Some men are very persistent in their claims concerning small things; when no one should be persistent in small matters, but firm as a rock in sacred matter or a great principle is involved. We have combated the views of men when we knew they struck at the vital root of the gospel tree, or sought to upturn and overturn the cause with which we have been identified in Christian Union reform.

Among our sorest combats have been when we have felt compelled to step in a breach, or quietly sit down and see the ranks of this union army rent and torn to pieces. In some of our strictures we have been severe, and may at times have been mistaken, but our entire aim has been to maintain the status and incorruptible perfection of established Christian Union when foes without and foes within, for sinister and base ends, have sought to subordinate our holy work to unworthy purposes. With such persons we have not been over careful in what we have said, and may have been harsh; but we expect to call things by their right names, and denounce those who try to "sell out" a great cause just as distinctly as language will admit of. Such men as have had "axes to grind," and who sought to legislate the Churches of Christ in Christian Union out of the compact and into some of the sects, have become our enemies, and are ever on the lookout for something to catch hold of in order to hold themselves up, but the true light will ever and anon break in upon the public mind; and men who seek to further their own low, personal aims at the sacrifice of principles and a work so immense and far reaching as that of Christian Union or oneness among God's people, must be known and understood; and as a public educator and editor we have tried to be true, and will remain true, come what will or may, in the future.

Any who conceive the idea that they can betray us and make the union cause subsidiary to ambition's ends will become aware of their mistakes when the true friends, of the union understand how to weigh them and where, to place them.

Having received a number of urgent calls to visit the Christian Union of Indiana, we left Marshall and landed at Greencastle, Indiana, and were kindly entertained by Brother T.L. Ellis. From that point we went into Clay county and engaged in a number of most excellent revival meetings in connection with Brother Silas Watts, one of earth's noblemen. We look back upon the meetings held in connection with Eld. Watts as among the very pleasantest reminiscences of our life.

We also visited Bainbridge in company with Brother T.L. Ellis, and met Brother W.R. Dawson, then principal of Christian Union seminary, and Miss Mattie Given, daughter of Elder J.F. Given, who was teaching at that time in connection with Brother Dawson. We preached on Lord's day to a very attentive audience. For reasons not necessary to mention, our first visit to Bainbridge was not as delightful as subsequent visits have been. Enemies, who have ever beaten along our track, had sought to hedge up our way; and the very wretch whose base and slanderous tongue had tried to poison the minds of our friends has since proven his disloyalty to our cause as well as his disloyalty to his personal friends, and no one now rises up to, say, "Blessed be the name of W.C.B." He, too, proved himself to be in league with Smithson & Co., whose main aim was to destroy our influence by first destroying us, but in all these aims they have proven themselves false and we have the satisfaction of believing that we have proven our humble self true, to the satisfaction of our best friends.

At this place and time, we met Brother Given again, and had a long, kind and confidential talk with him and before we parted he gave us, at his, own instance, the following commendation, having first made himself perfectly familiar with all our operations in Illinois:

“To Whom it May Concern:—This is to certify that Brother J. V. B. Flack is an acceptable member and minister of the Christian Union of Illinois, and well worthy the confidence of all upon whom he may call, and is hereby commended to the Christian Union and public generally as a faithful man and brother J.F. GIVEN, “Editor Christian Witness.”

We have ever prized, the above donation to our welfare and good name as a treasure far above rubies.

Among the other places we visited, after ceasing to operate with Brother Watts, was Florida, Indiana on the work of Eld. T.G. Price. We received a kindly welcome at the home of Brother B.W.S. Vandament and found Eld. Price in the midst of a meeting. We arrived on Sunday morning and that day preached to an attentive and appreciative audience. We remained several days and :the Lord greatly blessed the meeting. From this point we went to Marion and became the guest of Hon. J.F. McDowell and Eld. J.L. Tripp. We preached in, several of the churches of Marion, and received the highest and most respected consideration at the hands of the various ministers, especially the Presbyterian and Christian ministers. The press of the town reported our meeting and, the encomiums were too profuse for us to mention in this connection; yet to this day the memory of their cheer is refreshing.

One thing we shall long remember in connection with this visit at Marion and that was the extraction of seven teeth at one sitting, when it seemed almost impossible for the dentist to remove them. It was fun for the dentist, but terrible for the preacher. He the dentist did not seem to mind the operation very much, although he trembled in the conflict; but deponeth saith it took pluck to pass the Rubicon, and so decided to call a halt on the seventh, molar.

We have traveled quite extensively, but never visited a family where more delight and cheer entertained us than that given by Hon. J.F. McDowell and his accomplished and estimable wife.

We visited Putnamville, Salem, Knolls, Poland, Bowling Green and several other points, when we received a call to return to Illinois and hold meetings at a number of churches.

We also received a call to Iowa, urging us to hold a protracted meeting at Clarksville. The call to the latter place came from a brother who had been converted several years before during a revival meeting we held in Illinois. He stated that several union Christians had banded together and were holding regular meetings, and that a fine field for Christian Union effort awaited cultivation. He referred to the joyful seasons of divine grace, during which he was converted, and of the great blessing the writer hereof had been to him, urging that he was impressed to call upon us to come to their rescue. We decided to meet the call, and so wrote the church at Clarksville.

After filling our appointments in Illinois we left Polo, our former home and charge, and started for Clarksville. On reaching there we found that a renegade by the name of J. C. Campbell had accidentally heard of the church and had rambled in upon them, as grand an imposition as ever obruded upon good people. This same man, had lied about us to Brother Ellis of Indiana and to other brethren and we had prayed for the opportunity :of meeting him once more; and now our prayer was answered. Campbell soon saw that we had caught up with him, and said he was going to leave, but we had him. He could not leave until we had a settlement with him. We drew up a certificate contradicting his base falsehoods, and demanded he should sign it; that he a stated so and so to responsible parties, and knew his statements to be false. He denied making any such statements, and said he would comply with our demand most cheerfully, and did. He left the next day, and that was the last we saw of him; but have often heard of his imposing on the public since. The last we heard of him was to the effect that he was

under arrest by the civil authorities of southern Missouri.

Thus we drop a wild, reckless, erratic irresponsible being, and pass to the meeting at Clarksville.

Our meetings at Clarksville were crowned with the best of consequences and many came out on the side of the Lord one Christian Union; and the Church decided on keeping the writer in their midst by a unanimous call, finding him a good boarding house and a position, when his time would admit, as a book keeper in a large mercantile house. We accepted the offer, and when not engaged in regular ministerial work, we kept books for Newman & Phillipi, and with our salary, did very well for a man who was single and at no particular outside expense.

That winter a very extensive revival broke out in the place under the labors of the writer followed by the erection of a tasteful church edifice. The venom of the sects was aroused as the Church of Christ in Christian Union prospered and they (the sects) did not. They—as all other sectarian devotees—determined too, make a clandestine war upon us, but never harmed us any more than the dog harmed the moon by baying at it. During our pastoral relations with the church at Clarksville the most important social step, as well as the most pleasant of our life, occurred, in our marriage to Miss Marietta Smith, daughter of Judge Samuel Smith of Illinois.

To, speak of the accomplishments and our appreciation of this white souled woman would not sound to others as it does to us, hence we can only say that our choice was most felicitous, and proved to be the wisest and most joy promoting engagement of our history. Long and trying years have intervened; children have been born to us; death has visited our home; toils and sorrows have been our lot but amid it all she has stood by our side the noble, the adored, and pure pious helpmeet—well worthy of a grander, a better, and, a more worthy husband than the writer can be, or than he could select among men, as worthy of such a woman. After our wedding we took the cars for Peoria, thence to Burlington, where we remained a few days. Here we took a steamer and ascended the proud Mississippi river to Dubuque and. went on to Quashqueton, Iowa where we held a meeting. Arriving home at Clarksville, we were met at the depot by W.W. Lacy, of Ohio who accompanied us to our home at the residence of Brother Cyrus Doty, near town where we were received with appreciation and marked attention. When a minister marries outside of his own parish, he must expect to soon learn that marriageable women grow cold, and that they think he went a good ways out of his way to get into the way of some one no better than members of his charge; but a hint of this kind never reached our ears.

Shortly after our return Brother Lacy and the writer visited the town of Shell Rock, but found sectarianism so entrenched that we could do but little good. We here mention that, we found Brother Lacy to be an amiable, noble spirited young man and we enjoyed many happy seasons with him during his short stay in Iowa; and we all felt lost when he went away. From that day to this we have ever entertained a warm feeling for Brother W.W. Lacy. Long may he live and do much good as an ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ. Brother Lacy has been the prized pastor of a number of churches in Ohio. He is a good preacher and a pious Christian.

Northern Iowa was at this time a sparsely settled country. Long and dangerous distances had to be traveled over, in winter storms, going from one town to another. At the time myself and wife went from Clarksville to Mason City we were over taken in a snow storm, and but for the accidental overtaking of a teamster who was hauling goods, we would in all probability lost our way on an immense prairie; but, coming up with the team, we kept with it, and so made our way into Mason City, very conveniently, where we found a fond, kind reception at the comfortable home of Frank Hartshorn; glad to get shelter from the snow and wind.

In northern Iowa the country lies high and dry, and is quite a beautiful and productive

part of the natural domain. The greatest objection we ever had to the country was the long and blustery, excessively cold winters. The farming facilities of the country are good, and fine crops are generally raised. The state of Iowa has greatly improved since the war, and extensive railroad lines have woven a web all over the state. Many of the farmers and mechanics have become wealthy, and all the advantages of religion and education are enjoyed by the people. Much good lands are to be had at this time, at small expense, in many of the northern counties. While in northern Iowa we learned that settlers went up into Minnesota on frequent hunts, and brought back venison and other wild game. While at the home of Elder George Wauftal we enjoyed a fine feast, with plenty of fresh deer and wild meats killed on one of those frontier hunts.

We dropped down from Mason City and held a very successful meeting at Marble Rock, where we had a good little church of Christian Union men and women. Our meetings at Marble Rock were of no little interest, and extended into the country, where another church was established. In this meeting we had the assistance of Elder J.A. Smith, an able veteran of the cross and a good preacher.

Elder N. Spaulding of Nashua, did much good work in northern Iowa, and was instrumental in establishing the church in several localities. Brother Spaulding was a man of very peculiar temperament, often very bluff of speech and quite sensitive to the remarks and good or bad opinions of those with whom he mingled, yet a man of many pleasing and redeeming qualities.

Dr. George Hartshorn was one of the noble men of earth, a fine physician, an excellent preacher and a most companionable Christian gentleman. He subsequently removed to the south for his health, where he died in great peace. We shall not soon forget Father Hartshorn and his estimable family.

About this time the Iowa annual council convened at Plainville, Warren county. We arranged to attend, although a long distance intervened, and to reach the seat of the council it became necessary for those of us wishing to attend to go by private conveyance. The writer having a good horse and, buggy, engaged to take Brother Cyrus Doty, an officer of the First district council and make the journey. We went, traveling almost the entire length of the state from north to south in so doing. One night on this trip we found it a difficult task to find a place to lodge. Every dwelling seemed to be full, until dark, when we drove up to a house and asked the lady to keep us over night. She said that her husband was absent, but his return was expected every moment, and that if we staid until he came and went without our suppers we could remain until morning. "All right," we replied, satisfied to get inside doors and on a bed; for we were weary with, riding. Before we could unhitch, up came the man of the house. and said it. was all right. We soon put our horse in an Iowa shed, called a stable, and went into the house. The lady was intelligent and rather more handsome than the majority of women, and seemed to be a great conversationalist. We began by expressing a very, very high appreciation for her kindness in giving us shelter and went on to say to her how few there were who regarded that scripture, where we are told, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for some have thereby entertained angels unawares." In a short time she learned that if we were not "angels," strictly, we were the next thing thereto—we were preachers; and the first thing we knew the fascinating little lady had left the room and prepared for us a splendid supper. We were "at home" after that, and found husband and wife to be good Christians, and were much pleased with the two strangers, for the only compensation they would take was the promise to call again, if ever we passed that way in the future.

We reached Plainville after a long and weary ride, and found a camp meeting the order of the day, and quite a number on, the grounds. Here we met for the first time Elders J.R. Ryan, J. Goode, J.C. Naylor, K.D. Wolf, C.H. Griffin, H. Wilson, Dr. Gaston, J.F. Goode, J. Zickafoose, J. Renfro and others. The council organized by electing the writer president and J.C. Naylor secretary. Business moved off most harmoniously, until an old committee brought in a report on the "Formation and Publication of a Kind of Discipline." This crude and unchristian Union like step was promptly and strongly opposed by the president, secretary and others, and the book was defeated, never to appear to our annoyance again in Iowa. Bitter were the feelings of some who did not understand our work; but years set everything even, and to this day be Word of God, and that only, is the discipline of Iowa.

Christian Union in Iowa had not taken well defined and permanently definite form until at and after the Plainville council. From that time on a new era marked the history of the Iowa Christian Union. The entire state was reorganized and constituted into District councils, and an evangelist elected whose duty it was to visit all the districts and assist in holding their councils and the religious meetings. He was made the president of those councils and new life and energy at once sprang up in the churches and charges.

The writer was elected the first general president an evangelist of Iowa, and saw all the charges pleasantly and aggressively organized during the year, when he retired and Brother K.D. Wolf, an excellent man, succeeded to the same duties. We then became the pastor of Weston, Plainville, Dallas, Bethel, Wheeling and Red Rock churches—one of the best charges we ever served, embracing a most happy period of our ministerial life. Great and grand revivals followed at of our appointments; and we remained the pastor of these churches until providence decreed that we should remove from the state and cast our humble lot with the people of Missouri.

We might occupy much space in giving particulars of remarkable revivals and conversions, but will not, only saying that one revival followed another, and hundreds were brought into the church of Jesus Christ. Often do we hear of the triumphant death of persons brought to Christ through our weak instrumentality. The fruit of these years of labor have been lasting and much of the grain has been garnered in glory, while quite an army is still on the way.

The Iowa annual council met at Weston while we lived there. During this council our second son was born, Dr. J.W. Durant, of Ohio, being the attending physician at the time, he being present as Fraternal messenger from the Christian Union of Ohio. This was a most interesting council, and much effectual work done. Dr. Durant proved a great help during his stay, both by counsel and excellent preaching. The doctor will long remember the large crowd that stopped with us, and the night he and the writer slept in the hay loft and gave the house to others. Dr. Durant visited at several points and was well received. His preaching was spiritual and intellectual. Several new preachers were ordained, and the work continued to go on in various parts of the state. The reports of the pastors evinced great zeal and much good fruit. The assembly on Lord's day met in the grove, and was immense. Doctor Durant preached the best sermon we had ever heard fall from his lips, and but for a rain coming up about the close of the service, the occasion would have been doubly delightful. How the failing shower made the "feathered birds flutter" for fear their plumage would get soiled. So ended the Weston council.

In resuming our Life History after a lapse of many years we propose taking up the thread of our narrative where we laid it down some thirty years ago and which left us at the close, of the Weston Christian Union annual council in Iowa. Shortly after the close of that council we removed our family to Wheeling, Iowa, where we organized a local church, and where the

several Churches of Christ served by us, had rented a neat parsonage, in which we resided for two years; until we decided to leave Iowa.

Shortly after the close of the annual council at Weston in 1868 we received a call to visit Missouri and meet with a people there, who had for twenty six years previous maintained an unsectarian church organization as an independent religious body. We met them in their annual meeting in which several local Churches of Christ were represented. Revs. R. Livingston, D. H. McClure and H. Holman were their preachers. In this conference the question of recognizing a general union with the general Christian Union of the United States came up, and afterward the preamble and resolutions by which these local churches became united with the churches at large known as Christian Union, was written by myself and signed by the entire committee, and thus the Churches of Christ in Missouri became the oldest organized churches in Christian Union, throughout the world. They had no sacrifice to make as they had occupied the same position assumed by the spontaneous uprising of the churches represented by the general Christian Union of the world.

About a year after the union was formed, R. Livingston, one of the Missouri ministers, who had come to these local churches a refugee from a sect in the state of Texas, concluded that he could make it. pay much better by abandoning the friends who took him up and cared for him in time of need, so he deserted the ranks, of Christian Union, and sought to destroy, or carry off with him, these Missouri Churches of Christ now in Christian Union. Brothers Greason, Albright, Holt, Whitsett and others wrote us of the trials the man Livingston had subjected by his betrayal and treason to them and the cause and asked us to prepare a circular letter to the local churches in Missouri by which to defend the churches from the attempted raid of this man and his backers. We wrote the letter and the brethren had it printed and generally circulated among the churches, the result being that the brotherhood remained firm and the Benedict Arnold prototype, failed in disrupting them to any serious extent, as he turned. his attention more to making war on the writer of the little tract, than to fighting and deluding our Christian Union brotherhood. We now dismiss this man who has sunk from view, and we long since lost sight of him, and all there is now left of his memory contains the stench of his betrayal of his benefactors and friends. The churches sought to maintain themselves as best they could, and in the fall of 1870 we accepted a call from these churches, to locate among them and serve them as pastor. The last council we attended in Iowa as a member thereof and acting secretary, was in September 1870, convened at Bethel chapel, where, under our pastorate a new house of worship had been erected. Rev. J.R. Ryan was president. Previously we have given accounts of the work in Iowa up to this annual council of 1870, and of the grand men and women of the cause in that state.

The farewell given us at the Bethel council will never be forgotten. as we recall the true men and women who took our hand, and with many tears and words of love, bade us "God speed." Many of them at this writing, are in heaven. Many of them were led to Christ under our humble ministry. All the old pioneers, except perhaps a half a dozen, are dead and gone home since we parted at that Bethel annual council.

Our last year in Iowa was one of much hard work, and almost continual revival. We also during the year held several blessed meetings in Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio and was one of the editors of the Christian Witness. During this year we published our book, "The Origin, Nature and Design of Christian Union", 1,000 copies, which were soon disposed of. Leaving much and many incidents unrecorded four pastoral and evangelistic work in Iowa, we will pass to, the beginning of our work in Missouri in the year of 1870.

Brothers J.B. Whitsett and P.P. Greason had taken teams and gone to Iowa to my old

home at Wheeling and removed our household goods to Haynesville, Missouri. Those brethren were boys then, now grey hairs adorn their brows. My wife and two children had gone to Illinois to visit her relatives, and I had made a few calls among the churches, and by the way was taken quite sick with constipation and malarial fever, and life had been despaired of, and my wife had been telegraphed to come to me, as the doctors thought death was certain. Before my good wife reached me I had taken a turn for the better and by the grace of God life was prolonged.

We hereby record our abiding recognition of the kindness of Brother and Sister Craver, of Mill Grove church, at whose home I passed through the sore sickness referred to.

My wife and youngest son then accompanied me overland in our buggy to our new home in Missouri, arriving at the house of J.J. Greason, long since departed to the better world, also Aunt Liby, his precious and kind wife who also since that time “wrapped the drapery of her couch around her, and laid down to pleasant dreams.” At the home of these dear saints we found a glad welcome on the part of all. Nearly all the children were then at home and a cheerful happy family they were. Soon after our arrival, we purchased a little home in the town of Haynesville, and permanently located in grand, old Missouri. The reception given us by all the brethren was such as might be expected of a true Christian people. Very soon every kind of provision was made for our comfort, and all seemed to vie with each other in seeing how welcome they could make the new pastor and his family feel. Everything needed by a family flowed in, and no charges were made against us on salary, for these comfort promoting exhibitions. Especially did the Whitsetts, Greasons, Holts and Albrights, seek to supply our every want. God has called many of them to glory since then, but we will never forget them.

Hardly had we become settled and commenced our work until the devil as usual set his helpers on us from the canip of sectdom, seeking to blacken our good name and shamefully prevent our usefulness. We issued a tract of recommendations covering places we had been for all the years of our past ministry, and to one were attached the names of some sixteen ministers of various sects and over 200 names of prominent men who had been well acquainted with our faithful labors for years. The persecution was introduced and pushed by Judas like men who had betrayed Christian Union and whom we had always opposed as raiders, such men as Smithson, Howard & Co., of Illinois, to whom we have referred. The Lord took care of us; and we began our first revival meeting in the town of Haynesville—Antioch local church—during which meeting over ninety persons came out on the Lord’s side; and among the number was Rev. Dr. Mitchell, now president of Grand River college, and for some twenty odd years has been president of the annual council of the Churches of Christ in Christian Union, of Missouri. Previous to that time, he was dealing in hard, dry and wet goods in Haynesville, and making way with no small quantity of the wet to his own injury. From that meeting covering all these years this dear brother has had our constant aid and more than any other two men in all our ranks have we gone out to battle together for the Lord.

Many of the subsequently useful men of Antioch church were brought into the fold at this meeting; and in a few months a large and commodious new church edifice was erected and dedicated to God, the sermon being preached by Rev. J.R. Ryan, of Iowa, and the dedicatory ceremonies conducted by the writer. Victory succeeded victory. We brought before the church the name of G.W. Mitchell, and he was licensed to preach; and from that day to this he has been abundant in labors. All these years we have unceasingly sought to promote the usefulness of this brother, and all others who have been willing to receive and appreciate the help of one who came to this neglected field in a “dark and stormy day,” and by real labors of love have made fields of usefulness possible for such as have since entered this “holy war” for pure New Testament

Church of Christ order. That our pioneer work has not been recognized by ambitious and more recent claimants for distinction and eminence, is no more than to be expected for there is so much selfishness extant many forget first causes.

Following the great revival at Haynesville, came a similar work at Salem chapel, near Claysville; the home of B. Faucett, of precious memory. Here also lived Uncle Freddy Miller, another pioneer, and Ralph Faucett, now in glory, and Rev. D.H. McClure, today with the redeemed host; the Hausers, a family historic in Christian Union, many of whom are on the other side of the river, while others are still on the way, as ever true to the divine principles of the Churches of Christ. In our grandly glorious work at Salem, such royal and loyal brethren as J.A. Williams, A.J. Vaughn, Uncle George Madden, A.J. Hurt, McCulloughs, Nichols, Sailors and many others were enlisted in the cause of unity and purity, Christian Union.

The power of the Infinite commanded the meetings, and the altar was filled with penitents from night to night. Conversions were clear and powerful, and additions of good substantial members flowed into the church, and "old Salem," (as the organization was called) took on a new and higher life. At this meeting while distributing tracts a young lady refused to accept one offered her; she afterwards said that she was afraid it would cause her conviction; but God knew how to handle her case, and made the very fact that she refused to accept the tract the occasion of her conviction and subsequent conversion. "Cast thy bread upon the waters" for we know not how the Holy Spirit may prepare the way; and how He may use small things to bring about great results. For many years we served this church as pastor, and each year we had times of refreshing, until a couple of the members became involved in a little business trouble. As pastor we refused to allow the matter brought into the church session, so one of the contestants told me "if I would not let the matter come before the church they—he—would see to it that they called a pastor that would;" and they did call one who brought the matter that two brethren alone should have adjusted, before the entire church; sides of course were taken, and the church rent and torn and left bleeding, was the result, and the personal matter between the two remained unsettled until the death of the main contestant settled it, he dying without having his desire, except that the other brother and his friends left the church, and much harm was done to Zion.

We here as often before record our standing protest against personal business disputes between members ever being allowed to come before the local church—as all such matters as well as immoralities should be privately adjusted as set forth in Matt. 18:15. To blazen before the world and church, our private troubles, involving others therein, and jeopardizing the cause of Christ by contemptible church trials show an unholy spirit, and indicates more desire for revenge than soul saving. As a pastor for thirty six years we have never had what is called a "church trial" on any of the many charges we have served. We seek to rescue the erring and fallen, not sink them deeper into degradation and, moral ruin. Salem has had many good and true men as pastors, but she has never fully recovered from that one ill advised step, forced upon her by one of her best members yet in that particular business matter, was very far out of the true line of brotherly adjustment; although he was morally right in his just claim, but wrong in insisting on trying to settle the matter by dragging it before the church.

Following the great first revival at Salem in 1871 we held an equally, blessed meeting at Union chapel in Ray county. This was the home of that prince among men and preachers, Brother Hardy Holman, long since departed to the sunlit clime. He was a self made man, a powerful and able preacher, a winner of souls, and after the revival at his local church took on a higher life experience, and became more useful than in all his previous life. Here too, lived Brother James Whitsett, who sickened and died shortly after we came to the work. He was one

of the best men I ever knew. Father Titus was a member here, and Brothers Glasscock, McAdams, Clevenger, Cox, Russell, and a host who professed religion during our pastorate—among the number being Rev. A.B. Sanderson, since a successful preacher, now some where in the far west and connected with the Methodist itinerancy. Brothers Green, Murray Sargent, Harder, and others were members of this local church in those days—many we do not now recall.

Many times of wonderful power were experienced during our labors with Union church, and a new era dawned upon her spiritual and organic life. The shouts of salvation often made the house of prayer ring with the voice of hallelujah and glory to God. After many years of successful service, and when new men had been raised up, others took our place with this dear people and have served them well and faithfully, and the name of the Lord is exalted. Union, was among those churches that had been preyed upon by traitors before we came to their help, but no one however wise, could shake the faith and Christian Union of such a body of vital and truly saved men and women. Several annual councils have been held, with Union, and the hospitality of her people was never lacking in anything. Brother William Mosely, a faithful true helper, who never fails to be at the services and councils, is a useful member of Union, at whose home we always found welcome. We look back over the long years we served this church and rejoice that God always sealed our efforts with this dear people to the glory of Christ the Lord. From this local church, since we knew them, have gone out some of our best gospel workers, such successful preachers as J.W. Harder whose first start was seconded and encouraged by us; also Joseph McAdams, a prince among men, an appreciative, true and loyal man, who has never gotten beyond the remembrances of the help we gave him in the beginning of his ministry, and ever since. Brothers. Swafford and others were the cherished and nourished children of this church and its pastor. In later years W.P. Hunt, a sweet singer and Holy Ghost workman has gone out from Union to work for the Lord, receiving the seal of divine approval as a reward for his humble and teachable, meek and devoted course. We also recall Brother Andrew Arnote, as among the early young ministers to whom we gave our hand, and good cheer, than whom a more useful, humble worker cannot be found in all Christian Union. He is a leader of the work now so successful in Oklahoma. Nearly every successful preacher in the useful ranks in Missouri, and the general Christian Union, were helped and encouraged by us, and the most of them ordained by the laying on of our hands and prayer for their future success—nor have we forgotten our pledges and charges given those dear brethren in the several states. Some of them conceive that they have passed far beyond the need of our or advice, and have been careful to show their forgetfulness of the help the old pioneer gave them when they needed help, but to God be all the glory for the good done by those whom in spite of everything we love, as our children in Christian Union.

As members of Union in those early days were Father and Mother Goodman, who used to get so happy and shout; both of them have years since died and gone to glory. They lived near the town of Vibbard and urged me to hold a series of meetings in that village so we prayed and after several months felt called to go and after preaching at Union one day, told Mother Goodman to go home and pray also, announce a protracted meeting for Vibbard to begin on a certain evenings “Bless the Lord,” said Mother Goodman “I will pray every day for a revival of Holy Ghost religion at Vibbard,” and her prayers were answered as the reader, will see further on.

Our next revival meeting was held with Jasper church, near where Excelsior Springs is now located. Brother Henry Odle lived here, Rev. D.H. McClure not far away. We began the

meeting certain from the start that victory was promised by the Lord. In a few evenings the Holy Ghost came upon the people and the altar of prayer was crowded and over forty happy conversions followed, and the church lifted aloft by divine power never before experienced. At Jasper lived L.H. Worthington, whom I was told was a bright man, well read, and a good citizen but skeptical. We noticed him in the meetings, we sought no controversy, but declared “the old fashioned gospel.” By and by our infidel inclined friend sought salvation and most signally saved and called to preach. He was encouraged by us all, he followed the leadings of the Holy Spirit and became, one of the best gospel preachers in the field. Studious, teachable, lovable, willing to be helped, we found that he did not outgrow the need of human and divine assistance, and it has ever been our pleasure to render every possible aid to such brethren. He had one of the best of wives, whose heart and prayers have gone with this dear brother.

Jasper Church of Christ in Christian Union for years continued under our pastoral care, and prosperity crowned those years. Several of our new men whom we had aided and sought to up lift began to bear fruits, and to render valued help, such as Revs. Mitchell, Beal, Worthington, and Harder. The old heroes—two of them—Revs. McClure and Holman, were not indifferent to the hard and faithful efforts made, and always came to our aid when we called upon them, and by their words of cheer and love inspired us to still greater endeavors for Christ and His church. In those formative crystallizing times our dear good brethren did not (any of them) seem to entertain any jealousy, or desire to over ride the suggestions and admonitions of the humble brother whose only ambition was to effectually succeed the cause of Christian Union in Missouri, and throughout the United States.

During these years we edited the Christian Witness, published in Ohio, and no rivalries sought to crowd out, or relate the name of our Christ and His holy catholic church as unfolded in Christian Union; to rear, for policy, pay or prestige, or as leaders try to popularize themselves.

General council came on and as from the first we attended, and was the only representative from the west, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois having the balance of the power in the council. The council was harmonious and all returned their homes enthused for the promotion of primitive Church of Christ, apostolic order, as clearly set forth in the several reports of the standing committees of the council. (It is our intention to soon write a distinct history of every general council hence only incidentally refer to such meetings and their actions to this history.) Following the meeting and revival at Jasper, we held a successful meeting with the Benton church, near the home of Uncle Billy Sharp, Arnot and other good Christian Union adherents. Brother J.M. Beall assisted us in one meeting of several days at this place, and the spirit of revival was with us, and several happily converted and the church very much encouraged. We made our home with Brother Sharp and no preachers were ever treated better. Many of the old heroes of Benton are now dead and gone and the church has ceased to have an organization there.

It is proper to observe that while Benton church, one of the original “seven churches of Missouri,” has gone down, that its valid membership was transferred first to Mounds, where the writer held a revival for some ten days, with 90 professions. Out of these two churches and with new material gathered in, the church at Prairie Ridge was organized, and has since been served by Revs. Holman, Harder, Mitchell and Meek, and great good has been done by the labors of those good men. In the meantime a splendid house of worship had been erected, during the pastorate of Rev. Mitchell, and the writer hereof had the honor of dedicating the building and helping in several excellent meetings subsequently during the beloved pastorate of Brother Mitchell, who does not forget, nor think he has outgrown his “spiritual father” and old time tutor

in his theological training for the holy work of the gospel ministry. Belonging to this church are many grand supporters of the Churches of Christ in Christian Union; such as William Arnote, Charles Hickman, William Sharp, and others with their estimable families. We believe Rev. J. C. Helm is a son of this local church; and by the way, a young man of power and usefulness, true to God and Christian Union. He is a revival worker, and ready to learn; not like some who are so far ahead of "the tried and true" who have "borne the burden and heat of the day;" as to show an oppositional repulsive, conceited spirit, forbidding assistance even where and when so badly needed that none but the grossly ignorant can at once see it; no, no, Brother Helm is more than an ordinary man a close student, a prayerful sweet spirited, appreciative brother, to whose success it is a pleasure to contribute, because you know he is not bigoted and self conceited; but while "wise far above many of his fellows," is humble and respectful to those who, have had a life time of experience, and many superior opportunities. We feel proud to think we laid our hands on such a clear head, and clean hearted man of God, in ordination. Before this noble young man is a great future if he, remains humble. and imbibes the spirit of the ever pure and holy Master, led by the Holy Ghost where no evil schemes control.

Many of the grand members of Prairie Ridge church, whom we knew so well and loved so much, have gone over the divide, and are happy in the sunlight of the paradise of God. Others we often met at Benton, Mounds and Prairie Ridge, have removed to the far west, or the far south, from whom we only seldom hear; although several of them take and read The Witness Herald, and often write asking us to visit them and set a local Church of Christ in order among them. Worshiping frequently with the Prairie Ridge church we have met a very precious holy brother by the name of Martin, whom the Holy Ghost has often signally blessed as a preacher of entire sanctification. Had this dear good brother answered to his call in the order of the Church of Christ in Christian Union, and not have been misled by the error of "comeout-ism" in his entrance upon a holy experience, he might have today been the means of setting in order..a host of local Holy Ghost New Testament Churches of Christ, but there has been so, much wishy washy and erroneous teaching on the position of Christian Union, that good men form the false idea that Christian Union is another sect; when it is only a principle of the true Church of Christ and leads to freedom in holiness and away from all sectarian intolerance and sin apologizing.

At the first annual council in Missouri, the writer was chosen secretary of the council this being in the fall of 1871, and to this office, we have been elected from year to year, for twenty six years, besides serving on various committees every year, being generally for all these years the chairman, of the committee on examination and ordination of candidates to the gospel ministry of the Churches of Christ in Christian Union.

During most of these years besides acting as pastor of local churches, we have extensively evangelized, often called to hold, meetings for old charges of years ago. After an absence of twenty years we received a call to Polo, Illinois, to conduct a meeting for the Church of Christ there, Rev. Doctor Dressers being pastor. This was the home church of the now glorified Brother and Sister Allaben, two of the dearest friends we ever had. The meeting was a glorious one and some forty came out on the Lord's side. Brother Dresser, we learned some years ago, was suddenly called to his reward, since when, from being neglected, this once powerful local Church went down, and their property was sold. Dr. Allaben dying, and the church being off to one side, was, unfortunately situated, and not able to support a pastor. alone. We received urgent invitations to again take charge of this local church, but the distance was too great, and our other duties forbid removing to that dear old stamping ground of our early ministry. Many of those dear ones are now in glory. But we must return to the general line of

our history

According to promise we began our series of meeting at Vibbard. In a few evenings the Lord sent the spirit of conviction on the people and the altar was filled with penitent seekers. Conversions became general and numerous, until nearly every citizen of the village became Christians and united with the church. Among those who aided us in this good work was Father and Mother Goodman, before mentioned. We also had the effectual cooperation of Brother J.N. Crowley, a cattle dealer and merchant of large acquaintance and influence, and by whose aid more, than any other the work was amazingly prospered, and to the day of his death from a cancer, we had an abiding faithful friend in brother J.N. Crowley, his estimable wife and children.

Never do we ever expect to find truer or dearer, or more esteemed friends outside of our own family, than Brother Crowley and family. His widow is still a member of my charge, residing now at Excelsior Springs. After the death of Brother Crowley, the family scattered somewhat, but whenever and wherever we have found them, they are still our abiding friends. During this meeting Rev. J.W. Harder, then a young minister, identified himself with the Vibbard church and rendered efficient aid to us, during the many years of our pastorate. Dr. J.M. Shackelford, who afterward married Miss Bettie Crowley, and in a few years died from consumption, and whose funeral we preached, was among the converts of this meeting. Also Brothers D.G. McDonald, B. Magill, Dr. Gordon, and a host too numerous to mention; many of whom have gone to heaven, and others are still on the way. Revs. Hardy Holman, D.H. McClure, and William Dickey aided us in many ways at this time. Also T.B. Harder, William Gant, and F.M. Snell were leaders in singing. Fond and numerous dear memories rise up as we reflect upon the history of our work at Vibbard. For years we continued to be the pastor of this church, and many repeated seasons of revival power were granted unto pastor and people. The church finally built them a house of worship, which was subsequently destroyed by fire; to be since rebuilt, and the work continues as a fixed fact. Since we set the church in order at Vibbard, and since our pastorate closed with them, many of our best ministerial brethren have served this people effectually, and we have aided most of them in revival meetings. Such useful laborers as Dr. Mitchell, Revs. J.M. Newell, J.W. Harder, J. McAdams and J.C. Helm. Living near this place is the royal and beloved family of our now sainted Brother McIver, a family of every excellence. Brother J.R. McIver, a bright and brilliant man of God, has done great service for the cause at Vibbard, Salem, and all over the state. He was converted during a revival Dr. Mitchell and I conducted at old Antioch several years ago, since which time our noble young brother has been a helper indeed. He is the general agent and treasurer of the Missouri annual council, having charge of all our farms, funds and extensive business, and in no sense is our superior brother found deficient in duty. Councils and special meetings and revivals have marked the history of our connection with the Church of Christ at Vibbard, and eternity alone will reveal the great good done at this place, extending all over the country. Out from this church many grand influences have gone, sowing seed in regions beyond. We have preached the funerals of many of its members and married many of its sons and daughters to beloved companions. When the day of reckoning comes, many bright jewels will come from the toll, sorrow, trials and suffering endured by many years of labor, of love for the people of this little village.

Amid the pastoral services of those years we visited at times all the state and general councils and many of the Churches of Christ in Christian Union in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Arkansas. In some of these states we aided in establishing churches and councils, and dedicated scores of church buildings. We have

never known a minister who has or organized more local churches, or dedicated as many church edifices as we have, and to God be eternal praise and glory.

During most all these years, we acted as an editor of the Christian Witness, helping to carry loads under which, at times, we felt that we could carry them no farther; yet there are those today to whom our hard labors made place and possibilities for them, who seek to snatch from us, even a crown of laurel, or ivy leaves; and arrogate to themselves all the credits justly due the one who entered the forest and felled the sturdy trees almost alone with God in those hours of toll and danger—afraid to show just recognition, so easily toppled over into worldlings and money worshipers those who blazed out the way in the wilderness. The thought that just and honest faith God is after is the main solace of the self sacrificing gospel worker and pioneer. We can take comfort in the reflection in the truth that the root of an apple tree, concealed from the eye, goes down into, the soil, feeling its way after earth food and water and drawing up nourishment for every limb and leaf, so a truly converted soul learns to go down into Christ for his spiritual nourishment. He learns to find in Christ not only pardon and peace, but power to resist temptation. He learns the sweets of fellowship with his Master; and so close is his intimacy with Christ that in times of trouble or perplexity he has only to put the question, “Lord what wilt thou have me do?” A genuine joyous Christian life is such an inner partnership with Jesus that the believer can say: “I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me.” This faith is not a mere opinion, nor it is a mere emotion. It is our grip on Christ, and His grip on us. Saving faith means the junction of our souls to Jesus Christ. The mightiest of all spiritual forces is the Christ faith, because it puts the omnipotent Lord Jesus into our soul as an abiding presence and an almighty power. It was no idle boast, therefore, when Paul exclaimed, “I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.”

Paul knew whom he believed. In the days, of my boyhood it used to be said of a person who was converted that “he had experienced religion.” A good phrase that; for a religion that is not a genuine heart experience is not worth the having. The poor weaklings in our churches have had but little or nothing of this experience. They joined the church more than they joined Christ. If they had ever experienced the incoming of Jesus into their hearts, and had experienced a new birth by the Holy Spirit, they would not so easily topple over into worldlings and money worshipers and moral cowards—too often into disgraceful defalcations of character and jealousies.

We held a series of meetings at what was called Rocky Fork, and although a school house, we had an excellent meeting, and new life was imparted to the local church and a number of additions were had. Brothers Swafford, McGaw and several others who have gone to their heavenly home, stood by us in this meeting. For want of a suitable place to worship the church labored under serious disadvantage. We held numerous revival meetings covering wide territory, to which we cannot now make mention, leaving much to appear from our journal after we, too, have gone to sleep. We have held over 200 revival meetings during our ministry, with over 10,000 professions of religion, and organized over 150 local churches. To God be the glory for ever and ever.

We conducted a number of successful revivals with the old and established local churches during all these pastoral and evangelistic years.

Under our labors so many local churches have been set in order, and so many revivals conducted that to particularize would require all our space; for months to come.

In the meantime we removed to Missouri City where we resided and did an extensive dry

goods business for years. In this city we aided our Methodist brethren in a gracious revival, doing about, all the preaching, but made no effort to establish a local church. In the course of time we took up the Excelsior Springs enterprise, commencing with one spring hidden away among high weeds, in an uninviting, obscure, apparently worthless section of Clay county, Missouri. We had the water analyzed, finding out their great mineral medical value, then formed a partnership with the owners of the land, and with a straw stack in a little valley began advertising the water and noting the marvelous cures. We laid out a town, calling it Excelsior Springs, named all its streets, and other springs, and from a straw stack, in one year we built up a town of 600 inhabitants, and almost every line of business and trade was set in motion. Fine hotels, opera house, and above all, a church edifice erected, largely by the writer, and a local Church of Christ with sixty members "set in order." The town has become a city of over 3,000 with six church edifices, \$100,000 hotel, a \$35,000 Music hall, brick blocks, fine school buildings and an academy, two railroads, electric tights, gas lights, macadamized streets, sewerage system, water works, and every other city appearance and evidence, of prosperity. The greatest revival meeting ever held in the city was held in the chapel of the Church of Christ in Christian Union. Over 500 have been and are members of this church. We established and edited three newspapers and one monthly magazine in this city. We also conducted a dry goods, clothing, drug business, and, real estate business, and at all times served as pastor from three to five local churches, never for one hour slighting our ministerial duties and obligations to God and the holy Church of Christ. In some of our revivals here as many as 136 converts professed religion during the one series of meetings; and God is still with us here at our home church, of which we have been pastor ever since it was organized. During January 1897 under our labors, one of the most powerful revivals of religion was granted the church of Excelsior Springs. We have been persecuted and beset on the right and and left by enemies, principally sectarian bigots and men who owe us various sums of money for accommodations when they could not help themselves, and have sought to pay us by secret and malignant abuse at home and abroad; but time, the avenger, sets all things even, and our victory is complete in Jesus name and by divine defenses.

We also established churches at Bogard, Cowgill, Deerfield, Mt. Hebron, Oak Grove, and elsewhere in Missouri. Argentine and elsewhere in Kansas. At nearly all the local churches we have served, good houses were built or old ones remodeled and improved, and still the work goes on and our life history can only contain a titling of the work we have done.

Early in the development of Excelsior Springs, we took the initiative to erect the first house of worship and organized the first church of Christ in Christian Union in this city with sixty members. Became the pastor, and have continued pastor thereof for the past sixteen years. In the erection of the church edifice Brother B. Faucett, of precious memory, advanced \$1,000 of the \$2,200 required to build the house and complete it. The writer gave the lot, and nearly the entire balance besides taking all the burden of the work on his hands; and also afterwards paid back to Brother Faucett part of his contribution by turning over to him all the outside subscriptions secured and which Brother Faucett under took to collect, amounting to several hundred dollars. How much was collected by Brother Faucett to reimburse him for his \$1,000 we never learned did not care to learn. The property was so deeded that it became the property of the annual council of Missouri but to be free to the, Church of Christ in Christian Union at Excelsior Springs, so, long as an organization was maintained therein by said Church of Christ. Revival after revival has been the history of the church under our pastorate and over 500 different persons have been, or are members, of this one local church; our last great revival being

in December and January last during which over 100 persons united with the church and more than that number were happily converted. The writer hereof did all the preaching and led in the good work aided by as noble and self sacrificing people as ever stood by a faithful, humble pastor. During this meeting our son, Charles A. Flack, was gloriously converted and called to the ministry. Praise the Lord.

Ever since we have fought the battles of the Lord in this city, most of the sects have inveigled against us their jealousy, on account of the scripturalness of our principles known in Christian Union, and all manner of persecutions and personal animadversions at times have been hurled at us because they felt the spirit of rivalry and malignant animosity not so much on the account of the pastor, as the accuracy, sect overthrowing doctrine of Bible truth in liberal apostolic Christian Union. To do us damage was a way of hindering the Church of Christ in Christian Union of which we acted as pastor and spokesman. We were in their way; but happily most all of that work of the devil has died out and good will, amity and brotherly love now prevails. Many of the old bigots and sectarian, zealots have died and a better stock has taken their places. Better men fill their several pulpits and Christian Union sentiments prevails in the minds and hearts, of the present generation more and more.

The persecutions at times have been awful and aggravating but out of them all the Lord has delivered us and the Church of Christ in Christian Union at Excelsior Springs is the largest and most aggressive local church we know of in the connection. We say aggressive because it is a working, active, vital church, with a superb Sunday school the year round, a Y.P.C.U., a strong and spiritual prayer meeting, a working Woman's Aid society, and a choir equal to the best. With this church much of our most pleasant years of gospel work have been passed. In this church there never been what is called "a church trial," or a "muddle." From this point Christian Union principles, have been scattered all over the world and information secured here have time and again led to the establishment of good churches and charges in other parts of the world. The work enlarges and goes onward, and God is in it all and will be to the end of time.

At the time we founded Excelsior Springs city, we lived at Missouri City, conducted a dry goods house and served four local churches, and edited the Christian Witness at McArthur, Ohio, traveled all over the Christian Union field, expended more money than we received, helped in revival work, dedications, annual councils, and in every possible way sought to promote and defend gospel Christian Union, encourage and help the younger ministers to greater efficiency and mold the work so far as able, for solidity and enduring usefulness.

About this time another raid was made on Christian Union, led by one McCune, of Cincinnati, and W.B. Wellons, of Suffolk, Virginia. McCune was a visionary fellow who, wanted to lead out in what he called "Church Unity," and advocated a theory favorable to a human creed. Wellons was the leader of the southern wing of the New Light denomination, and already had a great creed he and his people had adopted. They were loud for Christian Union on their creed basis. We opposed their creed system and some of our good meaning but susceptible brethren thought Christian Union meant just anything in the name of union; net seeing the suicidal fallacy of being led by designing men to stultify past avowals and surrender our palladium of liberty, name and only true basis for scriptural Christian Union; hence, gulled by such schemes at first, some fell into the trap, antagonized the Christian Witness, of which the writer was editor, and sought to take the paper out, of our management, the better to deceive our honest, less informed and unsuspecting brethren. We surrendered the paper, when some of those same ambitious fellows let the paper die and were without a publisher, because our people everywhere withdrew their support from the would be "sell out" of Christian Union. At this

juncture in connection with J.W. Bowen, of McArthur, Ohio, we commenced the publication of "The Christian Union Witness or Olive Branch of Peace," and the result was that McCune & Co., were defeated in gobbling up Christian Union as a contribution to their raiding genius and a paper they called the Christian Unity, then published at Cincinnati, Ohio. McCune soon after suspended, went to the far west and sank from view. Dr. Wellons in a few years died at his home suddenly, the other parties to this raid have since died, one of them having left Christian Union and united with a rigid sect soon after he failed in his raid, and still another came to sad grief and was disfellowshipped by all who knew his iniquities.

These times, that tried men's souls were passed through to maintain and preserve the life and identity of genuine Christian Union in contra distinction to the whim of Christian Unity, demanding oneness of views on minor doctrines of men and hence a human creed to set them forth to suit the would be leaders and sect builders from Cincinnati, Ohio, and Suffolk, Virginia. Christian Union would have been a thing of the past had those raiders and designers been let alone to go on with their deception. Many cruel and hard words were heaped on our head by less informed, unsuspecting men when we stepped into the breach again, as when Smithson & Co., sought to carry the Churches of Christ in Christian Union over to the M.E. church south in 1864-5. Nothing was much too vile and devilish for those men to parade falsely against us because we defended Christian Union front their wicked satanic self adulating designs. So it has ever been, so it will be. We do not rejoice in it, but we have lived to see all such enemies who had evil designs on us, as we then stood by Christian Union the Bible basis (as we do now) come to grief and miserable defeat, most of them to fearful disasters—loss of position, place, power, money, health, and life itself. God have mercy on the souls of all such.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith Lord."

"Touch not mine anointed, do my servants no harm."

"Though the wicked join hand in hand they shall not go unpunished."

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,

The eternal years are her's;

"While falsehood writhes in ceaseless pain,

And dies amid its worshipers!"

During the years, many advances were made, many local churches in Christian Union set up, many good ministers came in, scores of whom we had the distinction of ordaining by "the laying on of hands." The McCune, Wellons and Shaw raid in favor of "the Cincinnati creed" did no serious harm after we began the publication of the new paper. We here wish to record that at a council held in Ohio, attended by McCune, Shaw & Co., designing to steal the control of the Witness so as to use it to promote their aims, a contest came up, and an attempt was made to, do the writer hereof all possible harm and injustice and wrest the editorial control of the old Christian Witness out of our hands; although in connection with J.W. Bowen, the then publisher, we had expended hundreds of dollars to resurrect the paper that McGuffey, Shaw & Co., by fighting, quarreling and bad management had broken down at Columbus, Ohio, and had destroyed the "C.U. Printing and Publishing association," and an office outfit said to be worth \$30,000. Our best brethren had been wheedled out of large sums, and then the paper suspended, and by and through the tricks of J.G. McGuffey (a sly lawyer) all was lost to the association and the editor, with others, lost many hundred dollars in stock and due him for expenses and services. As above stated at the Ohio council an attempt was made, not only to oust us from the editorial management of the paper, but to do our teachings and hence reputation personal injury; and right here we wish to record in appreciative memory that after all the years of trial since, and the

betrayal of Christian Union, that H.J. Duckworth and G.W. Hagans then the ablest men on that council floor, most bravely and courageously undertook our cause and defied and defeated the dirty work attempted by McCune, Shaw & Co. The reason of our absence was on account of sickness and inability to make the long trip to the council, and beside, had not received an inkling of the satanic scheme of the cowardly creatures who sought to stab an absent brother and rob him of both money and reputation, all of which they would have done had it not been for the Christian manliness of Brothers Hagans, Duckworth and certain other honorable men; but to those two brethren, we owe a lasting tribute for a duty well and honorably performed; and wherever and whatever those two old time friends go or do, we shall never forget their Christian bravery and loyalty to the right and fair play on that occasion. The villains whom Satan led in that infamous raid, have all either died, lost their influence, or sank from view. The curse of God will ever follow such would be murderers and character assassins, who for the sake of gain and preeminence betray financial, moral and Christian obligations to, faithful brethren.

Some men incline to forget history and the services of the pioneers, and in selfishness sneer at the records thereof; while they, like those gone before, seek to repeat the same acts of violence and disloyalty to more than oath bound fraternal obligations; but God never dies—never slumbers or sleeps and true men can well afford to “abide the time of the Almighty.” During these years I was never more abundant in labors. We had extended the fields of our operations in Missouri into new sections, and many revival meetings were led by us, not only on our own charge but on the charges of other regular pastors. We aided in meetings in Iowa, Illinois, Ohio, Kansas and Arkansas. Attended most of the annual councils, and all the general councils save one, ever held by representatives of the Churches of Christ in Christian Union. We, dedicated a number of Church houses every year, extending over all the states in Christian Union. Hundreds and thousands were converted and new local churches rallied to the holy and divine order of Christian Union, purity and unity. About this time, February 1885, after years of study and clear scriptural proofs that it was “the will of God even our sanctification,” we reached that point when “the body, soul and spirit” was perfectly emptied of all of self, all of Zinzendorfian and Keswick doctrines, all fear of fanaticism, persecution, slander, loss of friends, influence, good name, gain or fame and when thus emptied, all alone in our study, the blessing came, the mind was illuminated, the heart made to overflow with “perfect love,” hatred of every type of sin prevailed, the personal presence of Christ felt time and again from the moment of our conversion, now was a living demonstrable real presence, felt within, throughout and without our entire interior and exterior being a before we saw that “Christ is All.” New emotions, new ambitions, new and sweeter tendencies flowed through us as streams of warming light, and sin became hateful, in such a reality, that it seemed monstrous; and selfish pride, honor and glory were supplanted with a willingness to live or die, only so the name, and religion of Christ might be exalted. This as subsequent to our pardon; of which we had a daily and hourly assurance, was to us the second great specific dealing of Christ with “our body, soul and spirit,” for we are as sure that “The very God of peace sanctified us wholly, and preserved us without blame”—while our faith was staid on Him—as we ever was certain we lived. We regret that honest candor compels us to record, that since the eighth day of February, 1885, we, amid the sore trial, bodily affliction and temptations, have twice lost the conscious sense of this blessed holiness experience, and by long and tearful struggles known alone to God and ourself, regained the sweet blessed treasure, and the “renewing of the Holy Ghost;” yea and the “baptism of divine fire,” following the “touch of our lips with a live coal from off the altar.” O, how precious, how dear the loving Christ is, and has been to us; to pity the weakness of the flesh, and draw our poor

soul out of the devil's net, and today as I write I realize "full assurance of faith," and "entire deliverance from the power of sin and Satan." Saved from sin and sanctified to the righteous will of an indwelling Christ.

Immediately following, (and ever since) our profession and advocacy of sanctification, we have been persecuted, maligned and misrepresented both by fanatical second blessing cranks" and by "first blessing" hobby riders. The first because our light does not lead us into the abuse and unchristianizing extremes, certain wild well meaning person have gone, as to the frailties, faults, mistakes and habits of "new born children of God," making a hue and cry about what our Father's children shall eat and drink, work and wear as we cannot see good in "come out" radicalism, and stereotyped parrot talk, and boastful, overbearing, fault finding, domineering touching materialism's over which some avowed holiness would be lords inveterately and immoderately inveigh, we become the object of their dictum and meddling criticism, and often wicked and ignorant vauntings. It is not our aim to justify any sin, in origin or in motion, but many vindictive so called professors are, so earnest, and with "zeal without knowledge," that they do not seem to discover that the very spirit they manifest toward others is the most cruel, arrogant invective kind of sin. We have pity and charity even for a crank, or a fanatical hobby rider—but such persons are too narrow; vain, conceited and ignorant, to understand love. Then comes along those "Get it all pardon" "one work" cranks—and fanatics, whose stock in trade consists in parading the folly of cranks, and hypocrisies, dishonesties back sliding and tomfoolery as their arguments against genuine Holy Bible, Holy Christ, Holy Ghost, sanctification or "Holiness without which no man can see. the Lord." Both are alike wrong and both are constant persecutors and hindrance to Christ's religion.

"Ye are my witnesses," and when the Lord pardons or purifies the soul, we should testify to the work done—that is revealed order. If we have never obtained purity of heart, of course we know nothing experimentally about that experience; but millions do know and so aver—the fault is ours if we have no sanctification to testify to, and it is not strange that the conscious sense of its absence. creates aversion to those who are so, far beyond us in favor with God, power and salvation, but to persecute, slur and remark falsely about the experience of others is the disposition of all more or less, who live "a sinning and repenting life;" and claim "we are all poor miserable sinners, and there is no soundness in us, and we sin every day and hour, and every breath we breathe. O, Lord have mercy on us, poor wretched and doomed violators of Thy holy law." According to such a prayer book, it is not any marvel that adherent thereto should persecute us, and scare the churches, and jealous priests declare we had gone insane, and every other lie the sinners and Satan could invent, at no further cost than wind and words. Actually, men in whom we had great faith before, falsified openly about our profession of sanctification, and created as much prejudice as they could before we could reach certain localities and they keep at it—perhaps more slyly. Calls came from far and near, from old friends who learned of our experience they too had entered Beulah land. The work widened. Soon many who were misled by "one work" theorists saw the light and today but very few of our people are known to oppose holiness.

The only thing about which we have ever felt concerned was: "Is it the teaching of God's Word;" then it has ceased to be a concern as to what course we should pursue so we stand for the Church of Christ and for Christian Union, pure and united on soul saving truths.

On a call from Rev. J. Clevenger and others, we went to Colorado, where with Brother Clevenger we :held a meeting at Bethel, resulting in the establishment of a good strong local church and from which the work has ever since gone forward land a good annual council was,

subsequently organized, over which we had the honor of presiding. Revs. L.H. Worthington, L. Stucker, J. Babb, Rosa Cline, W.V. Kniesley and other good workers have gone forward with the work. We have visited all the churches of Colorado, and a better people cannot be found. Recently great work has been done in Colorado at Colorow. Brother Kniesley and Sister Cline held a meeting with over 125 additions—all the active Church of Christ toilers in that field are well known to us and they are warm and very devoted friends. We also attended and organized a council in Arkansas, and visited Tennessee and assisted in an annual council at Grand Rivers, where we met that grand pioneer, R.H. Cook, J.M. Milstead, and other true men of God, who have wrought for the Churches of Christ in Tennessee. In Kentucky, these men, together with J.M. Cross, C.S. Murray and others have carried forward the true banner of Christ in Christian Union. We have many very dear, warm friends in Kentucky and Tennessee.

During this time we joined Rev. D.C. Moore in the Kansas field and assisted in organizing an annual council, over which we was honored as the presiding officer. Brother Moore for years did good work in Kansas. We also were called to Coyville, Kansas, where we dedicated a neat house of worship. Since, then we have frequently visited that dear people and aided them as best we could. At times visited all the churches in Kansas. Rev. A.J. Moore, now of Oklahoma, formerly did good service in the Kansas field and southwest Missouri, We personally know Brother Moore as a dear brother and true man of God, sound in the faith and good works.

Along about, this time we received a call to Webb City, where we dedicated a church edifice for the Church of Christ in Christian Union, of which church much has appeared in The Herald from time to time. We held them several revival meetings and many professed pardon and purity. Brothers Gibson and Martin have been standbys in this church, of which Brothers Watson, Moore and Harvey have been pastors. We also organized a local Church of Christ at Bogard, Missouri and held a series of meetings at De Witt. The work at these two places was very much crippled by a renegade preacher, who afterward left us and went into innocuous desuetude, and we lost sight of him. We held a revival meeting on the work of Brother Dewees at Indian Grove and had a gracious revival. From there we next pitched battle with Brother S. Quick, of Iowa, at Rose Hill, and had a precious meeting. We visited the town of Cowgill and organized a Church of Christ at that place, of which our now sainted Brother W.S. Coffman, was bishop elder, and Sister Metta Petty steward elder. Rev. D.C. Moore succeeded us as pastor of this church. We assisted Rev. Dr. Mitchell in a series of meetings at Prairie Ridge, and had a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Brother William Arnote, Ahaz Hickman and others, are pillars of Zion in this church. We also visited the work of Rev. A. Arnote, at Union, Mercer county, where we had a gracious season of grace with that matchless pastor. Rev. W.K. Johnson and S. Reasoner were members of this Church of Christ in Christian Union. We aided Rev. J.W. Harder in several meetings always most pleasant and delightful especially the meeting we held at Missouri Valley where some fifty were converted during the meeting.

With Brother Harder we had precious seasons of grace at Zion and Bethel. We dedicated the Pleasant Valley chapel, Rev. A. Arnote pastor. Brothers Parker and Robinson were prominent members of this church at that time. We also, dedicated a church house for Brother Arnote in Oklahoma, not far from Hennessy. We also visited Vernon county and organized the Bethel Church of Christ near Deerfield, where a good church edifice was built; and many seasons of grace continued to be enjoyed. Most prominent among the stays of this local church we mention Brothers Armstrong, the Taylors, Hunt, Knoxs, Mobleys, McKittricks, Harbinsons, and others equally tried and true to the cause.

We held a series of meetings at Argentine, Kansas, assisted by Rev. S. Quick, and organized a good local Church of Christ, which, during our pastorate, built a beautiful tabernacle, the dedication sermon being preached by Dr. Mitchell, of Christian Union college, and the dedicatory ceremonies conducted by the writer. Dr. J.J. Kelly, William Kent and others, are staunch supports in this church. It is impossible to go into particulars touching the extensive work we have performed, or to name a titling of the prominent helpers who have rallied around us. We cannot give data as to the work more than to mention results. We held a gracious revival meeting at Excelsior Springs at one time aided by Dr. Mitchell, at another time by Rev. A.B. Sanderson, and at another time by Rev. Jerry Clevenger; during these meetings over 200 additions were made. We held two revivals alone at this place, our home, and during both meetings over 200 were converted, several sanctified, and some 230 additions made. We held a gracious meeting at Union, Ray county, on the then work of Dr. Mitchell, who was taken sick, leaving the burden of the work on our hands.

In compliance with the invitation of Rev. J.W. Harder, we dedicated the new chapel at Union Valley, and subsequently served this local church as pastor, succeeding Dr. Mitchell, who succeeded Brother Harder. We aided Rev. J.M. Newell in a gracious meeting at Vibbard, also at Pollock, and from Pollock went to Mt. Harmony, where we dedicated a chapel for Rev. E.C. Ruth. We also aided Brother Newell in a meeting at Xenia. Previous to this we assisted Revs. French and Chappel in meetings at Pennville, Missouri. We assisted Brother Mitchell in a series of meetings at Lathrop, during which we took seriously sick and had to return home. During these seasons of home labor we visited Ohio, Indiana and Iowa, on several dedicatory occasions, and attended the various councils, and edited the organ of "the Churches of Christ in Christian Union," every week doing much work and keeping up an exhaustive correspondence; edited several books, also the Christian Union Songster. We organized a church at Mt. Hebron, where they built a neat house of worship, and where we had a gracious revival. In this local church we have a host of royal, loyal members, such as Brothers Harder, Harris, Seeks, Burd, Warnegar, Hicks, Wryinger, and many others, both brothers and sisters. We assisted Rev. J.E. Jenkins in a meeting at Oak Grove near Hardin, where we organized a new Church of Christ in Christian Union, with fifty eight excellent, members, of which church Brother Jenkins was chosen pastor. This was a wonderful meeting, held in the hot month of August, yet immense audiences thronged every service; contradicting the fallacy that "revivals cannot be held in the hot season of the year." This was truly a glorious work, and we had the support of all the meritorious people in the community.

We visited the entire field of Brother Quick in Iowa, preached on the work of Rev. C.S. Fair, also, the work of Rev. W.B. Pond; everywhere the welcome of friends of long ago was cordially extended. Thus the work has gone on. We have only given a general outline. Some day we may give a particular account of incidents of these years of labor and of love.

This closes the life history of Dr. Flack
as prepared by himself.

CONCLUSION

Every day however bright must have its sunset, every journey has its termination and every life its goal. Death is the finish of life—the conclusion of the book of our days. The days of the years of our pilgrimage are three score years and ten and if by reason of strength they be four score years yet is their strength labor and sorrow for it is soon cut off and we fly away. The great agnostic, Robert G. Ingersoll stood in the presence of his dead brother and said “My friends I am going to do, that which the dead often promised he would do for me.

“The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon and white the shadows were still falling toward the west he had not yet passed on life's highway point, but being weary for a moment he lay down by the way side, and using his burden for a pillow fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still.

“While yet in love with life and raptured with the world he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet after all it maybe best just in the sunniest happiest hour of all the voyage while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock and hear the billows roar over a sunken ship. For whether in mid ocean or among the breakers of the farther shore a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all. And every life no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy will at its close become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two great eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud but the only answer comes is the echo of our wailing.”

O blind unbelief, O short sighted mortality. These are beautiful words flowers in language, bouquets of mentality, apples of golden thought in pictures of silvery oratory, but the message contained is as dark as the midnight of despair and as comfortless as it he wail of lost souls in the regions of the damned.

The conclusion of a well spent life is not a wreck, it is not a tragedy. It is not an eternal night but the passing of a man, woman or child into the realms of :an eternal day. Which do we admire most, the creeping caterpillar or the winged butterfly. The caterpillar lies down in silence and wraps about him the winding sheet of the chrysalis, remains dormant for a time, then the chrysalis bursts and there comes forth the winged beauty, and we look on with admiration and delight and lose sight of the chrysalis and think only of the beautiful life that came from it.

When nearing death Victor Hugo, the famous author said: “Death is not life's close but rather the beginning. I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest that has been more than once cut down, and the new shoots are livelier and stronger than ever. I am rising I know toward the skies, the sunshine, is upon my head, the earth gives me her generous sap but heaven lights me with reflections of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why then is my soul the most luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail. Winter is upon my head but eternal spring is in my heart. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I can hear around me the symphonies of the worlds which invite me. For a half century I have written my :thoughts in prose, verse, history, romance, philosophy, satire, ode and song. I have tried all, but I feel I have, not said the thousandth part of what was in me. When I go to the grave I can say I have finished my life but my days work will begin again next morning.”

David said “Mark the perfect man and behold the upright for the end of that man is peace.” Not darkness but light. Not annihilation but eternal existence. Paul the apostle cried out in the triumph of his soul just before his execution. “The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith, hence forth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.” Stephen the first martyr as he fell under the heavy blow from

his cruel persecutors shouted “Behold I see heaven open and Jesus Christ standing on the right hand of God.” D.L. Moody the great soul winner said in his dying moment to his son, “Will this is my crowning day, this is my triumph, earth is receding, heaven is opening, God is calling me.” Cookman said “I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb.”

George Whitefield the man who swayed thousands upon thousands by the power of sanctified eloquence and won multitudes for Christ when he came to the evening of life’s day said, “My sun has risen, shone and setting—nay it is about to rise and shine forever.”

Jesus Christ conquered death and robbed the grave of all its gloom when He stood before the tomb of Lazarus and said to the weeping sisters, “Your brother shall live again.” “I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die,” and with a loud voice that reechoed through the Judean hills, he cried: “Lazarus, come forth,” and he that had been dead four days aroused from the slumbers of the tomb, lived and walked among men.

The scriptures declare that in the end of time “the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout and with the voice of the arch angel and the trump of God and the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air and so shall we ever be with the Lord.”

The poet threw a rainbow of glory over the end of the Christians way when he said:

“There is no death
The stars go down,
To rise upon some fairer shore
And bright in heaven’s jewel crown
They shine forever more.
There is no death—the leaves may fall
And flowers fade and pass away
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.
There is no death—an angel form
Walks o’er the earth with silent tread;
We bear our best loved things away
And then we call them dead.
And ever near though yet unseen
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no death.”

Rev. J.V.B. Flack in the midst of great activities both with tongue and pen as a preacher and an editor was suddenly called from labor to reward. And he who had been so wonderfully alive and so active in many ways came at last to the end of life’s row. He was full of his Master’s business. His very being was aflame with the interest of the cause of Christ and the salvation of souls, but in the midst of mature strength and vigorous manhood he was stricken down, in the glory of spiritual conquests suddenly stopped. The pen fell from his fingers and that tongue which had told the old old story so beautifully and impressively became silent in death. The sun had gone down, the day was done, and his eyes were closed for the last long sleep to, await the resurrection morn. He died a, busy man. He came to the sunset with his hands full of work and his brain planning new advances for our cause. If we could have had our

way we would have prolonged his days—we would have extended his work. Life is a problem unsolved and many things that occur along the way perplex us to know the why. Death passing by the aged and infirm desiring to go hence, strikes down the young and mature in the midst of their power. The vigorous and healthy succumb to the inevitable while the invalid lives on for many years in pain. But one thought comforts us: God knoweth best and doeth all things well.

In May 1906 the general council of the Churches of Christ in Christian Union met at Sell's chapel Homer, Indiana and Dr. Flack began to make preparations to go. He was over worked and nervous and wrote me the following letter just before he started.

Excelsior Springs, Mo., May 26, 1906.

My very dear Brother Jerry: It is my present calculation to start for the general quadrennial council on Monday next at 10 a.m. Though I feel very much indisposed having been troubled of late with my heart, until it seems at times as if it would stop going at all. And this late derangement is disturbing me no little being the most disagreeable feeling I ever experienced. It also affects the action of my lungs. And I am really afraid to go. But I have had several invitations to visit churches if only to preach for them once again. It is hard not to respond to such kindly manifestations of appreciation but no one knows save the Master and I the condition I am in. If I am careful I believe I will be able to continue my editorial work for years, but not if I undertake to do much preaching. I am keeping in close touch with the Lord and believe I know His will concerning me. I thank the Lord for the many new friends God is raising up to our cause. With God's help I propose to stand for the truth, the divine church of Jesus Christ and the holiness of His people. My life and means and my very hearts blood have been consecrated to the revealed teaching of the Bible through the Holy Ghost. I have not the least fear as to the disposition the dear Master will make of me in all the present and future. I only wish my brethren knew my heart and loyalty as the Lord does. Thanks for the late new subscribers you send. God bless you is my prayer. Yours fraternally. Pax Vobiscum Mizpah.

J.V.B. FLACK.

In company with Rev. G.W. Mitchell, Rev. A.C. Thomas, Rev. W.P. Hunt, Rev. H.S. Mitchell and J.W. Hyder he went to the event at Homer, Indiana, the seat of the general council arriving in due time and were assigned homes in the different families. The council opened and session after session had come and gone of which Rev. G.W. Mitchell was the honored president and Rev. Dr. Flack the secretary. June 1, while Dr. Mitchell, Dr. Klise and Dr. Flack were at the home of Brother Wash Veatch they were standing out in the barn lot talking. Brother Mitchell said he saw Dr. Flack stagger and act as if he was about to fall and he caught him and saw that something serious was the matter. He was carried to the house and a physician called and for days it seemed that the end was near, but finally he began to rally and seemed to be much better. The council closed and the preachers and delegates bade Dr. Flack farewell. Brother J.W. Hyder, the publisher of The Christian Union Herald and the publisher of this book and Rev. A.C. Thomas remained with Dr. Flack for about ten days and cared for him like true brethren, until Mrs. Flack could reach Indiana from Colorado where she had gone some time previously. As soon as she arrived at the home of Brother Veatch, she decided to bring him home. He lingered until August 13, then peacefully fell asleep in Jesus.

His remains were interred in old Salem church cemetery two miles north of Excelsior Springs, Missouri. The reader will pardon us for saying that no one could have done more for any one than Father and Mother Veatch and their son and his wife. They did everything within their power to assist the two Missourians in caring for Dr. Flack and that without "money and

without price.”

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The announcement of his death was heard with sorrow all over the country among our people and many others who knew him. The funeral service was held in the old church at Excelsior Springs of which he had been pastor so long. People came from different parts of the country. Several ministers were present as well as prominent men of other professions.

The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. George Mitchell, D.D., his life time companion in the work. The text was a very appropriate one. “A prince and a great man is fallen this day in Israel.” He was a prince because he had prevailed with God. When Jacob came to the ford of Jabok on his way to the home land he put all across the river, his flocks and his herds, his servants, his wives and his children but he himself tarried to pray and as he prayed an angel appeared and wrestled with him. And it was an all night struggle and when the day began to break the angel said let me go for the day breaketh, but he said I will not let thee go except thou bless me and he said what is thy name and he said Jacob, and the angel said Thou shalt no longer be called Jacob but Israel for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men bast prevailed.”

Dr Flack was a prince in that sense. He too could look back to that long night of wrestling with God, that time when he put all on the altar and God came in all the fullness of His love. And that was the secret of his great success. He had led thousands of souls to Christ and the secret of it was that he had first prevailed with God for himself. Here is the key note to soul winning, loyalty to God. Dr. Bonar a prominent clergyman of England said to Mr. Moody “It yet remains to be seen what God can do with a man who puts himself in His hands.” And Moody saw the point and hurried to place himself on God’s altar and multiplied thousands o:f souls won by him attest the truth of what Dr. Bonar said.

Dr. Flack was a prince in his position among men. Like Saul the first king of Israel he stood head and shoulders above the great masses of :the people. He was a man of medium size and fine personal appearance. He was highly educated, a man of great natural ability and a perfect Apollos in oratory. He was a man of magnetic power and as he faced an audience full of his subject and inflamed with the Holy Ghost people were swept off their feet and great audiences were often melted to tears or swayed by the power of God through man as the medium like some great field of grain bending under the power of an awful storm. Sinners were made to feel their lost and undone condition and crowded the altar crying for mercy. It is wonderful what power God gives to those who have placed themselves at His commands. “They who do know God shall do exploits.”

Charles G. Finney the great evangelist went to a place one time and held a meeting and while there went into a factory looked around on the people and without his uttering a word one after another fell to the floor until the entire company were on their knees sobbing aloud the penitence of their hearts. Dr. Flack was magical in his touch with souls. While in a sense he was a great doctrinal preacher and could present the claims of Christian Union in a way that would attract and impress any thoughtful hearer, yet he was preeminently a soul winner. He was indeed a fisher of men and multitudes of souls no doubt greeted him on the other side that he had led to Christ, and multitudes are following on.

He was a prince and remained so until his death in the fact that he could not be dethroned from the principles of right that he had espoused. He believed with all his heart in the Christ of the Bible, the plan of salvation and the principles of Christian Union.

Daniel the Hebrew immortalized his name in one act of loyalty. Notwithstanding a decree signed by the king to commit any one to the lions den who for thirty days made petition to

any one save the king, yet three times a day with his windows open toward Jerusalem he knelt upon his knees and prayed to the God of heaven, and it was that loyalty and devotion to, Almighty God that brought to his help the defense of heaven, and before the lions could leap upon their prey an angel descended and locked their mouths. It is principle that brings out the man.

After the great civil war had closed General Robert E. Lee the famous leader of the southern forces, returned home broken in health and bankrupted financially, to commence at the bottom and make his start in the world again, and provide for himself and family.

The managers of the Louisiana lottery came to him and asked him to become president of their institution. He was a thoughtful, conservative man and didn't wish to wound their feelings and he said "Gentlemen, I don't understand the business," and they said you don't need to understand the business. All we want is your name and reputation and your salary shall be ten thousand dollars a year." And General Lee pulled his faded coat of gray cross his breast and while his cheeks flushed with the insult he said, "Gentlemen, my name and reputation are all I have left and they are not for sale." And he went to Virginia and taught school for one thousand dollars a year and proved by his actions that he could not be pulled by money. So Dr. Flack on account of his superior knowledge and unusual ability and popularity as a pulpit orator had any chances to have sold out to some great denomination and have drawn a large salary the remainder of his days. I have been told that he was offered at one time a church in St. Louis and \$5,000 a year, but he was loyal to the cause he loved and would not sacrifice principle for any reward however great, but preferred to remain true to the cause of Christian Union, though it never at any time paid him one fourth of what he was really worth as a preacher, and an advocate of our cause. He often quoted in his sermons that beautiful poem which so vividly portrays the true man:

"I live for those who love me
For these; I know are true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too.
For all human ties that bind me
For the task my God assigned me;
For the bright hopes yet to find me
And the good that I can do.
I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
Twixt nature's heart and mine.
To profit by affliction
Reap truths from fields of fiction;
Grow wiser from conviction
And fulfill God's grand design.
I live for those who love :me
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit too.
For the cause that lacks assistance
For the wrong that needs resistance;

For the future in the distance
And the good that I can do.”

He was all affectionate husband and felt that he had one of the best women in the world as a companion. They lived happily together. She was proud of his talents and he was rich in her love. And when sick he always hurried home that he might be under the care of his faithful and loving wife.

He was an indulgent father. He admired and loved his children and often prayed that some one of his sons might succeed him in the Lords work. I would to God that this might yet be true. He was a great companion to his brethren in the ministry, and always had some good word of cheer for a discouraged preacher and a word of praise for the successful one. It was my happy privilege to spend many an hour with him in his study. In his books he associated with the great and good of fall the ages past. In the secret of his heart he leaned upon the bosom of the Christ and often heard the voice of God peaking to him. He never forgot an old time friend. When I visited him during his last days, and knelt beside the cot on which he lay, he put his arm around me and patted me on the back and said God bless you Jerry. Well for us if at the end of life it can be said of us as it can be truly said of him he crowded life's day with words of love and deeds of kindness and honest toil for the Master's cause and I feel sure he was not forgotten before God.

“Toil on and in thy toil rejoice
For toil comes rest for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the bridegrooms voice
The midnight peal—Behold I come.”

So we fall asleep in Jesus. We have played long enough at the games of life, and we grow tired of scene after scene in the drama of our own experience we come to the list act. The shadowy messenger appears and whispers I have come for you. The curtain drops, the scene closes. Nay the curtain lifts and a background of shining angels, a city of eternal splendor beyond an opening gate of pearl and a welcome from the king, greets us and we say with a smile upon our faces goodnight, goodnight.

JERRY CLEVENGER.

NEARING THE CITY—A MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

March 15, 1912 I was snowbound at Gilman City, Missouri, and in order to get to my appointment at Excelsior Springs I had to go by way of Kansas City over the Rock Island, R.R. The train I went on was three hours behind time, making it just midnight as we were approaching the city. As I looked out of the car window and saw the lights breaking into view I felt impressed to write the following lines, and I pray that God may bless them to comfort many of His children who have grown old in His service, and are nearing the city of the golden and may He also bless them to the good of those who may read them who are unsaved and lead them to prepare to at last enter that city that is offered as a home to all. And when I too shall have gone hence you can remember that through the mercy of God I expect admittance at heaven's gate.

I see the lights of the silent city just breaking into view. How this reminds me of another city of which I have read and of which I often sing. I used to sing a song:

“I see a city over yonder

And the lights along the shore;
Hark! I hear my Saviour
Come and welcome, rich and poor.”

To this same city the apostle referred when he said “Here we have no continuing city but we seek one to come” and the ancient worthies confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims in the earth, that this was not their abiding place but that they were seeking a better country. Moses said to Habab “We are journeying unto a place of which the Lord hath said I will give it thee. Come thou with us and we will do thee good for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.

“Oh I often think of that city to which I have been traveling for more than thirty five years; of what a surprise it will be. The apostle said “Eye hath not seen nor ear heard neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things God hath prepared for them that love Him but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit.” We have had revelations of heaven and foretastes of the glory which shall be, as we approached the Lord in service, and from bodies consecrated to His cause cried out the desire of our hearts and “heaven came down our souls to greet and glory crowned the mercy seat.” And yet heaven I believe will in a sense be a surprise.

Dr. Talmage said “One day after I had spent a time in romping with the children I lay down upon a couch and had a dream which was not all a dream. I seemed to be wafted to a far away land. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. It was not the tropics though more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. I walked cut in the suburbs of the city and said where are the cemeteries of the dead. I looked along a line of beautiful hills a magnificent place for the dead to sleep but not a slab of marble or a monument could I see but instead I saw mansions of amber and ivory and gold. I went into the city and said where is the place where the poor worship and where are the hard benches on which they sit, and they said we have no poor here and I saw the people had on holiday attire, and I said when will they put off this holiday attire and delve again in the mine and swelter at the forge, but they never put it off, and I watched to see the sun sink but it sank not and I sat down bewildered and said where am I and whence cometh all this. And up the floral path came a happy group and as they came I thought I knew their step, and as they sang I thought I knew their voices, but when they drew near they were in such beautiful array that I bowed as a stranger to strangers. And they began to shout welcome, welcome, welcome!

“Then the mystery vanished and the reality came upon me, and I saw that time had passed and eternity had dawned and I was at home in heaven.”

I am just now crossing the river and the lights reflecting in the darkened waters brings to my mind the remembrance of some weird picture I have seen of the valley of death and I call to mind the consolation David felt when he said “Though I walk through the dark valley of the shadows of death I will fear no evil for Thou art with me Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.” Thank God it is our privilege to so live that when we grow old and the shadows of life’s evening fall upon us that like David we can feel that God is near and lean upon Him. Just now there comes to mind the last verse of a song I love:

“When I reach the silent river
With its cold and chilling tide.
Jesus will be there my helper and my stay.
I will sail away triumphant
Land my soul on Canaan’s side,
For I have the Saviour with me all the way.”

Well the time will come some of these days when the sun will rise and sink for me the last time. The shadows of the grave will gather near. My last revival will have closed, my last trip from home will be made and I too shall come to the crossing of the river. O glorious evening, O golden twilight, O blessed night that shall burst into the full glory of an eternal day.

I often think of the closing of my life's work. And I have prayed that I might be permitted to die at home surrounded by wife and children. A good man died and left a dear wife and a sweet little girl. One day in the loveliness of their home the little one approached the mother and said: "Mamma where has papa gone," and the tears leaped to the mothers eyes as she said with choking words:"

"He's gone a long ways off to a good world."

"And will he ever come back?"

"No he will never come. back here."

Then the little one, "will we ever get to go where he is?"

"Yes if we are good we shall some day go and live with papa in that beautiful country."

And the little one became suddenly anxious and said: "Mamma, hadn't we better begin to pack up."

Well I have everything packed in shipment and marked "Glory" labeled for the union station of the skies.

The brakeman has just passed through calling out Union station, Kansas City and now we are rushing out of the gloom and darkness into the blaze of the lights of the union depot and I am thinking of the morrow when in the dawning I shall take the car and hurry away to see my children who live here in the city. How emblematically of our passage to the eternal world. We board the train of life in the morning of our infancy. We hurry on past station after station, childhood, youth, maturity and old age and in the evening the sun begins to sink. Finally the twilight comes, the shadows deepen and at last we come to the river and we look across and see lights and glories of another world bursting into view and we say good night and pass over. Henry Alford in a few words has expressed a beautiful thought:

Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers
Where our God abideth
That fair home is ours,
Flash the streets with jasper
Shine the streets with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
Thither onward thither
In the Spirits might—
Pilgrims to your country
Forward into light.

Some years ago just after the great World's fair at St. Louis I made a trip to that city, I boarded the train at Lexington Junction, Missouri. It was 10:20 at night and I was tired and worn out with waiting. When I found a seat in the coach I at once adjusted my pillow and lay down and like a child fell asleep and unconsciously to me the train rolled on. After awhile I awoke suddenly and looked out in the dawning of the morning and saw spires and domes breaking into view. I realized at once it was something I had never seen, and said where am I and then as we

got a little further in the city I said O yes I understand it now. This is the World's fair grounds and I am now rushing through the suburbs of the great city of St. Louis and sure enough soon the brakeman came through the car crying out Union station St. Louis. Well, some of these days I shall grow weary with the journey, and as the night express bound for glory comes along I shall board it and lie down to pleasant slumbers but the wheels of time will roll on and on and then some glad morning I will suddenly wake and looking out see spires and domes of a strange city bursting into view and open my eyes on walls of jasper, gates of pearl and streets of gold and I will say where am I and what does all this mean and then as we get further in the city and I begin to hear the music of the skies and see myriads of people in robes of white and crowns of gold the reality will dawn upon me and as the heavenly porter comes through shouting Heaven. Union station of the New Jerusalem, I will cry out glory be to God this is heaven. This is the place that Jesus went to prepare, this is the place where all the pure and the good have been gathering through all the centuries of the past and I shall look out and see the shining faces of those I loved on earth and we will greet each other and shout the praises of Him who died that heaven might be our home and our abiding place. Some years ago a Christian engineer stood up in a meeting and said I well remember my first engine and train. I was the only one left at home with my old parents and we had a little home in the suburbs of the town that was the terminus of my run and the first evening when I came to the cut out of which when I ran I could see home I pulled the rope and let out a blast from my whistle to let them know I was coming. I looked toward the old home. The door opened and mother stepped out and waved her hand and waited till the train had passed on and then went back in and said to father: "Thank God, Bennie is safe home," and she kept that up for years. Every evening as I whistled no, matter how busy mother was she would drop everything and open the door and wave her hand and thank God for my safe return. After awhile mother died and father and I lived alone together and the first trip I made after her death when I was nearing our home I whistled as had been my habit and looked toward the old home and thought of my absent mother but the door opened and my old father stepped out and waved his hand and stood and looked and went back in and said to himself: Thank God Bennie: is safe home tonight, and every evening my aged father waved me a greeting as I passed. After awhile he too died and we buried him beside my mother. And I had no one to wave me a welcome, but I am traveling now on salvation's train and some of these days I shall pull into the city of the skies and look and see father and mother and they will wave their hands in holy triumph and shout "thank God Bennie has made it safe home at last." "Will they meet us, cheer and greet us Those we've loved who've gone before; Shall we find them at the portals

Find our beautiful immortals—

When we reach the radiant shore."

"Hearts are broken for some token

That they live land love us yet;

And we ask can those who left us

Of love's look and tone bereft us—

Though in heaven can they forget."

"And we often as days soften

And comes out the evening star;

Looking westward sit and wonder

Whether when so far asunder

They still think how dear they are."

"Yes they'll meet us, cheer and greet us

Those we've loved who've gone, before;
We shall find them at the portals
Find our beautiful immortals—
When we reach that radiant shore.”

JERRY CLEVENGER.

A FEW TRIBUTES TO DR. FLACK

REV. J.V.B FLACK, D.D.

J.W. Klise, D.D., President General Council

Standing upon some mount of observation from whence the whole scene of human life can be overlooked, how sad the sight that greets our vision. We see emerging from the cloud land of birth. countless millions, who sport for a little while in the sunlight of conscious being; and then, disappear in the mist laded valley and are seen no more forever. And when we realize that not alone the observed but the observer alike shall face the same mystery and meet the same destiny, it brings the soul on bended knees before the unseen, asking for some relief from the burden of grief and sorrow. Some ray of hope to enliven the Soul, some flash of light to brighten the gloom with visions of the unseen God, whose love and care is over all His works.

And doubly, is this burden of grief and sorrow rolled upon the soul when the objects is one of personal knowledge and loving friendship. We are then touched by the memory of other years, when side by side we fought in the battle of life, with clasped hands, and faces toward the foe.

My first personal meeting with Dr. Flack was at Zionsville, Indiana, the second general council of Christian Union. He was a delegate from Missouri, while I was a delegate from Ohio.

I had often read his articles in the Christian Witness long before I had met him personally, and knew him to be a writer of elegant language and forceful thought and argument, and felt very anxious to meet the man, that I know him better. I was somewhat disappointed in the size of the man physically, but not in the intellect and qualifications, of his mind and heart. I found him to be a man of quick mental perception and strong mental grasp. We differed upon some questions of polity, but never upon any question of principle. From the meeting at Zionsville began the long, loving friendship unbroken in the years of our Christian fellowship. DR. Flack and myself lodged in the same home during the, sitting of the general council at Sell's chapel, Indiana. I noticed when I met him at that council that physically he had weakened, but in our private conversation, his mind seemed bright and clear as ever, as we reviewed the past and anticipated the future, his courage had not failed. him, and his hope of the final triumph of Christian Union was well grounded and bright. With clasped hands we renewed our pledge of love and loyalty to the principles of Christian Union. It was while, taking dinner at Brother Wash Veach's home he was stricken with what proved to be his last illness, and, while he lived to reach his far off Missouri home, he died a few weeks afterwards.

Dr. Flack was a scholar of high attainments both in a scientific and classical sense. His language in writing and speaking, was clear, forceful and elegant. We never heard his equal when in speaking he rose to the glory and beauty of heavenly diction. His words were gems of purest ray serene, strung on a thread of gold. Few men had the scope of words at his command, and the rhetoric finish of his eloquent sentences.

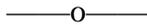
As a preacher, Dr. Flack was a power, attracting and holding in close attention the great

crowds that thronged to hear this matchless orator. In his editorial capacity he was a ready writer, and a strong debater, and when roused by adverse criticism, could scorch and wither in his retorts.

He believed in the power of Christ to save from all sin and preached it boldly and without reserve and men were forced to believe in his moral and religious honesty and purity of purpose and life. Over and over again we have met him in our annual councils, heard him preach and pray and loved him more and more as the years passed on. When I started from my home to attend the general council in Excelsior Springs, Missouri the thought came to me "that I may be stricken down at that council as Dr. Flack was in Indiana," but the other and better thought came to me that it is just as near heaven from Missouri as it is from Ohio, and loving hearts and tender hands are just as ready and willing to aid and sympathize where the sentiment of Christian Union prevails.

Dr. Flack was my loving friend whose death touched my heart in its memory center, where all tender memories of the loved and lost are hidden from the gaze of an unfeeling world. I am better because he knew and loved me. I am more positive in my faith in Christ because such men as Dr. Flack have left the impress of their personality upon the ages. Like Paul of old Dr. Flack, "fought a good fight, finished the course, kept the, faith and henceforth there is laid up a crown of righteousness for him."

There is a land mine eyes have seen
In visions of enraptured thought
So fair that all which lies between
Is with its radiance glory fraught,
A land upon whose blissful shore
There falls no shadow, rust, nor stain, Where those who meet will part no more
And those long parted meet again.



A TRIBUTE TO A DEVOTED FRIEND.

George W. Long, D.D.

My first acquaintance with my lamented friend, Dr. J.V.B. Flack, dates back to the year 1874, when the writer was in his teens. From our first meeting we became fast friends. After my ordination, a few years later, we became intimately associated together in Christian Union work. At his request we became a contributor to the "Christian Union Temperance Magazine," "The Sentinel of Truth," "Christian Union Herald," and later "Christian Union Witness Herald." Dr. Flack was the editor in chief of each and all of these periodicals, and they were ably conducted. As a writer, Dr. Flack had but few equals. He was clear and concise on all living questions, and in his defense of the principles of our great restorative movement he was without a peer. As a preacher of the pure gospel of the Son of God, either in the pulpit or in the platform, Dr. Flack was master of the situation because master of his theme. The Lord had endowed Dr. Flack with great magnetism and deep sympathy, actuated by profound religious experience, enabling him to hold, as by magic, the attention, the mind and affections of those with whom he mingled, or to whom he preached. He had a voice of great compass, sweetly toned, carefully modulated, and properly regulated, combining gift, science and art, for the purpose of securing the greatest effects for the glory of God and the salvation of men.

I always admired Dr. Flack as a preacher, for every sentence was well chosen. There was no affectation, egotism or vulgarity in any of his sermons. It was clearly evident that all, of his

discourses, were carefully prepared yet delivered with great freedom and much energy. Often has the writer of these lines felt the thrill and chime of celestial glory in his soul while listening to the inspiring thoughts of our departed brother in sermon or address. In debate Dr. Flack was: fearless. We have been with him on the Council floor, in state and general council work, and when great questions would arise he, did not waver and remain undecided, but thoughtfully and promptly took his position and never showed other than the spirit of fair, candid and careful investigation of the question at issue. The social side of his nature was commendable and praiseworthy. He had the happy faculty of making friends wherever he went. A number of times, when in Ohio, he visited in my home, and churches I served as pastor, and on each such occasion he brought honor and dignity to the cause of Christian Union. His friends and admirers within the bounds of the churches I served as pastor were legion. I shall never forget the instruction and advice he gave me when I first entered the ministerial ranks of Christian Union. Among other things he said—"Brother George, when you go, to preach, fill yourself chuck full of the subject, then pull out the bung and let nature caper." Whatever of success I have gained in the pulpit or on the platform I owe largely to the suggestion he then made over 30 years ago. But he has gone to his reward. The coin of his great soul has been gathered into the treasury of the Lord. His image shall hang in the gallery of my heart until the Lord shall bring us face to face in the quiet harbor of external peace and everlasting joy. May the memory of this worthy man of God be a benediction and blessing to all who read the story of his active, useful life as recorded in this book.

**A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF
REV. DR. FLACK.**

Levi Ely, D.D.

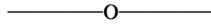
It is a pleasure to enjoy the companionship of a great and good man. It is a great privilege to listen to the oratory and logic of a great preacher and pathos of a great man of God, as he unfolds and discovers to the mind the beauty, purpose and blessings of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

It is indeed inspiring to come in touch with a man whose mind and soul is all absorbed with the teachings and doctrines of the Church of Christ, and whose highest aim and purpose in life is to glorify God and bring together the true elements of the Christ life and harmonize and unify the Church of Christ in the world. The pleasures, privileges, blessings and inspirations are the manifestations of but a tithe of the characteristics that made up the real character and life of Dr. Flack. As a man though small in stature, yet he was a giant in mind and thought. He was a safe counselor, quick to detect error, bold and fearless in defending the truth and what he thought to be the right. As a friend and companion, he always made a person feel free and easy in his presence. Pleasant, sociable, and mild in his manner. He had almost unlimited command of language and ability to use the right word in the right place. He was always ready to give encouragement to those who were struggling in the thorny path of life and fling a little sunshine in.

As a Christian he was highly spiritually minded, pure, devoted, consecrated and wherever found he was the same pleasant uncompromising Christian gentleman.

As a minister of the grace of God, he had but few equals, a man of rare ability, and preached with great demonstration of the spirit and power, faithful to his calling, he made full proof of his ministry and was eminently successful.

As editor and publisher he was incessant in labor and an indefatigable writer, ambitious to maintain and develop the cause he so much loved, and for which he spent his life and fortune, viz: The oneness of the Church of Christ in the world. Faithful to his conditions he labored beyond his strength, his sun set in halo of glory, in early afternoon of life.



HE SLEEPS—BUT HIS WORK GOES ON.

D.L. Vandament, D.D.

‘Tis said that “distance lends enchantment to the view,” and that “absence makes the heart grow fonder.” How little we know of each other’s heart life and the springs that give inspiration to our actions and the deeds that go to make up the woof of our lives. He only who seeth into the secrets of all things can know us as we are and give us true reward for our real worth.

Early in our boy hood days Rev. J.V.B. Flack came into our father’s home as a preacher in the newly instituted, little known movement that had found its birth as an organization in Columbus, Ohio, “under the style of The Christian Union.” He was a frequent visitor in our home and was a close associate with our father in this new work into which each had cast their lots. From that time until the day of his death, we were in close touch and association with him who afterwards was, known to all our people as “Dr. Flack.”

Did we know him? No! Only that one who lived with him daily, hourly who knew the inner- most thoughts of his being and the innermost purposes of his heart, could be truly said to know him. And yet a life time intimate association with one will give us at least some glimpses of the fruit that comes forth from the life within and reveals its nature.

1. Dr. Flack was an able man. Few men had a keener insight into the real nature and character of a thing, and few could give a cleaner conception of its meaning and depth. He was a strong logician, a clear reasoner, and a forceful speaker. He was a. pulpit orator of much power and pleasing influence.

2. He was a loyal man. In early life he espoused the cause of Christian Union when it was neither popular nor powerful save in its worth. To the day of his death neither ridicule nor reward swerved him from the path of loyal service among the people and for the cause he held thought was right and of God.

3. He was a man of power. Perhaps no man in Christian Union, living or dead, has left a greater impress upon the lives and doings of those with whom he associated than he. He was a leader who swayed men by his eloquence, who drove men by the force of his will, and who led them by the skill of his plans. His mark has been left indelibly upon the lives of his associates and upon the cause of his espousal. He was a Napoleon among the religious generals of his day.

4. He was a lovable man. An active man will always meet with opposition. No man’s views are accepted by all nor his line of action endorsed by all. Yet in the secret chambers of the worthy heart those who gain access there unto will find altars of worship and fires of love and devotion that cause them to tarry and by which they are warned. Dr. Flack had many friends

who admired him loved him and will ever revere his, memory as one of the blessed things God has vouchsafed to them in life.

He sleeps, but he is not dead. He is gone from our midst, but he is not forgotten. He has ceased his work, but his work goes on and the impress of his life and influence will be felt in the ages yet to come.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

Rev. J.H. McKibban.

A word in honor of our precious brother and personal friend, Rev. J.V.B. Flack, D.D.

It was the voice of God, that spoke to Moses, telling Israel to "Go forward."

It was the voice of God that spoke to Joshua, saying "Arise, cross this Jordan."

It was the voice of God that bade heavenly serenades to swing out upon the blue ether, and disturb the stillness of the night by singing on the plains of Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men."

That same voice thundering from Olivets brow, sent the disciples, into all the world, in perils of sea, in perils of wilderness, in perils of dungeons and fetters—preaching the gospel to every creature.

It was the same voice we believe called Dr. Flack with others, to launch out on the sea of time and this God given nonsectarian Church of Christ, primitive Christian Union movement.

Feeling some of the burden like he bore in the publication of the paper defending the principles of this movement I am passing through, but as we march by the cloud pillar by day, and the fire pillar by night, some times it may be with blistered feet and weary hearts, marching under the orders of the King of kings, we wish to pause and lay a few little garlands upon the tomb of our precious and beloved Dr. Flack. But we look above the tomb and the grandest and most beautiful sight on earth, is a well developed soul leaving this tenement of clay and finding its way to God.

Dr. Flack was a preacher of the Pauline type. Like Napoleon, small in stature, but mighty in mind. He was a hero for God, a fearless champion for the truth possessing that force of character, like the Duke of Wellington, who had the comprehensive intellect of Charlemagne, the creative genius of Peter the Great, the sagacity of Hannibal, he went forth with dauntless heroism and fought the battle of life.

When this veteran fell, rich in the foliage and fruits of his gathered years, at one time an ornament, a beauty and a blessing, the true of this movement bowed and wept. It was at a time, when this cause could ill afford to release its hold upon one so useful, and as he swept up through the Golden gate, we could only cry out: "My Father, my Father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." God bless the precious widow.

REV. DR. FLACK—A MEDITATION.

G.H. Schleh D.D.

When Pere Marquette stepped from his canoe upon the Wisconsin bank of the river Rumor, he was met by a band of Indians, "I" says Father Marquette, "just spake and asked them who they were." An aged warrior replied, "We are Illini, we are men, welcome, Blackgown! How brightly the sun shines since thou hast come to visit us!" It may be that the Holy angels found even heaven brighter and its sun more radiant since Dr. Flack came in among them.

It is too early, as yet, to attempt an estimate of our father in Israel, for such a character is cumulative—it grows apace and our descriptive faculties are still numb.

True it is that few human beings succeed so well in weaving themselves into the warp and woof of those who knew them as he. Few ever held us with grip so gigantic.

What a marvel he was and master!

First—He was a man of personality. He was individual, no mistaking him for another or another for him.

Physically meager, even frail, yet an Apollo, a giant short in stature, yet tall, like some mountain pine. In avoirdupois light, yet his tread was like some Norse or Teuton god on his way from victory to Walhalla. Why? The man, large grown, was within! O, there are physical giants that contain pigmies within their large fleshy space and there are souls that could well nigh fill immensities, incarcerated in scanty bodies and frail.

Our Doctor was like another Paul, on his appian way to martyrdom and a crown—a wee body, but fighting the good fight, keeping the faith and thus he finished his course.

Grand personality! Great Master! Splendid aggregation! To have seen him only once was equal to immortal remembrance. You could not forget him if you would—you would not forget him if you could. He possessed you, you were in his thrall but for good—yours and the world's. He captured you for Christ and His church.

Second—How collective his mind! I use the term generically. What gray matter! Wonderful convolutions! And that mind was cultivated, educated. He was a true scholastic, a bibliomaniac. He paid the price of intellectual equipment to its full meed. Letters, sciences, arts and human knowledge were his captive slaves and he harnessed them to his chariot, like some Ptolemy in Memphis of old, or Heliopolis, and drove them like the fabled Aurora. Es ist immer gut etwas zu wissen, speaks Goethe. Our Doctor knew. He was an indefatigable student. From alphabet to “prep,” “soph,” “junior,” “senior,” and then post graduate course that shall have no end.

Aye, that describes your true student—it pictures him.

Third—He was concrete eloquence, our eloqui—he “talked right out.” He speaks as he saw; “All's love, yet all's law.” That is eloquence—to know, to feel, to speak or die. Thus spake the olden prophets, the apostles and Paul and Christ.

Thus, from within, voiced Savonarola, the martyr of Florence and Johann Huss, the professor of Prague.

How our Doctor excelled in language! How he commanded hyperbole, metaphor, simile and illustration! His descriptive power was quite marvelous. God, the Christ, and Spirit holy, heaven and hell were made real, grand and awful. This moved sinners and strengthened the saints of the Lord.

He made the gospel real and brought it near. This accounted for his great record as a man who converted sinners from their way. And this must not cease among us. It is now not fashionable to preach on sin. To many the gospel is an impertinence and a call to conversion an intrusion.

In this dainty age we have flutes in the pulpit instead of trumpets; cooing doves, instead of lions roaring out the gospel; lilacs instead of oaks.

We need, what Dr. Flack had in his ministry; fire that burns, water that drowns, sin that damns, God that forgives and a Holy Spirit that bears witness to what we have felt and seen.

Our Doctor was like the celebrated Nasmyth hammer, with which you can chip the shell of an egg without breaking it or shiver a bar of iron.

Fourth—Our good Doctor had been with God, on the Mount, he had seen the angel in the flame and had the holy revelation and the call to preach. He was a converted man and a converted man can preach the gospel.

Others may lecture, and write magazine articles but can not preach the gospel of salvation from sin unto holiness, the end of which is eternal life. Great preacher. One of the best in our land. I heard of him again and again. At the last we met face to face, brain to brain and soul to soul. We shall have each other forever Over There! I wonder who will take his place here? Who will close the awful gap. Perhaps we must do this collectively. God and us, lest the good cause suffer.

I crave a portion of his mantle, for pulpit, for press, for work.

Grant it, O God.

Lastly, he died in the harness, doing the work given him by the Holy master.

'Tis noble thus to die. His last request made of my wife was this; "Sister Schleh, please sing, "Will there be any Stars in my Crown?"

"Do you think there will" he asked, when the last sound of instrument and voice, had died away, sweetly, as does the benediction after prayer. Can there be a doubt?

Our God is true and just. Not a cup of cold water shall lose its reward. To our dear Doctor we say:"

"A whole eternity of bliss shall reward thee with an individual kiss."

Well, my meditation ends for I feel him so near that he is deliciously burdensome. "Sometimes," as the Quakers say, "our departed are borne in upon us."

They love us, know us still. I guess they of pity, frequently aid and our good Doctor, there as here, is a ministering spirit.

My meditation ends—but I'll

"Think of him still as the same, I say

He is not dead—he is just away.

REV. J.V.B. FLACK.

By request of The Journal; Judge W.E. Fowler
furnished the following tribute, substantially
as spoken at the funeral.

My Friends:—Here in this earthly tabernacle dedicated to the use of the followers of the man of Galilee, it was hardly expected on a sorrowful occasion like this that any person save one who wears the "cloth" would be called upon to make any remarks.

Unexpectedly, however, I have just been called upon at the request of some of those near and dear to our departed friend, to say a few words as the representative of the citizens of this city, and so I fain would add one modest yet fragrant blossom to the flowery wreaths of thought that deck his, memory today. And, after all, it may not be unseemly for me so to do, when I remember that for nearly a quarter of a century we have called each other "friend."

Here in the presence of his casket I am again reminded of the words of the poet;

Leaves have their time to fall,

The flowers to fade—the trees to tremble

In the north wind's blast—

But thou hast all seasons for Thine own, O, death.

There is no escape from the silent messenger who steals in on the passing breeze, and touches loved eyelids down forever. The nobleman and the pauper; the king on his throne, and the serf bound with chains; the wise and the unlettered; and the high and the low; the old and the young; the good and the bad—each and all alike are stricken down by the sickle keen of the reaper whose name is death. And so our good friend who had for so many years met all of his trials of life so bravely at last grew a weary on his long journey and stopped to rest; and resting, slept; and sleeping, passed into that dreamless sleep from which there can be no awakening this side of eternity.

No matter how bright the spring morning., when myriads of dew drops are shining in the sparkling rays of theories of our citizens. For when the last spark of life left his bosom, the first, the best and the truest friend that this the bursting city has ever had, passed away, and so long as buds of spring time give promise of the ripened fruit of mid summer, so long as the golden grain tossing in the meadows give promise of the harvest yet to be; aye so long as the life giving streams continue to flow from these God brewed fountains, just so long will the name, John V.B. Flack be honored and revered by the citizens of this city of which it can be truthfully said, he was the father.

Mrs. Flack and four children, William D. Flack, Virgil H. Flack, Van B. Flack and Miss Ethel Flack survive him and were at his bedside when he passed away.

Dr Flack came to Missouri in 1870 and located in Haynesville, near where the town of Holt now stands.

He engaged in business there and continued actively in the ministry at the same time, preaching at a number of places in this and adjoining counties.

He finally located at Missouri City and in connection with his mercantile business kept up his various preaching appointments.

While on his way to one of these appointments—at Salem two miles north of here he heard of the discovery of the Siloam spring and he at once became interested in the place and proceeded to aid in its development. He had the water analyzed and the original town surveyed. He located in Excelsior Springs in 1881—the year following the discovery of the medicinal virtue of the water.

No man in this city has done more for it than Dr. Flack and none will be more sincerely missed, now that his active life has terminated.

Dr. Flack has been one of the best friends this city ever had and the entire population will mourn his demise and deeply sympathize with his family in this sad hour.

As a Christian gentleman and minister he has been an insistent and persistent worker. He has never been an idler. With pen and voice and hands he has toiled and endeavored to leave the world better. His life has been replete with good deeds and there are many thousands of acquaintances in nearly every state in the union who will be grieved to learn of his death.

While attending the late general council of the Christian Union in Indiana he was stricken with paralysis on the evening of June 1. For about ten days he lingered and was then brought home. For a time it seemed that he might recover but it appeared doubtful from the first.

The funeral will be held tomorrow and the burial will take place at Salem cemetery.

DR. FLACK LAID TO REST AT SALEM.

**Excelsior Springs Suspends Business in
Honor of its Founder.**

The last sad rites and ceremonies of respect to the memory of Rev. Dr. Flack took place at the Christian Union chapel yesterday afternoon. The city suspended business and traffic of all kinds from 12 o'clock until after the funeral procession started from the chapel on Excelsior street to the cemetery at Salem.

On the casket were placed wreaths of flowers from the mayor of the city, from the Commercial club, from the postmaster, city collector and from Dr. Fraker.

The funeral discourse was delivered by Rev. Dr. Mitchell, followed by Rev. T.M.S. Kenney pastor of the Baptist church of this city a very close personal friend of Dr. Flack.

Rev. A.C. Thomas pastor of the Christian Union church of this city and Rev. Jerry Clevenger and Rev. Joseph McAdams also took part.

Rev. Hubbard of the Methodist and Rev. West of the Presbyterian churches were also present. After the clergymen had finished their eulogies judge Fowler was called to make some remarks in behalf of the city.

The judge responded in a few well chosen and eloquent words.

The vast audience then took their farewell view of the friend of Excelsior Springs and humanity and grand Christian worker and the remains were taken to Salem cemetery and laid to rest until the dawn of the great day when the dead shall arise from their graves to live forever.

The pall bearers:

Mayor J.R. Holman.

Judge W.E. Fowler.

J.W. Snapp.

C.W. Fish.

J.R. McIver.

W.E. Templeton.

The following excerpts may be of interest to the many friends of Dr. Flack.

CONVERSION

As he was entering his twentieth year, he was wonderfully restored to the favor of God. He always maintained that he was converted when about nine years of age, just after his kind aunt had kneeled by his little trundle bed and prayed for her adopted child. School boys and bad company having led the vivacious youth astray until his twentieth year when God for Christ's sake restored the glory of His divine image in the soul. The victory was incomparably grand, as we have often heard him say.

"The very heavens shouted glory to God." The event occurred in mid winter and the creaking snow proclaimed the praises of his blessed Restorer, and the stars seemed to rejoice and the pale moon shone with renewed brightness and all nature seemed dressed in a more beautiful array than ever before; it was so grand for the offended "lover of his soul" to take the sinful wanderer into His arms and cleanse him anew, forgiving his backslidings and restoring to him the "joys of His great salvation."

EARLY IMPRESSIONS

From the ninth year of his age he felt it his duty to preach the gospel, but having lost his pardon and becoming very reckless, he sought to banish the call to the ministry, and in gay and Christless associations get rid of the solemn impressions. He had determined on the law or medicine as a profession, and was so resolved until his restoration in the twentieth year of his life, when all the old impressions returned, only with ten fold more power. His prayers and speeches seemingly did more to the awakening and conversion of sinners than the able sermons of the preachers engaged in the protracted meetings when and where the “Lord restored the joys of His great salvation,” to the happy youth of our story. It was soon the opinion of the leading members that the young brother should be “set at liberty and urged to preach the gospel.”

EARLY PREACHING

When the brethren came to the zealous, fiery young man, fresh from his books and ambitious in another direction, the most natural thing would be for him to refuse such proposals, and had not the love of God been shed abroad so richly in his soul, he would have declined on the spot, as such a turn only renewed the pains of former contentions between spirit impressions and his ambition to be famous as an attorney at law, finally a statesman or some future distinction in the world and its riches, but he promptly answered, “I am in the hands of my Master, where He leads I will follow, be that to or from MY ambition,” as is the feeling of every truly converted soul.

That resolve was the secret of Dr. Flack’s great success in the gospel work in which he has been such a bright and shining light. The necessary church steps were taken, credentials given and the “boy preacher,” as he then was called, began to appear before large audiences in Ohio, Illinois and elsewhere.

FIRST EFFORTS

Before preaching his first sermon, we have often heard him tell how he felt, and what an earnest test he made of his duty before God. Says he: “I went to my closet and fell upon my face and told the Lord that He knew all about the impressions that harassed my soul; the awful fight against secular inclination, ambition and the ministry; and that the first sermon and meeting should be a test and an evidence as to what really was my duty. That if I failed in my first effort I should take it for granted that He did not intend me for the ministry, thinking more than likely I would fail and thus escape the call and get ease of mind from the persistent yearning demand when my soul was on fire with God’s love; but to my astonishment I preached, or rather the Lord, by the Holy Spirit used me, with very little thought on my part. A score or more were deeply affected and a number came forward for prayers. The meeting continued about a week and some thirty six were saved. God had again disappointed me and I even went still further in testing Him, by saying now Lord, give me a call to some change if this is of Thee, in less than forty eight hours an old minister came to see me, begging me to take his field of labor as old age and sickness prevented him from doing the work required. In three days I entered upon the work as a stated pastor, and from that day to this have never ventured to doubt the duty I owe to God and mankind as a minister of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Thus we give the language of Doctor Flack himself, on this very critical and important

period of transition in his life.

There were few men with powers equal to those of Dr. Flack. Those who have heard him speak can testify to the truth of the statement, when we say his sermons were eloquent, clear, earnest and convincing. He was a very rapid speaker, and each word was clearly and distinctly spoken, so that no one was in doubt as to what was said, as is often the case with public speakers, leaving their auditors to guess at much of what they say.

Yet amid the eloquence of his sermons, he did not lose sight of the sacred truths, and while his preaching entertains the listener like a romance, they were often unconsciously led on step by step, to see and realize the ground on which they stood and flee to offered mercy. This seemed to be one great feature in his labors. His wonderful descriptive power, thus securing the undivided attention of his auditors, as a master builder who drives “the nail in a sure place,” he brings his hearers in the face of the plain Word of God, clothed in a beautiful array of language that cannot fail to entertain and enlist the attention of honest and thoughtful men and women everywhere.

EXTENSIVE FIELDS

During these years of constant gospel endeavor, Dr. Flack has made thousands of friends and admirers. His labors in Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, Missouri, Kentucky, Colorado and elsewhere, have been a series, of glorious revival work and one religious revolution after another. From point to point, he has passed, and as far as he has went, the spirit of God has been with him and today

CHRISTIAN UNION HISTORY IN BRIEF

J.V.B. Flack, D. D.

Amid the schisms and perplexities with which great causes have been annoyed Christian Union has had its share, yea more than its share. In 1789, when Rev. James O'Kelly boldly declared for pure New Testament order, and that each local body must, if scriptural, be a “Church of Christ,” living free from human creeds with the Word of God as its only discipline, and, Christian fruits the only test of fellowship and purity of heart, the higher life, he laid deep the foundations of his life work life, of which the writer has copies. He took a firm stand on the apostolic primitive grounds of his avowed creed the Holy Bible—and against ministerial supremacy, and the Episcopal hierarchy of Cole, Asbury and McKendree.

In 1867 we found seven local Churches of Christ in Missouri fashioned after the first Churches of Christ in the days of Peter and Paul's day and as taught by Rev. James O'Kelly, Kerr, Walker, McClure and Holman. The principles of Christian Union were seen in the real true light, and these Missouri local “Churches of Christ of fifty odd years ago, came into Christian Union without the surrender of a single cherished sentiment; the most venerable of all the local churches in the associated compact of converted church membership, recognizing no one as a member of the Church of Christ in general or particular, unless converted; “Born into

her (the church) by the Holy Ghost.” The writer hereof wrote the “agreement of union” then adopted; and today stands by that selfsame contract. During the life and ministry of Rev. James O’Kelly, Barton W. Stone and certain subsequent New Light leaders created a schism, drawing off a following on the basis of exclusive immersion; an unconverted membership; heresy on the deity of Christ; and other dogmatism; and much heart bleeding and rending followed, with separation from O’Kelly and Bible order, culminating in the New Light Christian sect; and many going finally with the brilliant and scholarly Barton W. Stone, over to the movement led by that matchless leader of men, Alexander Campbell. Both wings became independent, and each insisted on Christian Union, and none set forth the undeniable and correct Scripturally true and ordained biases for Christian Union, except those led by O’Kelly; one of the most profound scriptural teachers and able theologians of his times. Schism, then as always, was brought about by jealous and vainly ambitious preachers—with non essential irrelevant opinions to fuss about. By and by the spirit of creed making made another break in the ranks, and Rev. W.B. Wellons & Co., wrote a creed and forced upon the Union Christians of Virginia, North and South Carolina, driving from them or over to the “New Lights” those who would not subscribe to a human creed and prayer book, aside from the Holy Bible. During these years God was raising up divinely ordained scriptural Christian Union, by sending out such “Pleas for Christian Union” as that of Rev. J.P. Campbell, of Nashville, Tenn., and “Christian Union Theology” by Rev. H. Rathbun, Grand Rapids, Mich., and “Christian Union, Its Origin, Nature and Design,” by Rev. J.V.B. Flack, Clarksville, Iowa, and “Union of Christians,” by J.B. Darden, Austin, Texas. Henry Ward Beecher edited the Christian Union of New York, an unsectarian weekly; Rev. G.E. Thrall, the Church Union of New York; Rev. J.F. Given, the Christian Witness, Columbus, O., and Rev. H.L. Hastings, the Christian, Boston, Mass. All these unsectarian agencies, were supplementing the non sectarian uprising being born of God for the development of the true theory of the Churches of Christ in Christian Union. Christian Union was in the air; is still in the air. Unsectarian papers, books and associations and unions multiplied, and lines of sectarian divisions were being trampled down developing in love, amity, and good will, feeling after and reaching for the pure apostolic system, led by Christ, Peter and Paul over eighteen hundred years before; the legitimate outcome of which was crystallization of the restorative, known as the “Churches of Christ in Christian Union,” spontaneously springing up in all parts of the country, often without a knowledge of each other, but finally converging to a common center of Christian Union general associational fraternization. Ohio Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas and other states soon showed the results of this divine upheaval and hundreds of independent non sectarian local Churches of Christ sprang up, walked forth and were heard from together with their pastors. Thus under God the Churches of Christ were divinely tided into a general Christian Union. The phenomenal development of this broad gauge ecclesiasticism drifted, in some few designing place seekers, and at times sects made raids, as did the M.E. church south in Illinois; the New Lights in Iowa, and lastly the same sect made a raid in Ohio; but the God led and ordained true and faithful adherents of Bible Christian Union, have never wavered nor ever faltered for one moment; go that the schismatic schemes of betrayers and tricksters, have never succeeded in stopping the onward and successful march of revealed Christian Union, after the pattern God has made known in His Word; nor can all the plotters and hoodwinkers that the devil may raise up, and set to work, seeking to down Christ and His churches, ever succeed if God has to strike some of His blasphemous enemies dead to protect the name of His Son from being trailed in the dust by wicked and ambitious men, who seek to usurp the authority of the Holy Ghost, and of the, inspiration of the great Head of the

church. The “ways and means” of the Almighty God, can never be successfully fought against; nor can a people loyal to Holy Writ and the holy language of the Holy Bible, ever be defeated by Sectism, demagoguery, or the devil. The names recorded in the “old Book” will forever stand, and so will all those stand who stand by the book, and never give up, halt or “call a retreat.”

In the formative period of churches, and councils now associated in Christian Union, very few of us grasped the real work God intended to accomplish through Christian Union. Some very improper and premature things were done. Many of the first to move out along the line of the work, were identified and in harmony with sects and their creeds, until the war of the rebellion broke in upon the nation, and men ran wild, both in the north and south, so that pulpits became political hustings in harmony with the section of the country where located; so frenzied became the ministry—both the loyal and rebellious—that the pure gospel was supplanted by harangues for the republican war policy in the north and for the confederate war policy in the south. To such an extent was the two issues preached, that Christ and personal salvation became an unknown quantity in the sectarian pulpits and men of God who clung to the old gospel regardless of political or war issues for or against the rebellion, were driven out of the sects, as “rebels” in the north and as “Yankee abolitionists” in the south. In the hour of this crisis, without grasping the full purpose God had in store, good men and women of the various sects found it necessary to unite together for the maintenance for such preaching as Christ and the apostles ordained, and to allow all men everywhere—both north and south—their private personal party politics affiliations, regardless of the complexion thereof, without molesting their religious fellowship in the churches. The object sought and purpose designed was a remedy for the course of intolerant political demagoguery; loyal and disloyal. The prominent movers in 1863-4 and 5 did not fully grasp the great and general crime of sectarianism, and many of them were as much sectarian Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, etc., as they were before, and wanted creeds, disciplines, rules, directories, or something akin to the old sect schools—only so it left political toleration, and ignored preaching politics. But few then knew that, God had been raising up a Christly Christian Union people; here and there, on the real line of divinely authorized work; as was subsequently unfolded and hundreds of non sectarian Churches of Christ, were by and by found to have been at work on the pure, gospel, tolerant, primitive line for from twenty five to fifty years prior to 1863. Some such churches were east, west, north and south and unmoved by the party politics, or subservient to the bloody behests: of preachers for or against the war measures, rending and devouring the country had been at work for Christian Union as a principle.

In Missouri such local pure Churches of Christ had existed since 1843 with a continuous record, now in possession of the writer of this paper. In 1868 Missouri became one with the general body of similar churches or in more correct language, local churches of more recent origin, became associated in Christian Union in various states, north and south, about the time. Then became fully crystallized the “Principles of Christian Union,” and advancing the work far beyond all political phases (as was the case in some of the fields) and by general consent, the crude creeds, directories and sectarian phraseology of the past were all set aside for a pure New Testament, non sectarian, brief, full, complete, concise basis, superior to any basis for union ever before offered to the world since the first century, as follows:

CHRISTIAN UNION PRINCIPLES.

- 1 The Oneness of the Church of Christ.
- 2 Christ the Only Head.
- 3 The Bible Our Only Rule of Faith and Practice.
- 4 Good Fruits the Only Condition of Fellowship.
- 5 Christian Union Without Controversy.
- 6 Each Local Church Governs Itself.
- 7 Partisan. Political Preaching Discountenanced..

On this basis, the great mass of this Christian Union work has been consummated, and here we plant our royal banner for all time to come. By this basis all formative crudeness and misnomers, creeds, directories, forms of and sectishness, was done away and Christian Union took its lofty stand far beyond the conceptions of those who had left the various sects, because of their political views being molested, and their rights as to government question trampled under foot by the furious sectarian priests, who ran wild over Lincoln and Jeff Davis—union or disunion, copperhead or abolitionist. We have a cause above mere man—the cause of Christ.