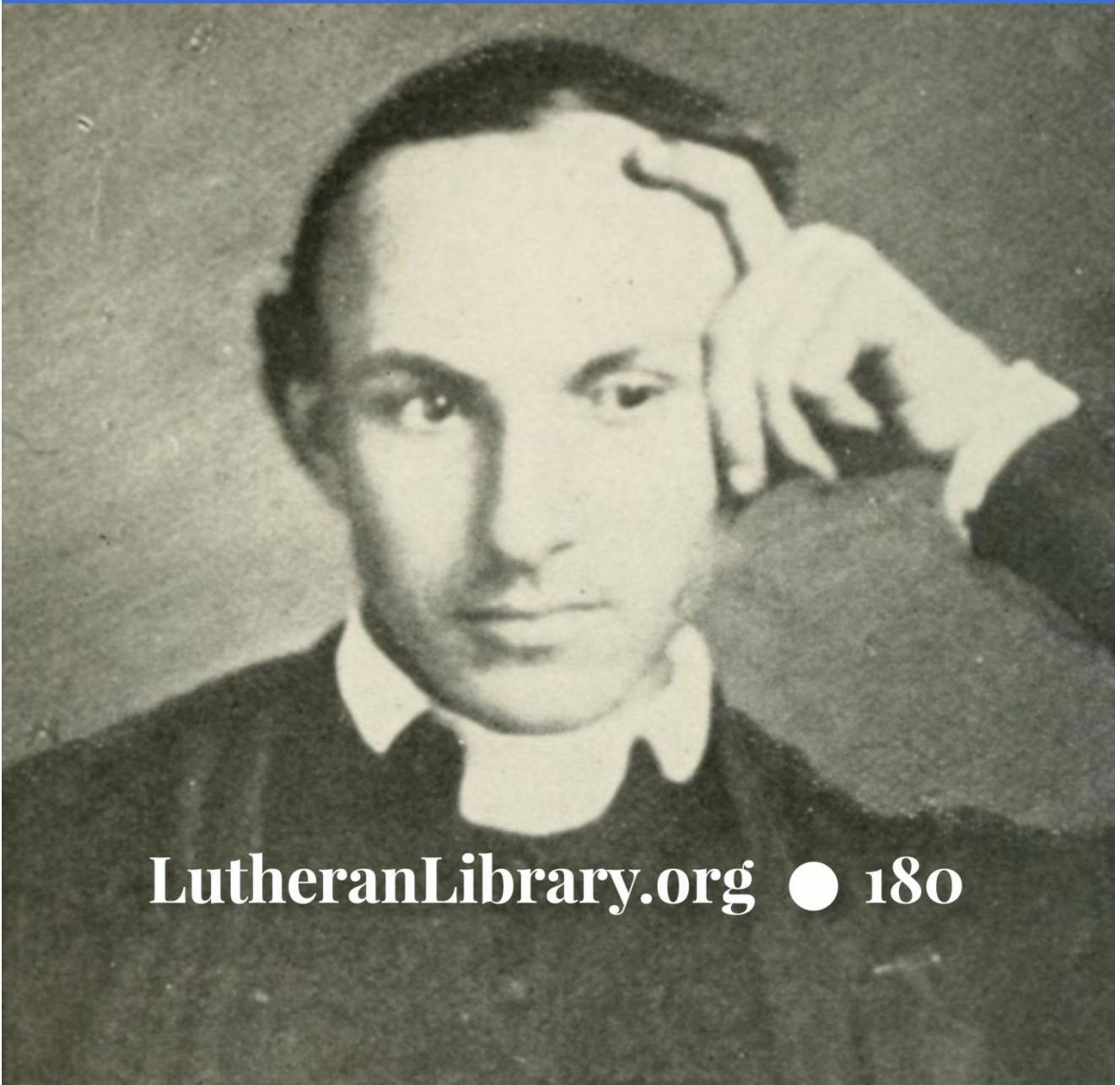


Matthias Loy

The Story of My Life

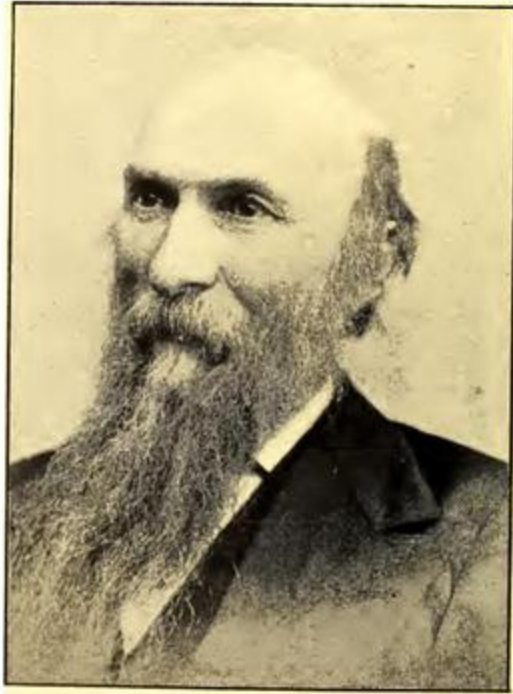


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The Story of My Life

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Yours truly,
M. Loy

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The Story of My Life

By Prof. Matthias Loy, D.D.

Published by order of the Publication
Board of the Evangelical Lutheran Joint
Synod of Ohio and Other States

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Dedication

To
My Wife Mary
Who Has Shared My Joys And Sorrows For More Than Half A Century,
And

To
My Children, Luther, Mary, Henry, Ada And Carl,
In The Hope That They, Whose Lives Have Been So Intimately Associated
With Mine, Will Have A Loving Interest In The Story Of My Humble Life,
And

To
The Memory Of
My Departed Son And Daughter, Matthias And Alice, Who Are Not Dead,
But Sleeping In Green Lawn,

This Book Is Dedicated

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Preface by Lutheran Librarian

In republishing this book, we seek to introduce this author to a new generation of those seeking authentic spirituality.

About Rev. Matthias Loy

"MATTHIAS LOY was born March 17, 1828 in Pennsylvania. After a boyhood of poverty, he was apprenticed as a printer in Harrisburg in 1847, was treated well, read some English classics, learned Latin and Greek, and was confirmed by Charles W. Schaeffer.

"In 1847, Loy went west for his health and was persuaded by Rev. J. Roof to become a beneficiary student at the seminary of the Joint Synod of Ohio at Columbus, where his teachers included Christian Spielmann and Wilhelm Lehmann. He was strongly influenced at this time by the works of C. F. W. Walther and by several friends who were ministers in the Missouri Synod. In 1849 he became pastor at Delaware, Ohio where he served until 1865.

"On Christmas Day, 1853, Loy married Mary Willey. Despite his lifelong frailty and illness, Loy accomplished much. He was President of the Joint Synod (1860-78, 1880-94), editor of the Lutheran Standard (1864-91), Professor of Theology at Capital University (1865-1902), and President of the University (1881-90). During his lifetime and under his direction, the Synod grew to have a national influence. He was a zealous supporter of the Lutheran Confessions.

“In 1867 he refused to let the Joint Synod become a member of the General Council, and framed his objections in the form of “four points”: Chialism, altar fellowship, pulpit fellowship, and secret societies. In 1871, Loy led the Joint Synod into the Synodical Conference. In 1881 he rejected Walther’s doctrine of predestination, founded the Columbus Theological Magazine (1881-1888) to combat it, and withdrew the Joint Synod from the Synodical Conference.

"Loy was forced to retire for health reasons in 1902. He went to be with the Lord on January 26, 1915.¹

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A Note about Typos [Typographical Errors]:

Over time we are revising the books to make them better and better. If you would like to send the errors you come across to us, we’ll make sure they are corrected.

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1. Credit: “Matthias Loy”. Retrieved 2017-11-26 from cyberhymnal.org/bio/l/o/loy_m.htm ↩

Preface.

YIELDING WITH RELUCTANCE to frequent solicitations, I have endeavored to write the story of my life, which is herewith offered to the public.

My refusal hitherto to undertake such a work was based on the conviction that my life was not of sufficient importance to merit or even justify the undertaking, which, except to the friends whose love magnifies my work, might seem an effort to lift into eminence a life of service, whose fidelity and devotion is not greater than that of many brethren with whom it was my pleasure to labor together. I was well aware, moreover, that autobiographies, even when the subject is worthy of the distinction thus accorded, are difficult to write with profit to the reader. More than ordinary grace is requisite to be perfectly impartial where self is concerned. When men are urged to write their own biography with a view of getting a complete insight into the secret workings of their souls and the hidden motives of their actions, the result is usually disappointing. Even a thoroughly honest man, though he will conscientiously misrepresent nothing, will, if he is a man of good judgment, prefer not unnecessarily to incriminate himself before the public, where no opportunity would be afforded for a fair trial, and where there is little prospect of eliciting the interest to make it fair. It, therefore, always seemed to me both right and wise to resist the appeals made to me to write the story of my life.

Now when there are manifold indications of Providence that my life's work is done, I yield to the solicitations of my friends and offer this book to the public. Some would account for this by assuming that my faculties are failing. As respects my memory they are right, and as memory is the faculty upon which all reminiscences must depend, it would seem that now especially I should refrain from telling my story. As against this I can truthfully say that some things are as clear and distinct in my memory as

they can be in the human mind, and that in the goodness of God still sufficient judgment is left me, in my diseased and suffering condition, to know what is distinct in my remembrance and what is hazy and unreliable, and therefore to refrain from saying what I am not sure of being the truth, or to say it with such modifications as will guard against misleading the reader. On the other hand, I recognize that some things in the history of the Church in the Ohio Synod in which I was concerned, may be told with advantage to many, not because of myself, who was concerned in them, but of the events in which I was concerned.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, MARCH 17, 1905.

1 Childhood

MY FATHER was an immigrant from Germany, who came to America in 1817. He was poor, and by an unhappy arrangement which was made in those days for poor emigrants, he was sold into servitude, and suffered much before his passage was paid and he was released to seek his fortune as best he could in a strange land. As he had learned the trade of cabinet maker, he soon found work in Harrisburg, Pa., whither Providence directed his steps. There he met and married my mother, Christina Reaver, and set up his humble home. Both were poor, and their home was lowly in the extreme; but from all indications and reports they were contented with their meager means. So far as I can remember all moved smoothly in their household, and father and mother, and children with which God blessed the marriage, all lived peacefully together.

But there was an element foreboding no good in the marriage. My father was a Roman Catholic from Baden; my mother was a Lutheran from Württemberg. In that which is of the highest import for the wedding of soul with soul and for the education of children in accordance with the will of Him who gives them for His purposes and for His glory, they were not united. My father was an honorable man and always respected righteousness; my mother was a pious woman who loved the Saviour. They did not clash, because my mother, in her comforting apprehension of justification by faith alone, loved righteousness even more ardently than my father, and therefore always agreed with him in his determinations to do right at every cost. There was thus a superficial harmony without a fundamental agreement. Nothing uncommon is thus presented in the life of my parents. Every day shows us the same situation, in which there is agreement in appearance notwithstanding the disagreement in principles. In my estimation there was much lacking for the right education in my father's house, not because of a lack of good will, but because of unfavorable conditions. My father's Romanism was not pronounced and never led to

family feuds. So far as my knowledge extends he never was a communicant in the Roman Church after his arrival in this country, and never even attended its services, although he made a profession of the Lutheran faith only a short time before his death. The religious training in the household was left to my mother, without much help but with no interference on his part.

This was for her a heavy task. Seven children were born within a period of about fifteen years, means were wanting to secure help in the growing cares and labors of the household, sickness sapped her strength, and her duties were performed with difficulty. Poor mother, she did what she could. With the deep Lutheran piety characteristic of her Swabian home across the sea, she suffered patiently and labored lovingly to keep the wolf from the door and to lead the children to the Saviour and through Him to the Father in heaven who loves us all and cares for us all. It was thus that all the children with one exception were brought to Holy Baptism and planted into Christ. The one exception was that of an older brother, whom the minister requested to administer the sacrament declined to baptize because he had become an Anabaptist and was planning to establish a new Baptist sect. My brother was thus left unbaptized until he was old enough to be confirmed in the Lutheran Church of which he has been a life-long member. Only her first child became old enough during my mother's life-time to receive the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Body and Blood, and no inconveniences were shunned to accomplish her purpose of having my sister at the age of fourteen confirmed as a member of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. Under many disadvantages my good mother trained her family for Christ and the Church and in all respects led the way by her own devotion to the Saviour, adorning the doctrine which she taught by the life which she led.

Of the seven children born to my parents I was the fourth. Their stay in Harrisburg, where they had established their humble home, was not of long duration. Rapid strides toward securing a competence were not usual in those days, when what is now regarded as necessary for comfortable living was esteemed to be wealth. Nor was my father gifted with the talents to make the best use of the conditions which formed his environment. He was not only modest, but exceedingly timid in asserting his rights and claiming his just dues, doing much of his work on credit and afraid to approach the creditor when the time for redeeming promises had come, and thus his

business did not prosper. It was a daily question of daily bread although enough was due for his work to secure it.

How it came about I do not know, but it came about that a few years after the establishment of my father's home in Harrisburg he was induced to remove to a lonely place on the Blue Mountains, where the nearest neighbor was a mile away. Eastward was the solitary abode of a recluse, whose name was Casper Wick. Southward, at the foot of the mountain, lived a family by the name of Navinger, whose tender interest I often experienced, and whose kindness we all appreciated. Westward I remember only a family who took little interest in us as newcomers and with whom we never had any particular dealings. Northward there seem to have been settlements of some importance, for from that source the medical attendance of our household in its isolated condition came. Our family was pretty well secluded from the outside world.

There, on the 17th of March, 1828, I was born. It was on the Blue Mountains in the County of Cumberland, Pa. The place is said to be visible from the capitol at Harrisburg, and I have often from that position viewed the house which was pointed out to me as the place of my birth. Since my sixth year I have never visited the old home, not because when I became older all interest in the home of my childhood was lost, but because, though efforts were made to reach it, it always proved to me practically inaccessible. My recollections of the mountain farm are mostly of hardships endured on the stony fields in summer and among the snow drifts in winter. But my childhood was not without its enjoyments. There was ample opportunity to build playhouses of the stones and branches which lay around in profusion, and to exercise our childish skill in the manufacture of utensils and ornaments out of the clay that was always ready to be had in the summer time and to pile the snow into varied shapes to gratify our artistic cravings. There was an abundance of whortleberries and chestnuts to lure the children down the mountain sides, and slips and foot bruises and snake frights enough to furnish excitement. Once in a long while there was the novelty and delight of a visit to neighbors, especially to the family living at the foot of the mountains. This always made for us a grand holiday, on the remembrance of which we feasted for many a month. Once or twice a year my father went to Harrisburg, fourteen miles away by the wagon road, although little more than half that distance as the crow flies.

This, too, was a notable event in our lives because of the wonders which he had to tell of the town and its busy life, and because of the toys which he would bring and the sight of which filled us with amazement. As my father had no money to squander these gifts were usually inexpensive, but to us children they were great and precious beyond our little power of language to tell. Once he brought a toy that even astonished my mother for its beauty and ingenuity, and which had cost the sum of ten cents. I remember how I sought a hiding place when my father pulled the string and a cock leaped from the box. It was amazing. Some will no doubt smile at the simple joys of the poor, but it is only an illustration of the truth which all close observers of life have recognized that, so far as money can contribute to human happiness at all, large sums are not necessary. My observations, in a long life that afforded ample opportunities for seeing and judging, confirm the conviction formed by searching the Scriptures, that wealth never brings contentment and is attended by sorrows and griefs rather than comfort and enjoyment. I have often seen that a dime can contribute to human happiness what a million never can.

So far as I can remember, my parents never went to church during our residence at the mountain home, and I never saw a church until my sixth year, when the family moved away from the place of my birth. But that does not mean that religion was banished from our home. It was not ignored, though its cultivation was not favored by the circumstances. My mother taught us children the way of righteousness according to the ability which God had given her, and showed us the way to heaven according to all the light which she possessed. We were all impressed with our accountability to our Maker for all our words and ways, and prayers were taught us, and the duty of saying them daily when we retired for the night was carefully enforced. In consequence of such conscientious concern for our spiritual welfare as Christians who by baptism had put on Christ, we were a God-fearing family. In my recollections of the early days in my mountain home some pangs of conscience on account of childish wrongdoing present themselves, which indicate that my mother had not failed to instill into my soul a horror of sin and a desire to escape its condemnations. That is not all that should be taught children, but the little of revealed truth that was given me continued to exert its power in my after life and prepared me for the fuller instruction which in the good providence of God I then obtained. What I received from my good mother, who had only the

elementary education of a parochial school among the vine-clad hills of Württemberg, protected me against the virulent assaults of Deists and Atheists to which I was subjected in later times. As I remember these things the thought compels expression, that many an evil would be averted if mothers would, according to the grace that is given them and the ability thus in them, impress the truth of the gospel, though much might be lacking in its completeness. My mother was no theologian, and for her office of motherhood she had no need to be; but she was a Christian woman who sincerely regarded the Church as well as the temporal welfare of her children. She was not learned, but I owe more to her for my Christian character and conscientious devotion to duty than to all the schools which I have attended and to all the books which I have read since she entered into the rest which remains for the people of God. Oh! that Christian mothers would more adequately realize the high position and gracious opportunity which God has given them in the kingdom of grace! It would be a potent protection against many a fad about women's rights and a beneficent factor in securing the performance of women's duties. My mother never had the opportunity to array herself in gorgeous dress and sparkling jewels and appear as a queen in the splendors of society, though she was worthy of the highest honors that society can give, but she had the opportunity of training her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and she embraced it. All honor to her memory; she did what she could, and I, after a long experience of the world's ways, must testify that she could do much and conscientiously did it. At least in my family let her memory be honored!

In 1834, when I was in my sixth year, our sojourn on the mountain ceased. The family's residence there of seven or eight years was not unprosperous. Much was idyllic in that mountain home, but much was real hardship and self-denial. I do not think that my father and mother ever fully enjoyed the delights of that mountain home, and of course, we children were not capable of comparing it with other homes and passing a judgment as regards their worth. Nor were we children asked in this regard. It was really not a question of taste, but of subsistence. My parents decided that it would be better, now that some little pecuniary means had by strict economy been saved, to move to another place. There was a village, half way between Harrisburg and Carlisle, which attracted my father's attention. It was on the line of traffic between Philadelphia and Pittsburg. The name of the village was Hogestown. Its location indicated that it would be a place

of some activity and business. There my father determined to locate. He had saved something more than a hundred dollars from his labors on the mountain, and thought that it would be a good investment to buy a little house in Hogestown. He accordingly bought it. The house was a tumble-down affair, though the lot on which it stood was not objectionable. The place suited the family and we removed to the new home. Though I remember almost nothing of the removal, I remember almost everything of the place and its surroundings. It was a desolate hamlet, but my father thought that he could make a living there. The stage-coach, which was the means of business communication between Philadelphia and Pittsburg and all intervening towns and villages, passed through it with its passengers, and large six-horse teams hauling merchandise passed through every day. It was thus on a small scale a busy place, although the contribution which it furnished to the business was very small. There my father, with the little savings that were made from the farm on the mountains, purchased a log house. It was the first and only homestead that he ever owned.

In the Hogestown home my school education, such as it was, began. Schools were then established by private enterprise and maintained by individual subscription. Hogestown and vicinity had a sufficient population to invite teachers, and every year for several months, at least, an opportunity was afforded the children to obtain an elementary education. When there was no school in the village, sometimes country districts offered the desired benefit to the town children, which some gladly embraced notwithstanding the inconveniences. It was to such a country school, two miles away, that I was sent to learn the English alphabet and form some acquaintance with English words. This was attended with a difficulty that placed me at a disadvantage. The two miles walk to school in the morning, and home again in the evening was not the trouble. Though I was but six years old the daily trip was an enjoyment. There were other children who went there from the village and our journeys were full of fun and sometimes presented incidents which rendered them full of adventure. Many a time we had the pleasure which comes of heroic achievement when we killed a snake, and especially when we came off conquerors over a swarm of bumble-bees, whose honey we were determined to have at every cost. Our victory was as sweet as the honey which was our immediate reward, and the numerous stings inflicted by the insects in the defense of their nests and their hoards counted for nothing in our exultation. It was an

example of the follies and attending cruelties which we later found illustrated in a thousand forms, indicating the vanity of human glory and human pleasures. But it was not the journey and its incidents that caused me trouble. The language spoken at home was German, and all the English I knew was a phrase which my father repeated on various occasions, but the meaning of which was not clear to me. So I had to learn not only the letters and how to combine them into syllables and words, but had the task also of finding out what the words meant. As far as I remember the mortifications to which I was subjected on this account were borne without much detriment to my standing among my associates, and as I had some aptitude for learning language, the difficulty was soon overcome and my progress was satisfactory to all concerned. It required but a few months to render me equal to my schoolmates in the knowledge imparted, and my little knowledge of the German gave me a point in excess of the demands made on pupils.

While it seems to me of little profit to detail the experiences of my life in those early days, there are two observations which I think worthy of mention.

The circumstances appeared to require that not only both sexes, but children of widely different ages should be together in the same school. Even at the early age when I first attended school, I saw and heard things which never occurred in the innocence of our home life and which I looked upon with astonishment if not with horror. Our teacher was not indifferent about the morals of his pupils, and much occurred between the older boys and girls that he probably would not have endured for a moment if he had known it. But he did not know it and had little chance of knowing it.

While children of both sexes may be profitably placed in the same school, the co-education of older pupils is always a menace to morals. My observation in early years has made me an opponent of co-education on this ground, while the opposition became fixed in later years by a better insight into the ways of God in the government of the world and the difference in callings assigned to the sexes, and the consequent difference to be observed in their education as to matter and manner.

This remark, too, I deem it best not to suppress, that people are very unwise who suppose that children do not notice words and actions which

pertain to matters beyond their years. When their moral instincts are affected they may not understand the import of what they hear and see, but they will notice it and understand it later, and not so easily forget it.

For the first time I received at Hogestown some public religious instruction. There was no church there of any denomination, but there were Christian people there and congregations with churches in the vicinity. Mechanicsburg was but three miles distant, where several denominations had houses of worship. Not quite as far away was a Presbyterian church at Silver Spring, and a Lutheran church existed near Kingston. To the latter our family occasionally went for worship, and there my oldest sister was confirmed when she reached the age of fourteen. As it was fully three miles to this church I could receive little benefit from my instruction that was given there. Neither was ministering to the religious wants of the children any part of the purpose for which the subscription schools to which I had access were established. But several active Presbyterians, with the co-operation of members of some other churches conducted a Sunday School in our village. This, in addition to my mother's teaching, supplied some of the most urgent needs of my soul. In after years I often felt the lack of a more thorough knowledge of Biblical history and especially of a better knowledge of the way of salvation, such as is given in Luther's Small Catechism. This little book was not among my mother's very limited store of religious treasures, or if it was contained among the appendices to her old Bible, she never used it to impart instruction and I never knew it; and of course, such a book could have no place in our village Sunday School. Indeed, little could be expected there for the enlightenment of the understanding, and little was done. Notwithstanding this I have grateful recollections of the school, and profited by what it furnished. Encouragement was given to the memorizing of Scripture passages and church hymns, and I committed many to memory and have retained a goodly number to this day. The selection of texts and hymns was left to the children and therefore was not always the best, and no effort was made to explain or impress the meaning. So little did I then understand of these things that I once asked my father if I should not add to the prayers which mother had taught me, and the "I lay me down to sleep," which had been added from another source, a stanza or two from Pope's "Universal Prayer," of whose heathenism I had not even a suspicion. But God is merciful and blesses us above all we can ask or think, and I learned some things in the

Sunday School whose import dawned upon me when I grew older, and exerted a beneficial influence when mother was gone and I needed it most. No doubt this influence was largely dependent on the foundation which she laid in my soul and the constant care which she exercised to have me walk in the ways of the Lord. My conduct, I am glad to note, was generally satisfactory to her and was frequently commended. One instance that brought this to my knowledge is inerasably fixed in my memory. She asked me one day to do something which was very distasteful to me. Instead of immediately obeying I used an insolent expression which I had learned from my associates. She looked at me with an expression of pain, simply saying, "And this from you, who had always been my good boy." She then quit her work and sat down and wept. Did it break her heart? If she had known the grief which I endured on account of it, she would surely have forgotten her own in pity for mine. After seventy years its remembrance is still a pang, while she for nearly that time has had fullness of joy in her heavenly home, where our meeting shall carry with it no pangs of earth. Evil communications were beginning to corrupt the good manners which she had instilled, and the wonders of God's grace never seem to me greater than when I view my early life after our Father in Heaven had taken her to the mansions of bliss, and left me without her guidance in the perils which beset me.

The disease which was gradually destroying my mother's vitality increased and my father with her concurrence concluded to return to Harrisburg, where her brother and his family were living and might be a comfort to her in her protracted sickness. After months of suffering, which was endured with patience and in the blessed hope of glory through the Saviour of sinners, she departed this life of sorrow to enter into the joys of our Lord. Dr. Sprecher, who is still living as I write, and who was then pastor of the Lutheran church, was called to minister to her, but only when it was apparent that she was dying. I was sent to call him, and he came without much delay. How it was all brought about was never clear to me. I was a stranger in the town and merely a child, but somehow I found the residence of the Lutheran pastor. Our family were strangers in the city, but somehow he found the house in which my mother was dying. It all seems to me the more inexplicable because I remember that it was with sobs that I tried to make my errand known to the lady who answered the knock at the door, and the pastor himself did not appear to ask any questions. At any rate

the object of my mission was accomplished, and God supplied what was lacking in the messenger's words to make his message clear. Mother died and was buried in the churchyard belonging to Zion Lutheran Congregation. Dr. Sprecher officiated. The services were comforting, and mother's body was laid away to await the resurrection of the just, when it should share the blessedness of the purified spirit.

My father was left with four children. We were seven; but an older sister and a younger brother died on the mountain and the youngest of the family was taken away at Hogestown. His secular affairs were not prosperous. The expenses entailed by the sickness and death of my mother left him nothing for the support of his children. My sister, then almost fifteen, was needed at home to keep house; an older brother, about eleven, secured a situation in which he could support himself. I was then about nine years old, and my father with the three children endeavored to keep house. It was housekeeping under many difficulties. The income from my father's work was small, and the management of receipts and expenditures was not the wisest. Poverty pinched us and comforts were few.

My father paid but little attention to the wants of the household, but so far as this was concerned made me a kind of partner in his business, in which I was required to render such assistance as my strength permitted, and access was given me to all the proceeds. In this way I could, after a fashion, provide for the necessaries of life; but as I had thus in some measure the support of the family without the management of the business under my care, we did not get along well. I could use the money I thought necessary for our livelihood, but sometimes when business bills were due there was no money on hand. It was a loose and haphazard life that could not bring prosperity and make us even comfortable. In respect to our religious and moral training nothing of any moment was done, or could under such circumstances be expected. To remedy the evil my father married again, as it was in every way best that he should.

Our new mother was a well-disposed woman of a good Lutheran family, though herself little interested in church work or in matters of religion. As is usual in such cases, we children did not take kindly to the new mistress of the house. My sister soon left us to make her home with her uncle. There then remained but two of us under the parental roof, and all of us went our way without much collision. In truth, there was little occasion for conflict

and contention. My father went about his business as usual, and we two boys went to school, so that my stepmother had little to interfere with her management of the house. Nor was she at all disposed to tyrannize over us. She was reasonable in her demands and not unkind in her treatment of us. What was wanting in our household was the Word of God, and that means much. Indeed, that means everything; for not only the joyful hope of heaven depends upon it, but the subduing of the selfishness that produces jarring and jangling, and the inculcation of love that produces gentleness and patience depends upon it as well.

When my father returned to Harrisburg he established a meat market. Facilities for this were afforded by my uncle, who was a butcher and had a well established trade in meat. Father might have prospered fairly well in this business if he had not been excessively timid in making collections. But as I in my ninth year became virtually his financial secretary, success was hardly possible. So diffident and timorous was he that when at the time of political troubles at Harrisburg, generally called the Buckshot War, he furnished meat for the state troops to the amount of more than two hundred dollars, he could not be persuaded to go to the bank and get the money when the proper papers with check were sent him. How it came about that upon my presentation of the paper the money was paid to me, a child eleven years old, is still a mystery to me. But many similar cases of later years have taught me that God has ways which are not known to bankers, and that He keeps His promises even if He must work miracles still, though the time demanding miracles for the establishment of His Church and the attestation of His heavenly truth is past.

My life during this period had many hardships. It never was one of ease, and when I came to understand what that means, I never desired that it should be. It seems to me now, when I review those early days, that my father never knew the limits of endurance in childhood and youth, and that without the least thought of cruelty he expected of a child what could be rendered only by a man. I do not think he was peculiar in this. On the contrary, I am of the opinion that it is rather the common lot. Indeed, I am not sure that I was perfectly free from it in the early treatment of my own children or that even now I adequately distinguish between laziness and inability, not only in children but in older people. No doubt many a wrong is done by requiring of a child what only a man can do, and of a man with

small endowment, what only a man of larger powers could accomplish. As it seems to me now my father was mistaken in his estimate of human capability and endurance in childhood and youth, and that in consequence he often did me unintentional wrong. I remember no instance in which he persisted in wrong doing when the appeal was made to his conscience and the matter was set in its proper light. But the fact remains the same that he sometimes required of me what I could not with all my effort accomplish, and sometimes by my efforts I did accomplish only with injury to myself. An instance in illustration may be mentioned. When we were in pecuniary straits he required me, at scarcely twelve years of age, to haul bricks from the kiln, I endured the hardship of catching them and loading them in the cart as they were pitched from the higher layers in the kiln, though this was far beyond the power of any ordinary boy of my age. And as driving a cart was not a part of my education at the time, it was no wonder that, with a horse incapable of doing the work as I was myself, an accident on a steep approach to the canal to be crossed to reach the city from the brickyard, crippled the horse by a fall down the embankment and drove me home and to bed in despair, without looking after the animal that had tumbled down or reporting the calamity at home. My father did not even rebuke me when he found me in bed after discovering the calamity which had befallen us. But the loss into which the expected profit was converted, increased his financial troubles.

In the straits to which my father was put to make ends meet, he resolved upon a venture which I remember with little pleasure and much regret. There was a German tavern in the southern part of Harrisburg which had become vacant and which he concluded to rent. To that place he brought his second wife and there she began her government of the house. My sister had left us and we two children still attended school, while my father still went to market with his meat. But among the boarders and roomers there were persons who were not suitable associates for Christian people and there were sometimes gatherings and performances which even then seemed to me of questionable propriety. A few of those who made their home with us were pronounced and foulmouthed infidels, who in their cups sometimes uttered blasphemies shocking even to worldlings of the more decent sort. It was a bad school for one who had still maintained the reputation of a good boy. But I was not an apt pupil. Opportunities were ample for learning wickedness in a variety of forms, but I contracted no bad

habits and came out of the fiery trial without a blemish upon my good name, if one shameful occurrence at a dinner, where wine flowed freely and where I was sinned against rather than sinning, is not to be set down as an exception. I do not doubt that the good principles which my mother had instilled, in consequence of which my attitude towards all ungodliness induced my companions to call me the preacher, here also by the goodness of God protected me from the ruin that was imminent.

The venture at the hotel was not a financial success. Perhaps, too, the kind of life which was incident to the business, at least as it was conducted in this case, was not entirely congenial to my parents. At any rate they decided, after a few years' trial, to abandon it. Neither did the meat business provide sufficiently for our needs. The result of a family consultation accordingly was to return to Hogestown, where my father still owned the small property which he had bought when we left the mountain farm, and where there seemed to be a favorable market for meat as well as for cabinet ware. To Hogestown therefore we returned.

I was then about twelve years old. My schooling was not neglected, and such opportunities as were afforded my father readily embraced to further my education. But as before, he utilized such gifts and powers as I possessed to help in the support of the family. This again subjected me to hardships. One case may be mentioned as an example. A farmer in the neighborhood resolved to build a new house. To save money he determined to make the brick on his own farm. As I had a little experience in that line it was not difficult for my father to secure me a position as off-bearer, whose duty it is to carry the bricks and lay them in proper position to dry as fast as the moulder prepares them. The work is not very hard to a man accustomed to it. It was very hard for me. The first days subjected me to an ordeal that was terrible. The pain in my back was such that I would pronounce it intolerable if I had not suffered it and lived. Of course, my parents could not realize the tortures which I endured, and I went on with the work, and did not die. I have passed through many a trial since and continued to live and praise God for His great deliverance. Time trains and tames.

After a while the work was done without much difficulty and with no complaints. But still the wants of my father's house were not adequately supplied.

About this time some ill wind blew to our house a German wanderer who had some money but had no home. How it came about I do not know, but he became a partner in my father's business and a boarder at our table. I remember very little about him except that I was sent to the store nearly every day to get a quart of rum, and that his face had a purple hue which seemed to me unnatural. How he and my father separated and what ever became of him I do not know. But his sottish influence in the household was only evil continually.

It is not edifying to trace the history of a family in which the Word of God does not reign, and least of all to report its transgressions and shortcomings. But ours had not consciously renounced the Saviour, and God had not forsaken it. My father, though originally a Romanist, died according to all accessible testimony, in the full assurance of faith in the forgiveness of sins through the Redeemer's blood; and my stepmother in after years, so far as man could see, confided in the truth which the Lutheran Church teaches, and in it found her comfort.

The family life at Hogestown at this period is not a pleasant recollection and my continuance with it was of short duration. One evening during my father's absence there were visitors at our house whose conduct constrained me to utter a protest. Perhaps I was in the wrong, for with a tender conscience there was strong passion associated in my soul. My mother struck me for what seemed to her an impudent interference. It was the only time that she ever inflicted corporal punishment upon me. It was the last time that she had an opportunity. Upon my father's return it was decided that the peace of the family required my removal. Measures were at once taken to execute the decree. A place was found for me to learn the printer's trade in the establishment of Baab & Hummel, at Harrisburg, and thither I was transferred. This was in the autumn of 1841, in the fourteenth year of my age.

The terms of my apprenticeship were not made known to me. Judging from my father's business methods, or rather lack of method as hitherto known to me, and from subsequent experiences, there were no definite terms, but only the understanding that I was to be provided with board and clothing while I was learning the trade, without any limit of time. Of course, I was not consulted except so far as my willingness to become a printer was concerned. This want of a definite contract might under the

circumstances have wrought much injury to me. But God cared for me and all went well, though some difficulties which might easily have been avoided had later to be overcome.

My departure from home was not with much sorrow or regret. It was not a home of happy experiences from which I was torn away unwillingly. As I remember the parting, it was rather an occurrence in the ordinary course of nature, about which no ado was to be made. It was thought best that I should leave, and I concurred. We therefore parted in peace. But we parted! My parents committed the care for me to others, and thenceforth, so far as appearances indicate, their consciences did not impel them to exercise any further care. As all went well under the provision made, this was not unreasonable. If it had gone ill with me, they no doubt, to the extent of their limited ability, would have supplied my needs. But God rules and it did not go ill with me. They put me under the care of strangers, and they were right in assuming that, so long as no reports were made to the contrary, these strangers were exercising the proper care for my welfare. In their conditions they thought that they did what they could. But we parted without securing the tie which should have bound us together notwithstanding the parting.

But it was no small thing to me that before I was fourteen years old I should be thrown upon my own poor resources. Since then I lived among strangers and had no home in the proper sense until after many years of labor and endurance I established a home of my own by my marriage to a wife who has shared my fortune until this day. My parents were poor and unable to help me, and even when I was sick they could not offer me the tender nursing of a home. From the time that I was brought to Harrisburg as a printer's apprentice, they never were able to give me a dollar to support or comfort me, as indeed the conditions were never such as to impose on them any such burden. My parting from the family at Hogestown was for this world final.

I thus entered upon a new career. A new field was opened to me, and its cultivation was essentially left to my own resources and my own judgment. Strangers had taken the place of parents, but they had not the feeling of responsibility which attaches to fathers and mothers, and could not, with all their kindness of disposition, feel like these. I came among them not as a child to be trained, but as an apprentice to be helpful in business. Yet I fared well. God, who cares even for His wayward children, provided for me. He

has done so until this hour, and will do so until the end. Of this His precious Word assures me: Blessed be His holy name!

2. Printer

OF MY OCCUPATION in the printing business there is comparatively little to be recorded in this narrative. While I was apprenticed to it and worked in it for about six years, from 1841 to 1847, and it then presents itself as my temporal calling, it was really but a part of the education which I was to receive to fit me for my life's proper vocation.

My father's choice of a profession for me was not unwise. In many respects I was better fitted for that than for any other calling. Though not yet fourteen years old, I had learned something. My education was desultory, as under these circumstances it could not be otherwise. But I always had a good record in all my classes at school, and was usually graded above my years. That according to my teachers' reports I always excelled in mathematics, for which I have never in my consciousness discovered any special aptitude and certainly no particular taste, may reflect some discredit upon the judgment of my teachers; but the fact that I stood high in the class which studied the intricacies of "Mensuration," as sciences now known by other names were then called, is evidence that I displayed some talent in a field which I never had the inducement further to cultivate. But other acquirements were of more importance for the career upon which I had entered. And these I possessed to the full extent of my years, notwithstanding the drawbacks to which I was subjected. My sports on land and water never to my recollection led to a failure in my classes at school, though my regularity in attendance was almost entirely dependent on my own will. On the whole, I think I was not an unpromising candidate for initiation into "the art preservative of all arts."

The printing house of Baab & Hummel was German. This placed me at a disadvantage in the start, but only temporarily. The German was my mother tongue, but I had gone far toward forgetting it when I entered the printing office. All the schools which I had attended were English, and the language

spoken by the children soon exerted its influence in the home. It was not long until we spoke the language of the school and of our school companions, even in our conversation with our parents. Their language was German, and for a year or more after our removal to Hogestown, my parents spoke German in the family and the children spoke English. But the German became gradually less as the parents accustomed themselves to the language spoken by the children. As I had never attended a German school and since my seventh year had but little occasion to use such knowledge of my mother tongue as I possessed, I was not expert in German when I became an apprentice in a German printing establishment. But the proprietors did not think this an insuperable difficulty and I was not dismayed. I had no reason to be, because the language of intercourse in the whole establishment was English, and even the member of the firm who was editor of the weekly paper, the publication of which was part of its business, was not a master of German. I could not read the language, but it required only a short time to learn it, and my deficiency in this respect never proved an obstacle to my success.

The work which I had to do, aside from the duties of messenger boy, paper carrier, and various occupations to which any who are not otherwise engaged may be appointed for the occasion, was in the first week of a tiresome sort. There were in the office numerous boxes of "pi." This is a term which printers use to designate the piles of type which have fallen into disorder. My first assignment of work was to set up this "pi." Of course, the order did not mean that I should put these tumbled and jumbled types together so as to make sense, but only that they should be set up so that each letter could be distinguished and put in its proper place for subsequent use. This kept me employed for a month or more, and enabled me to acquire some knowledge of German letters while it saved some money to the proprietors. This tiresome work of setting up "pi" was accomplished with becoming patience, and elicited the commendation of my employers, who appreciated my endurance though the money value of my work was small. But I was not long in learning the business and making myself useful. I found favor with my employers, and retained it through all the years of my connection with them.

My home during the first half of my apprenticeship was with the senior member of the firm, Mr. Baab, a good natured gentleman who gave little

attention to religion and never went to church, but was deeply interested in politics, and once in a while joined some of the base sort of the citizens in a protracted spree, though ordinarily he was an upright, sober man, who enjoyed the respect of the community and kept no company with the class of people to whose low level he sank in his occasional revels. His wife was a devoted member of the Lutheran Church, who attended to her household duties with kindness and bore with quiet patience the sorrow occasioned by her husband's aberrations. They had one child, well behaved and cheerful, but if anything was done to bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord it did not become apparent.

But what was of more account to me was the presence of other persons who were boarding in the family. There were three of these, all of them employed in the printing house which I had entered. One of them, though a man of fair education and a good workman, had low tastes and little character, and may be passed by with no further mention. But the other two exerted no little influence upon me, though it was mostly indirect. One, J. M. Beck, was a German of fine education, a free-thinker, but a man of moral integrity. The other, M. Osman, was a man of less culture and of lower moral ideas, but equally ambitious in the pursuit of science and literature. Both were in many ways worthy of imitation, and without their instruction I learned from their example. As I was not their direct pupil, I could not be a direct burden to them, even if gradually they took some interest in my progress.

In the first weeks of my sojourn in the house of Mr. Baab I spent dreary evenings after the day's work. Perhaps if my mother had been living yet I would have run away to my humble home or died of homesickness, but the home attractions were no longer so great as to draw me with such might, and there was nothing for me but to sit in the desolation until relief came or my heart would break. I had not forgotten my prayers, but I had wandered away so far that God did not seem near and help did not appear within my reach. No, I was not an infidel, but I was a mere child, whose religious education had for five years and more been sadly neglected. Beck and Osman sat at their books and rarely spoke. I sat with them, and had to sit alone in silence that they might not be disturbed. Sometimes I went out for a while, but there was no acquaintance in the neighborhood with whom I could associate or find any enjoyment. So I sat with the students who

usually pored over their books until after midnight, sometimes opening a volume which lay on the table before me, sometimes arising and going out into the darkness for a while, sometimes recalling the past and indulging in dreams, then retiring at 8 or 9 o'clock, when all efforts to drive away the gloom of the long evening proved a failure. But this distressing condition could not be enduring. Casually looking into the books induced me to read a little here and there. Gradually my interest was elicited. It was not many months until I heartily joined the two students whose example was every night before me. My love of learning was awakened and grew to abnormal proportions, so that in course of time I surpassed my elder friends in eagerness and diligence. Fortunately for me there was a collection of good books ready to my hand. Mr. Osman had a library that was quite respectable both for size and quality, to which I had unrestricted access, and Mr. Beck was always a buyer of the best books. Little opportunity was afforded me to read trashy publications, as I had no money wherewith to purchase them, even if I had had the inclination. I was thus induced by circumstances to acquaint myself with good literature, and wasted but little time upon worthless books. Religion was not well represented in the library of my friends, who had little interest in revealed truth, and what there was of this sort was mainly skeptical and naturalistic, if not aggressively "Anti-Christian." I am glad to say that such books as Paine's "Age of Reason" had no perceptible influence on my thinking or conduct. They were not to my taste. History and travel attracted me most, and after the habit of reading beyond the midnight hours had been formed, poetry and philosophy became favorite subjects. With Shakespeare and Milton I formed an early acquaintance, and the best productions of the English poets and a few also of the German delighted me. Though I loved to puzzle over Locke's Essay and skim over Gibbon's Rome, the religious tendencies of such books affected me little, and that my inclinations were never adverse to the Christian training which my mother had given me was manifested by my partiality for such poems as Young's "Night Thoughts" and Pollock's "Course of Time," alongside of "Paradise Lost." Three years of omnivorous reading extended pretty nearly over the whole range of English literature except natural science, the poets, metaphysicians and literary critics seeming to me better interpreters of nature than the dry and tedious scientists.

About the third year of my apprenticeship I was by a mere accident led to change my habit of spending my evenings with my books, only one evening a week being reserved for social enjoyment. My home had been transferred to the family of Mr. Hummel, the junior partner in the printing firm. Both Mr. Hummel and his estimable wife were members of the Lutheran Church and both were earnest Christians, who heartily engaged in the work of the church. He was the devoted superintendent of the Sunday School and she was a helpmeet for him in training their children according to the Word of the Lord. I think that they had daily family worship, though I was not honored with an invitation to attend it. There was no boarder beside myself in the family. Of course, I felt somewhat lonesome in my new relation, having been taken away from my student friends and their books. But Mr. Hummel also had a little library, and I was thus not deprived of all reading matter. I could have continued my practice of daily study when the day's work was done and the darkness came. But circumstances changed my plans, if plans can be spoken of at all in my life of perfect freedom after working hours. A theatrical company established itself for the winter in Harrisburg and a young friend of mine secured the contract of printing the daily programs for distribution among the audience. For this work payment was made in tickets of admission and I was offered a ticket each evening for doing the press work; as this was not a burdensome task I accepted the offer. Accordingly most of my evenings were spent at the theater. The perilous proceeding did not trouble my conscience then and the epicurean principle which I remember to have avowed, in reply to a warning given me by Mr. Hummel, makes it plain to me now that I was entering upon the road to ruin. But my good name was not forfeited by the error. The company produced plays of the better class, a goodly number of Shakespearian dramas being among them. My knowledge of English dramatic literature was thus materially increased, and the bad venture was not without its intellectual compensation. But it was perilous, and it has served to settle my judgment adverse to the theater for all time. Not only the vicious environments of the playhouse and the temptations to which the play-goer is exposed; not only the immoral suggestions of many a sentence and scene; but much more the hardening effect upon the heart of stirring the emotions by fictitious events, are the grounds of my aversion. When strong feelings which naturally act upon the will, are aroused without affording the opportunity to exert volitional power in corresponding activity in real life,

the effect is always bad; and when the exposure to such fictitious excitement becomes habitual, it results in an unnatural sundering of the will from the motive powers, and the feelings exhaust themselves without appropriate action in the life. No doubt many a poor soul has thus become a flabby sentimentalist with an abundance of feeling, but altogether devoid of fruit in the realities of life.

I cannot say that I entirely escaped the evil consequences of my evil conduct. Indeed, they have presented themselves as thorns in my experience ever since, and warnings which I have had frequent occasion to give in this regard, were those of a burnt child that shuns the fire. But God's goodness, which never failed me in all my wanderings, saved me from becoming a moral wreck. I have learned something since then, not only of the abounding grace of our blessed Saviour towards our sinful race, but of the wonderful ways of His providence. But these ways are past finding out, and at last the soul that comes to Him finds all difficulties solved in the assurance that His mercy endureth forever. How it came about is not clear to me, unless the influence of my mother's teaching, in connection with the covenant of grace into which my baptism had introduced me, may seem a sufficient explanation, but on my return to my room after the theatrical performance, I did not immediately retire, but spent some time in meditation and prayer before I laid my body down to sleep. As I had free access to the house at any hour, I could go and come as I pleased. The family was not disturbed by my late entrance, and never was I met by rebukes or expostulations. The only time that Mr. Hummel, or anyone else, spoke to me about my late hours, was that which I have mentioned, and that was while I was at work in the office. There was no dissipation on my part. I never drank intoxicating liquors and never joined gay company in carousals after the play. In that respect my life was clean and my character was not impeached. But my soul was not at rest. I therefore went home when the drama closed, and knelt at my bedside in prayer before I went to bed, and usually slept well.

The theatrical performances came to an end when the winter was over, and I was constrained to find other ways of spending my evenings. My interest in books had not departed, and I was as eager as ever to learn. But I was no longer among free-thinkers who were my companions at Baab's, the wants of my soul became more prominent in my thoughts. I had been called

the preacher in my boyhood among my playmates, and that which led to such a title then was no doubt still apparent in my character. My thoughts were more directed to religious subjects and I visited churches. Of course I had no denominational preferences except such as were unconsciously imbedded in my early training and were naturally determined by my environment. Where the preaching commended itself to my literary tastes, I was most inclined to go. What I needed most I did not understand, but I felt that something was needed. I attended Sunday-School, and as my mother's faith was Lutheran and Mr. Hummel was superintendent of the school conducted by the Lutheran Church, all proper motives tended to direct me there, especially as my sister was a member of the congregation at Harrisburg and I had become an admirer of the pastor's eloquence and the choir's music. My companions now were mostly Christians, and all my inclinations were to seek the peace which my wanderings in the domain of literature had not brought me. About that time a wave of wild excitement about the coming of Christ swept over the land and great revivals were instituted in the churches. So strong was the pressure in this direction that Rev. C. W. Schaeffer, who was pastor of the Lutheran congregation at Harrisburg, also introduced the new measure and set a revival in motion. What it professed to offer was what I wanted, and with many others I presented myself at the "anxious bench." But what was offered there was not what I needed. The revival "workers" whispered into my ears, as I knelt in silence before the altar, some things which were meant for my encouragement, but which only left me unmoved because of their failure to reach my conscience. As I remember it there was nothing to show me my utter damnableness by nature, or the abounding grace of God to deliver from the impending damnation. Pastor Schaeffer himself never came to me as I silently suffered my need, without enlightenment as to its meaning and without an effort to meet my want. I endured this revival process for several nights without relief from a burden for which it seemed to have made no provision, when God gave me courage to speak to Pastor Schaeffer about my condition and my need, and to tell him that in my case at least the method pursued in the "revival" could effect nothing, making bold to say that I expected at least good sense instead of the nonsense to which I was treated by the officious workers. To my surprise the pastor declared that he was of the same opinion, and that he proposed, as a better way, to gather a class for instruction in revealed truth, which he urged me to join. The class

was formed, a large number, among whom I was glad to be registered, joined it, and the revival gave place to a large class of catechumens, with which I was duly confirmed and admitted to holy communion.

It is an ungracious task to criticize a pastor to whom I owe so much, but it would be overlooking a matter of some importance in my life if I did not mention the fact, that when I was confirmed I had no knowledge of Luther's Catechism, or of any catechism. That seems very strange. Certainly it is unusual in the Lutheran Church, except where the Lutheran is lost under Reformism of the Methodist type and only the name is retained. Rev. Schaeffer did not belong to that sort of people. Rather he was more strongly attached to that which is distinctively Lutheran than was liked by many in the congregations. But it was a frenzied time, and our good pastor was in a trouble somewhat like that which fell upon Melancthon and his colleagues when the fanatics came to Wittenberg and Luther was away. I do not know whether the like had ever occurred before, but our class of catechumens was instructed without the Catechism, which I had not seen and which years afterward became dear to me. But we were not confirmed without instruction in Christian truth. The pastor required each of us to have a Bible, at each lecture assigned certain passages which he requested us to commit to memory, and at the following meeting explained and applied these texts. There was no catechization, not only in the sense that there was no catechism, but also in the sense that there was no questioning and answering. We sat in silence while he expounded to us the Scriptures. The method was not good, but the work was done well, and we learned the essentials of the way of salvation. I had thus come into possession not only of some truth that my soul needed, but also of a Bible of my own and a habit of using it, and of a pastor who cared for my spiritual welfare. God had done great things for me and I was glad.

Thenceforward my interests were in the Church and its work. Not only was I a regular attendant at the service morning and evening on the Lord's Day and at Sunday-School, but at all the meetings during the week which were designed for instruction and edification. Whenever an opportunity afforded, I consulted the pastor about my reading, my spiritual wants, and my educational pursuits. He always manifested a lively interest in me, gave me advice, and furnished me with books to promote my growth in knowledge and in grace. On one occasion, which is ever memorable to me,

he spoke to me about a matter which then seemed to me not to concern him at all and of which I thought he had no knowledge. I had joined a secret society. As far as I remember, I had done this only with good intent, as is no doubt the case with many who are enticed into the lodges which exert such a power in our land and form such a formidable hindrance to the Church and its gracious work. In some way not known to me, he became aware of this fact. In the meeting of our lodge it was mentioned that he was the only minister in Harrisburg who was not connected with a secret society, and that efforts had been made in vain to secure him for our order. This made little impression on me, then, as I looked upon it merely as a matter of taste or policy in the pursuit of benevolent purposes. But it did make an impression upon me when he questioned me about my connection with the order, and in an injured tone informed me that I should have consulted him before taking such a step. He was right – as I see it now, beyond all question he was right. But that was all he said, and I did not then see that his claim had any ground or I deserved any rebuke. If he had shown me why I did wrong, I think that I was in a condition to ponder his reasons and follow the right. He might have induced me to leave the society in which I expected to exercise benevolence and directed me to the Church, which is called to exercise this in Jesus' name, and thus gives glory to our Saviour, while by His grace it accomplishes more even in the promotion of man's welfare. But this was not done, I remained a member of the temporal secret society without further rebuke; and Pastor Schaeffer's testimony was not then heard against the Lodgery that menaced the Church even more than the Methodistic revivalism, against which he failed to stand and testify and fight the good fight.

My pastor did not, on account of my being a secretist, treat me any otherwise than before. He continued to favor me and as far as I now can remember, I continued by my conduct to merit his favor as much as ever. Whether or not he knew of my desire to become a minister of the Gospel, his course always appeared to harmonize with my purpose in this regard. On the occasion of a commencement at Gettysburg, he even arranged for my attendance and provided for my entertainment, though he never suggested any plan to me by which I could study for the ministry.

I am not sure that I had any plans of my own in this respect. But with or without a plan I labored steadily toward the goal that lay beyond the

profession of a printer. Every opportunity that presented itself for advancing my education was eagerly embraced. Books continued to be my delight, but without losing sight of Christ and the Church. Something like a definite aim was gradually evolved, and my reading and studying were directed towards a preparation for college and the theological seminary. My first need seemed to me now a knowledge of Latin and Greek, which hitherto had not come within the range of my eager pursuit of learning. As an opportunity was given me in the last year of my apprenticeship to earn some money by extra work in the printing office, I made arrangement with the principal of the Harrisburg Academy to take some studies under him in connection with my daily work. He was a kindly man that took a fatherly interest in me. The plan agreed upon worked well, notwithstanding the hardship to which it subjected both of us. Lessons were assigned me which I was to prepare after working hours at night and recite before working hours in the morning. He was always ready in the winter even before the day dawned, to hear my recitations, and I was punctual in presenting myself in due time, so that I could return for breakfast at the usual hour and be ready for duty with the rest of the workmen. So far as I could see my ambitious efforts to succeed in my studies were satisfactory to the principal, Mr. Graham, and I am sure that all was satisfactory to me. The arrangement made was meant to be merely temporary, the design being to pursue a regular course as soon as conditions should become favorable. My purpose was to invest my earnings, after my apprenticeship, to the accomplishment of this end.

My employers favored me and there was no lack of work at good wages. I could come and go pretty much at will. My governing purpose was to study. I accordingly attended the regular classes at the Academy, and good Mr. Graham was released from the burden of hearing recitations before breakfast. As for myself, I hardly realized that it was a hardship, so intent was I upon the work. My most distinct remembrance of these regular recitations is that of the Latin Class. The teacher was the rector of the Episcopal Church at Harrisburg. He was a fat man, and our recitations were in the first periods after the noonday meal. He sometimes nodded a little, as even Homer is reported as having occasionally done. When my turn came to translate Caesar he was sometimes startled from the little doze which he endeavored in vain to resist. My translation was a persistent effort to put idiomatic Latin into English words, so that the thought of the Latin writer would appear in its own idiom, notwithstanding the difference of language

used to express the thought. The construction was of course a curiosity in English, and it was no doubt sufficiently odd to arouse any ordinary sleeper. The good rector could not find it in his heart to reprove me for my attempt to talk Latin in English, nor to forbid the repetition of what to a less competent educator might have looked like levity. He only required me to repeat the sense of the passage in as good English as I could command. With the Greek I had more trouble, probably because from the start the erroneous notion had taken possession of my mind that it was a much more difficult language. It perplexed me to the point of despair, though I was not accustomed to be frightened from any purpose by ordinary difficulties. I persevered, but told my friend, Daniel Worley, who was attending college and with whom I was later to be associated in Church work, of my arduous labor that seemed so unsatisfactory. To him the work had become easy, and although he was not in a situation to give me much direct assistance in my lessons, he greatly encouraged me by referring to his own experience, and my own success in mastering other difficulties which were even more formidable. No doubt the circumstances contributed not a little to my lack of cheer in my Greek studies. My desire was to be regular in the class preparing for college, but I was deficient in that language. The principal advised me to study Greek privately in the hope of overtaking my class by the opening of next term, promising to help me, and assuring me that with proper application on my part this would be accomplished. The need of hard work was apparent if my plan was to meet with success. It may be that I expected too much, and that on this account I magnified the difficulties and was not much pleased with the results. Mr. Graham always seemed satisfied with my work when I regularly presented myself for recitations, or rather examinations, but never informed me whether I was reaching my goal or not. He was evidently preparing me for a surprise. I persevered, Greek became easier, and I read page after page beyond the ordinary lessons because I liked it. The term closed, and when I with some diffidence inquired whether the object of my ambition had been reached, the kind-hearted principal smiled and informed me that I had passed that class long ago, and was ready for examination with the class a year beyond it. I do not remember for which class in college the Academy at Harrisburg under Prof. Graham was preparing pupils, but I was manifestly nearing my goal of entering the class when another event under the Providence of God changed the current; I was not to go to Gettysburg.

When I was brought to the printing office at Harrisburg in my fourteenth year I was a lad of good physical condition and generally robust health. I had endured hardships, but had no organic disease, and was ready to endure more. But Harrisburg was not a healthy place and malarial affections were frequent. I had been subject to fever before, and was not exempt from it when I became a printer. In the summer it was nothing uncommon for me, when chills ran over me, to leave my work and seek refuge under covers while the ague shook the bed and the subsequent fever shook my brains. But this was a matter so common that it was not thought worthy of any special consideration. Another trouble was more serious. In some way I became a victim of a most painful disease called inflammatory rheumatism. I think that none but those who have experienced it can know the pain which it inflicts. Probably my clothing was not sufficient for my trip as paper carrier about the city in all sorts of weather, especially as underwear was unknown to me until after years and an overcoat seemed to me a luxury. My employers were not unkind, and would no doubt have supplied me with everything necessary for my health and even comfort, if I had made known to them what I needed.

But I was too modest, not too proud, to make known my needs. As I look back upon it now it seems to me that I was as little aware of what I needed as were my employers. Whatever may have been the cause, I suffered from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism while living at Baab's and another while living at Hummels. In both cases the family was kind to me, but in both cases the ordinary help was not sufficient to give me the needed attention in my utter helplessness. I suffered intensely for several weeks each time, but each time lived through the agony, so that after an ordeal of intense suffering without sufficient nursing, I could go on with my work. But after another interval of several years came the third attack. This was after my apprenticeship had ended and I was preparing for college, though depending upon my work to pay expenses. This time the disease, which seems to have become deeply rooted in my racked body, lingered long. Physicians were baffled in their effort to master it. I was so far restored that I returned to work, but always with the result that my pains increased and the work had to be abandoned. Finally I was informed by medical men, several of whom had been consulted in connection with my regular physicians, that there was no hope of recovering as long as I

continued my work in the printing office, and that I must abandon this entirely.

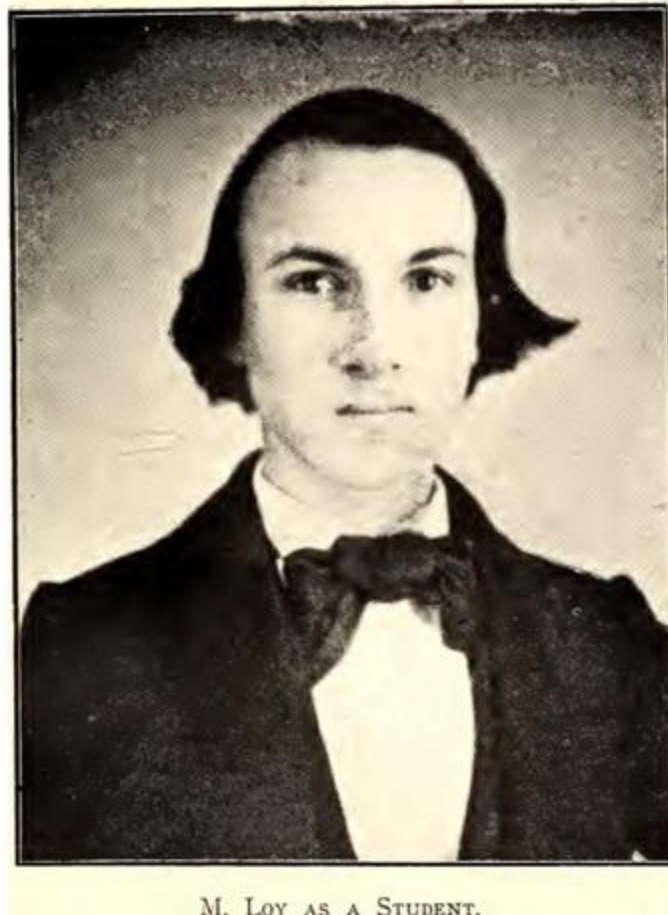
Thus my occupation was gone, and what should I do now? I still had a little money which I had saved amid trying circumstances. The abandonment of my profession as printer did not imply the abandonment of my hopes of becoming a minister. On the contrary, another profession seemed inevitable. My choice had been made. But how attain my end when the pecuniary means were wanting? It was a discouraging situation, but I did not lose heart and hope. Though my health was broken, it still seemed to me possible to do some work as compositor and at the same time pursue my studies, which now had a definite aim.

One day in the autumn of 1847, Mr. Baab came to me with a letter from the United Brethren Publishing House, then located at Circleville, Ohio, inquiring whether he could not recommend a man to print the German semi-monthly paper, which was issued there. It was an easy position, requiring a little more than half a man's time to do the work assigned, and the wages, six dollars per week, was fair, considering the small amount of labor demanded. Messrs. Baab & Hummel both thought that the place was exactly suited to my wants and urged me to accept it. As I desired to divide my time between work and study, and if possible to meet my necessary expenses and still lay aside part of my wages, so that I might after a few years complete my studies at some institution of learning, I agreed to go. On the third day after the offer and the consultations about its acceptance, I was on my way to Ohio, which was to become my permanent home. I left Harrisburg as a printer, and had the business of printing in view when I started upon my westward journey, but it was virtually bidding farewell to my vocation as printer.

3. Student

HOW I BECAME a student at our Theological Seminary at Columbus, is one of the many instances in my life illustrating God's wonderful providence over His children.

The story begins with my westward journey in the autumn of 1847, although I did not then even know of the existence of such a seminary, and it could not enter my mind to go to Ohio for that purpose. So far as I had thoughts of entering an institution with a view to the ministry, only Gettysburg lay in my horizon. Becoming a minister was definite in my purpose, but only that. The resolve to pursue my calling at Circleville as printer was only subsidiary to this governing purpose. Only so far had my journey to Ohio any connection with that which was now the chief object of my life. I went west to take charge of the mechanical department of a German religious paper published by the United Brethren. In this I had no interest but that of making an honest living and promoting my desire to enter the ministry of the Gospel in the Evangelical Lutheran Church, in which I was baptized and confirmed and in which I had so far found my spiritual nourishment.



◇ M. Loy as a Student

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In my hasty preparation for a journey that was then thought very long, I had not forgotten to take with me some letters of introduction and recommendation, which might prove serviceable to me in my advent among strangers. Two of these proved of importance to me beyond the mere business matter of receiving a welcome at the publishing house where I was employed. One was a general recommendation to any Lutheran pastor whom I might meet, the other was a cordial introduction to Mr. Jos. Geiger, Attorney-at-Law in Circleville. Everything having been arranged to my

satisfaction, I started off with a cheerful heart, not dreaming that it was my final adieu to my native state.

The journey was not without incident. The Cumberland Valley Railroad had been built as far as Chambersburg, and so far it was easy traveling. But the passengers to Pittsburg were more numerous than the stage-coaches from that point would accommodate, and I could not secure a seat to continue my journey on the same day. It was Wednesday, and I learned that there were services on that evening in the Lutheran Church. That at once appealed to me as the right place to spend the evening. The attraction was all the greater when I was informed that Dr. Sprecher was pastor of the congregation. He had buried my dear mother and I had not forgotten him. His address was edifying and I did not regret that my journey was delayed, as it gave me a delightful opportunity to hear him preach. But when I presented myself again at the stage office and was told that my turn for an inside passage would not come until the third day, I was discouraged and concluded that it would be wiser to take an outside seat, which was offered me at once, than to wait several days more for better accommodations and in the meantime spend the little money which I had in store. Accordingly I took an outside seat on an over-crowded coach and went on my way. It was not comfortable when rain came, though it was a little consolation to know that I had a better seat beside the driver than some others who had to content themselves with a less tolerable place on the top of the coach. When we reached the mountains sleet came and discomforts increased. The driver was a rough looking man whose speech corresponded with his looks and whose profanity, when occasionally a horse slipped or the coach slid on the icy road along the mountain declivities, made me tremble; but he was a man of gentle heart for all that and showed me nothing but kindness. My frail frame and pale face, the result of the sickness from which I had not yet fully recovered, no doubt rendered me a pitiful sight in the rough weather without sufficient wraps to defy the storm; and with some ungentle expressions he took off some of his best protection against the sleet and snow that pelted us in the pitiless blasts, and wrapped me up, assuring me that he was used to hardships whilst I would be killed before the morning came by the unmerciful tempest. At the next relay the outside passengers were given an opportunity to warm themselves and partially dry their clothing at a fire blazing on the hearth of the hostelry, and when notice was given that the coach was ready to start again, I experienced another instance

of human sympathy. One of the inside passengers, a large, robust man, who had been noticing me in my sorry plight, approached me and with an air of authority forbade me to proceed on an outside seat in such a condition and in such weather, and upon my assuring him that I was entitled to no other, he declared that I should go where he placed me, and if anybody undertook to molest me he would do it at his peril. He then carried me to the coach, put me in one of the best inside seats, and no one resented the usurpation. If any one was wronged by the proceeding it was not with my will, and no one disturbed me or reproached me during the journey. At Pittsburg, which I reached without any serious results from the exposure and jolting in crossing the mountains, I took a boat for Zanesville down the Ohio and up the Muskingum River, as there was then a line of boats running between these two places. This part of the trip was a delight to me. It was in marked contrast with the discomforts experienced on the way to the smoky city, of which I had heard much in my boyhood, but in which I was not in a mood to take much interest when I arrived there. The boat was comfortable and the scenery along the banks was beautiful. There was nothing to mar the pleasure of the river voyage. Not even the scraping of the boat in the shallow places disturbed me. But a remark by the pilot, with whom I often conversed when the hours grew long, made it clear to me why the line between Pittsburg and Zanesville was abandoned. Looking forward on the Muskingum and perceiving but a narrow channel along the banks of sand, I asked him how he would pass such a barrier; he replied that the only rational way was to put on more steam and shut his eyes. It is the way of many a human project. Our boat scraped through and we arrived at Zanesville without disaster. The journey from there to Circleville was more adventuresome. It had to be made by stage-coach and the roads were bad. Ohio was then comparatively a new state and in many respects was still in a primitive condition. The national road was indeed in progress and passed through Zanesville. But its course was towards Columbus, whither I was not going and never thought of going. Even the national pike was not inviting to travelers, but the other roads were almost impassable. Still the coach had other passengers booked for Lancaster besides myself, and started out as usual on its regular trip. With the help of the travelers, who not only walked much of the way, but volunteered their services to prevent upsetting of the coach on the hill-sides and swamping in the mud of low places, we reached our destination in safety, though the way was long and

the work was hard. The difficulty was not so great to reach Circleville on the following day, although I learned to appreciate the saying which was common in those days, that travel by coach meant paying the price and walking all the way, with special good fortune if one was not required to carry a rail to help the coach in swampy emergencies. I learned more of such travel later, when I undertook the prolongation of my journey to Columbus, but was well content when the coach drew up in good condition at the hotel in Circleville, which, so far as I then knew, was the end of my journey.

After a little refreshment and rest I was now ready for business. Everything was satisfactory at the United Brethren printing establishment, though it seemed to me that a little surprise was manifested at the appearance there of a mere boy to do the expected work. Mr. Geiger, to whom I had a letter of introduction from his father, lived across the street from the hotel, and I made no delay in paying him a visit and presenting the letter. He immediately showed an interest in me, and when in our conversation I mentioned Rev. Schaeffer's letter, he proposed at once to accompany me to the house of Rev. J. Roof, who was pastor of the Lutheran congregation at Circleville. We there talked further of my purpose and the result was the proposal of Rev. Roof that I should at once go to Columbus and enter the Theological Seminary of the Ev. Lutheran Synod of Ohio. I had never heard of such a Seminary and of such a Synod, but that presented no difficulty to my mind. The difficulty was rather that I had assumed an obligation to the printing house at Circleville, and that I had no money to support myself at Columbus, as my trip had well nigh exhausted my savings. But my new friends persisted in their opinion that the obstacles in my way were not insurmountable. Past. Roof at once proposed to provide for my support at the Seminary, and both he and Mr. Geiger agreed that a way could be found by which I could be honorably released from my contract with the United Brethren. At the close of our protracted conference, Mr. Geiger insisted that instead of returning to the hotel, as was my intention, I should accompany him to his house and make that my home during my stay at Circleville. He at once sent for my baggage and had it taken to the comfortable room which he assigned to me. I was bewildered by all this kindness to a stranger, especially as I was cordially welcomed and treated as a member of the family by Mrs. Geiger, than whom I have rarely met a more intelligent and genial body. The weeks spent in that

hospitable home were among the pleasantest of my life, and my heart never ceased to be grateful to my new friends.

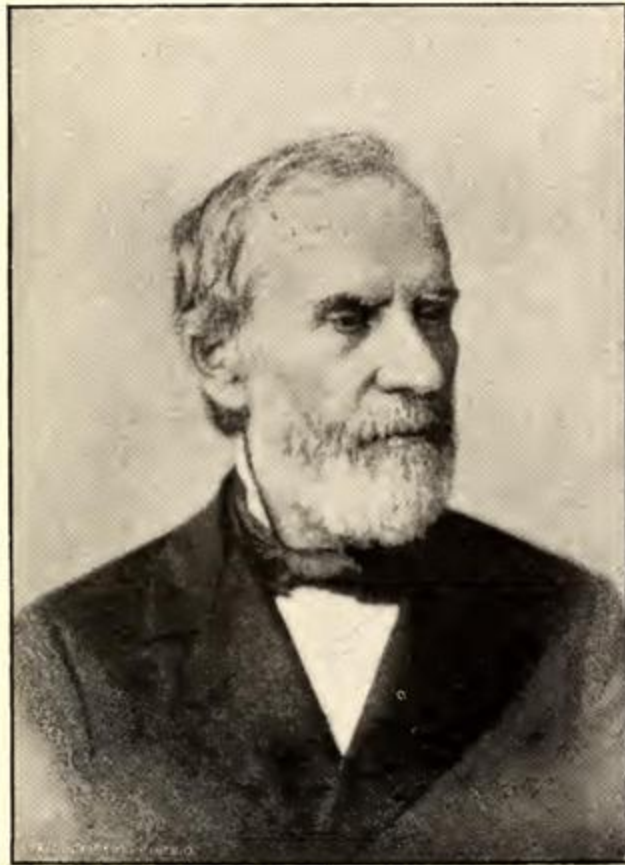
It did not prove as difficult to make arrangements for going to Columbus as I had apprehended. The managers of the publishing house were not only reasonable, but even generous. They had a just claim upon my services. It was easy to see how my failure to do the work for which I had been employed would embarrass them. The paper must be issued, and I owed it to them as they owed it to their subscribers to issue it. We agreed that I should be freed from all further obligations if I would print two numbers, which would allow them a month's time to secure another printer, the paper being a semi-monthly. We further agreed that I should do this work at my convenience, without waiting until the second issue was due. The editor of the paper furnished the copy as fast as I needed it; and in two weeks my work was done, my purse was replenished by the \$24 for four weeks' labor according to the original contract, and I was ready for the Seminary. Meantime Past. Roof had made all the necessary preparations for my reception at Columbus.

I could have gone on the day after my work was done, but the coach was not ready. Heavy rains had soaked the roads and swollen the streams, and when I with several others appeared at the office, the manager of the stage line informed us that it would be impossible to send out a coach that day. We waited until the next morning, but were again told that the horses could not drag the heavy coach through the deep mud and that the streams could not be crossed. This was repeated several days, when some who had engaged passage to Columbus became uneasy. One morning, long before the dawn appeared, when we presented ourselves as usual at the office, two lawyers protested that longer delay would be unendurable, that on the following day they had business in court which must be attended to, and that some way must be devised to take them to Columbus. My business was not as urgent as theirs, but I was as eager to go as any of them and helped all I could to bring pressure to bear on the manager of the coach line. He was a man to be reasoned with. He appreciated the perplexing situation of those upon whom the necessity lay of being in Columbus on the morrow. But he saw no practicable way of affording relief. He assured us that daily inspections were made of the route, and that as soon as it could be done without imminent danger, a coach would be started to Columbus. The

anxious attorneys insisted that they must go and that heroic measures should be adopted when necessity demands it. The outcome of the earnest consultation was that if a driver could be found who would undertake the daring journey and the passengers would assume all risks of their lives and their belongings, he would send out a coach. One of the drivers present, who averred that he had gone through many a troublesome trip and who knew little of fear, agreed to go, provided that a pilot should be sent ahead to select the path and the route; and the passengers agreed to assume all risks so far as it concerned themselves. It was expressly agreed that if at any point on the way the pilot should decide that the coach can go no further, the passengers must themselves provide a way to go on or to get back. It was not a wise agreement, but the voice of the attorney who had large interests at stake prevailed, and we all consented. So we started off about day-break on the venturesome trip. I am diffident about saying much of our adventures because, as conditions now are, some of them will hardly seem probable. It was a perilous journey. Ever and anon the pilot on horse-back would come back to the coach and inform the driver that he must leave the roadway which was washed by overflowing streams, if he was still resolved to go on. Fences were laid down and we went on. Once he reported that the bridge across a creek which we must pass was a foot or more under water, and that we must stop or risk our lives in the current. We went on without missing the overflowed bridge, and reached the other side in safety. At another time he reported that a bridge was entirely washed away and that there was no possibility of further advance unless a way were devised to effect a crossing. Under the driver's direction we built an emergency bridge and crossed it without mishap. At another place he reported that a mere rivulet had become too deep for horses and coach, and that it would endanger the lives of all the passengers to attempt a crossing. A council was held and in the desperate mood which possessed all of us, we voted that the driver should plunge into the current in the endeavor to reach the other side. – He failed. – The coach stuck fast in the middle of the stream and no effort could move it. But as the bed of the rivulet was narrow, the leading horses were with their front feet on the other side, while the coach was mired in the middle. The only proper thing to do now was to climb out and over the horses, which we all did and thus escaped, while the coach, relieved of its load, was pulled through without damage. With much labor we finally reached Columbus after night-fall, weary, but unharmed.

During the few weeks of my sojourn at Circleville I had made some pleasant acquaintances besides the good friends who received me so cordially, and I left with some regret to go again among strangers. But it has always been my happy lot to find good people in the world that lieth in wickedness. Pastor Roof had prepared the way for me in Columbus, and I was at once welcomed at the Seminary as a brother, not treated as a stranger, and I soon felt myself at home in the new conditions and surroundings.

Rev. C. Spielmann, who had charge of the boarding house, received me kindly, and he and his good wife, who was one of the most motherly of women, did all that was possible for my comfort, so that it was not long until I was enjoying the balmy sleep that tired nature needs for its restoration. The morning found me rested and ready for work. But everything was unusual around me and I had to adapt myself to circumstances that were strange to me, though I was not treated as a stranger.



REV. C. SPIELMANN.

◇ Rev. C. Spielmann.

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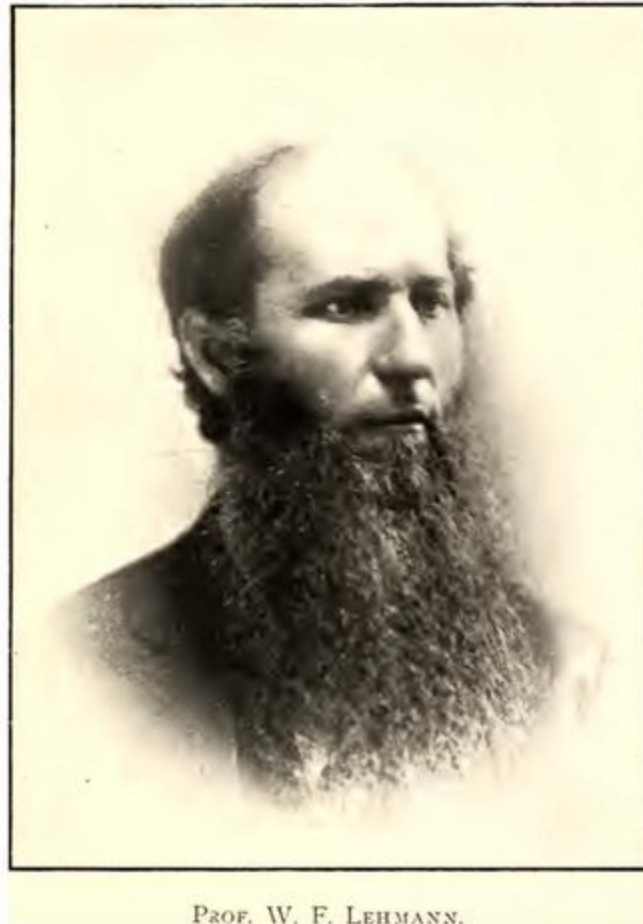
Rev. Spielmann, the head of the family in which the boarders of the Seminary belonged, was a man whose one passion was love for Christ and the Church which He had purchased with His own blood, and which He had constituted His Body, and for the Ev. Lutheran Church in particular with its pure word and sacrament as the only adequate representation of that Body among the visible churches. He had been one of the first students of the Columbus Seminary, and in his poverty was inured to hardships. His zeal in the work of the ministry had well nigh consumed him, and although yet a young man was already an invalid. But as long as he was able to do

anything to promote the interests of the Church, he refused to rest from his labors, and still continued, as he did throughout a long life, to do what he could. He was now, besides being house-father to the Seminary, the chief Editor of the Lutheran Standard, an English semi-monthly journal which the Ohio Synod was publishing under many difficulties. To his influence I am indebted for much of the good which afterwards inspired me in the work of the Church, and for many years I had the pleasure of counting him one of my closest friends and of working together with him in the service of the dear Master who is our Saviour. He left us only a few years ago, and as I write I anticipate the joy of meeting him in our heavenly home not many days hence.

In the morning I was introduced to Prof. W. F. Lehmann, who was at that time the only teacher in the Seminary. He, too, received me kindly, but with less demonstrativeness than his older co-worker in the cause to which they were equally devoted. He, too, had received his theological education at the Seminary of which he was now the head, and had been a fellow student with Rev. Spielmann. They had endured hardness together as students, had labored in the ministry, and remained fast friends during all their lives. Prof. Lehmann was then barely twenty-six years of age, but during the short period of his service before my becoming a student under him had already given proof of his fitness for the place to which he had been called. He had not had the advantages of a thorough college training, but his attainments in many of the branches usually taught at colleges were superior to those of many a graduate, and his intellectual power was extraordinary. He had not the magnetism of Rev. Spielmann, but I soon learned to appreciate his gifts and untiring devotion to his work, and found in him, while a student and ever after, a constant friend, whose conscientiousness atoned for his apparent coldness.

In a few days I learned how provision was made for the support of theological students who lacked means of their own. I was called before a Synodical committee for an examination, and as this proved satisfactory was received as a beneficiary. That meant that the Synod would provide for my board and furnish me a room, while for all the rest I must look to my own resources. At the end of each term it was required that a note should be given by the beneficiary for the amount expended, said note made payable without interest whenever he felt able to refund the money. The terms

seemed to me perfectly fair, and so they seem to me still. I presume that I was as sensitive in regard to the needless imposition of burdens as the average student, but the debt never burdened me, although it admonished me to indulge in no luxuries which would require the use of money that was much needed in a work whose benefits I held in grateful remembrance. My salary was small when I entered the ministry, but it required only economy which is desirable under any circumstances to refund in a few years all that was received. The plan adopted in that day of small things was excellent, and with a few modifications looking to a better certification of the applicant's worthiness would still be better, in my estimation, than any which has been adopted since. With my small savings, amounting now to little more than the wages which I received for my work at Circleville, my financial prospects were not brilliant, but I returned to my room in good spirits. What I had long desired was now realized. I was a regular student in a Theological Seminary.



◇ Prof. W. F. Lehmann.

There was as little grandeur in my new environment as there was in the magnitude of my purse. I had a little preparation for this in the contrast between the Lutheran Church in Circleville and that at Harrisburg, and I was not offended or in any way dissatisfied or disheartened. The Ohio Synod, if not still in its infancy, being nearly thirty years of age, had only recently learned to walk and go forward without its Pennsylvania mother. It had worked hard and struggled bravely, small and poor as it was, and had reached its present stage through tribulations. It was barely twelve years old when it established the Seminary at Canton, and this consisted only in appointing Rev. Wm. Schmidt, who was pastor at that place, to prepare several young men for the ministry. A year later he was transferred to

Columbus with his little company of students. When he died at an early age, the Synod had grown somewhat stronger and attempted larger things. Two professors of theology were appointed, but dissensions arose between them, and they had to abandon the work. A less sturdy body of Christians might have been discouraged and abandoned it with them. The Synod did not abandon it, but went forward in the name of the Lord, and did not fail. The blow to the Seminary was severe, involving the congregation which had been gathered in Columbus and making further support of the institution difficult. Synod was forced to begin again on a smaller scale. When I entered the Seminary it had but the one professor who had but recently taken up the work, and of him more was expected than any man could adequately render. But Prof. Lehmann was a man of rugged and great power of physical endurance as well as of stalwart faith and indomitable will, and the work was in good progress when I came. He had reorganized the congregational work, forming two congregations, one German, the other English, of both of which he was pastor; and also the seminary work, forming a preparatory school after the manner of an academy, and a school for the study of theology after the manner of a seminary, of both of which he was teacher. It was a herculean task for which no man was sufficient, but he did what he could and his work was not in vain in the Lord. The work gradually grew, help was supplied as means increased, and the institution became one of power and influence in the land.

The Seminary had a fine piece of property in the southern portion of the city, consisting of ten acres of land extending from High street westward to the Scioto river. On this the Synod had erected a two-story brick house which served as a residence for the professor and the necessary class room, and a larger three-story building which was comparatively new as a home for the house-father and a boarding house for the students. In the rear of the latter was a frame structure where the "Lutheran Standard" was printed. Everything was plain and unpretentious, but it was adapted to the simple wants of the institution, and all were contented and thankful to be so well housed.

In connection with the theological branches, which I pursued with eager assiduity, I continued the study of Latin and Greek, later adding also the Hebrew. There were but one or two others who were far enough advanced to form with me a class in Livy and Homer, while the class reading the

Greek New Testament contained a few more. As there were only eight or ten of us in all, and some of these only in the preparatory department without designing to study theology, the classes were necessarily small. This enabled the over-burdened teacher to give more attention to the wants of each individual during the recitations, although it imposed the necessity of making these less frequent.



CAPSTONE OF MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE FIRST SEMINARY BUILDING, SOUTH HIGH ST., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

◇ Capstone of Main Entrance of the First Seminary Building,
South High Street, Columbus, Ohio.

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I made satisfactory progress in the study of languages, to which my work in the preparatory course was limited, so that when I left the Seminary I could read the easier theological Latin without much need of mental translation, and had a good foundation for the study of the Scriptures in the

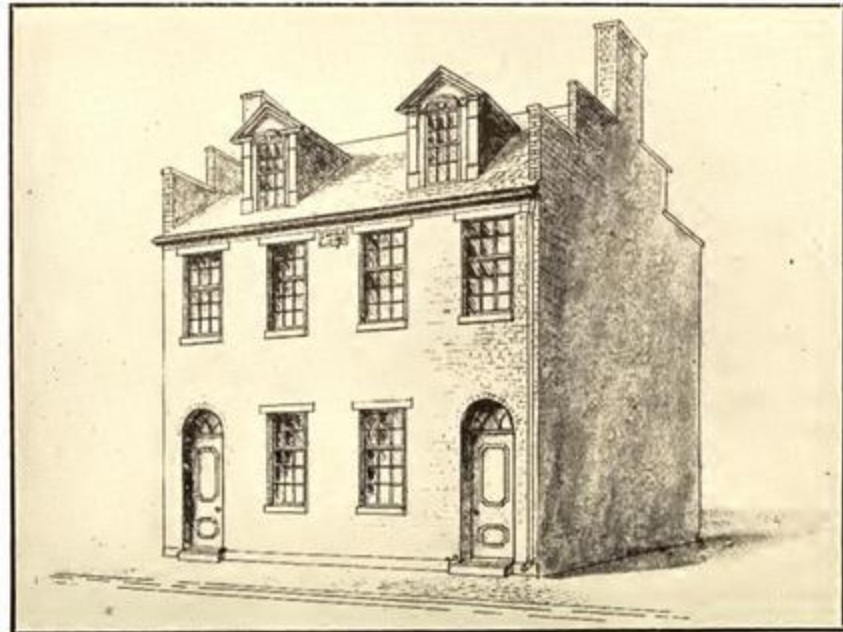
original tongues for all the practical purposes of a pastor. To a critical scholarship in philology, as it is requisite for learned exegesis, I never attained, as circumstances always directed my studies into a different channel.

But I had come to Columbus for the purpose of preparing for the ministry, and as I had acquired sufficient knowledge of languages to meet all the demands of the Seminary, my main strength was devoted to theology, of which I knew but little. That a system different from that in vogue at Gettysburg, whither I had intended to go as soon as my means would permit, was taught here, did not at all trouble me. I was too ignorant of doctrinal differences to make any account of this, and when in the progress of my study I became aware of dividing lines between churches of different denominations and of disagreements and distinctions even among those calling themselves Lutherans, my choice was already made. I knew Christianity only as I learned it in the Lutheran Church, and the Lutheran theology as it was taught in the Seminary was built on the foundation which had been laid in my soul and accorded with the faith by which I lived my Christian life, so that I had no difficulties in this respect. What was taught in the Catechism of Luther and in the Augsburg Confession, with which I now became acquainted, seemed to me in exact accordance with what is taught in the Scriptures, the inspiration and infallible authority of which I never doubted. Thus as I grew in the knowledge of the Bible and of the Lutheran Confession, I grew also in my admiration of the great Church of the Reformation and waxed stronger in the faith which that Church confesses. Notwithstanding that I had come from a congregation of the General Synod, which was not in the best repute among Ohioans, my Lutheran faith and firmness were never called in question. The history of the Church made it plain to me that the kingdom which Christ established on earth and which is founded upon the truth to which He bears witness, cannot be maintained by human wisdom or might, but lives and flourishes only by the power of its King, and that its subjects are loyal and render effectual service in maintaining and spreading that kingdom only when they strictly adhere to that truth and become witnesses both of its heavenly authority and saving power. And this other thing became plain to me also, that the Reformation was the work of this King of saints and the Lutheran Church is the result of that work. In accordance with this it seemed to me that complete fidelity to the Lord required strict fidelity to the Lutheran Church. Of course, not

everything pertaining to this subject was then perfectly clear in my mind, but my Lutheran convictions were growing in strength.

To this my intercourse with Rev. Spielmann perhaps contributed as much as the instruction of Prof. Lehmann. I think both were then more pronounced in their Lutheranism than was usual in the Ohio Synod, but by no means in antagonism to the prevailing sentiment. They were leaders and were therefore in advance of the flock. But Pastor Spielmann, who was much more a man of feeling and therefore less reticent than our teacher, who never became enthusiastic and had not the gift of inspiring others with enthusiasm, was the leading spirit among us boys. He loved the Church of the Reformation with a love so intense that it would find expression always and everywhere, if the least opportunity was offered.

At that time the work of the Saxon Lutherans who formed the Synod of Missouri had already begun, and the "Lutheraner" was read with avidity by Bro. Spielmann and regularly given to me for perusal. I read it eagerly, and rejoiced in the testimony which it gave to the truth which the Reformation had restored to the Church and in the zeal which it displayed in the defense of that truth. It was a good work which the Missourians took in hand, and it did not require much Lutheran life to subject a person to the stimulating power of their fervent zeal and stirring appeals.



THE CRADLE OF THE EV. LUTH. SEMINARY, CANTON, OHIO.

◇ The Cradle of the Evangelical Lutheran Seminary, Canton, Ohio.

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As far as I can remember there was not the remotest danger that the publications of the Lutherans of Missouri, and Bro. Spielmann's sympathy with their earnest self-denying labors, would work any injury to our Seminary and its aims and interests, notwithstanding that the men at the head of the Lutheran movement in the west were not partial to the Ohio Synod, from which a few of those who joined it had seceded. At that time there was great need for strenuous efforts to revive in Lutheran hearts a consciousness of their rich heritage, and so far as these efforts met with any success in our Seminary it inured entirely to the benefit of the Ohio Synod,

which never had a more loyal and devoted member than Rev. Spielmann, and among the students probably I was more powerfully influenced than the others, and I labored in the Ohio Synod with a heart sincerely devoted to its welfare and its work all my life.

The antecedents of all of us were such as to suggest the need of such a tonic to brace us against the strong winds of liberalism and fanaticism and unionism that were blowing over the land, or to stir us up amid the indifferentism which was destroying all earnest faith and life. Of my fellow students two were from Germany and had little knowledge of the Church's condition and wants in this land of sects; one had studied law and like the other two, whose experience had all been gathered in state churches, had great confidence in the power of government by ecclesiastical authority; one was from Switzerland, who with all his piety needed a better appreciation of pure doctrine; the other two were from Ohio congregations and had not had more opportunity than myself to know the history of the Lutheran Church and to realize its high calling in this land of the free. In every respect the literature of the "old Lutherans" circulated among us was a benefit to the Seminary. It was an effective agency to counteract the evil tendencies of the time to make the great Church of the Reformation merely an insignificant sect among the other denominations of this country. Prof. Lehmann never fully sympathized with the exclusiveness of the Lutheranism recently imported from Germany, and he had some reason for this, because it made too little account of the past history of the Church in America and of existing conditions in consequence of that history; but I think he was glad of the assistance which it rendered him in impressing on our minds the preciousness of the doctrines which he taught.

During my stay at the Seminary I confined myself closely to my studies, going out but little and restricting my social life almost exclusively to those connected with the Seminary. Occasionally I visited families connected with our small congregation in the city, especially those of Messrs. Lewis and John Heyl, who always treated me kindly. As I was a lover of music, I met with the choir of the church once a week, and occasionally Prof. Lehmann honored me by calling at my room to play duets on the flute, an instrument of which we were both fond, though he was much the better player. Now and then I was the guest of a family in the country, where I sometimes spent several days with great delight and equal benefit. The

company of ladies was not sought. It was much enjoyed when it came in my way, but I did not crave it, thinking then as I think now that students can do their work better without much indulgence in such pleasures.

To meet my necessary expenses after my little stock of money was exhausted I fell back upon my trade. The "Standard" was printed in a small building in the rear of the boarding house, and the printers usually had work for me when I applied. In former years I had learned how to engage in work and study at the same time. I never allowed my labor in the printing office to interfere with my work in the Seminary, but earned my money while my fellow students played or slept. This was not conducive to my health, as it had not been in my earlier experiences at Harrisburg, but I had no other means of putting money into my empty purse. So far as I can recollect I received, during my whole Seminary course, only two dollars that I did not earn by my own labor. These were given me by Pastor Roof, at whose instance I had come to Columbus, at whose house I always found a hospitable home when I chose to visit Circleville, who during my whole course took a kindly interest in my welfare, and to whom I never ceased to be grateful. It was always a source of regret to me that he, after I began my work in the ministry, interpreted my disagreement with him in some matters of Church practice as sheer ingratitude. But I had no reason to complain since I had the power to supply my needs by God's blessing through my own labor. When our own printing office could not give me enough work, as during vacations, the State Journal printing house in the city was always ready to employ me, and it was something of a temptation to me that, at the close of my studies at the Seminary, a position was offered me as printer with wages much in excess of the salary which I was to receive as minister of the gospel. But God gave me grace to adhere to my purpose, notwithstanding the great difficulties which by His inscrutable providence sometimes came in the way of its execution.

My health was not robust when I entered the Seminary, and it was not better when I left it. Nearly during my whole course I suffered from nervous headache. A renewed attack of inflammatory rheumatism with its intense pain kept me confined for the usual term of several weeks in almost perfect helplessness while I was at the Seminary. But I was not dismayed. After the disease had run its course, I continued my studies, notwithstanding the hindrance caused by my infirmity. But in the last term a more serious

impediment was interposed. One morning upon arising, without knowing the cause, I found it difficult to speak, and when later I attempted to play the flute, I failed to produce a sound. Closer investigation showed that my left eye would not close, that my face was drawn awry, and that the muscles of the whole left side of the face refused to perform their functions. After several days of worry over what I thought was an unusually severe cold, I consulted a physician. He pronounced it facial paralysis and informed me that a cure, if possible at all, would be a slow process. The process was so slow that there was ample reason for disheartenment. Other physicians were consulted, six or eight in all, and none gave me much encouragement, one insisting that it must affect my brain and make further progress in intellectual pursuits impossible, and another warning me that a complete paralysis of my left side would probably follow in the near future. Only one of them, the well known Dr. Smith, gave me any hope. It was a trying time, and little comfort was to be found anywhere, but in the goodness of God, who had thus far blessed me above all I could ask or think. I had no pain, but my studies were continued only with difficulty under circumstances so distressing. Dr. Smith persevered, but without much apparent success. My friends extended their sympathy and did for my comfort what lay in their power, but my hopes seemed blasted on the eve of their fulfillment. It was not easy for others to advise or for me to decide what to do. Prof. Lehmann told me that if I did not recover it was manifestly the Lord's will that I should serve Him in some other way than by preaching the gospel, and assured me that He who doeth all things well would provide for me, whatever betide. It was all true, and I believed it all, but the comfort seemed to me cold. There was nothing for me to do but to go on with the work in hand as well as I could and await further developments. One day Dr. Smith appeared in an unusually happy mood after examining me. There were slight twitchings in the paralyzed muscles of my face responding to the treatment with strychnine, and this gave him hope of ultimate success. He then informed me that there was but one more remedy known to him, that he had resolved to try this yet, and that if this failed he would abandon the case as hopeless. Now he was confident that help was at hand. The strychnine treatment was continued with new energy, the improvement was daily noticeable, and in a few weeks I was able to close my eye and move my lip. I could again articulate distinctly, and in a month or two it was evident to all concerned that my affliction would be no bar to my entering

the ministry. Praising God I took courage, and when the time fixed for the examination of candidates came I was ready. That my course at the Seminary was so short was not my doing. The authorities no doubt placed me on the list because there was a scarcity of ministers and I was thought qualified for the work.

According to information received afterwards I had been selected for the Somerset charge, which was one of the most important vacancies in the Synod, and in which both Rev. Spielmann and Prof. Lehmann had been pastors, but that my conduct on a certain occasion had changed the purpose of those making the nominations. That was not creditable to me. But I was entirely innocent in the matter, as others acted on the presumption that I had a knowledge of certain facts of which I was entirely ignorant. But I never had reason to regret that I was called to Delaware, even if it were true that under other circumstances I would have been proposed for another charge. The two congregations forming the Delaware charge elected me as their pastor, and thither in the name of the Lord I went as minister of the gospel.

4. Pastor

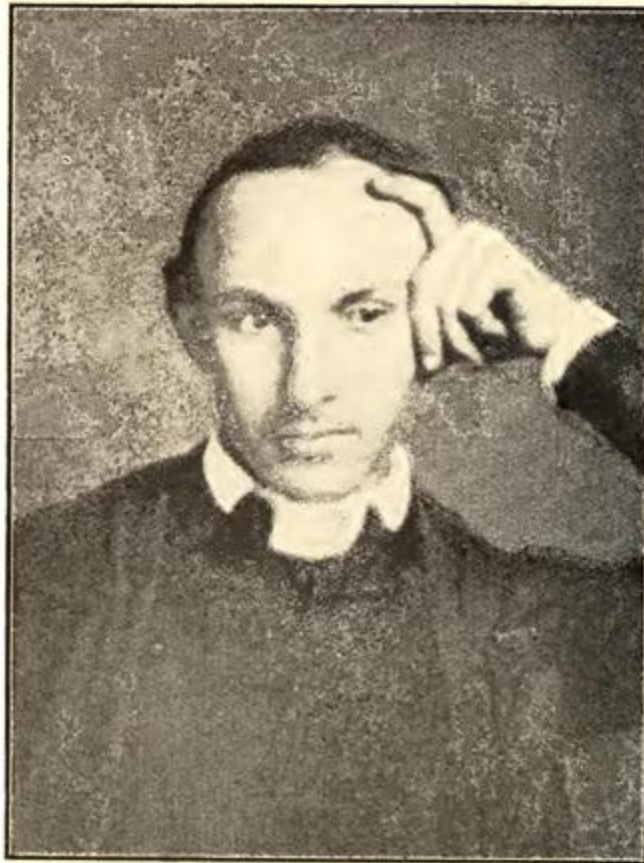
WHEN I BADE ADIEU to the Seminary I was not yet fully aware of the things that were before me; but I started off on a rather rough day in the stage-coach to assume the pastorate at Delaware. Probably if I had known beforehand all that this meant, I would not have gone in a mood so cheerful. Neither the solemn import of the pastoral office in general, with its arduous work and fearful responsibilities, nor the peculiar demands of the charge accepted at Delaware, were adequately appreciated. I use the word probably, because it would not be just to myself if I had made the impression that I entered upon the great office with a boyish levity that had little regard for the infinite import of the work undertaken. I had some sense of this and did not rush recklessly into the office; but that sense deepened and became more terrifying as I grew older, and my special charge became better known.

I had just reached the twenty-first year of my age when I began my work at Delaware, in March, 1849.

Physically I was not in a condition to endure much hardness, an emaciated, pale faced youth, looking so frail, as I was afterwards told, that when the subject of sending a delegate to Synod, which met a few months later, was discussed among the members, the fear that I would die on the way was a factor to be reckoned with. I could not impress the congregation as a man inured to hard labor and ready for emergencies. But I was zealously affected in the good cause in which I was engaged, the congregation was satisfied, and gradually gave me their confidence, and God in His goodness blessed my labors, notwithstanding all their human imperfections, and crowned them with success. My weak body was more than counterbalanced by the strength which the Lord whom I served had given my soul, and the Gospel which I preached exerted its power unto salvation. People said that my preaching was eloquent and therefore

effective; but eloquence is a virtue, and those who speak because they believe, and set forth the eternal truth in a tone and manner making it plain to all hearers that they are ready to die for it, are always eloquent, though they have only the little learning and command of language which I possessed, or even less.

The condition of the charge which I accepted was not inspiring, unless it be assumed, as may be done without trifling with logic, that the greater the need of zealous work the greater the inspiration to an earnest soul to exert all its powers for its performance. My predecessors in the congregation at Delaware were not impressed with the necessity of maintaining the principles of the Ev. Lutheran Church with the strictness which in the palmy days of the Reformation led to the separation of the Zwinglians and the Calvinists from the Lutheran Church. Our congregation and that of the German Reformed occupied the same building, using it for worship on alternate Sundays. It was said that in earlier days one pastor for both was thought sufficient, and that promiscuous communion troubled no one's conscience. Liberalism and what was called brotherly love extended even so far that Reformed ministers prepared the children of both denominations for confirmation, using the catechisms of both for instruction, and making only this difference that afterwards the Lutheran catechumens were confirmed by a Lutheran pastor who was invited to officiate for the occasion. As one good turn deserves another, the Lutheran pastor was expected to render the Reformed party the same service. Matters were not quite so bad when I took charge at Delaware. According to my remembrance it would even have been impossible for me to accept the call pledging me to treat the Reformed as if they were Lutherans, and no such obligation was imposed upon me. The Reformed congregation had its own pastor, and I was simply called to be pastor of the Lutheran congregation which worshiped in the same church building.



THE REV. M. LOY AS PASTOR AT DELAWARE, OHIO.

◇ The Rev. M. Loy as Pastor at Delaware, Ohio.

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There was a small congregation at Middletown, now Prospect, which was part of the parish to which I was called. As that was dependent for its ministrations upon Delaware, the conditions there were the same. If any distinction must be made it was even more decidedly unionistic than the mother congregation. There also the Reformed and the Lutheran united in building a church, and when the Reformed had a pastor at Delaware, he preached also at Prospect.

That the congregations were neither large nor wealthy is manifest from the provision made for my support. No fixed salary was promised, but a subscription was started and I was to receive the amount collected, which would aggregate \$250. Delaware raising \$170 and Prospect \$80.

The question of money had never much engaged my thoughts, except so far as it was necessary to meet my necessary expenses, and I thought I could live on the sum indicated, and even on less if an emergency came. Subsequent developments showed how important my unselfishness, at least in this respect, was for the work which I had taken in hand.

My sincere purpose and corresponding effort was to preach the Gospel in its purity as well as I knew how, and to declare the whole counsel of God as plainly as I could, without much fear of men and without much conscious endeavor to gain their favor. But I am writing now of events that lie half a century behind me, and the picture may receive some coloring and some shading from present mental conditions. But to the best of my recollection my sincere desire was to set forth the truth of God and to move the people to accept it – and manifest this acceptance by a life of holiness to their Redeemer’s praise. That I did not conceal the distinctive doctrines of the Lutheran Church, but rather gave prominence to them and sometimes, as occasion offered, in polemical opposition to errors set against them, was under the circumstances unavoidable. In my pastoral visits also the condition of the congregation and the superior claims of the Lutheran as the mother Church of Protestantism was a favorite topic of conversation. Little by little a better appreciation of our rich possessions as Ev. Lutherans was thus instilled, and our people stood less shamefaced and less wavering amid the wind and waves of fanaticism which swept over our town of Delaware, where the Methodists had located their Wesleyan University and which was so much under the sway of Methodism that people talked about changing its name to Wesleyville. Some of the more sanguine of that denomination even were bold to prophesy that not many years hence the only churches of the town would be Methodist. When members of my congregation told me of these things my answer could hardly be other than that “the Word of God they shall let stand and not a thank have for it.” My people became more firm and bold, and I was not dismayed but rather stirred up to exert all the power that God gave me to proclaim and defend His truth, against which the gates of hell, I well knew, should not prevail. By the grace of God my

people grew stronger, and I grew stronger with them. And the congregation prospered as never before.

At the start the weakness manifested was mostly my own. When we had gained a little standing in the town I was overrun with Unionistic petitions to join in various enterprises of the churches and enlist my congregation in their promotion. Not willing to forfeit the little prestige which we had gained, I warded off the solicitations by various pleas, chief among which was that our congregation was German and that this would not permit an active co-operation with English congregations. If there is anything which I am now ashamed of, as I look back upon these trying times, it is this temporizing with sects against which I was bound to contend. But it was only for a little while that the flesh gained ascendancy by resorts to the sophistry of human reason. The sectarians, under the promptings of a false conception of Christian love, insisted in their efforts to enlist me in their unionistic projects until I was compelled and by the grace of God was enabled to stand unequivocally by my colors and declare my inability with a good conscience to comply with their request. Then I had peace and, while wild fanatics condemned me and my people, I gained in the respect of the more intelligent part of the community and in the confidence of my congregation.

But it was not the Delaware public to which I was called to minister. Its estimate of me, important as it was in regard to my moral worth, was a secondary matter in regard to my Church work. With a position that I was compelled to take in regard to the relation of my congregation to others, I could not expect the sympathy of Christians who professed a different faith, especially since then as now the prevailing sentiment was against emphasizing distinctive doctrines and favorable to fraternal fellowship without reference to denominational differences. It is a well nigh hopeless task in our time to convince members of a sect that divisions in the Church are sin, and that persistence in the maintenance of separate church organizations, without insisting on their distinctive doctrines as a justification in conscience of the division so rendered necessary by fidelity to the truth revealed in the Holy Scriptures, is a confession of guilt. It ought to be plain to any sane mind that a difference which justified the organization of the separate church must forbid church fellowship with those from whom the separation took place. If it is possible with a good

conscience to remain in fellowship with the church to which we belong it is a violation of the divine command to start a new church; if it is impossible and thus a scriptural ground of separation exists, that which makes it necessary to renounce the former fellowship must remain a barrier in the way of fellowship after as well as before the separation. I was a Lutheran. Christianity as I knew it, and as I know it now, is Lutheran. My maternal training, my Christian experiences, and my theological education, were all Lutheran. I had indeed learned something of other denominations of Christians. My habit when I was a printer at Harrisburg was, at one period, to attend any church that suited my fancy. I visited camp meetings and was a spectator at many a so-called revival. I had no prejudices that hindered the effect of any legitimate appeal to my conscience. My ignorance of denominational differences was a protection against that. But I was sincere when at my confirmation I vowed allegiance to the Ev. Lutheran Church. My theological education did not teach me to ignore other churches. I learned something more about them and I was not induced to depreciate the good that is in them. But I learned something more also about the Lutheran Church and was heartily in accord with what I learned. I was now called to be a Lutheran pastor, and as a Lutheran I meant to be honest. Other denominations, while at least the better people among them appreciated this feature in my character, did not like its necessary consequences in my conduct. Some incidents, although they did not all occur in the earliest years of my ministry, may be related to show the difficulties under which I labored, but at the same time to impress the wisdom of strict adherence to the Lutheran Confession in building up Lutheran congregations.

The spirit and method of my ministry was noised abroad, and especially the Methodists, who largely controlled the sentiment of the community, took umbrage at my honest work. Three miles south of Delaware there was a Methodist congregation at a small village called Stratford. One day a lady of my congregation who lived there came to my house with the information, that the preacher there had made a savage attack upon the Lutheran Church with the view of creating a prejudice against me and my congregation. A goodly number of our members lived in that vicinity and these he desired to win. The lady was a staunch and intelligent Lutheran, and had taken notes. These she gave me with the request to do what I could to counteract the prejudicial influence that had been exerted. I declared my readiness to preach at Stratford in reply to the attack made upon us, and requested her to

have an appointment made at some appropriate place for the purpose. A few days later a delegation came from Stratford asking my consent to deliver my reply in the same church in which the attack was made and on my remarking that it hardly seemed possible to secure the Methodist Church for such a purpose, and that it would be of doubtful propriety to use it on such an occasion if it could be obtained, the answer was given that the church in question, though occupied by the Methodists, was built by the community with the express understanding that it should be open to all denominations, and that they would claim it as a right that I should be permitted to preach there. I consented to leave the whole matter to them, and an appointment was made for me in the church. I promptly appeared at the appointed time and preached my sermon to an audience which crowded the house. Of course my purpose was to answer the charges made against the Lutheran Church and against me, as the pastor at Delaware. In the days of my youth I was perhaps more enthusiastic than was meet, but as I remember the circumstances I confined myself to the subject without any personal incriminations, except so far as persons were identified with the charges which I endeavored to refute. At the close of my sermon the pastor of the Methodist congregation at Stratford, who made the attack which I came to repulse, arose and politely asked me if I would grant him the privilege of saying a few words. In a kindly tone I replied that the discourse just delivered was my third for that day, and that my strength was so far exhausted that I could not undertake to speak much more, but that if what he desired to say would not compel me to answer, I had no objection. He then said that he only wished to make the statement that he had not made the charges which I refuted, but that he would reply to my sermon at a time which he would announce later. I said nothing more, but proceeded to dismiss the congregation when an excited gentleman, who, as I afterwards learned was a member of no church, rushed forward and begged me to hold the audience, as he and a number of others present had heard the charges made and wished immediately to convict him of making them. I saw no propriety in turning the congregation into a court, and thinking his denial equal to a renunciation I believed my object to have been accomplished. The preacher never delivered his reply, but soon after left the place, and the Lutheran Church gained some prestige by the assault and its outcome.

On another occasion a man who was not connected with any church came to me inquiring if I could furnish him with a Lutheran Catechism.

Entering into conversation with him I found that a Methodist preacher, whose services he had been in the habit of attending, had ridiculed our Catechism, and had especially referred to some doctrines alleged to be contained in it which he thought it improbable that an intelligent people would maintain. He wanted to be satisfied about it, and hence desired to possess the Catechism. I gave him the precious little book, explaining the points to which reference had been made, urged him to study the Catechism, and when convenient to call again. In a week or two he returned and stated some difficulties that he had found, but showed himself an honest seeker for the truth. He found it, and became a consistent member of our congregation. Numerous incidents occurred which rendered other ministers besides the pastor of the German Reformed congregation unfriendly towards me. The attacks made upon us by others had the effect of calling attention to our work, and at our public services there was usually a goodly number who were members of other denominations. Proselyting was no part of my purpose. It is a sin of which I was never guilty. I wish others had respected the rights of other congregations and their pastors as I endeavored to do. Sometimes strenuous efforts were made, especially during so-called revival seasons, to entice weaker members of my congregation into other churches. They were visited for this purpose, and the means employed to turn their hearts away from us were not always honorable. As I was impressed with the importance of pastoral visits, I usually appeared in the families in time to counteract the insidious schemes of sectarian prowlers. The answer which I generally received, when I endeavored by appealing to the Scriptures to reach the consciences of these so-called "good men" engaged in bad work, was that their "field is the world." I was given to understand that my little parish was included in their big field, and that therefore my remonstrance was groundless. I do not wonder that some of my brethren advocated the making of reprisals. Feeling is often stronger than faith, and I had about as much difficulty with my people in this respect as I had with our adversaries. The tide was in our favor, and I would no doubt have temporarily gained by pursuing the policy of our opponents. But I was intent upon building up the kingdom of Christ, whose adequate representation in the world I believed the Lutheran Church to be, and had faith enough to be assured that no wrong-doing could further that kingdom. I determined, therefore, to the best of my ability, to do the work assigned me and not to meddle with other people's business. In

consequence, the plea that in self-defense I must go on proselyting expeditions was always resisted. But when people came to me seeking light, it was a different matter. I had no right to refuse the labor of love which I was requested to render, and my study was open to all, as well as the church in which I preached. In this way there was in the course of several years a goodly number of accessions from other denominations to our congregation, mostly from the Reformed, the Methodist, and the Presbyterian churches, though here and there one even from the Romish church came to us. How the work was done a few examples may illustrate. I, of course, take such as are best impressed upon my memory, without regard to the order of time:

A man of the Baptist persuasion came frequently to hear me preach, but when the announcement was made that a catechetical class would be formed and that all who desired instruction in the plan of salvation were requested to attend, he shook his head, and subsequently expressed his aversion to what he called "head religion." The class was formed and a respectable number assembled for instruction. He shook his head again, and doubted whereunto this would grow. He was a man of middle age, and when it was suggested that he should once attend the catechization, he declared that he was not a boy who could be expected to go to school. Well, he might go once, and see how the school was conducted, and might then judge for himself. He came one day as a mere spectator, and heard the instruction, and learned something. His railing against the Lutheran system became more moderate. He came again and listened attentively, and concluded that he had misjudged us. Then he had himself enrolled among the catechumens, rejoiced in the great salvation which the gospel teaches, was confirmed, and remained a faithful member of the Lutheran Church until his death many years after.

An intelligent lady of the Presbyterian congregation having heard me preach on the gospel for the Sunday after Easter, John 20:19-31, called upon me next day and expressed a desire to learn something more on the topic of my sermon. She said that the doctrine of absolution which I had set forth was new to her, but that it was full of consolation, and that if it were true she desired to be sure of it, and wanted more light. Of course, I could not refuse to help her. What I had preached was simply the doctrine taught in our Catechism of the redemption effected by our Saviour of all men, of

the provision made for distributing the great salvation in Christ through the word of the gospel to all who are willing to hear it, and by hearing it receive power from on high to believe it, and thus to have it, without the deeds of the law, by grace alone. She thought it was too good to be true, but, notwithstanding the doubt suggested by the self-righteousness of reason, confessed that it is what the Bible distinctly teaches. Asking me to lend her some books for further study she went her way rejoicing. One of these was Luther on the Sacraments, which I feared was meat too strong for her condition, but it was the best I had to help her in the line of her inquiries. When she came again she assured me that that was the very book she needed to remove any lingering doubts. Every visit to me appeared to increase her interest in the Lutheran Church and its history and doctrines and work, until one day she told me that she was no longer a Presbyterian in her faith, but in every respect, so far as she knew, a Lutheran, and that she felt it to be a duty to her Saviour to make this known, and to join us in the work of our congregation, asking me what she should now do to attain this end. As cases of a similar kind had occurred before, I was required to reflect upon the proper course to pursue when members of other churches applied for membership in ours. In the little library which was in my possession there was not much to guide me. But the Bible and the knowledge of truth and righteousness which I had attained, and the earnest purpose to do right and have a conscience void of offence toward God and man, were sufficient guide. If the hedge-priests who desired to steal sheep, from my flock had pursued an honest Christian course, my indignation would not have been aroused against them, as it sometimes was when I caught them in their ungodly tricks. It was an easy lesson to learn, if it was not so easy to practice, that what I wished others would do to me I ought to do to them. My decision was that our public services must be open to all, whether they were of our faith or another faith or no faith at all; that the pastor's personal application of the Word in absolution and ministration of grace in the sacraments must be limited to those who fulfill the conditions of membership in his congregation; and that the pastor has all the rights and duties of the Christian priesthood in his private intercourse with people, his public office in no way interfering with private obligations. Accordingly I uniformly avoided visiting for religious purposes any families belonging to other churches, and persistently refused to do this even when invited, unless it was clear that their pastor desired it, or at least made no objection when

they desired it. Meantime my house was always open when any person visited to consult me, whatever might be the nature of the subject. The lady in question had come often and I had no reason to send her away. But now, when she desired to become a member of our congregation, I thought it right that she should go to her pastor and tell him what she had done and what she proposed to do. Her pastor did not like me, and I knew that he would not speak kindly of me and of my labor on her behalf. I had before had a case of the same kind in which he was concerned. A young man of his congregation applied for membership in ours, and I sent him to his pastor with the remark that he must not sneak away from him like an evil doer with a bad conscience, but that he should deal frankly with him and give him all desired opportunity to exercise his office. This man afterwards reported to me that his pastor rebuked him for having dealings with such a bigot as he declared me to be, and then tried to convince him that we Lutherans teach false doctrines, making a savage attack especially upon our doctrine of the Lord's Supper. He had gone to him three times, and each time he had become more firm in his convictions that between his pastor and us it was a controversy of human reason and feeling against the Bible, so that he finally left with the declaration that he would not return for any further useless disputations, but that he was now fully resolved to unite with the Lutheran Church, of which in due time he became an active and valued member. Remembering this, I was putting the lady to a severe test when I sent her to this pastor; but I had no doubt that she was well qualified to bear it and had no fear of the result.

I think that in a clear conception of the plan of salvation she was his superior, and when she came to tell me the result of the interview with him I was not surprised that she was unshaken in her faith, had cheerfully renounced her connection with the Presbyterian church, and was ready for all that should yet be required for communion in our Lutheran congregation, of which she remained a steadfast member whose faith and love won the esteem of all.

Our procedure was not the same in all the cases of applicants for membership who were in connection with other denominations. Of course, we could not receive them merely on their presentation of dismissals or certificates of membership. Such papers were valued only as assurances that the persons concerned were of good moral character and that their reception

would not interfere with the laudable efforts of others to exercise scriptural Church discipline. An interview with such persons usually indicated what course should be pursued. Sometimes it was plain that the best way was to induce them to join the regular catechetical class; sometimes they were instructed in private and publicly confirmed when sufficiently advanced in the knowledge of the revealed truth; sometimes, when they already had such knowledge in a general way and needed only instruction in the points of difference between their church and the Lutheran, they were received upon their public declaration that they believed the doctrines of Holy Scripture as set forth in our Catechism and the Augsburg Confession, renounced all errors of churches teaching otherwise, and desired henceforth to be known as Lutherans. In some instances applicants at first thought the terms were hard; but as I desired to build up a Christian congregation of the Lutheran faith, believing this to be the pure faith of the Bible, not a society of nominal Christians without Christian unity, I insisted on the conditions, and usually with such success that they were recognized as indispensable under existing circumstances even by those who for a while hesitated.

It was a trying position into which the Master placed me as His minister. The location of the Methodist university at Delaware made it a center of Methodist influence. I was but a stripling of 21 years of age when I came there in 1849, and as my narrative has shown, by no means a scholar capable of coping with learned professors. But for some reason I became a man of mark who was shot at from various quarters. I suppose that this was because I had a settled faith and meant to maintain it as pastor of the Lutheran congregation. Probably this was something unusual among Protestants in that community, as I am sure that it is something unusual in many a community now. But whatever may have been the reason, I was on the way of becoming the leader of a "sect everywhere spoken against." In public and in private I was assailed. This was always on religious or ecclesiastical grounds, never, so far as I learned, with attacks on my moral character. The professors always, so far as I had intercourse with them, treated me courteously and even cordially; the pastors were never rude in my presence; but I rarely met them except in the line of duty, and then it sometimes seemed that they were at least not generous in dealing with me. Lay members of other churches were at times not as polite as courtesy required, but in such cases the reason ordinarily was that they became unduly excited at my bold utterances in defense of the faith that was in me,

for which, if I rightly remember my spiritual condition, I was then ready to die at any moment. The controversies which I had with individuals served to strengthen my convictions. I became more and more impressed with the necessity of preaching the Word, in season and out of season, that the truth in Jesus might prevail and souls that were dying might be saved. The prevalent ignorance and irreverence with regard to the Bible horrified me. For instance, on one occasion I quoted a passage of Scripture to prove our doctrine in regard to Baptism, and received the response that that is a Lutheran lie, which the spirit in the hearts of truly converted Christians rejects; on another, speaking of the Lord's Supper and referring to an annotated Bible lying on the table, I was met with the remark that the text teaches the doctrine which I preach and confess, but the notes teach the contrary, which must be right; on another, in which case it was a Methodist professor with whom I was conversing, I received as a reply to the words of the Holy Ghost which I quoted word for word with the appended question, "why do you not accept the Word of God as it stands," the cold blooded answer, "because it does not accord with my experience." Such things startled me, but they could not otherwise than strengthen me in my purpose to stand by the Bible. These constant conflicts with people of other confessions drove me to continuous study and made of me a more devoted student than ever, much as I had been devoted to study years before. The situation in which I was placed would have driven even a less enthusiastic inquirer to his books, and this not at all with the purpose of finding how reason answers reason in questions of religion, but how God's revelation recorded in the Bible answers reason darkened by sin. The hardness to which I was subjected was under God's merciful providence a blessing to me, and what was designed as a punishment proved a benefit to me and my congregation, which was struggling for existence under inauspicious circumstances. The opposition aroused against us helped both me and my people.

It would be understood without mentioning it that my chief concern was about my own congregation. The troubles that others gave me were of material importance only so far as they affected my work as its pastor. The conditions were such as to encourage opponents in the expectation of creating disaffection and dissension among us, but on the whole my people stood by me with all the firmness that I could hope.

The congregation, then numbering about 80 communicant members, was composed mostly of Pennsylvania Germans, the foreign German element being comparatively small. The older members had preserved the traditions and sentiments of their former home, where the Lutherans and German Reformed usually built their churches jointly, worshiped together, frequently intermarried, and made so little distinction between them that they generally spoke of them as the “Lutheran side” and the “Reformed side” of the same church. That was the situation at Delaware. The two sides had chosen what seemed to me a very inappropriate site in the outskirts of the town near the Olentangy River, and had built a house of worship which was a reproduction, on a small scale, of the barnlike structures called churches in Pennsylvania. It had no gallery; it was probably thought sufficiently capacious for the congregation without that. But its pulpit was just as lofty as if the gallery had been there, so that when, in the winter preceding my call, I ascended the pulpit for the first time I became dizzy and my nose bled, which was perhaps not astonishing in view of my enfeebled condition as a “pale faced boy.” In this building I preached every two weeks, the alternate Sunday being used by the “Reformed side.” The regular services were German, but even before I came there the need of English teaching and preaching had been recognized, and my predecessor had occasionally preached in English. When I came it was stipulated that there should be regular English preaching, and the arrangement was made that this should take place every Sunday when the church belonged to our side, though the German should always have precedence. Accordingly on alternate Sundays, I preached twice, once in each language, the German always having the place of honor. On the alternate Sundays we had no rights and I had no duties in the church. It was agreed that every alternate Lord’s Day I should preach at Prospect or, as it was then called, at Middletown.

All these matters having been satisfactorily settled, I went to work. To the best of my ability Sunday after Sunday I preached the Gospel of the grace of God in Christ. As my faith was that which is confessed by the Lutheran Church, I preached the way of salvation according to the Scriptures, and I think now that I did it without much fear of enemies or endeavor to win friends, but with the purpose of making known the counsel of God to our salvation. This made it necessary that I should not ignore, but distinctly preach, the distinctive doctrines of the Lutheran Church. How

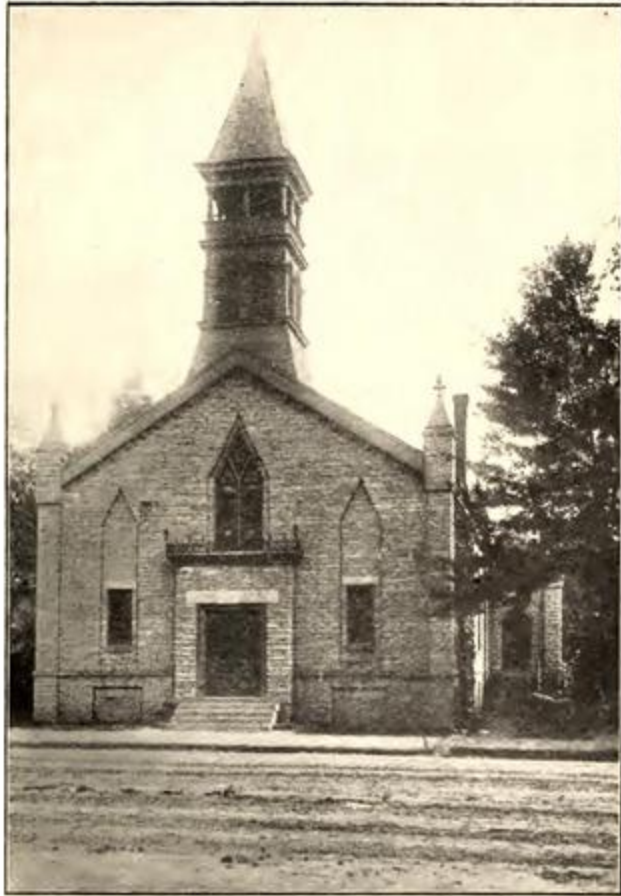
could I, being a believer myself and thinking daily of the account which I must soon render to the Master, do otherwise? As I write now, more than fifty years after, when I have learned more and experienced more, I wonder how any Lutheran minister can do otherwise, as these distinctive doctrines are vital in the plan of salvation which God in His infinite mercy has revealed in the Scriptures. But some doubted, and some even took offense. The consequent condition seems now like a dream to me. When it was shown what difference there is between us and the Reformed parties, whether Zwinglian or Calvinistic, and what our practice must be in regard to these parties, in regard to which the German Reformed would make no exception, there were whisperings around, there was outspoken denunciation, there was a storm. My poor person became the object of many a caustic criticism. But these were mostly on the "Reformed side." The Lutherans rather liked my zeal, and in most cases, I succeeded in quieting them. But the Reformed did not belong to my charge, and only when one part of the family belonged to my congregation could I embrace the opportunity to interview them in private, and then my efforts to placate them were not always successful. Their pastor was not at all in harmony with my work. He was zealous rather in the direction of revivalism after the Methodist fashion. His people were not generally in sympathy with him in that respect, and though he railed against us and especially against me, whom he designated, on account of my youth, by an uncomplimentary name, he had little success in the war which he waged against me. He was soon compelled to leave. His successor was a man who minded his own business, in his own easy-going way, and made us no trouble. The ugly epithets which were flung at me never even ruffled me to any crippling extent, much less could they induce me to violate my conscience by changing my course. A remark made by a friend in Cleveland, who had gone through a similar experience as pastor there, who was always cheerful, and whom I asked how he maintained his cheerfulness under the persecutions he was enduring, said that every time a handful of mud was flung at him, he ran to the Lord and received new grace, and prayed for his enemies who knew not what they did, and went on with his work smiling. This man of God belonged to the Missouri Synod, with which ours was not on good terms; but I had not imbibed any prejudice against the body to which he belonged, and our similar conflicts rendered us sympathetic, while his superior theological equipment and larger experience made him a most

valued friend. Dear Dr. Schwan, even the fierce predestinarian controversy which came a quarter of a century later, could not sever the ties of friendship, based on a common faith and mutual sympathy in the suffering entailed by its confession. Even in my latest affliction, which seems to have ended the direct work of my calling in any official capacity, he did not forget me, though he, the older man by a good many years, had for some years before retired and been honored by the well-deserved continuance of his salary by the Synod which he served so long and so well. But this is simply by the way. God gave me the grace of a quiet conscience, and I was not discouraged even when unkindly disposed persons did their worst. Encouragement came too from unexpected sources. As an instance, I may mention the circumstance that one day, when the Reformed party was wildest in its opposition to me and my work, a farmer, who was a prominent member in my congregation, stopped me as I was riding by on my pastoral visits, and asked me if I knew that my opponents had resolved to starve me out and thus get rid of me by compulsory measures. I had not heard of the scheme, but told him that, as I was an unmarried man and did not need much to keep me alive, the scheme did not seem to me dangerous.

He then said, in a serious tone, that he had a good farm and a well-supplied table, and that if the time ever came when I should be in want of bread, his home would always be open to me, and I should come and live with him without the least fear that the addition of one more to his family would at all embarrass him. As the wife of this man belonged to the "Reformed side," who soon moved over to the "Lutheran side," I saw how little ground there was of harboring any littleness of faith in regard to my subsistence. I was not starved out, and God gave me grace to fear nothing of the kind. In the contest the Reformed party kept constantly losing and the Lutheran gaining ground.

At a business meeting of my congregation in this time of unpleasant relations, I called attention to the dilapidated condition of the fence around our church lot, which was on the corner of the street, and suggested the need of repairing it. The proposition was opposed from an unexpected quarter, as well as from a source whence I had counted on opposition. One of the richest men in the congregation, who usually took a prominent part in all its meetings, but who had the reputation of being also one of the stingiest, made a speech against it. He argued that the improvement would

cost a sum beyond our ability, possibly as much as seventy-five dollars; that the “Reformed side” had taken no action in the matter and probably in its present mood would do nothing; and that if we undertook such a weighty enterprise we were in danger of destroying our work in Delaware. He was known to be in sympathy with our opponents without being in open hostility to me and my preaching and practice. Some of the Lutheran members became impatient and declared that they were ashamed of the tumble-down condition of our property; that they were abundantly able to keep it looking decent, even if the Reformed were unwilling to pay their share; and that they were tired of being hammered by the Reformed party and of carrying the burden of two congregations when their duty and interests were only in one. Then my time had come. I showed why it would be difficult under existing conditions to raise seventy-five dollars for the proposed improvement, when the other party would invest nothing, but claim half the property; and if we could not, hampered and hindered as we were, collect the small sum mentioned, we certainly could raise several thousand to secure a church for ourselves and be free from the dictation and annoyance and injustice of others.



ST. MARK'S EV. LUTH. CHURCH, DELAWARE, OHIO.

◇ St. Mark's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Delaware, Ohio.

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The spark kindled; instead of agreeing to build the fence, it was resolved to separate and secure a property of our own. Negotiations began by offering to buy the Reformed share in the church which we occupied or to sell ours. The offer was rejected. We next proposed to accept a specified sum for our share in the property or to pay the same sum for the Reformed

share. This offer too was rejected. We proposed to have the matter arbitrated, and agreed to abide by any reasonable decision. Again the offer was rejected. We were nonplussed. We saw no remedy but an appeal to the courts. The process there is slow, and one of our members concluded to hasten matters by purchasing a lot which was thought well located for a new church. Our people could not await the dilatory decision of the courts, but determined to accept the lot which had been bought and proceed to build, determining rather to leave all that had been invested in the old building than continue in a partnership that had become so painful. When our plans were prepared, our contracts were let, and our church was under construction. The Reformed, seeing that we meant business, made us an offer that was easily accepted. The suit at law was withdrawn and we could breathe more freely. Our church, built of limestone, was in those days thought a beautiful structure, and our joy was according to the joy of harvest, when on Christmas Day 1853, we could dedicate it to the service of the Triune God. It is the same church in which the congregation still worships, though some material improvements have been made since then. I now had better facilities to do my work and the congregation prospered.

The difficulties which I encountered at the start were gradually overcome, and there were few in the congregation, when we entered the new church, who expressed dissatisfaction with our strict Lutheran practice. Perhaps that was the severest trial of our faith which came when one of the most prominent and most generally esteemed members of the faculty of Wesleyan University presented himself for communion at our altar, and I declined to administer it to him. The matter is sometimes talked about even to this day, when Lutheranism is put on trial in Delaware; but now, after fifty years of study and prayer and experience, I have no word of repentance to express. To all whom it may concern, I have only the assurance to give that, under the same circumstances, I would now do the same thing, as I now think my action the extreme of charity in a case of trial. I never for a moment supposed, as some of our people were inclined to think, that the occurrence originated in a scheme to try my mettle with a view of breaking down my influence, either by raising hostility against me if I proved consistent, or by showing my faith to be an unloving and illiberal sham, if a severe test should drive me into an act which would be inconsistent with my personal profession and my ministerial teaching. He was too good a man to engage in any such unworthy trickery, and I still

think that any such opinions of the man do him a great wrong. His error was that into which any unionist may fall without the least impeachment of his sincerity. He no doubt desired simply to manifest his sympathy with us in our Christian work, and I appreciated that. But I knew him to be a Methodist by profession, and had no reason to think that the sermon which he had heard was sufficient to convince him of his Methodist errors, or that his desire to commune with us was sufficient evidence of his conversion. Looking at the occurrence now, after so many years, I magnify the grace of God which led me to so charitable a solution of the problem that was so suddenly sprung upon me. I simply asked him if he was prepared to accept the words with which I administered the body of Christ to the communicants as the very truth of God, and he declared that he was not. That was the very least that I, as the minister of the Lord could ask, and upon his refusal to accept the very words of the Master, there was nothing left for me, but to pass him by. Thanks be to God that in the fiery trial He gave me grace to be faithful. On the following day I wrote to the professor explaining the matter more fully, as I could not when the event occurred. He sent me a courteous reply in which he expressed his dissent from my views, but complimented me upon my having the courage of my convictions. Of course the sad affair was much talked about throughout the town and vicinity. Denunciations of my course were abundant, occasional defenses were uttered, and a great deal of free advertising was given me and my congregation. I felt that the crisis had come, and that if my congregation would stand by me now the victory was assured. No disturbance appeared in our congregational life; all went on as usual, and God made all things work for our good.

Not long after this trial the professor in question invited me to his house to meet a number of ministers for a social gathering on a certain evening. My thoughts were, of course, that my church practice in general and my conduct in the case which had created the town talk in particular would be the subject of comment and criticism; but as my invitation to the meeting impressed me as the result of a disposition to be fair and not to condemn me without a hearing, I went. All the clergy of the town were present except the Romish priest, who probably was not invited. We had a social talk, which was not unpleasant; we had tea and cake, which was pleasant; and as it was growing late I felt easier and concluded that my suspicions with reference to the object in view were unfounded. Probably in regard to my person they

were. But when the time for adjournment came our host arose and stated that he had a special object in view when he invited us to his house; that he had noticed a lack of fraternal intercourse among the pastors and people of the different churches in Delaware; that he felt the want of such fellowship among Christians, though they were of different denominations; and that he hoped some way could be found by which a more cordial relation could be effected among us through Christian association. The sentiment was received with approbation, and different ways were suggested by which the object could be attained. The concurrent opinion seemed to settle upon the plan of having union meetings in turn, in the various churches, for prayer and the interchange of thought and feeling. As this was in conflict with my convictions of right and duty, I modestly made a statement to this effect and proposed to withdraw, so as not to disturb the harmony which prevailed among them. But some insisted that I should give a reason for such a withdrawal. Recognizing the propriety of this, I frankly stated that I, as a Lutheran pastor, was not in harmony with the sentiment prevalent among them as regards the relations of different churches to each other, that I was called to a work for the right conduct of which I must render account, and that others were not responsible for it and I could not be faithful if I permitted others to interfere, especially as in some important respects they held different beliefs; and that I had in my own charge as much work and responsibility as I felt able to carry, and could not with a good conscience assume any of theirs; that, in short, it was my settled conviction, the unhappy division into different churches being upon us and the remedy for the evil manifestly not lying in a vain attempt to ignore existing conditions, that it would be best for all of us, if each would strive to fulfill his calling in the place assigned him, without meddling with other men's matters. My confession was delivered in a tone of kindness, and when I sat down I felt that I had discharged a duty, whatever the consequences might be. There was silence for a few moments, but it seemed long and even ominous. This was broken by Dr. Thomson, the President of the University, who rarely had much to say unless the occasion demanded it, and who was known in the community as a man who was bent upon minding his own business and urging others to mind theirs. As such a man I had learned to esteem him. But the remembrance of the recent event, which I feared was the ultimate ground of our gathering, caused a little flutter in my soul. Such an antagonist it would have been an ordeal to meet, although now, after fifty

years more of experience in the ways of God, I do not doubt that grace would have been given me to bear it without damage to the cause of truth. But his address was in substance commendatory of my position, declaring that in principle I was right, and that all sound philosophy and true religion were on my side. Of course this secured me against any assaults which might have been brooding and the consultation about means of getting us together took a new turn. It was finally resolved to appoint a committee, of whom I should be one, to consult about the matter and report at another meeting that was agreed upon. The committee met and reported. So far as I was concerned, that was the end of it. But there was another meeting after that. I think our report was virtually the conclusion of the whole matter, and I would so have considered it, had not a casual occurrence rendered this dubious. One day the Methodist presiding elder of the Delaware District in a rather jovial mood accosted me on the street with the remark, "Well, Brother Loy, you were not at our United States Prayer Meeting last night?" Upon my professing ignorance of such a meeting and innocence of all implications with it and its kind, he declared that I was right and that the very devil was behind such movements. So far as I was implicated in the matter there were no further results.

All my intercourse with people with other churches only tended to confirm me in my conviction, that the Lutheran Church is right in its confession and practice, and that pastors and people of other denominations are lacking in that assurance and peace which the Lutheran Church proclaims and conveys, and gives to them that believe.

Every second Sunday, when the Reformed occupied our church at Delaware, my call required me to preach at what was then called Middletown, thirteen miles distant. The conditions there were similar to those at Delaware. Some members of the Lutheran Church had come there from Pennsylvania, chief among whom was the family of Chr. Gast, who laid out the village of Middletown, and one of whose sons subsequently became an efficient minister of the Lutheran Church and died as pastor of the Middletown charge. Mr. Gast was a man of more than ordinary energy. With the help of his brother and a few other Lutherans he had succeeded in having regular services conducted by the pastor at Delaware. In laying out the town he had also reserved one of the best lots for a church, and before I came there the frame of a building for that purpose had already been

erected, although for some reason, probably from lack of funds, the building had been abandoned. I preached in a little school house, and my first effort was made under difficulties. The service was German, and I had written out my sermon with the intention of reading it, which I unwisely thought would be tolerated in a beginner. The school house was crowded up to the little table where I scarcely had room to stand. If I had laid my manuscript on the table, which seemed to me unusually low, the people sitting close by could have read it, but I could have accomplished the feat only by bending over it or sitting down. Of course I was embarrassed. In my perplexity, I determined to do what I could without the manuscript. When I was ready to open the service, I found that there was no Bible at hand. No doubt the people thought that I would furnish all the books that would be needed. This, too, was embarrassing. Rev. P. Gast, who was at the time visiting his parents, was present and I requested him to conduct the worship while I endeavored to collect my thoughts for the sermon. This helped me a little, though his presence tended to increase my confusion. When the messenger who had been sent for the Bible returned with only the New Testament, I was dismayed. I had chosen a free text, and that was in the Old Testament. In my flurry I could not repeat it from memory and could think of nothing better to do in my extremity than to select another text and trust in God for the result of my effort. I had had some experience in extemporaneous speaking at the Seminary, and the necessity seemed laid upon me of using such gift as I possessed. God did not forsake me. I preached, the people appeared to be satisfied, and Pastor Gast allayed my fears by assuring me that my sermon was not a rambling mass of confusion. And I learned something that was worth learning.

There were at Middletown also a few families belonging to the German Reformed Church, and these had joined with the Lutherans in the project of erecting a house of worship on the lot donated for the purpose without denominational restrictions. The Reformed pastor at Delaware used his alternate Sundays to serve these people, and in this regard they were as well supplied as the Lutherans. When, after I had preached there for a while, the school house was seen to be entirely too small and the thought of finishing the building which had been begun was revived, the trouble with the Reformed began and became as exciting as it was at Delaware. They had put some money into the building, and insisted that they must have equal rights in it, if it were finished. Evidently it was the same case as had so

often occurred, that the Lutherans were expected to furnish the funds, and the Reformed must be entitled to an equal share of the benefit. In the present case my contention, that each church should have its own home and not allow itself to be hampered in its judgments and desires by co-partnership with others, whose wishes and purposes would naturally be different, had much opposition to overcome. The principal members of our congregation had come from Pennsylvania and were accustomed to union with the Reformed. Indeed, some of both churches had come from the same place and had worshiped together in the same building. Moreover, some of the chief members of both parties were intermarried and in consequence households were divided. My predecessors, too, had never lifted their voices against the union, if they had not directly fostered it. The most active and the most influential members of my congregation were married to members of the Reformed Church. This made my situation difficult.

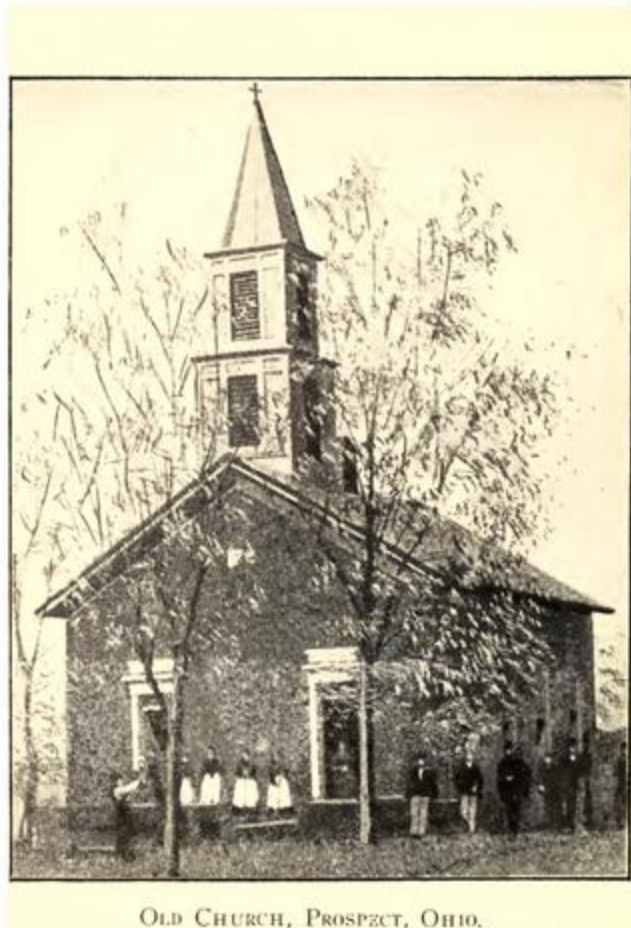
But Bro. C. Gast, who had donated the lot, and who was by far the strongest man in the settlement, of sturdy sense and stalwart Lutheran convictions, stood by me and helped me much. His wife was Reformed, but all his children were Lutherans. His brother's wife was Reformed, but his children were also Lutherans. His sister, who was a Lutheran, was also married to a member of the Reformed Church, who was not in harmony with me and my work, but who was not a man of great force in the community. The conditions were in my favor. In the progress of my work the wives of the brothers Gast united with our congregation, the children of the families were members, and we had with us not only the larger number, but also the more intelligent and the more active people of the two churches.

This is not saying that all moved along without friction and with even pace. Our people were unionists by habit, and unionism is generally not overcome without a struggle. It came to the surface in the early stages of my work even in a more threatening form than it had appeared in Delaware. On the day of our preparatory service for the second communion which I administered during my pastorate in the congregation, a leading member thought it his duty to remind me that at the former communion I had not invited members in good standing of other denominations to partake of the Holy Supper with us. I replied that it was not an oversight on my part, but that the omission was intentional, because I thought the practice wrong and

I could not adopt it. He replied that our constitution required it and the congregation expected me to conform to the custom. I had not noticed such an article in the constitution, else it would have been brought up for consideration before, and now I could see no better course than to call a meeting of the voting members at once and have the matter settled before administering the sacrament. I then told the brethren my trouble, assuring them that I had no disposition to override their rules and take the government into my own hands, but that I must be faithful to Christ and the Church as bound by His Word, and could not obey a rule inviting to promiscuous communion, since this would conflict with our confession, break down our scriptural discipline, and accord to members of other denominations what we cannot accord our own, thus in a false liberalism and feigned charity discriminating in favor of sectarians against our own church. The subject was too large and too important to be fully presented and discussed in the short time then at our disposal, but it was plain that some action was necessary, as I could not act as pastor under a rule that burdened my conscience. Two ways were open to remove the difficulty: Either I should be released from the call which I had accepted, or from the requirement which was oppressive and deprived me of all desire to continue my work. The congregation was astonished at the turn matters had taken when all seemed prosperous, and was in no mood even to think of dismissing me so summarily. With a unanimity that was cheering to me the stumbling block was removed, so that I could conduct my office without unionistic interferences. Occasionally it became apparent that the leaven had not been wholly purged out. Unionism always dies hard, and even when it is eradicated in individuals by the power of divine truth, it still continues to work in the community and to infect our people. It is one of the travesties of liberty and love that will never cease to afflict Christians.

The church building in Prospect was completed and our services were held there. This was a great improvement upon our former cramped facilities. We could now look forward to a better organization of our forces. But the Reformed claimed one-half of our property, since they had collected some money in Pennsylvania and had contributed something themselves towards the building. The whole cost of the frame building which we occupied at present rates of estimate was very small, and the proportion which the Reformed contingent had furnished was even ridiculously small. But they, few as they were and little as they had contributed, insisted on

their claim. Thus we were forbidden the use of the building on alternate Sundays, which belonged to the "Reformed side." This crippled us without doing them any good, except so far as the reservation of every two weeks for their service was concerned. Their urgency of an unjust claim helped me. Those who were not fully convinced by my pleas for liberty to build up the Lutheran Church according to its own principles and life, were convinced that we should not yield to claims which conflicted with natural rights. And so the war at Prospect was but an extension and continuance of the war at Delaware. The question of property rights was nearly the same, and although I was thirteen miles away and could not exert the same personal influence on many of the members as I had the opportunity of doing at Delaware, where I lived, the sense of right was a power among my people; and the foe could not even prevail against that, much less against the power of truth, on which the kingdom of our Lord is established. The work grew in Prospect and the more it grew and the more my suggestion that it should in due time become an independent parish found acceptance, the more the Lutherans felt hampered by their unhappy league with the Reformed, which gave us the use of the church only half the time. The storm became more and more threatening.



◇ Old Church, Prospect, Ohio

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One Sunday morning, as I rode into the village to do my work, one of the members of my congregation, who was the son of the original founder of the town and a solid defender of our cause, met me with a broad smile and told me that he had good news to impart. I am not aware that I ever gave cause to suspect that I would be glad if I were free from all property encumbrances, so that we could do our work of faith without such entanglements. But no doubt our people surmised my thoughts and feelings. Bro. Gast was right in presuming that which he had to communicate was good news to me. He informed me that on the preceding night our church

had burned down, and that we were now free to do our own work in our own way, without having others to meddle with our business. I rejoiced with him, and thought with him that the seeming loss was all gain. He proposed to buy the property now with the building in ruins, and secure all our rights, as a congregation, without involving us in any suits at law, as he meant to assume all responsibility. This was accordingly done, and we were free to begin anew. By this time my people had lost all longing for joint ownership of church property with another denomination, and preparations were at once made to build a church of our own. A lot was secured, and in a few months we had a neat brick house of worship which we could arrange to suit ourselves and use as frequently as our growing work required.

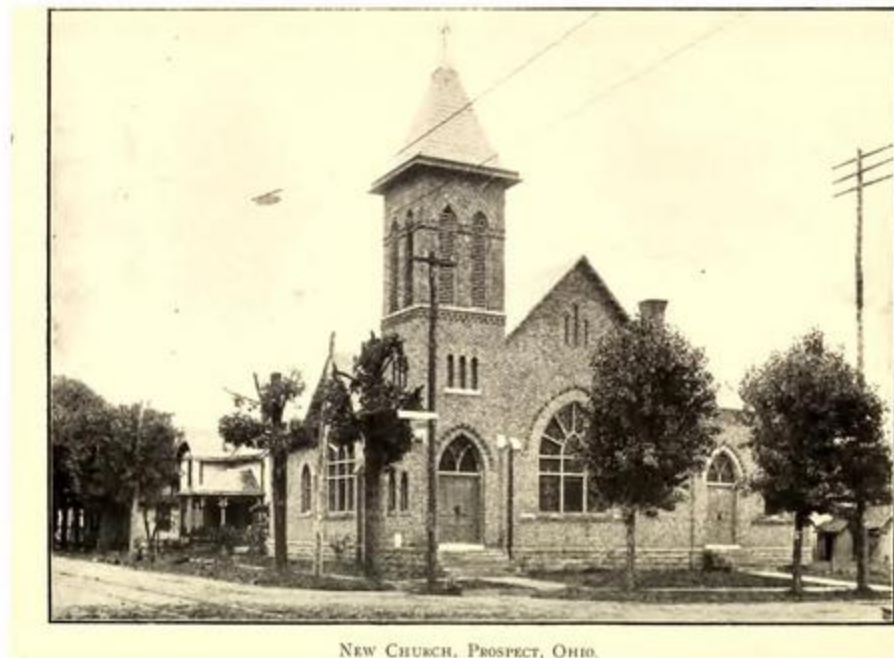
There were other denominations represented in Prospect besides the Lutheran and Reformed, and not a little jealousy existed. The Methodists had the largest number of members, but they were divided, the Episcopal and the Protestant Methodists each having a church of its own and interfering much with each other's work by their separate protracted meetings. Sometimes the one, sometimes the other would be in the lead, as the "conversions" reported were largely from each other. Once at a big revival the entire membership of the "Radicals" was said to have been "converted"; at any rate their church was closed. The Baptists also had a considerable following, and their minister was a bold, aggressive leader. The wild methods of these sects did not commend themselves strongly to the judgments and hearts of our Lutheran people, and all their jealous proselyting failed to make much impression on them or in any serious way to injure our work. To the principal members of my flock the fanatical proceeding of these sects was positively repulsive.

Though I had little to do with these other churches or their preachers, not only because their condition and work did not come within the scope of my vocation, but also because my duties, whenever I visited the village, fully occupied my time, a circumstance occurred which brought me into undeserved prominence among them. One Sunday, when I preached on the subject of Baptism, the ever-busy Baptist preacher, in accordance with the reputation which he had for bold aggressiveness, asked permission to say a few words. I had heard that he had challenged two ministers of the place to a debate on the subject of that sacrament, and that both had declined to meet him, in consequence of which he was elated to heroic daring. It seemed to

me prudent, under restrictions necessary to prevent disturbance, to grant him the privilege. Agreeing to the conditions stated, he asked me where a Word of God which I had used was to be found in the Scriptures. Happily I could turn without any delay to chapter and verse, which I did, reading it in its context with emphasis, but without comment. He then asked me if I would meet him in debate on the whole subject of Baptism, to which I answered unhesitatingly, Yes. All was then quiet and the services were closed as usual.

But it was not so quiet when the people were once outside of the church. They were not slow in expressing their opinion, in which the incident at the close was more conspicuous than the sermon. The community, which was well represented at our service, including a fair sprinkling of Baptists, was generally in my favor, and what was more to me, my congregation was unanimous in approval of my sermon and my conduct in dealing with the pugnacious Baptist minister.

It is questionable whether public debates on religious subjects are conducive to the interests of Christ's Kingdom. There is usually so much of carnal thought and prejudice and sentiment associated with them, that the profit which might otherwise result is overborne by the incidental evils. But the conditions were such in this case that refusal to meet my antagonist would be productive of damage to the cause in which I was engaged, and as I think of it now I still approve my decision, the more so as I saw a good opportunity to bear testimony to a great truth which the members of some denominations had probably never heard. Arrangements were accordingly made for the debate. It was my desire that it should be held in the Baptist Church, which was the largest in the village. The other matters were easily agreed on. The discussion should last three days, with two sessions of three hours each day. The speakers to alternate every half hour. The topics decided on were the nature, the subjects, and the mode of Baptism, to each of which one day was to be devoted, six addresses of half an hour's length being allotted to each of the speakers. A moderator for each of the parties was chosen with a chief moderator, who should preside.



◇ New Church, Prospect, Ohio

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It was well arranged and no difficulties of a formal kind occurred. As far as I was concerned the moderating was all satisfactory, and the only thing that ruffled me proceeded from our own quarters. Whether wisely or unwisely under such circumstances, we had appointed a meeting for worship on an evening during the debate, and I requested a good brother, who was a zealous Lutheran, to preach the sermon. He was a good preacher, and although I knew that he was eccentric, I thought his decided Lutheranism would serve our cause. Knowing him and knowing his failing, I admonished him, in view of the prevailing excitement and the need of a restful and soothing Gospel sermon after a day spent in controversy, that his discourse should be brief and free from all polemics, that we might have an evening of peace and prayer under the benediction of our present Lord. He preached a sermon which under some circumstances would have been pronounced good, but whose inappropriateness at such a time and place rendered it a painful performance. After I waited long, and as patiently as

the unhappy situation permitted, for the close, he announced his second part. The large audience was weary and becoming more and more restless, as the ordinary length of a sermon had already been exceeded. What I then did was not a very polite thing, as I was well aware, but it was the best that occurred to me in my distress. As I occupied a seat near the pulpit stairs I quietly shifted my position to a higher seat on the pulpit, which probably would have attracted little attention, and made a sign to him that it was growing late. He took offense at my action, at once closed the Bible and, remarking that he had "received notice to quit," left the service in my hands. I said nothing, but closed in the usual form, and the congregation was dismissed as if nothing unusual had happened. Next morning my eccentric friend left for his home before breakfast, and without bidding me good-bye. So far as I know, however, he never allowed his discomfiture to banish me from the circle of his friends; for on occasions of trouble afterwards he appealed to me for advice. I cannot refrain from remarking, in recording the incident, that advice in such cases is usually fruitless when a person is incapable of discrimination. My friend was unsuccessful as a minister, and finally abandoned the calling.

I was disturbed by the untoward event, but so far as reports came to my ears the unhappy incident, so far as it made any impression, worked only in my favor.

The debate went on without any reference to the interlude, which was so painful to me. Of course I made no allusion to it, much as it depressed me. God in His infinite mercy gave me grace to ignore the circumstances which might have proved injurious to the cause which I advocated. Even my physical infirmity, which frequently came upon me and which came with increasing force under the excitement which the disputation caused, was never mentioned, except in the closing address, when it seemed necessary as an apology, not for the doctrine for which I contended, but for the feebleness on my part in the contention.

The event was a notable one in the history of Prospect at the time, small as its influence may have been in the subsequent life of the community. It is now, half a century later, almost forgotten. But little good as generally results from public debates on religious subjects, it helped me in my work. My adversary was strong only in matters of indifference; in the essential matters of the divine purpose in the institution of holy Baptism he was

pitifully weak. The community saw his inability to appreciate the teaching of Scripture regarding the import and purpose of the holy sacrament, and his written presentation which took little account of the words of our Lord and His apostles in this regard, and which was wholly inadequate to meet my presentation of the Lutheran doctrine, put him at a disadvantage from the start, and he could not recover from this when we came to the points where his Baptist theories made it possible to appeal with some hope of success to the natural mind. At any rate our work went on without the least disturbance, while our Baptist friend became less aggressive and soon after abandoned the field. Whether the Baptist congregation still exists in Prospect I do not know, but I do know that the Lutheran Church still flourishes there and, with its new and larger building, is a power in the community.

My first year as pastor at Delaware confined me to that congregation for service every two weeks. The alternate Sunday was thus free, though it was fully understood that I should devote it to the congregation at Prospect to the extent of preaching there every second Sunday. Before the first year of my ministry was ended a delegation came to me from Norton, nine miles north of Delaware, requesting me to preach there. The brethren presenting the petition informed me that there were some Lutherans there who desired the means of grace, and that they desired me to come and administer them. To urge their suit they assured me that former Lutheran pastors at Delaware had performed ministerial functions there; that Rev. Pope and Rev. Kline before him had officiated there; and that there were Lutherans there who were hungering for the bread of life. I was won by the appeal, and agreed to come, appointing a time to meet the Lutherans at a given place. I came and met them. They reported that for some years past the Lutheran minister at Delaware had preached there; that no organization had been formed; but that the people had paid him for his services and all denominations united in contributing for the purpose. I told them that my interest was in the Lutheran Church; and that all my labors could only tend to build up the kingdom of God as represented by the Lutheran Reformation with its glorious Confession, and that probably my advent in such a field would result in dissensions. The little experience which I had gathered in my ministry thus far induced me to think that candor required such a statement, that there might be no misunderstandings and that no false hopes might be engendered. One meeting was at the house of Mr. John Coleman, who was

a sturdy old Pennsylvanian, whose Lutheranism had become sounder and deeper through the influence of his devout Swabian wife, who remembered the catechism which she had been taught and the pious life of her old German home. To the doubt which I expressed whether my coming would not result only in contentions among neighbors without any real good for the Church, this family especially made replies which rebuked my littleness of faith and encouraged me to make an appointment for public worship at the school-house, where all such religious services had been held in the past. I came at the appointed hour and preached a sermon with which no fault was found. The trouble came after the sermon. The same conviction which induced me to make a confession at the preliminary meeting at a private house, induced me to make a similar statement at this public meeting. The wisdom of this may be debatable; but now, after more than half a century of experience of my own and of observation of the experience of others, I still maintain the same ground, though I have since learned much and thought much on the subject. I honestly confessed my purpose to organize those who were of the Lutheran faith into a congregation that would confess this faith, and in this spirit to continue my work. Accordingly I made an appointment for another service, coupled with the special invitation that all Lutherans should meet me in consultation after the services. Then the war began. Right and left, after the benediction was pronounced, the excited multitude assailed me. Even now as I think of it, the wonders of God's grace crowd on me in stupendous majesty. From all sides, sectarians, led by the Reformed, who were accustomed to have equal rights with the Lutherans, stormed against me. I do not remember all that they threatened me with, while I made my impeded progress from the school-house to my horse, which finally bore me away from the unruly crowd. At the appointed time I came again, and preached the Gospel of God's grace to sinful men. Again the schoolhouse was crowded, but the zeal of our opponents had spent its main force, and we were permitted to have a consultation without much disturbance. About half a dozen Lutheran families were ready to organize a Lutheran congregation, while a few more of mixed families, and another few who had become indifferent, presented a prospect of future increase. I continued my appointments for service every second Sunday afternoon, and although the opposition was strong and often bitter, the interest in our work grew. A good Lutheran constitution was adopted, although some of our own people hesitated about forming so

exclusive an organization, until their scruples, which were found to be of a pecuniary sort, were removed. They were concerned about my support, and at a meeting declared that, with the loss of the contributions from members of other denominations and casual donations from citizens of no religious profession, they could promise me no respectable salary. Fortunately I was in a condition to meet that emergency. The \$250 subscribed for my support had met my wants until now. My purpose to do the Lord's work had thus far suffered no interference by any lack of necessaries. Probably my income was more than that, but I cared only that daily bread was furnished to an honest workman, and I never had trouble on that account. My salary was sufficient for my needs, and I was content. Therefore when my friends at Norton presented the money matter as an impediment in the way of success, God in His goodness made me ready to remove it. I declared that I had never asked a salary, and that this therefore had nothing to do with the question before us. But as the matter of salary was so prominently brought forward, I inquired how much had been paid by the promiscuous multitude that had been accustomed to contribute for the support of ministers before my time, and was informed that in the best case it amounted to forty dollars. I requested that a subscription should be circulated, but assured them that this had nothing to do with our work so far as I was concerned, as God had so far provided for me that I could be satisfied with anything or nothing from them under existing circumstances. They circulated the subscription, and at the next meeting, when they reported that double the amount which had ever been raised before was subscribed, I proposed that a little church should be built for our little congregation, and that the amount subscribed for my salary should be devoted to that object. They were surprised at the offer, but agreed to accept it and went to work with a will. In a comparatively short time a modest house of worship was built and dedicated, and we worshiped the Lord in our own home according to our own faith, and the grace of God was upon us. The opposition to our work continued, and not long afterwards the Reformed also built a church close by ours. But our congregation, small as it was, was established on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone, and we had nothing to fear. I think too that most of the members, like myself, feared nothing. Evil reports were circulated about me, but so far as I could ascertain they never harmed my good reputation or my good work.



◇ The Old Church at Norton, Ohio.

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We had come to stay and never quitted the field, and God blessed us and our work of faith and labor of love. There was thus an addition to the parish committed to my charge. One Sunday was devoted to Delaware, the second Sunday was divided between Prospect and Norton. But the congregations grew, and the needs became greater and the work more laborious. The principal congregation at Delaware became larger, and as I lived there, its increasing wants especially impressed me and often troubled me. I was willing to do what I could to supply these wants, preaching twice on the Sundays devoted to the home congregation and often three times, with at least one meeting for Bible study every week, often two, on Wednesday and Friday evenings, besides the catechetical and Sunday School work. There was a little band of young people, especially young men, that was eager to learn, and God gave me grace to be just as eager to teach. But what troubled me most was the necessity of being absent from the Delaware congregation

every second Sunday, which seemed to me no longer necessary after we had entered our new church. The congregations had grown to such an extent that the salary question seemed to me no obstacle to the improvement, which the welfare of the whole charge required. I therefore proposed a division of the charge, so that Prospect and Norton would form an independent parish with a pastor of its own, and my work should be confined to the congregation at Delaware. After much reflection and consultation and agitation of the subject, the plan was adopted, and Rev. P. Gast was called to take charge of our two filial churches, while I was left in charge of the mother congregation. So after about nine years of labor in the whole parish I parted in sadness from a devoted people who had always treated me kindly, but with the firm conviction that their new pastor would give them tender care while I would be free to do more for Delaware.

It needs scarcely to be mentioned that we now provided for divine service every Sunday, and our situation was such that at least two services with preaching were necessary. When I took charge of the congregation there had been no regular, but only occasional English preaching. The congregation had, however, become convinced that more account must be made of English ministrations, and it was stipulated in my call that I must regularly preach English in addition to the main German service in the morning. I had faithfully observed this rule. The worship in the forenoon was always German, and English services could be held at any time that I thought best, provided only that there should be no interference with the principal morning worship in German. It was a difficult problem that was thus presented for solution. Various ways were tried. For a while I preached English after the German service, but while this was satisfactory to the Germans, who were free to return to their homes when their morning service was closed, it did not suit those who understood both languages, who were desirous of hearing both sermons but complained of weariness at so long a session. An evening service in English was tried, but some members who lived in the country and preferred an English sermon, complained that it subjected them to an unnecessary disadvantage. Finally we settled upon the afternoon, and this became the permanent arrangement. Our order for the Lord's Day accordingly was to have Sunday School and German worship in the forenoon and English services at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Regularly we had meetings for Bible study on Wednesday

evening and at some seasons also on Friday evening, besides the customary instruction of catechumens.

My earnest endeavor was to build up a well-indoctrinated and God-fearing Lutheran congregation. For this I prayed and for this God gave me a mind to work. In my youthful zeal, I no doubt made mistakes, but they were just as likely to lie in demanding too much of myself as in requiring too much of my people, and the Lord, whom I sought faithfully to serve, directed all for good.

As I well knew that all the power for saving and sanctifying souls comes from God, and that He exercises this power through His Word, my preaching aimed to set this forth in all its heavenly truth and beauty, that God's will and God's work might be done. I was thus protected from the beginning against the vice of serving up on Sundays my everyday reflections on current events, or ventilating my opinions on secular subjects, instead of preaching the gospel. It may be that in my effort to make the way of salvation plain to my congregation I gave so much prominence to the doctrine that some hearers might have been led to overlook the importance of a holy life. I know how much all preachers must learn, and continue to learn all their lives, in the sacred art of rightly dividing the word of truth. But the danger lies rather in the opposite direction, that of preaching law unto repentance until people are driven to despair, or unto holiness until they fall into a fond conceit of their own righteousness, and in both cases fail to embrace Christ as their Saviour from sin and death and damnation. So far as I have any regrets now it is not with regard to what I preached, but rather in regard to the manner. And yet this, too, contributed to my success, so far as human element can rightfully be taken into account at all in estimating a minister's success. While the very atmosphere in Delaware was charged with the religion of feeling, and the whole environment urged upon me the great need of preaching Christ as delivered for our offenses and raised again for our justification, that men might through the power of the gospel believe in Him and find peace in believing, there was something in my manner that was attractive even to those who probably would have been wearied, if not offended, by the simple presentation and exposition of the truth in Jesus. By temperament and partly by education also I was a man of feeling, and sentimentalism was a besetting danger. Even in doctrinal sermons, in the midst of an argument or an explanation, my feelings would

at times become so enlisted in the subject as to result in outbursts which would no doubt have astonished some judicial minds, intent on following the thread of the discourse, had not the whole been warm and fervent. This, with occasional scraps of poetry and antique phrases which forced themselves upon my memory in my rapid flow of speech, no doubt lent it a spice and flavor that people liked. My sermons were, after the first month or two, always delivered without manuscript. At the Seminary I had not learned to memorize them, and I never succeeded when I afterwards tried to learn the art. Several times I read them, as some are accustomed to do, but I never liked the method and know that the people generally do not like it; I am sure, too, that it is the least effective way of securing attention and impressing a subject. Certainly a better way is to teach students to write their sermons and memorize them. When they are early trained to this the committing to memory soon becomes so easy that it is the work of but a few hours, and the preacher has all the advantage of a carefully worded sermon and unhampered delivery. For me the best preparation was to write out the sermon, as if it were to be read to the audience, then to preach it without any further use of manuscript. A preacher who never writes his sermons, at least the first year, never becomes skillful in the use of language, and is pretty sure to fall into ruts and a slavish use of pet phrases and wearisome repetitions. I accustomed myself to do some writing every week, and studied to write with simplicity and clearness, avoiding unusual words, complicated constructions, and all ornament that contributed nothing to clearness in conveying the thought.

When we entered our new church the opportunity was embraced to arrange our service more in accordance with the spirit and usage of the Lutheran Church. The clerical gown was thenceforth worn, the liturgy was used more fully, and our whole worship was rendered more solemn and more beautiful. These improvements were made without much trouble.

The weakest part of my work was in my estimation of catechization. This was not owing to any lack in my appreciation of the time-honored custom and of its great importance as a means of building up a solid congregation, nor any lack of willingness to perform the necessary labor. On the contrary, I deeply felt the need of diligent and patient instruction of the young to accomplish the end so ardently desired, and the need seemed to me intensified in such an environment. But I had received little

instruction in the theory or in the practice of catechizing, and had no experience that could be helpful. I was not long in finding out the truth of the oft repeated saying, that it is much more difficult to prepare and conduct a good catechization than to prepare and deliver a good sermon. I think with a sigh of my first efforts. No doubt if I had had the benefit of being myself prepared for confirmation by a good catechist, I would not have felt so utterly incompetent. But it was not too late yet to learn, and I persevered and learned. It was much in my favor that those who came to hear my instructions, as a few besides the class occasionally did, knew as little about good catechizing as I did myself. Consequently no fault was found with this part of my work, but not a little was said in commendation of it. This was owing to the fervent appeals, which were frequently interspersed in the extended explanations, while only at larger intervals a question was asked. What was the greatest fault of my work in this department was thus made a subject of compliment. But by the help of private interviews with the less gifted of the class, my catechumens were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, notwithstanding the faults in my method of teaching. This improved as I grew older and gathered experience, but with the original fault in my training to hamper me I never, even in my most optimistic mood, could claim to have reached my ideal of a good catechist. However, I strenuously labored to that end, and that helped me; and God in this respect also did for me and through me more than I was able to ask or think, and therefore my catechetical work was by no means a failure.

The work of public teaching was diligently followed up by pastoral visits to families and individuals, as occasion required and opportunities presented. I was early impressed with the importance of system and order in the work to be done. My forenoons were uniformly spent in the study, unless I was especially called away; my afternoons were just as uniformly devoted to outdoor work, the evenings being left free for miscellaneous reading, social intercourse, or urgent calls. The preparation of sermons for Sunday of necessity held the first place in my morning thoughts, but I usually had some other work in hand to which an hour or two could be devoted every day. This enabled me to study many a subject and many a book beyond what was requisite for immediate use in my sermons. For the afternoons there always was outdoor work in plenty. Probably a pastor who does not find enough to occupy his whole time, even though his charge be small, has never rightly understood the magnitude of the ministerial calling

and work, and should diligently inquire if what is the matter is not his lack of zeal or his laziness. There are sick to visit, there are troubled souls to comfort, there are careless members to admonish, there are dissensions to be healed, there are family troubles to be settled, there are individual doubts and difficulties to be solved, – there is scarcely an end to the cases in which a true pastor may serve the Lord and the Church by caring for individual souls. The pastor is usually himself to blame if such private affairs of individuals, though they may be a menace to their salvation, are not confided to him. People will confide nothing of importance to a pastor who shows no pastoral interest in the sheep of his fold, and who will just as likely as not make the revelation of an individual soul the subject of gossip.

My visitations of the sick and suffering were always a source of anxiety. In some cases they were as delightful as in others they were excruciating. It hardly seems proper to speak of pleasure when the results of sin are manifested in sickness and approaching death. But grace is mightier than sin, and where this abounds grace doth much more abound. The life in Christ is greater than the death in Adam, and the victory over sin and death in the believer's soul is a joy to behold. Often was I edified more by a visit to a Christian's sick-bed than I could have been by a sermon setting forth the truth which I saw illustrated in the patient and peaceful suffering of a child of God; and few things in my life were more effective to quicken the consciousness of my own unworthiness than the hearty thanks which were sometimes given me by such meek heirs of heaven for my poor ministrations. No doubt they realized the heavenly power of the message which I brought them, without noticing the earthly weakness of the messenger whom God chose for the purpose. But not all sick-beds and deathbeds were so edifying. Some were painful, more than I can tell. Not that the erring opinion had entered my mind and had been harbored there, that all Christians physically die an easy death, while unbelievers always depart this life with terrible struggles, so that this could be a criterion by which it could be determined whether one dies in the Lord or not. The work of the Holy Spirit is not to be judged by any such external tests. Christian souls ordinarily have peace in believing, however much of bodily pain it may please the Lord to let them suffer before they take their flight to the happy land where pain is known no more. But the pastor's visiting of the sick is not limited to those whose daily spiritual nourishment is the gospel of the grace of God in Christ and who always strive to maintain a

conscience void of offence toward God and man. He is sometimes called to the dying who do not know the Lord, and the mere fact that they are not of his own congregation cannot close his heart against their cry of distress, though he must scrupulously guard against interference with the rights and duties of other ministers. And in our own congregations there are members who do not use the opportunities which God gives them of knowing the truth and being made free by it from the bonds of iniquity. It is sorrowful work which a pastor must do, when he comes to the chamber of sickness and death and finds a communicant member of his church, now awakened to a conscientiousness of his sin, inconsolable in view of the terrors of death and the judgment, and this all the more because the forms of godliness were usually observed while the proffered grace was rejected. The pastor must not despair of the Holy Spirit's power yet to save the soul that is despairing, but what anxiety and pain must in some such cases be endured by a faithful pastor only those who have experienced it can know. And not less painful are those instances in which not even approaching death serves to arouse a sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin and the urgent need of the Saviour who alone is mighty to save. Cases like this always troubled me the more because of the difficulties usually associated with the proper treatment. It is manifest at once that on such patients the law has not yet done its proper work, and that the grace of the gospel could, notwithstanding all professions that sound right and seem right, never have been rightly understood and rightly received. A person who claims to be ready for death and the judgment because there is no blemish upon his life lacks something essential. I never experienced much difficulty in finding out in such cases what were the evils to which Satan was resorting to keep the soul away from Christ. Generally a brief exploration according to the Ten Commandments sufficed to lay bare the fundamental mistake. As an example I will mention the case of an old lady, who assured me that she was weary of the world and ready to die. Upon asking her if she was conscious of being a poor sinner, who could be saved only by grace, and if she trusted in Jesus as the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, she replied that that was what she had been taught from her youth, and so she had always believed. But she had not been exemplary in her duties as a member of the congregation, although I knew nothing against her moral life, and this led me to some further questioning. I ran through the Commandments, inquiring if she had obeyed each of them. She became

offended at what must have seemed to her an inquisitorial process, and when I finally asked her whether she had obeyed all these Commandments, she became angry, and declared that until now no one had ever dared to charge her with the transgression of the Law of the Lord. Of course I persisted, and I hope that the lady died in the faith that she was a poor sinner saved by grace. I mention the incident to emphasize the difficulty which I felt in dealing with such cases. I wanted to be alone with the individual concerned, because under such conditions it is natural that sometimes offence would be taken at the stern application of the law, and some of the witnesses would be incapable of understanding the need of what seemed to them unfeeling harshness, especially when the suffering from disease appeared to inflict punishment enough. I desired, and I am not of a different mind now, that the pastor should have the opportunity to be alone with the sick when he thinks it necessary, and always found this a great advantage in dealing with souls committed to my charge. The self-righteous person may at first be offended at a trenchant and seemingly unsympathetic insistence upon the law of righteousness, but by the grace of God the result will ordinarily be the perception that the choice must be made between our own righteousness, which is all an illusion, and the righteousness of Christ, which is real and perfect and which is offered in the gospel without money and price, to be apprehended by faith alone. The cases mentioned cause trouble enough without the complications caused by curious visitors. Ordinarily these may be welcomed in the sick room, but the preacher should unquestionably have the same privilege as the physician to require privacy when he deems it needful.

Of course my pastoral visits were not only to the sick. Some were caused by troubles of which probably none knew but myself; some were designed to support the weak; some were meant to express my appreciation of good work done; some were prompted by the fear that individuals or families were becoming negligent of the one thing needful, or were in danger of going astray: all had the purpose of promoting godliness in heart and home, and of strengthening the Church by invigorating the spiritual life of its members.

It was in pursuance of the same purpose that I sought to instill a love for the old customs of our Church in regard to preparation for communion. Private confession and absolution seemed to me the wisest provision for

enabling the pastor to exercise his office in the care of souls and the people to derive the full benefit of his ministrations. There is a special comfort for the soul in the application of the gospel to the individual. While of course each believer can appropriate a public proclamation of remission of sins, the Church evidently designed, when she declared that private absolution should not be abandoned, to furnish a safe-guard against the danger besetting the hearer of losing the blessing by inattention to the precious announcement, or by referring it to others instead of appropriating it to himself, which cannot be so easily done when the pastor absolves each individual separately. But in the circumstances at Delaware I thought the best attainable would be a more careful and more efficient use of the existing custom of registering all applicants for communion. I accordingly urged and in course of time insisted that all names of persons desiring to commune be given me prior to confession and absolution, and that, so far as practicable, each one should do this in person. Next I requested and pleaded that such application for communion be made by each person in such a way that if any one desired a private interview with me pertaining to the spiritual life or if I desired it, an opportunity should be given. To this end I appointed, before each communion, certain hours during which this could be done at my home, and, for those who might find this too great an inconvenience, one hour at the church immediately preceding the confessional service. All legalistic measures and influences were avoided. My purpose was fully stated and explained, and each member could make his or her own choice, and was never treated as more or less worthy because of the choice made. About half the communicants availed themselves of the opportunity to meet me in my study, and the rest did not object to come one by one into the vestry room of the church while the others waited. Though the doors were left open, a few necessary words could thus still be spoken without being heard by others. My aim was to encourage unburdening of hearts, to the pastor, with a view of furnishing the help needed, without subjecting the persons concerned to the tortures of gossip and heartless criticism. In this way a great deal was accomplished towards promoting the spiritual life of the congregation, and there were many who appreciated the work and fostered it. Of course a pastor who cannot sacredly keep secrets thus imparted to him, can never make such method a success; but has such a gossiping pastor really the necessary qualifications for the holy office?

It was the same line of thought and feeling that led me to institute a better discipline in the congregation. I was not so ignorant as to suppose that error in doctrine and life could not exist in an organized body of true Christians; but I was learned enough to know that it ought not to exist in a Christian, least of all in a Lutheran congregation in which Christianity appears in its purest form. False doctrine and unholy life have no rights among God's redeemed people. So I thought then, and so I think now, after fifty years of study and experience have clarified and confirmed my convictions. The Church is holy in its invisible reality, and this holiness should be manifest, as far as possible, in the visible organization of that holy Church in the assemblies of Christians. I know the divine command that we must avoid those who teach false doctrine and that we must reject heretics after the first and second admonition, and I know that we must refuse to fellowship persons who impenitently continue to live in sin against the Commandments of Him who is alone Lord in the Church. Sin must be put away from us, that we may be a holy people. I know that the flesh continues to lust against the Spirit, and that if we say we are without sin we deceive ourselves. But sin must be put away. The individual renounces it when he becomes a Christian, and the Church renounces it when it organizes as a communion of saints. If the individual will not put it away by repentance, but claims the right to live in it as the world generally does, the Church must put that individual away with his sin, denying such right, and refusing to be partaker of the sin and to incur God's judgment upon it. On these principles we acted, and the result was that we were protected against the canker of many an error and the leaven of many an ungodliness, which were either nipped in the bud to the everlasting welfare of those immediately concerned, or excluded from the Church and thus rendered powerless to spread the infection. This greatly increased my labor, but the profiting was manifest. The subject of Church discipline had evidently received little attention in our Synod at that time; for in cases of difficulty I could get but little assistance from brethren in the ministry. Some advice that was given me would now seem preposterous.

Much of my work was necessarily directed to the prevention of conduct and participation in customs which, though not sinful in themselves, I regarded as menaces to the spiritual life, partly by offering hindrances to growth in grace, partly by tending to excesses and habits which naturally lead the heart away from Christ. As in course of time my congregation, in

its leading elements, was in full accord with its pastor, we were often charged with undue rigor, insomuch that some of the less earnest members were prone to remark that when they wanted a “good time,” they must go to another place, as what they wanted was a sin in Delaware. Just for such persons our practice was a great blessing, notwithstanding their misinterpretation of its import; and I am not ashamed now, as I was not then, that a member of my congregation was reported to have said that he could not go to a certain ball because, if he did, the pastor would be at his house next day and he could not be prepared to look him in the face. But my visits to those who went to theatrical performances and circus shows, to card-parties and club-frolics, to saloons and races, and similar questionable resorts, were far from being unduly rigorous. They were purely pastoral. So far from being disciplinary, they were designed to prevent the necessity of Church discipline in the strict sense. I was too much impressed with the goodness of God in rescuing me as a brand from the burning to think of dealing damnation around upon erring people who were presumably better than myself. But just because I felt the need of kindly warning, if the case were my own, I sought in Christian love to warn others, though it should cost me something. I find comfort now in the belief that many a soul was rescued from the wiles of the devil by being warned in time. Also, not all would hear the loving word of the Lord and some went on in their self-chosen way of the flesh. Of course then discipline was exercised, and when they would not submit to the Master’s ways, they were lost to us. God may have found them later. I do not know.

Perhaps an example will best illustrate our procedure. A member of the congregation who had afforded me a great deal of pleasure by his diligent participation in our week-day Bible studies, as well as by his diligent attendance upon the means of grace on Sundays, came one day to consult me on a matter that deeply affected him. He informed me that he had been a Pietist in his German home in Württemberg, but that only since he lived at Delaware had he understood the doctrine of justification by faith in the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world and experienced the peace and joy which faith in Christ alone can bring. He had for several years maintained himself and family as a day-laborer, and was happy in his home with his daily bread. But in his fatherland he had learned the trade of a baker, and now a good opportunity was offered to pursue that calling with a prospect of bettering his condition. So far there was nothing for me to say

but to express my approval of his diligence and his devotion to the truth in Jesus. But that was not the purpose of his visit. He told me that he came to ask my advice in a matter that perplexed him.

When he made known to his friends his intention to establish a bakery, a number of them desired that he should sell beer, as other bakers and grocers often did, and thus not only add something to his income, but also enable his friends to enjoy a glass of the beverage in unobjectionable surroundings. He emphasized especially that some brethren of our own congregation desired this, as they would be glad to have a place to go for this purpose without being brought into bad company. He was not sure that it would be right to give his consent and desired to consult me about it. He knew our position in regard to the saloon business, and was fully in accord with us in our endeavor to protect our congregation from its influence for evil. In reply to my reference to the manifest dangers connected with it, he assured me that he had no thought of keeping a saloon in the ordinary sense, that he designed to sell no other than malt liquors, and to keep these only for the accommodation of such as were regular patrons of his bakery. I showed him that his scheme was impracticable, because if beer were sold at all in a public place the discrimination which he proposed could not be made without giving offence to some and thus hindering the success of his bakery, and that little by little concessions would have to be made to customers until he would be running a saloon like those already existing, to which there was no need for adding another. I warned him, too, that his Christian character would surely suffer if he carried out his project, because temptations to wrong-doing would multiply, and no man can be safe if he needlessly walks in perilous places. He thanked me, and I think went on his way with the sincere intention to abandon the project. Later he came again. He then informed me that he had been on a visit to some friends and had there met the pastor of their congregation; that the project which he had talked over with me had become the topic of conversation; that the opinion of all was favorable to the plan which he had proposed, the pastor especially laying stress on the fact that the saloon business was mostly in the hands of ungodly men, and there was special need for such a resort as he had projected; and that the circumstance had revived in his mind the idea of putting his plan into practice. I tried again to convince him that I was right, notwithstanding the contrary opinion of other Christian people, but this time apparently with less success. He did not tell me what he would do,

I still trusted that he would do right. But he began to dispense malt liquors to his customers. As was my custom, I visited him and his place of business, as I did others, and nothing indicated that he was not the same devoted Christian that he had always been. He was regular in his attendance upon the means of grace and his life was without reproach. He was a good baker, a good man, had chosen a good location, and his business prospered. But one day, when I visited him and he was quite at leisure, he made a revelation that startled me. He told me that what I had warned him of had come true; that he had begun with dispensing beer to his friends, but could not with any propriety refuse it to their friends; that the number of these friends and friends' friends kept constantly increasing; that some of these friends wanted something stronger than beer, and that the reason for furnishing the latter seemed to require the furnishing of the former; and that thus the saloon business had become dominant in his bakery. I do not think that I felt any elation at the confessed fulfillment of my prophecy, and I am sure that I manifested none in my remarks on the situation. It was depressing. But not only this was reported. He continued by telling me that he was not happy; that his family worship had been disturbed so often, that it was finally abandoned; that his poor wife was deprived of her daily solace in the Word of the Lord, which they were accustomed to read together and of the thanksgivings and petitions which they formerly enjoyed before laying their bodies down to sleep; that their children were no longer instructed in the precious catechism, but ran wild like heathens; and that the peace of God had departed from his house. It was a painful interview, and it was doubly so when, upon my assurance that the grace of God is sufficient to remedy the distressing condition, if he would only turn from the error of his ways and flee for refuge to the hope set before him in Christ, he replied that it was too late. When I appealed to him to let the money involved in the matter go whither it would, and save his own soul though he should come penniless out of the fire, he still maintained that the entanglement was too great: he could not extricate himself: it was too late. He became very rich in the things of this world, and alas! became very poor in the treasures of heaven, so that we were forced to refuse any further Christian fellowship with him, because he would no longer submit to the Master's Word, which had given him so much comfort and strength in his better days.

What became of the poor man afterwards I do not know. But who would say that our practice was wrong because we seemed in this case to fail? In

other cases we succeeded: and even when, as in the instance mentioned, we seemed to fail, our efforts were not wholly in vain. Maybe that truth and righteousness prevailed at last in this erring soul. At any rate the only possibility lies in the grace which is offered by the gospel. If the power of God fails, nothing can help the poor soul: it is too late.

Our treatment of saloonists was not such as fanatical prohibitionists would commend. We never pronounced the drinking of a glass of beer or wine a sin. How could we in the Lord's name condemn what the Lord has not condemned? But adhering strictly to the Scriptures, in this as in many other respects, we treated drunkenness not only as an evil to the individual and to society in the present world, but as ruinous to the soul, and refused to tolerate it in the congregation. But just on this account we were careful to watch and to warn against Satan's wiles, and sought to discourage the visiting and especially the keeping of resorts that presented temptations to excess. We therefore preferred to have no saloon keepers in our congregation, and all my experiences confirmed me in the position which we had taken. There were not wanting applications for membership on the part of such persons, but their occupation was always a barrier to their reception. This was not because my people regarded such business as an absolute disqualification for membership in the Christian Church. I think that we had all become of one mind in the truth of the Gospel, and that I fully represented the prevailing sentiment in my pastoral work. We desired to avoid stumbling blocks and to shut out temptations.

In one instance we yielded. A saloon-keeper applied. He seemed to be well-grounded in his faith; there was no fault to be found with his life; he had a family in good repute for Christian training and deportment. I conferred with him time and again. He declared himself in hearty accord with our position in doctrine and practice, agreed to all requirements that I made, such as closing his place without reservations on Sunday, refusing to sell or give any liquors to known drunkards, or persons who already showed that they had been drinking, or to minors, or to those whose families were known to need for bread every dime that was spent for liquor. My aim was to induce him to quit the business, though I did not believe and therefore could not show that such business is in its nature and therefore of necessity sinful. Our negotiations had continued for about eighteen months, when the man told me that he yearned for holy communion; that he saw no way of

supporting his growing family, if he quitted the business into which he believed himself providentially led; and that if we refused still to admit him to communion, for which he ardently longed, he would try to get along without the Church, and we might look to the final judgment for our share in the work and its consequences. We finally received him, and that was about the end of his holiness. He had attained his purpose of getting the sanction of the congregation, but if he had ail this time been playing the arrant hypocrite he failed after all; for though we were a year and six months in admitting him, we were only about four weeks in getting rid of him again.

It is because of instances like this that I declared my position to be confirmed by my experience. Congregations get along better without saloon-keepers as members than with them, and I am sure that earnest pastors are spared much anxiety and labor where such people are not committed to their charge. The fact that a good shepherd always rejoices in the opportunity to care for souls, whatever labor it may cost him, does not change my conviction that in cases of doubt it is always better to do the work needed before receiving applicants than afterwards, when their rights in the congregation give them an influence among the membership that may prove ruinous.

This is especially the case with regard to secret societies, from the baleful influence of which scarcely a Christian congregation in the land is exempt. Fifty years ago it was comparatively a new thing to refuse them admittance into the congregation. But soon after we were freed from entanglements with the Reformed by the consecration of our own church building, we declined to accept applicants of such affiliation, unless they would renounce the brotherhood of nature and self-interest in favor of the brotherhood in Christ by grace alone. There were some secretists in the congregation. I preached against the natural religion of the lodges that our people might see the relation in which Masonry, Odd Fellowship, and kindred associations stand to revelation in Christ and the great salvation which the Scriptures proclaim through Him, and private opportunities were embraced to show lodge men how lodgery conflicts with Christianity.

But the decision came before I was quite ready. A member of our congregation who had been a Mason was so thoroughly convinced of the impossibility of his being a true Christian while he continued to be a

member of the Masonic Lodge, that he renounced all connection with lodgery, and at a congregational meeting without having consulted me on the subject, introduced a resolution closing our doors against the whole system of secret societyism as an enemy to the truth in Jesus. I thought the movement premature, because I had not yet done all that was possible to enlighten my people, and especially to convince our secretists of their error. But I could not oppose it because it was precisely what I purposed to do a little later. The resolution was adopted with little difficulty, and all communion with secretists and all reception of secret society members ceased. The congregation had no further trouble with the subject. But of course the pastor had. The secretists of the congregation were forced to a decision. I knew that in such a case there was no hurry. The members of lodges were not pressed to decide before they were ready. They could not be admitted to the Holy Supper; that was settled. But our interest in their welfare did not cease on that account. I still tried to remove the obstacle to their communing with us. As long as they were willing to hear me, I was willing to convince them of their error and win them to the truth revealed in Holy Scripture. And my labor was not in vain in the Lord. Of the seven lodge men who were in the congregation four left the lodge, while three preferred to leave the Church, though their families remained with us and they attended our services as before. I still regard it as, a sad mistake in the treatment of the unhappy lodge question, which nearly every pastor is still called to face, when a secretist is admitted to the Holy Supper, while the pastor is laboring to convince him of the sin in which he is living. If earnest work is done such treatment can hardly be desired by either of the parties concerned, and my conviction abides that concessions seemingly made in charity only render the right solution of the complicated problem more difficult and in some cases work ruin.

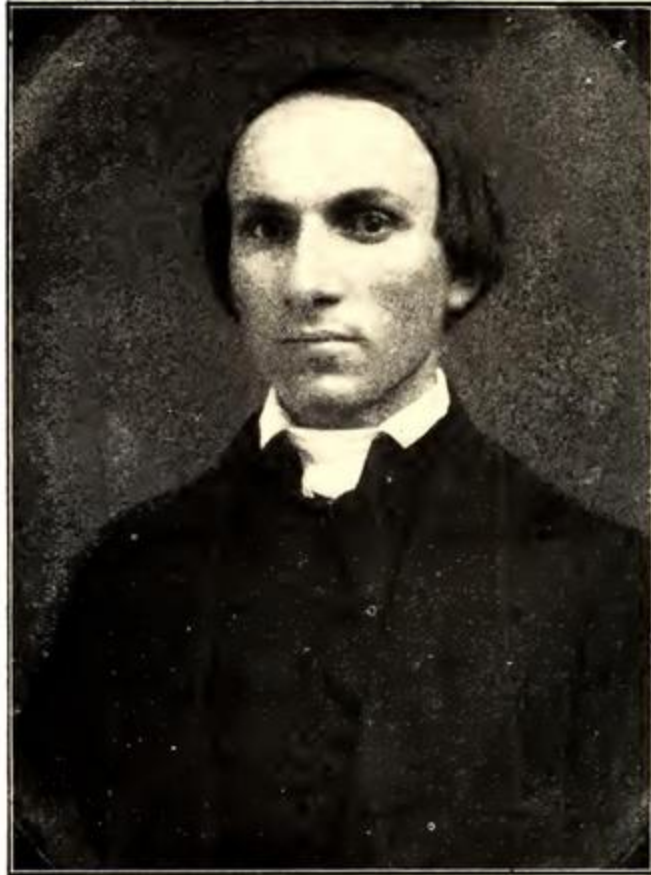
A not unimportant part of my plan for pastoral work was close attention to the attendance at worship and communion. Although the congregation gradually became large, I did not find it difficult to notice the absence at worship of such members as were ordinarily regular attendants, or of the continued absence of such as were irregular. Such absence was always made the subject of inquiry, partly because if the absentees were sick or otherwise disabled they might be regarded as brethren who needed the consolations of the Gospel, partly because if they were not sick or disabled they needed the pastor's attention on the ground of negligence. In either

case they were to be visited as soon as possible. In this way many an error and many a devious course was prevented by dealing with it in its beginnings and removing the canker before it had taken root. In regard to communion I kept an accurate list, alphabetically arranged, by which I could see at a glance if a member had communed in the course of a year, and how often. If there were any who had not appeared at the Lord's Supper in the course of a year, it was my rule to visit them and talk the subject over with them. It was not an easy task, because any urgency to partake of the sacrament was felt to be of doubtful expediency, inasmuch as it might lead to participation in a formal way only to escape reproach. But I deemed it necessary to rebuke the neglect of so great a privilege and, while laying no stress on the moral obligation, which might lead to mere legal obedience, urged the need of the grace which the sacrament communicates for the preservation and growth of the spiritual life, and the assurance of salvation. In some cases my work was successful; in some cases it failed; and the persons under treatment who, notwithstanding the repeated visits during the year and repeated instruction and pleading, were delinquents still at the end of the second year, were then reported to the Church. For this purpose among others a regular meeting was held at the beginning of each year, and because of the work regularly done it was called the meeting for "house-cleaning." It was expected that every case of unsuccessful efforts on my part to induce such as became indifferent to avail themselves of the means of grace, when this had been continued for two years, should be reported at this meeting and the persons concerned be cited to appear. If they refused to appear or declared their intention to have no further connection with our congregation, they were noted as self-excluded, and their names were stricken from the roll. Such cases were not numerous. The rule was rather that due diligence in doing pastoral work resulted in winning back the careless to a better use of their privileges.

Such pastoral care, combined with the discipline practiced in flagrant sins, not only by the grace of God rescued many a soul from the snares of the devil, but served also to protect us against the growth of an unsympathetic element, which might prove a menace to our work, and a blemish on our good name.

I had labored in Delaware about twelve years before the establishment of a parochial school, which I deemed necessary for the right fulfillment of our

mission, and for which I ardently longed, was undertaken. The difficulties in our way were in this respect not greater than they usually are in congregations that have grown comparatively old without it, though I am firmly convinced that they were greater than most of our ministers would encounter now, if they would enter upon the work in the name of the Lord with the firm conviction of its necessity for the future welfare of the Church in general and of the Lutheran Church in particular. My congregation was not rich, but we always had money enough to do what I could convince them to be the Lord's will, in whose name alone I felt myself authorized to ask for money. I never feared that there would not be a sufficient number of people to support the school if I succeeded in showing them that the Master desires it, even if some in the congregation doubted, and some few would rather not be convinced. That was not my chief trouble. The greatest difficulty was one that happily does not stand in the way of our progress now. It was the lack of teachers. I have in many cases recommended to pastors that they should themselves teach until better arrangements could be made. Such a recommendation I never made when the circumstances were such as those existing in my Delaware charge. The organization of our work was such as fully to occupy my time and task my strength; and when by the blessing of God we had prospered so far that an occasional hour might have been spared without direct damage to our cause, I did not dare to harbor the thought of teaching a school, which would have required for its success



THE REV. M. LOY AS PASTOR AT DELAWARE, OHIO.

◇ Matthias Loy at Delaware, Ohio

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tenfold more than such an occasional hour, while even this could be spared only with doubting mind. Add to this my feeling of incompetency to organize and efficiently to conduct such a school as was needed and I wanted, undertaking the work myself seemed to me out of the question. But to get a good teacher was the difficulty with which I had to wrestle. Getting the children and getting the money did not trouble me much. But getting the teacher did. I did not think it right to have one of the few who were then in

the Ohio Synod called away from the places where they were doing a good work, seeing how hard it would be to supply his place. I read and heard of teachers seeking employment, but I was not willing, after all my toil to build up a good Lutheran congregation, to assume any risks with that class of people. My only hope was to get a teacher from the Missourians, with whom I was on good terms and who promised to help us when they could, but they rightly claimed that their first duty was to their own congregations, and that we must wait until their own most urgent needs were supplied. We waited long in vain. Finally help came from another source. A son of my dear friend, Rev. C. Spielmann, declared himself willing to undertake the work. We called Mr. J. H. Spielmann, a young man, who had graduated at our college, and he came. He was of the same mind with his devoted father and myself, and we labored together in complete harmony and to our mutual delight. The school, notwithstanding our imperfect accommodations in the basement of the Church, prospered and grew until we had 80 pupils, and a second teacher became a crying need. The second teacher could not be found, and Bro. Spielmann, who had never intended to devote his life to teaching a parochial school, was called away. Then new troubles came. From lack of sufficient teaching force, the school was losing ground, and when our first teacher left us we could never regain it. Before I left Delaware we had two other teachers, one of whom lacked intellectual ability to cope with the requirements, the other of whom, a convert from the Romish Church, had not the moral equipment for the place. The school was debilitated when I left the congregation and I was not astonished to hear that it afterwards died for lack of a good teacher.

Unexpectedly, after nearly sixteen years of work as pastor, the call came to me to accept a professorship in Capital University. As this was to a chair in theology, as well as in the academic department, and the need especially in the theological department of the University was pressing, my objections and those of my congregation were overcome, and in March, 1865, I removed to Columbus and took charge of the work assigned me there.

But before continuing the story of my labor in this field as professor, in which the rest of a long life was to be spent, some events which belong to a period of my pastorate at Delaware should be narrated. How it came about that I was chosen for such an important place will be better understood when some account is given of my work beyond the limits of my own

parish and aside from this. Before I entered my professorship I had become president of our Joint Synod of Ohio, which necessarily implies that I had used such gifts as I possessed to promote our synodical interests. I had also become editor of our English periodical, the Lutheran Standard. Moreover I had established a home, and had the manifold experiences of a husband and father. These things require some notice in a story of my life, and to these attention will be given in subsequent chapters, before giving an account of my work as professor in Capital University.

5. Synod

WHEN I ENTERED the ministry, no one called to the office in a congregation of the Ohio Synod thought that all righteousness in this regard was fulfilled when the call was accepted. I do not think that the pioneers of our Synod consciously entertained the human opinion, that a minister is really such only when he receives ordination at the hands of other ministers, who were in like manner ordained before him. They had no explicitly Romish views, but they had imbibed Romanizing traditions without suspicion of their Romish trend. They were Lutherans of simple evangelical faith, and if they erred it was not because they had a spirit different from that of the Lutheran Church of old, but because their intellectual insight was defective. My acquaintance with the old fathers of our Synod only led me to respect their humble devotion to the truth revealed in Holy Scripture, and even when I suffered most at their hands, I never could join in with those who scoffed at their ignorant Pietism as some Missourians, though by no means all of them, did. I had learned much from the Missourian publications, but by that merciful Providence which was to me so manifest in all my poor life, I was blessed with the acquaintance of men, such as Wyneken and Schwan, who knew something of men and of the gospel, and therefore could distinguish when the flesh seemed to domineer over the spirit. Even such men as Dr. Sihler, who was thought to be one of the most violent opponents of our Ohio Synod, were not of the class who recklessly condemned us. One night, at a meeting of the Missourians which I attended, this champion of Missourianism, with whom I had before had interviews, attacked our Synod with the violence for which he was noted in his assaults on what he regarded as error in doctrine or practice. I replied as well as I could in defense of our Synod. But he seemed to take no note of my defense, and I ceased to answer him. We had retired, and I went to sleep during his tirade. Next morning, while I took an early walk towards the park before breakfast, he followed me and, overtaking me, at once accosted me

with the question, why I had so abruptly broken off the conversation of the previous night. He was an elderly man and I was a mere stripling, but I knew the superior claims of truth and right over age, and honestly replied that I saw the futility of reasoning against inveterate prejudice, and therefore had nothing more to say. Instead of getting angry, as some of his brethren might have done, he immediately expressed his fear that his zeal was carnal and begged me to pardon his inconsiderate extravagance. We generally got along well after that, and I always felt that, in any question requiring evangelical judgment, he was a better man to consult than Dr. Walther who, with all his eminent learning, was more legalistically inclined and therefore, except in matters of erudition, a less desirable counselor. But there were fanatics among the Missourians, especially among the younger pastors, and it is no wonder that our older men, who had suffered many a hardship in the service of the Church, and had grown gray in the service, were not disposed to accept kindly the reckless damnation of their work which was sometimes dealt around, or to seat themselves humbly at the feet of men who were adepts at finding fault, but were not apt to teach. It thus came about that there was equal prejudice on both sides. My zeal, which was not in all cases according to knowledge and which was not wholly free from influences of the flesh, soon gained for me the reputation of being a Missourian, which rendered my position more difficult. My youth, my but partial mastery of the profound theology of the Church, and the prejudice against my alleged Missourianism, made it far less easy to carry a point in Synod than it was in my congregation. I do not think that I ever departed myself with the superciliousness of one who thinks that he knows it all, or gave utterance to my conviction with the air of an upstart reformer. My shrinking nature and the native timidity which I never fully overcame, though pushed by duty into many a conflict, would in itself have forbidden such a thought, even if I had not had the good sense and the grace which protect an upright soul against such unwisdom. What I said and did I strove to do modestly and quietly, and it was not often that the flow of feeling and consequent rush of words, which it was a hard task for me to overcome even in the pulpit, led me into a gush of oratory so inappropriate in a deliberative assembly.

It would not be perfectly candid if I did not confess that there were some among the fathers of our Synod for whom I had as little respect as I had for some of the boys among the Missourians, and that I was sometimes

provoked to utterances which, under other circumstances, would be pronounced unseemly.

While I regarded most of the men who at that day, besides the comparatively younger Pastor Spielmann and Prof. Lehmann, were leaders in our Synod, as sincerely devoted to the truth as the Lutheran Church confesses it, I could not find it in my heart to approve the course which some of them were taking. While I was laboring hard, under privations that would otherwise have been unnecessary, to build up a soundly Lutheran congregation, it was trying to accept rebukes from men who were at ease in Zion, and whose congregations were dying from inanition [EXHAUSTION FROM LACK OF NOURISHMENT OR VITALITY] while they frittered away their precious time in promoting secret-societyism or practicing allotria that brought them money. If I sometimes used a word in reply which seemed harsh, who would blame me in such a case? At the very first meeting of Synod which I attended a minister who was looked up to as one of the wisest and most distinguished of our old pioneers, preached the principal sermon. He showed what the Word of God requires of us in regard to the practice of love, how the Church has failed in executing the Master's will, and how the secret organizations of our land had been impelled to take up the work, which the Church had failed to perform. He was a Mason, and I was a Lutheran. Of course I was indignant, though it was only a few years since I had been a secretist myself. If the case occurred now, since I have studied more and prayed more and experienced more, I would not have become a member of the Ohio Synod without a renunciation of the Deistic foundation of that sermon and of the man who preached it, unless he repented of the sin and made all possible reparation of the evil resulting. I said nothing in public, which I now see to be a fault. In private I spoke of it, but little was said by others and nothing was done. He was an authority in Synod, and publicly nobody said anything, and so the matter was passed over in silence. When in the discharge of a duty entrusted to me by Synod I later met this man in a town of western Ohio, where the Masons were having a celebration and he was to make a speech; and upon his cordial invitation to attend the public meeting, I turned away with the remark that I must be about the Master's business, I think my treatment of him was gentle, and he had no reason to take offense or speak of me as a saucy boy. There were some others who regarded me with suspicion, if not with

positive dislike. They had gotten into ruts out of which it was humanly impossible to pry them, and least of all was I qualified for the task. Every incentive was given me to study the apostolic admonition, "Let no man despise thy youth," but I had not the equipment necessary to wage a successful war against traditions that were venerable with age, and were defended by men who had become venerable in their observance. Had it not been for such men as Pastor Spielmann and Prof. Lehmann, my position in the Ohio Synod would probably have become untenable. But I did what I could, and my success in my own congregation, under God's continual blessing and my unwearied application to study, gave me ever new courage to testify of the great grace bestowed upon the Lutheran Church as the great Church of the Reformation, and to resist all unionistic movements tending to reduce her to a pitiful sect among other sects of the land. When I accordingly argued, in opposition to the so-called liberality of the old pioneers, that if we had nothing special to contend for in the Lutheran Church for conscience sake, we could save men and money by abandoning our Lutheran organization and joining our forces with other Christians who cared nothing for creed, but still professed to care for Christianity, the



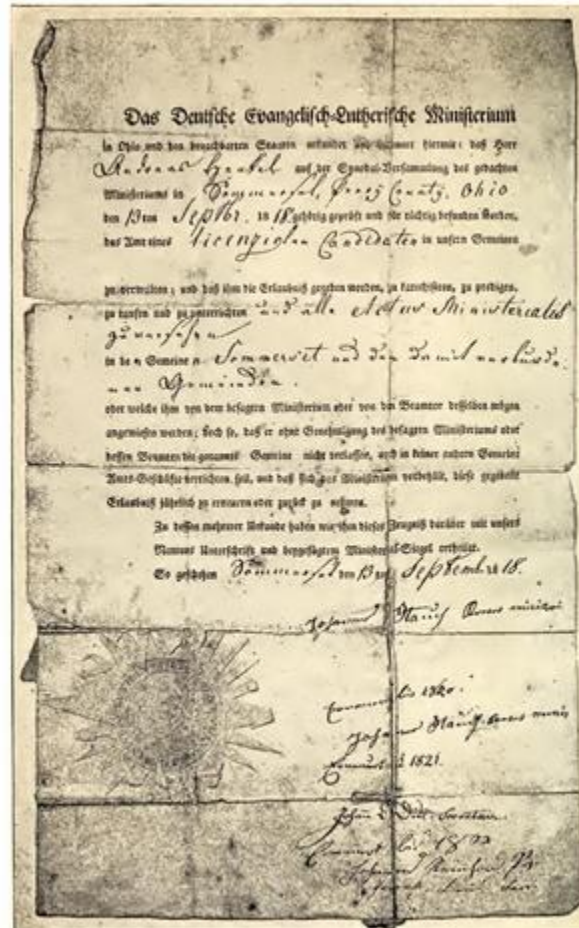
FACSIMILE OF THE LICENSE ISSUED TO M. LOY, TRINITY SUNDAY, 1849, AT LEWISBURG, OHIO. RENEWED UNTIL TRINITY SUNDAY, 1851, AT NEW BREMEN, OHIO. RENEWED UNTIL TRINITY SUNDAY, 1852, AT CANTON, OHIO.

◇ Facsimile of License Issued to M. Loy, Trinity Sunday, 1849, at Lewisburg, Ohio.

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effect was horrifying. Even my nearest friends thought me an extremist, and begged that allowance should be made for my youth and inexperience. I was not expelled, probably because there was too much liberality for that, and too much sturdy Lutheran good sense to discriminate against

Lutheranism in the practice of unionism. And the leaven worked. When in March, 1849, I accepted the call to become pastor of the Delaware charge, and in the following Trinity week appeared as an applicant for admission to Synod at the meeting of the Western District of the Ohio Synod at Lewisburg, Ohio, I was not yet sufficiently versed in biblical lore or Lutheran theology to be offended at my treatment. With a number of others I was examined as to my fitness for the ministry. The examination was satisfactory to the committee, and I was, with the others, recommended, not to ordination, but to licensure for one year. This was not designed to express any doubt as to our qualification for the office, or to curtail the rights of the congregations. It was simply in accordance with a custom, the wide import of which had probably never been carefully considered. Manifestly it was meant to safeguard our congregations against strolling preachers and clerical tramps, who abounded in those times, and who have still not perished from the earth.



FACSIMILE OF A LICENSE ISSUED IN 1818.

◇ Facsimile of License Issued in 1818.

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At the second synodical meeting which I attended a sort of biblical defense of the license system was presented, showing that objections had been raised against it. Its justification was sought in the wisdom and care commanded in the appointment of ministers, while the most important question, namely, to whom the power of such appointment belongs, was overlooked. I do not think that my work suffered materially from Synod's error in this regard; for whatever limitations of a pastor's power may

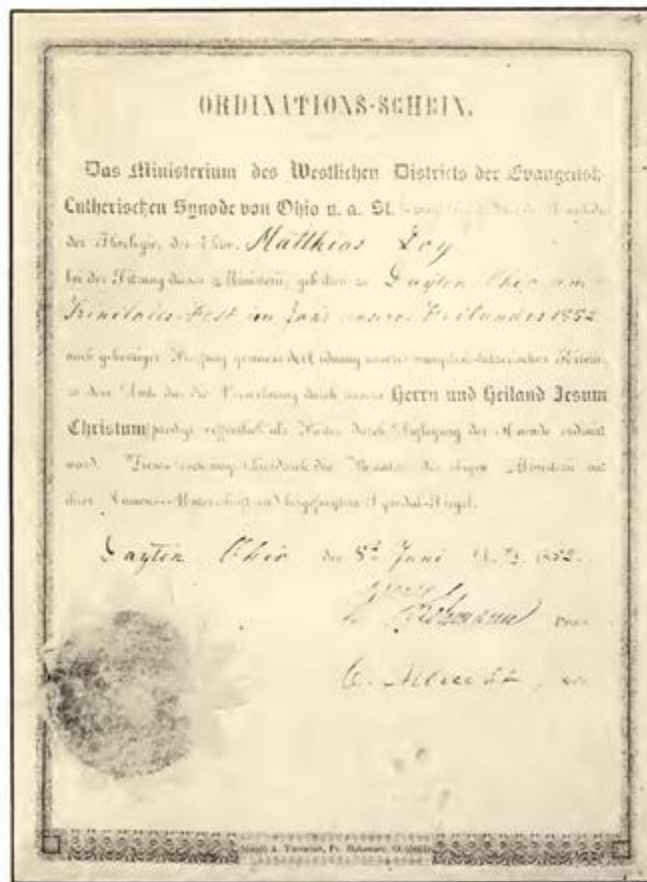
theoretically lie in such a system, and whatever disparagement of the person called to the ministry may be involved in its application, it would not become effective so long as no clash came with congregational rights. It may be that some had lost respect for me because I was only a candidate, as some regarded me less because of my youth; but such subordinate matters are usually of little consequence when a man has a cause to maintain which asserts its inherent power. I went on with my work as the pastor of the congregation which had called me, and was never troubled by the thought that, on some dark day, Synod might revoke my license and declare my congregations vacant. I suppose that the fathers in our Synod never contemplated the case, which might have occurred with me as the principal actor in the drama, of a candidate rendered obnoxious by his Lutheranism and of a Lutheran congregation deprived of its faithful pastor by opponents who had no love for consistent Lutheranism. If my brethren had refused to renew my license in 1850, after my first year of hard work and hard fighting, I do not know what would have resulted. I think that there were then still some men in the congregation who would not have pined away in grief if I had been deposed. A few of these might have taken the necessary steps to counteract the recommendation which was given me, if they had only known how to do it; and there were a few of the prominent men in Synod who would not have been disinclined to heed the cries of these few. Our work was not then so well established that I could offer, as I did later when threats were made to appeal a matter of discipline to Synod, not only to direct the malcontents in the proper course to be pursued, but to assist them in preparing the necessary papers. This was done not in a scoffing spirit, but with the sincere purpose of giving opponents every reasonable opportunity of being heard. My offer was never accepted, and thus the double trouble was spared me of formulating a complaint against myself and defending myself against it. Probably I would have continued to perform the duties to which I had been called in the Delaware charge, even if my license had not been renewed. The call was valid, and I could recognize no authority to invalidate a call which I knew to be divine; and if Synod was ready to admit that my ministerial functions were valid for three years without ordination, according to its own admission they would continue to be valid for years to come. It was a pitiful business, that absurd license system, and it soon died without much controversy as a practice inconsistent with accepted principles.

Of a piece with the license system was the distinction between the Synod and the Ministerium. To the latter all the more important questions pertaining to doctrine and discipline and the ministry were referred as to a higher court, in which only ordained ministers had a seat and vote, and from which accordingly all who were merely licensed candidates, as well as all the lay delegates, were excluded. It was therefore only after I had been pastor three years that I had access to the sessions of the Ministerium.

I do not remember that this was regarded or felt as a humiliation. It certainly was not so intended by those who adopted the constitution, or rather who retained the arrangement to which the founders of our Synod had previously been accustomed. But it was wrong in principle and operated injuriously in practice. Synod had in 1848 adopted the symbolical books of the Evangelical Lutheran Church as its confession, and therefore stood pledged to maintain and defend the faith thus confessed. In this it was sincere, and it had no intention to adopt or retain usages known to be in conflict with its profession. As soon as it became apparent that the system of licensure violated rights which belong to the Christian congregation, it was abandoned. The Ministerium question was not so easily settled. It had become venerable, and the fathers, some of whom had become jealous of the influence of the younger men, were loath to let it go. They did not claim that the common people had no right to a voice in questions of doctrine and of conscience, nor even that ministers are amendable only to ministers, and that the laity would be usurpers of authority which does not belong to them if they presumed to sit in judgment on the clergy, whether in regard to the reception of applicants or the discipline of members.

Remarks were made which implied such theories, but they were not distinctly formulated. The fact is that the subject was not clear, and the Ministerium was defended rather from veneration for an old custom than from conscious adherence to a false principle. Under such conditions it is not strange that the doctrine of Church and Ministry became a burning question among us. But it was the practical side that hastened the abandonment of the traditional arrangement. When a session of the Ministerium was called, it was expected that the lay-delegates and candidates should consider themselves dismissed and should leave the church, as was required of all members of the congregation. It was always painful when one or the other, not understanding the situation, retained his

seat. In some cases it was deemed necessary to request such innocent intruders to take their departure. Sometimes offence was taken at such apparent rudeness in the practice of privacy, and occasionally remarks of no kindly sort were made about secret meetings of men who professed opposition to all secretism. Now and then too there were mutterings importing that old men who were sent as



FACSIMILE OF ORDINATION CERTIFICATE ISSUED TO REV. M. LOY AT DAYTON, OHIO, TRINITY SUNDAY, 1852.

◇ Facsimile of Ordination Certificate Issued to Rev. M. Loy at Dayton, Ohio, Trinity Sunday, 1852.

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delegates to Synod did not feel good over the invitation to leave when important matters of the Church were to be considered only by ordained

ministers. The opponents of such special organization of the ministry, as distinguished from the synodical body, had the great advantage of having the sentiment of the lay-delegates on their side. This made it a necessary requirement of prudence, as well as of Christian faith and charity, to guard carefully against evils, which might easily result from the advocacy of people's rights. There was danger, on the one hand, of goading the people to a wild resistance of a tyranny exercised over them by denying them their divinely authenticated rights, and, on the other hand, of appearing to the opposition as mere mountebanks, who preyed upon the ignorance and credulity of the people. In either case the cause of right would have suffered. I do not think that any of the opponents of the "Ministerium" were revolutionary. For myself, I had endured the candidacy, and gone on with my work at Delaware as if nothing had happened at Synod. And I went on with my share of the work at Synod as if no difference had been made between candidates and pastors. As far as I can remember not the least effect was produced upon my sense of duty and my zeal for the work in which I was engaged, by my ordination and my admission into the Ministerium. I was a minister before, and nothing was added, either in the objective reality or in the subjective consciousness, to the duties and obligations of my call as pastor of the Delaware parish. Such power as I had was exerted against the wrong to the Church which was involved in the "Ministerium" business, but it was always, so far as I can remember, with due respect to established custom and the veneration which our pioneers had for a custom which had no root in the Lutheran Church. Once, when it was proposed to make me President of the Western District, I peremptorily refused the office because I could not comply with the constitution requiring the calling of ministerial sessions. I declared that I could not and would not issue such a call, and that ended it. When an amendment to the constitution, promising to strike out the clauses which referred the most important work of synod to the "Ministerium" and thus denied to the laity some precious rights of Christians, was under discussion, I was confident of the support of the lay-delegates in the final vote, even though the majority of ministers should be against my contention. My teacher, Professor Lehmann, who usually stood as mediator between the adherents of old customs and the new Lutheran life which had come into our synod, occupied the chair. He thought that he saw trouble coming, and concluded that it would be best to relegate the whole matter to the Ministerium. He

accordingly so decided. Manifestly the decision was wrong, and I appealed, as I had a right to do, to synod for a righteous decision. He was a man of expedients, and refused to entertain the appeal, alleging that synod had no jurisdiction in a matter belonging to the Ministerium. Such proceedings could not fail to excite some feeling. With two other pastors I had, a few years before, when the constitution of synod was under revision and our effort to expunge the provisions for a Ministerium had failed in our District, put a protest on record, in which our position was clearly defined and the declaration was distinctly made, that we could not consider ourselves bound by the objectionable paragraphs. Our warfare was open and candid, and no one had any ground to think our action revolutionary. It would not be so considered now, and it was not. We submitted to the defeat and worked on, fully convinced that right would win in the end, as it did; and my cordial relation to my teacher, who probably in the stress was not conscious of the full import of his stratagem, was not dissolved.

During these protracted troubles, complicated by secret society discussions, a few ministers left the Synod; and some Missourians who little understood the situation and were unjust, and part of whom were manifestly fanatics, kept nagging at our work and our workmen, thus embarrassing the efforts of those who were laboring for greater consistency in Synod's practice. Some of the older men, whom my convictions compelled me to oppose, showed themselves better Christians under the unjust imputations and violent assaults of conceited Missourians than did their assailants, and it must be confessed that the inconsiderate and uncharitable acts of some of these men did much to hinder the more rapid progress of the truth promulgated in the publications of their leaders.

The controversy on the Church and its Ministry, of which the question concerning licensure and the Ministerium was a part, gradually became heated, and for a time threatened the very existence of our synod. No doubt its importance was better appreciated among us, and became more exciting because of these conditions and this application, thus enlisting the force of habit, and the reverence for time-honored usage, and the feelings engendered by violent assaults from without, in the theological war. This was by no means a mere war of words. It pertained to a subject in which interests of the whole Church of Christ were involved, and upon which in my estimation the very right of the Church of the Reformation to exist in

the world was dependent. I write this long after the war, when all the influence of party feeling had passed away, as my mature judgment in a case that gave me much concern. It may be that the struggle would never have convulsed our Synod as it did, had it not been for the influences exerted from without. But that is a useless speculation. It might have been that the Ohio Synod, even after it had accepted the Confessions of the Lutheran Church, had gone on in its old ruts and been a unionistic corporation unto this day. I do not know and cannot, as is the case in the General Synod, tell what might have been. What I know is that God in His good providence led our fathers to accept the great Confession of the Reformation as their Confession. What instrumentalities our Lord employed to bring the word of truth to the hearts of our fathers, I do not know. What I do know is that it was done and that God did it, whatever the instrumentalities may have been by which He accomplished it. The fact was that the synod had declared itself as an Evangelical Lutheran body accepting the Confessions of the Evangelical Lutheran Church as its own confession. So far the way was clear, if all that this involved was not clear to all the members of Synod. I was theologically educated under Professor Lehmann, whose learning was sometimes at fault and whose theological dicta were not always indisputable. Perhaps in some respects my reading had led me beyond his scope, as with all his powerful intellect he was not disposed to extend his studies beyond the immediate requirements of his calling. In partial justification of his habit it may be said that his duties as professor and pastor left him little time for study. But the time was one that tried men's souls. My studies led me into a conviction which he did not share. He was not a man to antagonize another member of synod with a perfectly clear declaration of war. We never so met each other with clanging shield and steel. He had studied theology, and was Lutheran in his faith and thinking, and was content to be Lutheran in his faith and thinking, and was content to be Lutheran if others were not, ever ready to confess his Lutheran faith, whatever others might choose to confess or deny. I do not think that it would have worried him if I had leaned towards General Synodism as might from my antecedents have been expected. He did not, and that settled it. He would not have been my enemy on that account. I leaned toward Missourianism, as did our mutual friend Rev. Spielmann. He did not, but never dreamed of being an enemy of either on that account. Thus I grew to be an opponent of my teacher on many a point, without

disturbing our friendly relations. He always regarded these differences as lying within the limits of our Lutheran Confession and not involving a breach of our fraternal relations. He had great responsibilities resting upon him, and whilst he was heroic in expedients to prevent clashing, he was extremely cautious in choosing his course, and often moved so slowly that it seemed to many that he did not move at all. In the estimation of many members of synod he was therefore of the old regime, and sacrificed his power of leadership to the interests of peace. I had had no part in getting the Ohio Synod into the hierarchical and yet unionistic rut which was in its weakness, and had no motive in feelings of reverence for established customs to sacrifice the Lutheran convictions which had become a power in my soul. I was not a conservative in that limited sense, but became more and more, as I studied more and thought more and prayed more, a conservative in regard to the old Lutheran faith and practice. I therefore did not move as slowly as my teacher in the endeavor to bring about a better state of things in the Ohio Synod, which would at the same time be in better accord with the confessional position already assumed. We always came together at last, but my teacher and friend, who did much towards keeping me within proper bounds, was not of a mind to take the initiative, and was therefore not always in the lead when Synod made a move forward.

The Synodical work to which reference has thus far been made pertained to the Western District, to which my congregation belonged and of which I was a member. It may be necessary to explain, that the Ohio Synod is divided into different Districts, and that each of these has the decision in regard to the reception of members, who thus become members of the Joint Synod. To this are referred all subjects pertaining to the interests of all, and in this all the members have a voice. Accordingly it was in the Joint Synod that the doctrinal questions troubling the Districts had to be settled. And there my chief work was done.

Soon after my acceptance of the pastorate at Delaware the project of enlarging our educational work, by establishing a college in connection with our Seminary, was assuming material form. We needed it and all approved it. Even the big notions that were embodying themselves in the project did not strike me as absurd. I was too much of a big-hearted boy for that. My imagination, which was never grand or glowing, although I sometimes indulged myself in writing rhymes, led me to hope great things

in the not wholly illusory ways suggested. The object in view commended itself to my judgment as it did to the judgment of older and more experienced men, and Capital University came into the world with banners and trumpet. Even Professor Lehmann, who never allowed himself to be carried away by enthusiasm, was warm in his welcome of the improvement in our educational facilities, though as usual his wise counsel was for moderation and caution, which was by no means needless. The conception was too big for the conditions: the plan of the structure was out of proportion to the grounds on which it was to be erected. I did not see that, and others did not see it. My old teacher saw it and doubted, but was moved on by the stream. Unquestionably Providence had opened the way for our Ohio Synod to do a glorious work in the cause of education for the Lutheran Church. Unhappily the main feature was too often left in the background, that God had opened a way for promoting Christian education in the interest of the truth restored in the Lutheran Reformation. I am confident that none of the leaders in the movement had the remotest thought of harboring or promoting the idea of regenerating mankind by the light of science and philosophy and literature. I was not one of the leaders, but I think that I understood them, and believe that my suspicion of such underlying motives would wrong even the less earnest advocates of the principles for which the Ohio Synod had taken its stand. All that can justly be said is that a part of the zeal displayed was without knowledge. The leading men wanted a Christian College devoted to the interests of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, and in this I was heartily in accord with them. They looked around for the proper man to organize and conduct the new institution, and as they were always too modest to assume that such a man could be found among themselves, they were constrained to look beyond the bounds of our own synod. There was no one in the West of sufficient culture, who was in harmony with us, to think of finding the right man there. By necessity their attention was turned to the East, and there all eyes were directed to Dr. Reynolds of Gettysburg. He had been professor there in the chief college of the General Synod, and had years of experience in the work of teaching. He had attained some eminence as a writer, and had a wide reputation for learning. His connection with the General Synod was no obstacle; for without any thought of coming to Columbus, he had begun a warfare against the lax system of doctrine and practice which prevailed in his own ecclesiastical household. To carry on this contest he had established

the “Evangelical Review,” which was published at his home in Gettysburg, and which subjected him to much adverse criticism. This Review had been read among us, and caused much delight by the fact that such a thoroughly equipped witness had come forward in defense of the truth for which we were contending. He seemed to be the man for the place which we desired to fill. He was called, and he came. He was installed as President, the school was opened in a building on Town Street, his brother-in-law, Professor Essick, who was represented as in full harmony with him, was called as Professor of Latin, a young man of good parts who had the promise of becoming a first-class teacher of mathematics, but who died before his mark was made, was added to the faculty, and later my old Harrisburg friend, Daniel Worley, was called to take the place of the departed Professor of Mathematics. The school was thus sufficiently equipped, and the building near Goodale Park was soon ready to receive it. The President was inaugurated and the new building was dedicated with much effort to enlist popular favor. One of the most eminent men of the country, who was far from being a Lutheran and probably had never heard of such a thing as Lutheranism in our land, made an English speech, which had little to do with our purpose, and Dr. Stohlmann of New York, delivered an address to engage the Germans in our cause. The whole business seemed to me a failure, especially as I was discouraged by the President’s lack of skill in managing the public functions. But so far as I remember I said nothing.

The work went on prosperously for a while, but a new trouble had been introduced into our Synod. Dr. Reynolds had grown up in a different atmosphere and with other surroundings. He was a Lutheran of the kind still found among the more conservative men of the General Synod, but he had a different spirit from that which pervaded our people. This prevented complete cordiality from the start; and as move after move was made that was not to our liking, doubts soon arose whereunto this would grow. Too much stress was laid on winning the favor of citizens who cared nothing for the Lutheran Church, but who were interested in general education and whose influence it was desired to utilize in behalf of the school. This as well as the inability of the faculty, with the exception of Prof. Lehmann, who held the chair of German, to converse readily in the German language, led the President and Prof. Essick to move almost exclusively among English speaking people, especially as their families were English and

could otherwise have little enjoyment of social life. Moreover, both from inclination and policy, they were desirous of bringing the Ohio Synod into the General Synod, and as at that time there was a strong movement elsewhere in that direction and influences were brought to bear upon us by the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, with which we had correspondence on the subject of a Liturgy, they had good opportunity to make known their desire.

Even in the congregational affairs they managed to make some innovations to which some did not take kindly, if for no other reason than they did not want to follow what was called the fashion.

Little by little the men from the East who had been called to organize and manage the new college, lost their influence, and before the University was fairly started in the fine building on North High Street, in which, too, not a little of the useful had been sacrificed to architectural display, a rupture was imminent. The portion of our Synod that, like myself, regarded the interests of the Church as paramount, used all fair means to protect these interests against any encroachments, even if these came from sources professedly operative in the honored cause of education, on the life and work of the Lutheran organization. Our leader was Prof. Lehmann, who was never aggressive, never disposed to take the initiative in any progressive movement, but always conservative and always alert. It was largely owing to his wise caution that our Seminary property was safe-guarded against any failure that might attach to our University project, and it is still a wonder to me that he ever consented to an organization of the institution under the management of a board composed largely of persons who did not even profess to have any interest in the Lutheran Church, which our Synod designed it to serve. But somehow the mistake was made. Men who did not understand us or our conditions were called to conduct the institution, and a directorate was appointed, many of whom did not understand them or us. And trouble came. Ostensibly it was the language question, really it was the Lutheran question that brought it about.

With the inception of the University movement and the beginning of the work I had no responsible connection. I was then only a candidate, and therefore not in a position to have a voice in it. But I was consulted in the matter and heartily approved the project. In my frequent visits to friends in Columbus, nearness to whom I regarded as one of my chief advantages, we often talked about it. My heart was fully enlisted in the undertaking. My

acceptance of the agency to secure money for the endowment of the Presidency and the German professorship, evinces my profound interest in the work. It was no small sacrifice to leave a work in Delaware which was dear to my heart, and this just at a time when its success was about to be crowned by the building of a church that we could call our own, and to travel from congregation to congregation, preaching everywhere and soliciting funds for a work which only the intelligent could appreciate. But I was unmarried, and therefore could leave home more easily, than men of family, and a man whom I could trust was ready to act as my vicar in the congregation during my absence. So I started off in the summer of 1853, leaving my work at home in the care of Rev. P. Eirich. I think I may truly say that I entered upon my new mission in faith and hope and charity. No doubt an older and more experienced man could better have carried out my plan. I desired to do some good among the people as well as to secure some money for our general work, and I therefore always preached the Word and only afterwards solicited subscriptions. My work also gave me large opportunities in conversation with our pastors to suggest the thoughts and feelings which actuated me and which might be helpful to them. For six months I continued this work, and it was not in vain in the Lord. A comparatively large sum was subscribed, and I think some good was done in addition to these subscriptions. As I look back upon it now, the mistakes which I made were more in the accounts which I published of my rambles among the congregations than of my work there. I was sometimes impressed with the humor of situations rather than with their unchurchly features, and wrote in a mood of gaiety rather than of sadness, and of course, opinions differed about the propriety of some of my observations. After six months of toil and not infrequently of bodily suffering, I returned to my charge, which had been well cared for by Rev. Eirich, without regrets for the temporary absence. I had accomplished as much for the improvement of our finances as the conditions warranted, and I think that my half-year's intercourse with our people helped a little to support the claims of our Lutheran Church upon their loyalty and beneficence, and continued to bear fruit in after years, while the experience which I gathered was probably more than compensation for my loss in suspending my daily intercourse with books.

Meantime the agitation in Synod about the spirit and management of our college continued, and became increasingly serious. The members of our

English District grew loud in their complaints that equal rights were not accorded them with the Germans. There was not even a semblance of reason for this, as even more than their share of representation was given them in the boards. But the English District was comparatively small, and there were three German Districts, at least two of which were larger than the English, and their aggregate membership was such as to leave the English District in a small minority, notwithstanding the care taken to give them as large a representation as fairness to the other Districts admitted. But it was not the language question in itself that formed the subject of contention. There were many pastors of mixed congregations in the German Districts, who, like myself, were rather to be classed with the English District than the German, if mere facility in the use of either language were considered, and many of the delegates sent to our German Districts always spoke in English. That was really not the subject of contention, but only an incident. I would regard it as an injustice to Dr. Reynolds and his friends, if it were maintained that he proposed to make our University, including the Seminary, entirely English. I would not say that even of Prof. Essick, who was a member of the English, while President Reynolds belonged to the Western District. It was a curious alignment of forces when the crisis came. Those who were intent upon maintaining our confessional position and had no sympathy with any movement looking to a union with the General Synod, or anything tending that way, even though they were not a unit in the questions of church practice otherwise occupying the attention of Synod, were generally regarded as opponents of the Reynolds management; the more liberal element that was inclined to unionism, was the party supporting him. As the latter party was mainly in the English District, and as the work of Dr. Reynolds and his friends was usually done through the medium of the English language and his labors were mainly directed to gain favor among the English people and solicit the interest of English Synods, while in the institution itself his influence was principally directed toward the advancement of English interests, it naturally came to pass that the opposing parties were called the German and the English. The English District took up the matter and brought its complaint before Joint Synod. It was a complaint without substance. No overt action or wrong-doing was indicated, and no charge with specifications was made. But some of the English brethren were dissatisfied and became disaffected. I could see no cause for this save their failure to get others to see things as they saw them

and feel about the course of events as they felt. Their grievance really was, that they were in a hopeless minority. Synod tried to appease them, but failed, as in the nature of things it must fail. There was no help for the fact that the disaffected party was a small minority. Dr. Reynolds and Prof. Essick resigned. That relieved them of the trouble, but it only rendered their special adherents more determined in their hostility to the action of Joint Synod. Finally the latter body, at its meeting in 1854, resolved to send a committee to the next meeting of the English District to reason with the brethren there and endeavor to pacify them. All indications were that love's labor would be lost. Rumors had already been circulated in that District that our institutions were on the road to ruin, that the persons managing them and engaged as teachers were incompetent, and that any further effort to maintain them would be useless. A spirit of revolt had shown itself in a wild protest against the action of Synod at this session pertaining to the existing difficulties, in which it was stated as a grievance that the party represented by Dr. Reynolds were not admitted to prominent places in our institutions, and as another that Joint Synod had shown no disposition to annul its resolutions regarding secret societies. It looked very much as if the opposition would be appeased only by the surrender on our part. Nevertheless Synod, in the exercise of Christian charity, resolved, in order to prevent a rupture, to leave nothing undone that could be done without a sacrifice of Christian principle. The committee was appointed, and Prof. Lehmann and myself were chosen for the unpleasant work. My old teacher had come to be a standing member of all committees entrusted with difficult and disagreeable work, and I was fast becoming a standing second. Perhaps in one respect it was unwise to select him in this case, as he, with his usual alertness, had been the main force in safe-guarding our work against liberalistic and unionists encroachments, although, with his usual caution, he had probably never led any movement in opposition to the Reynolds regime; and when the latter had failed and a new arrangement was made, he, as the Seminary Professor before the establishment of our College and the chief member of the remaining Faculty after the resignation of the new regime, was chiefly blamed for the change. He was a persecuted man, and the charges of incompetency, hurled right and left, were concentrated upon him. Nothing could better display the noble character of this devoted man than his consistently quiet conduct under such trials. Perhaps he saw that under the circumstances it would have been wiser to

select another man for the difficult work, but he did not demur. My condition was such that there was no reason why I should be a person to whom the English District would object. I was born in America, spoke English even in preference to German, and was confirmed in a church belonging to the General Synod. In some of the troubles then agitating the Ohio Synod, I was not in harmony with Prof. Lehmann. There was no reason apparent to me why I should decline to serve on the committee, as in the questions involved we were of one mind. The English District met at Wooster in 1855, only about six months after our appointment. We were there, but the antipathy, perhaps it would be in exact accord with truth to say the bitterness, against our Synod had reached such an extreme that we could not even get a hearing. We accomplished nothing, because we were not even allowed to speak. Only a few members remained loyal to the Ohio Synod and dissented from the revolutionary proceedings, when, in pursuance of its plan, the District resolved to go over to the General Synod and have nothing more to do with us. The impression I received has always seemed to me well summarized in my colleague's remark, when I referred to his well-worn school trousers as hardly respectable for such an occasion, that he had brought with him a better pair, but thought these good enough for such a crowd.

Our College, crippled by these unhappy occurrences, was in a precarious condition. Our income was not sufficient to warrant the calling of other men to fill the vacancies at a sufficient salary to insure a livelihood, and arrangements had to be made to tide over the period of distress. As Prof. Lehmann and Prof. Worley, who still remained of the old Faculty, were willing to go on with the work, with little regard to salary, and Brother Spielmann reluctantly consented to accept the Presidency in the interim, I offered to assist for a while in the teaching of such subjects as I thought I had sufficiently mastered. The University had given me the honorary title of A. M. and I had done enough literary work to feel assured that, though it was a time when any blundering would be severely criticized, I could render some acceptable service in the trying period, until better and more permanent arrangements could be made. Thus in addition to my work at Delaware I agreed to spend a few days each week at our school, teaching rhetoric and other English branches, and continuing the burdensome labor for about a year. Thus amid great difficulties of various sorts the institution was kept afloat on a troubled sea, and in His own good time our Lord, who

was always with us and in whom we trusted, commanded the angry waves to be still.

But Synod's time of trouble was not past when our University had been saved from the wreck which threatened it. I was a member of the Board when the rupture came, and continued to be a member until I was called to a professorship and entered upon my work at Columbus in 1865, and I know how our souls were tried as only members of the Board could know it. Matters were in bad shape every way. Not only had enemies endeavored to excite prejudice against us in the city as narrow-minded foreigners and bigoted Lutherans, but our finances were in almost inextricable confusion. Our former President, who never had more money than he needed to carry on the work, had some unbusiness-like understanding with the Treasurer, the result of which was such that, after the President was gone, the accounts could not be satisfactorily explained. No reflection was cast upon the honesty of either, but the matter was embarrassing. The Seminary had some endowment funds, but somehow these had become so tied up that they were practically useless. Notwithstanding Prof. Lehmann's great caution even in financial affairs, that part of our work was loosely conducted, and I am not quite sure that even now, with all our sad experiences, our monies are fully secured in a way that would satisfy cautious business men. I may say in passing that my reflections as well as my experience have led me to the conviction, that hoarding money is an evil, and that Christians, whether as individuals or corporations, should live in the daily exercise of their faith that God will provide, and thus be led each day to pray earnestly for their daily bread. I was therefore opposed not only to secret societies, which in the best case only seem to usurp God's prerogative of providing for His people without regard to His own revealed plan of faith in Christ as embracing all things necessary for time and eternity, but to all efforts and societies, secret or open, that virtually constitute a human usurpation of divine Providence. So I still think, and the more my knowledge extends and my experience enlarges, the more damnable, from a Christian point of view, seem to me the human schemes, always originating in the flesh, to provide for man's welfare otherwise than God, who alone knows what is needed, has provided. I think that no sentimental appeals or arguments of human wisdom, which in its carnal root is always and necessarily opposed to the wisdom of God, can ever change these convictions as long as I remain a child of God which, trusting in the grace of Christ which has saved me with

a great salvation, shall be for ever. Many a heartburn and many a nonplussed deliberation, and many a sleepless night would have been spared our burdened Board of Directors, if the money which was contributed by our people could have been used, in the time of its trouble, for the support of its work, as the contributors designed that it should be. In my poverty I had subscribed and with much self-denial had paid money towards the endowment of the presidency: how could I fail to feel, when in our dire distress one-fifth of that sum would have provided the necessaries of life, at least for a week, to our professors, and we dared not touch it. Prof. Lehmann was inured to hardships and never complained; indeed he had least reason to complain, as he had a large congregation which was well able to support him. Bro. Spielmann knew how to make five dollars go a great way, and he had lived before he was made President, and could live still, though he got little; but Prof. Worley and the two others who were employed as teachers had no income but that which the University supplied. But God always helped us. Our worry was great, but it was needless. Looking back upon it now, it seems to me that we cared too much and trusted too little and that we worried too much and prayed too little. But the care of the institution was laid upon us, and as God ordinarily works through human means, we could not as Christian men abandon the work under the plea that it was God's work and He could manage it. We were His servants and saw the need of doing what we could, and saw also the unfaithfulness implied in any such thought as that of running away when the conflict came. That would have meant a disgraceful surrender to the foe. We therefore labored on under many embarrassments and discouragements, and even in the darkest days refused to entertain the thought of failure. The idea of doing great things gradually faded from the minds of those who had entertained it, and the purpose to do the Lord's will, though it should be through evil report, continually waxed stronger; and the Board gradually became reconciled to the day of small things, which naturally as well in the court of reason as in that of faith, should have been in the beginning, was now upon us. The beautiful bubble blown by human wisdom had burst, but the will of the Lord remained the same, and His disciples had the grace to follow it through the valley of humiliation, which was the way of ultimate success.

It was a hard road for us to travel, but I never regretted the sacrifice which it cost to make Capital University what it is now, and what I am sure

God designed to make it. My prayer now is that God will move the hearts of my brethren in the present generation to go on in the same course of contention for His truth, as confessed in the great Reformation, that our sacrifices may not prove to have been in vain. By the secession of our English District we were rid of the party which was not in harmony with the spirit of the Lutheran Church. Outwardly we suffered much by the apostasy, but inwardly we gained much more than we had lost. But not all the opponents of the more consistent Lutheranism which had come into our Synod were members of that District. A liberalistic element still existed among us. Even the Mason, Rev. A. Henkel, notwithstanding our warfare against Masonic Deism and humanitarianism that recognized no need of grace for the exercise of true charity, continued to be a protesting member of our Synod. Some of the pioneers who were still with us, and among whom he was recognized as a leader, sympathized with him and took his part. A member of the faculty of our University, my old friend who had helped me to get a start in the comprehension of the Greek language and who had been called to the chair of Mathematics, but had not gone with Dr. Reynolds when the crash came, became the leader of the opposition. He was a man to whom I was warmly attached as a personal friend in my youth, and whose genial disposition always attracted me. He was an old and congenial friend, from whom all my natural inclinations forbade me to part. But he went wrong, and I could not go with him. While he always professed to be of one mind with us in our opposition to secret societies, he became the special advocate of Pastor Henkel in his warfare against the Synod.

When the English District turned its back upon us and went over to the Unionistic General Synod, we still had a comparatively large number of congregations that were predominantly English, and the question of forming a new English District was soon agitated and decided in the affirmative. In 1857 a new English District was organized. It was soon apparent that our opponents flocked together there under the leadership of Prof. Worley, who was a good teacher of Mathematics, and had all the shrewdness that would have made a good lawyer, but who had no deep understanding of the righteousness which is by faith of Jesus Christ and of the liberty which this brings. Nearly all the pioneers, although they were predominantly German, entered the new District. It was from the start a place of refuge for the disaffected of our Synod.

Of course new troubles came, and it need hardly be stated that I was involved in their toils. The conflict about the Church and ministry, which had not been forgotten in the contention about other matters, but rather contributed to the alignment of our forces and to its sharpness, continued with little abatement, though ever approaching nearer a satisfactory solution of the problem before us. The positions of influence were held by men who were not favorable to my contention, as our German organ was edited by the conservative Prof. Lehmann and the English by the radical Prof. Worley. But before I was called to Columbus, without any aspirations or machinations of mine, I had become President of the Joint Synod in 1860 and continued in that office from year to year, and had become editor of the Standard in 1864. This afforded me no little advantage in the promotion of the cause to which I was devoted. However another part of my story should be told before I proceed further in this line.

6. Home

THERE WAS no other choice for me, when I took charge as a young man at Delaware, but to live as a boarder among strangers. My income was not sufficient to justify even the thought of taking a room at one of the hotels, and I had no desire to do this even if I had been supplied with means. It may be a debatable question whether an unmarried pastor should seek a home in a family belonging to his congregation. It was not with me, and my experience did not change my opinion. In the first three months I found comfortable accommodations with a family at the edge of town, but afterwards accepted the offer of a well-to-do farmer to give me a furnished room with boarding at rates so reasonable that I could save a portion of my little salary for the purchase of books. It was three miles from town, but I was a good walker and did not lay much stress on the inconvenience. The front room on the lower floor was given me, where I could be alone with my God and my books, and which was easy of access to people who desired to see me. The farmer had but one child and she was married and lived in an adjoining house, so that there were no children to disturb me. I loved the country and was delighted with my situation.

Of course there were some drawbacks. The walk to town was no hardship to me. That much daily exercise was desirable on sanitary grounds. But the members of my congregation did not all live in town, and when the homes which I thought it needful to visit were miles away in an opposite direction, it was not so easy to reach them. Moreover, what was no trouble to me was a trouble to many of my parishioners. I was too far away when they desired to consult me; it was too difficult to call me when they wanted me, as the telephone was not then known. Every two weeks I had the other part of my charge to visit, and sometimes also pastoral duties made visits there necessary in the interval. For such work I was compelled to hire a horse. This made my place of residence an unquestionable inconvenience. Part of this difficulty was overcome by my purchase of a

horse. Since my boyhood's misfortune in hauling bricks at Harrisburg, I had no inclination to have anything further to do with horses. But the necessity was laid upon me of getting to the church at Prospect, and later to that near Norton, and I knew of no way but that of hiring a horse and riding thither. Mine were kindly people, if their kindness did not take the form of providing for my transportation, and I never heard of their laughing at my riding or impeding my work by their ridicule. I did not know much about horseback riding, but I could learn. No doubt I was shamefully timorous in my first efforts. I still remember how, when I was to ride between a noisy threshing machine and a river embankment and my horse shied, I appealed to one of the threshers to lead my horse past the machine, and received the answer that I should go on and the horse would not be such a fool as to plunge to his death in the river. My little learning in zoology had never reached that far. I supposed that my horse, frightened by the clatter of the machine, would be fool enough to plunge with his rider over the embankment. I used my whip, and the horse passed by in perfect safety. It was my stupidity, not that of the horse, which made me so cowardly. But I could learn, and never was coward enough to shrink from duty when I was sure that the obstacles, real or imaginary, were in the path where duty led. I needed a horse and I purchased one to supply the need. A member of the Prospect congregation had a colt that he could spare, and as he was aware of my need proposed to sell it to me at a price that all who knew anything of the matter considered very low. As he was not in immediate need of the money, he offered to wait for it until I should find it convenient to pay. My host, whose charges for lodging and boarding were already merely nominal, offered to board the horse without additional charge. I purchased it, and so was better equipped for my work.

It was a peculiar animal that I had bought. She was of good stock, and the young people had used her for racing purposes. She was three years old and full of life, but gentle of disposition. I brought her home and used her, and according to agreement made with my host, attended to her wants. This too I had to learn, but the instruction of an old farmer was adequate to the enlightenment of my ignorance. It required much experience to manage such a spirited beast, but I persevered and became an expert in horsemanship who had no reason to be ashamed among the masters. My ten years' experience with "Bonny" convinced me that I had one of the best horses in the country, and that I could compete with any rider of horses that

reared and kicked and plunged, but that were withal kindly. Bonny never hurt me, though she was generally pronounced vicious and unsafe.

But my possession of a horse did not make it easier for my people to consult me at my country home. The matter came to a crisis when I was attacked by a serious form of dysentery. The physician pronounced my case critical. The people with whom I boarded had the impression that my disease was contagious, and although the good lady of the house furnished me with all that was necessary, she as well as her husband avoided all intercourse with me that they thought unnecessary. My physician thought that I was not receiving due attention and so reported to a member of my congregation. I suppose the stubbornness of the disease, which persistently refused to yield to his treatment, led him to such a course. Certainly I did not receive such nursing as is given at hospitals, and probably if I had had better care my system would have responded better to his medicines. But there was no hospital at Delaware, and flux is often difficult to overcome. It is a disease, moreover, which in those days not only induced people as much as possible to shun contact with the patient, but also induced modest and shrinkingly sensitive patients to shun company. As I still had strength enough, when my room was supplied with all that was needed and everything made easy of access, to help myself, I was glad to be left most of the time alone. My room was kept in a reasonably sanitary condition, and I was content. But as the physician deemed more attention requisite the officers of the congregation took measures to secure it, and one evening two brethren came to wait upon me. It was more of an embarrassment than a comfort to me, and they became convinced that I was right in not desiring their constant presence, seeing that they could do nothing to relieve me, that in an emergency the people of the house would respond to my call, and that if matters became worse and the need really came, I could have them notified. The need, as I conceived it, did not come, though the disease continued to harass me for five or six weeks, with intervals of improvement and relapse, and for many weeks more in the emaciated debilitation which resulted. I had faced the prospect of death before and was not frightened. God had always dealt with me in superabundant mercy, and it seemed to me then, and it seems to me now in even more exalted form, that He meant to deal with me graciously beyond all I could ask or think. By His grace I was as little afraid of work as I was of death, and I accordingly went to work when physicians, many of whom know so deplorably little of God's

government of the universe in which they live, pronounced it death to undertake it. Once, at a somewhat later period, when I was prostrated by an acute attack of stomach trouble and suffered intense pain, I told my physician on Saturday that it was my purpose to preach on the morrow, he not only sought to dissuade me from such an irrational dream, but finally warned me that in his deliberate judgment tomorrow would end my life if I persisted in my folly. I persisted in what seemed to me wisdom, preached to my congregation, did some good and felt good over it, and got well. Once, still later, when in 1853 I was acting as agent for Capital University, my appointments were made at a place where one of our pioneers and one of my schoolmates had adjoining charges, and both lived in the same town, I took sick of a fever after preaching in my schoolmate's charge. On my sickbed at his house I heard that the older pastor had uttered his complaint that we young men had banded together and that my professed inability to fill the appointment in his congregation, which was next in order, confirmed his suspicion that we cared nothing for the fathers but desired and designed to crowd them out. I canceled my postponement of the appointment, sent information to the pastor that I would be there, arose from my bed of sickness, and preached and returned to my bed. I did not die, as physicians might have predicted, and the only evil result experienced was the fear that in my fever I may have said something that was not in exact accord with my text. As far as I can remember my long conflict with dysentery caused the largest interruption of my work during the whole time of my ministry. But as far as it was physically possible, I even then continued my labors at intervals, once even attending and preaching at a funeral in that time of sickness, though missing five Sundays of regular service. That funeral might have ended in the funeral of the preacher, but it did not. I seemed a candidate for death when I first entered the pulpit at Delaware, and my congregation was not surprised when I appeared again on the pulpit with a sicklier look than I had worn during the years past. My people had become accustomed to my bodily weakness, and had learned to appreciate the power of will that went far towards concealing it.

The inconvenience of my living in the country, delightful as this was to me, and conducive to study for the benefit of my people as it was, thus became more manifest. Taking a wife and establishing a home of my own in town would have been a natural suggestion. A dear friend of mine, who also became a minister of the gospel, often discussed this subject with me. He

was determined to marry as soon as he saw any prospects of supporting a family, however humbly, and maintained that a minister of the gospel could do his work better in every way if he is a married man. I could not deny that in many respects he was right, but influenced by my passion for books and the advantages of privacy for the pursuit of studies, as well as by some consideration of pastoral prudence, I was long in doubt.

An opportunity offered to secure a boarding place in town. This dispelled my doubt. After living two years in the country, it seemed a little difficult to adapt myself to the limitations imposed by city life, but it had its compensations, and I was soon at home again in my new quarters. I had a good room with a pleasant Christian family, and all the privileges that I desired, and as there was a stable on the lot for my "Bonny," I thought myself well fixed again.

And so I undoubtedly was. My income had increased sufficiently to meet the additional expense. I was near the church, which was a great convenience, especially for meetings in the evening, was in the center of the congregation and thus of easier access to all the members, and could save some valuable time in making pastoral visits. I do not reckon the social features of town life as a great advantage. The greater freedom and quiet of the country was better both for health and for study. For society outside of the church I cared nothing, finding all that I needed and all that I desired, so far as the gratification of social instincts was concerned, in connection with my pastoral work. I did not seek relaxation in places of amusement, not only because they were little to my taste, but also because they seemed to me mostly improper resorts for a pastor, who had indeed the same liberty as any other Christian, but who must, because of the greater influence of his example, feel bound to use it with greater circumspection. Occasionally I heard a public lecture or a concert, but always was careful not to go where my example might mislead the unwary. Shows of all sorts I avoided, and was never enticed into sanctioning them by the vain pretense that they were in the service of the church or of charity. Busy as I was among my own people and such as desired to join them, to others I probably appeared to be living the life of a recluse. My pleasant study and my books were dearer to me than street-corner discussions and drawing-room gossip.

But after several years of life in this pleasant room and pleasant town in the house of a family that was congenial and never failed in efforts to give

me a pleasant home, thoughts of establishing a home of my own became more and more urgent. At first it was a mere suggestion that I could "better myself" and gradually my old opinion that a pastor could do better work in celibacy was undetermined. My experience had not disproved it. But nature asserted itself, and I resolved to marry a wife and set up a home of my own. My hostess, to whom it was necessary to reveal my thought, because it affected her arrangements in the household, encouraged my thought. I was now 25 years old, and it was not too early to marry. I was not in any way entangled in previous alliances. In that respect I was perfectly a free man when I came to Delaware and remained perfectly free until the time when the resolution was formed to seek a wife. I was not unsocial in my nature, and was never averse to association with ladies. As a mere boy I had formed friends among them at Harrisburg; and many evidences were given me that my company was always acceptable. More than that, to my great surprise a number of incidents showed that I was a favorite in the social circle in which I moved. At a social gathering one of the most intelligent and witty of the company answered yes to the question whether she would marry me, and one of the company who was somewhat versed in law declared that we were wedded. Neither she nor I was ready for such a verdict, and we all resented it. But it was she, a worthy and witty lady, who kept up a correspondence with me even until I became pastor at Delaware. Then it ceased, because I had no intention to marry; and I had no blame. During my student life at Columbus I was often in the company of ladies, though I am not aware that I sought it beyond the requirements of duty to my church and its work and associations. But sexes seek companionship, and events occurred in such association which were not free from the influence of sex. A daughter of one of my benefactors, at whose house I was always welcome and where I often visited in my vacations, and where I received many a comfort during the weary days of my paralysis, was especially intent on supplying my wants, and once intimated that she would be glad to share my fortunes for all time, and, when I pointed to my condition, she declared that she could wait. I was not in a condition to encourage any hopes, but her kindness to the invalid student continued unabated.

Upon a visit to Harrisburg in 1852, when I preached to the congregation in which I was confirmed and received some flattering commendations, the younger sister of a lady whom I had formerly met and admired, but even

more attractive in person and wit, was in some way brought much into my company, which I am sure that I enjoyed as much as she. But I had no thought of securing a wife, and never left on her such an impression. On many an occasion, at Synods and other gatherings, I noticed that especial care was taken to bring me into company with girls of a marriageable age. I think that I always deported myself as a Christian gentleman, but never subjected myself to the charge of unfaithfulness to any lady, though it is possible that I sometimes violated the rules of an etiquette that I did not understand. When the conviction settled itself upon my mind that I should take the serious step of marrying a wife, I was therefore free from all trammels, and could make my choice without any fears of violating previous engagements. During the years of my life as pastor at Delaware I had not, so far as I knew, given any one either inside or outside the pale of the church, the least intimation that I desired a wife, least of all that this or that particular person was desired. There were young ladies of my congregation, and a few others with whom I became casually acquainted, who may have thought of such a thing as marriage and made me a conspicuous person in such thoughts, but I was not aware of it, if such was the fact. I moved without embarrassment in families where there were eligible daughters, and I conversed with them freely as catechumens and communicants, but never otherwise than as pastor, or at most as friend, unless occasional walks with them, as with their parents, were to be regarded as exceptions. I did sometimes like to take strolls through the lanes and woods of the country homes of my parishioners, and to take walks in the evening time to the sulphur springs in the college campus at Delaware and enjoy fresh drafts of the sparkling water; and it would be as untrue as it would be unnatural to say that these strolls and walks were less pleasant because there were ladies in the company, or because ladies alone, especially young ladies alone, which was of rare occurrence and never otherwise than accidental, formed the company. To the best of my knowledge I had never given any girl the least cause to suspect that I desired to win her for my wife.

This is not meant as a declaration that I had never thought of such a thing. I did sometimes think of it, and when I seriously thought of taking a wife my mind was not a perfect blank as regards eligible persons. I was in love with nobody; I had been drawn into no entangling alliances, I had consciously done nothing that could reasonably lead to painful

disappointments: I was entirely untrammelled in making a choice, and had a large circle of acquaintances from which to make it.

The large number of friends that I had made, among whom there were many young ladies well qualified for wife-hood, might seem to have rendered such a choice difficult. It did not. There was in my first class of catechumens a girl whom I had particularly admired for her unassuming piety and modest ways, as well as for her aptness to learn. She was beautiful withal, though a maiden of only 14 summers. I had not forgotten her in the years that had intervened. She was still a regular communicant in my congregation, and as such I had frequent occasion to meet her as I met other members of the church. Her parents were among the best and most influential of these, and their children were an honor to their parents, all of them heartily devoted to our work. As they lived on a farm five miles away from town and I had thought of establishing a branch congregation in that neighborhood, and to this end occasionally preached in a union church near by, I visited their home oftener than most other families. I am not aware that these visits occasioned much remark. There were other families which I frequently visited in which there were marriageable daughters, to one or two of which the exigencies of my work led me more frequently than to the farm-house mentioned; and now and then gossip suggested reasons other than official duty or convenience for performing it, but my reasons were so apparent that to my knowledge embarrassing rumors never became current. I still congratulated myself that my work was never injured from such a source. I tried to be courteous in all my dealings with the ladies of my congregation, married or single, but always kept in mind that I was their pastor, and studiously avoided everything that might induce them to forget it. I think now that those who interested themselves most in matters of this kind fancied, that, if I had any matrimonial project in mind, which was not apparent, its aim was the elder sister of the girl of my choice. With her I was sometimes, though very rarely, left alone in the parlor, but so far as I can remember, this never occurred with the younger girl who became my wife. She could speak to me as her pastor, but the thought of meeting me alone in her home was evidently abhorrent to her shy and shrinking nature, neither was it her place, as a younger member of the family, to entertain visitors at the house.

When my resolution was taken and I looked around for a suitable wife, my heart turned to that country girl, who from the first had impressed me so favorably. I was not deterred by the fear of troubles arising in the congregation on account of marrying one of its members. I had heard and read about such dangers, but they influenced me little. I was confident that a pastor who faithfully performs his duty and exercises due discretion, has little to fear from such a source. Accordingly I determined to see the coy maiden alone, if possible, and have a heart to heart talk with her. I found this by no means easy, because my visits to the family had never been designed for her alone and I was never left alone with her. Indeed, it greatly taxed my ingenuity to secure a private interview with her without revealing my purpose, and probably my scheming made this purpose as palpable as if I had blurted out my business. Finally I did succeed, by some maneuvering, to separate her from the rest of the company in an evening stroll, and we wandered through the fields and woods homeward alone. It was embarrassing to her, but it was my opportunity. I told her of my purpose to devote my life to the work of the ministry, whatever hardships it might bring; that I desired to do what our Lord would require and go whither He sent me; that I was lonely; would she share my destiny, though it were in poverty and lowliness all our days; would she go with me even if it pleased my dear Lord to send me far away from home and friends as a missionary to a benighted land? She did not, as might have been expected, talk about the suddenness of the proposal and ask time to consider. She simply leaned her head on my breast and answered Yes.

She was not eighteen yet, and there was no hurry for the marriage. We talked the matter over and agreed, her father and mother consenting, that she should attend the Ladies' Seminary at Granville yet for a while. Our engagement was not much noised about, and was probably known to few; and my work went on as usual, care being taken on my part to do nothing that would give occasion for gossip, from which I always shrank. Quietly we went our way attending to our duties, but not forgetting to make necessary arrangements for the wedding. This took place publicly in our church on Christmas, 1853. My wife and I partook of the Holy Supper after the marriage ceremony, and then went home. There were no invited guests and there was no marriage feast. After a wedding trip of a week or two we went as boarders to my old quarters, I pursuing my accustomed duties and

my wife, who was not in her accustomed surroundings, trying to find something to do and adapt herself to her new position.

She did not like the boarding arrangement. It evidently did not lie in her conception of a wife that she should be a mere ornament in the house, and especially not in a house of which she was not mistress. I think that if her parents had not lived so near to Delaware and had not been members of my congregation, she would have pined away with homesickness. As it was she could meet her people on Sundays at church, and was of easy access to them at any time, as my Bonny and my buggy were always at her service, if she would undertake, when I could not go, to drive a horse that would kick and caper and plunge rather than let any other driver pass. She visited her old home often and at last revealed to me that she was not happy in her present quarters, but desired a home of her own. She was right. A pastor that is married has no business to be boarding, except in cases of emergency. It is rightly presumed that his marriage means, both for him and his wife, that he will establish a home of his own. I accordingly rented four rooms in a house which a member of my congregation had built for a family residence, but whose wife had died before it was ready for occupancy. Although he was resolved to keep his little family together and still occupy the house, which had four rooms on one side of the hall and five rooms on the other, he concluded that he could now easily spare the one side of the building, and I was glad to get it. Her parents gave my wife sufficient dowry to furnish these rooms comfortably, and so we moved into our own hired house and set up housekeeping for ourselves.

We were nicely settled now. But we used the hall in common, and the proprietor's children sometimes were an annoyance, and his housekeeper's share of the work to keep clean the part which we used in common was not always done to the satisfaction of my wife, who was scrupulous and exacting in regard to cleanliness. Then our side of the house had no kitchen, which in her estimation was a great desideratum. In August of 1855, more than a year and a half after our marriage, God in His goodness gave us a child. We were happy in the gift, and as soon as possible devoted him to the Lord with the name of Luther. Then, more than ever the wife and mother longed for a home that she could rightfully call her own and in the management of which no one beside ourselves should have any rights or any authority. Our landlord had been fair and generous, and I experienced

no trouble but such as a poor man must expect in a world of trouble. But Mary argued that a cottage of two rooms under our own control would be better than a lordly mansion under the control of others. She had no high aspirations, did not wish to be some great one in the town, but did wish to be mistress in the management of her own house. That was reasonable, and I would not have been the Christian husband and father that I always sought and prayed to be, if I had not assented to its reasonableness. But some things were plain to my eyes which were evidently not plain to her. She wished me to buy a little house of our own, however lowly it might be. It was a good idea, but I had no money and had no prospect, at an income which had indeed been growing and had reached about \$500 per annum, to being able to spare a dollar from necessary expenses. But reason has little power against will, and I finally yielded to the solicitations of a wife whose every reasonable wish I endeavored to gratify, but also to the advice of friends, who argued that the only way in which poor people could ever acquire property was to make debts.

There was a little frame house a square from where we lived, which was badly out of repair and which the owner was anxious to sell. The price was very low and the terms exceedingly favorable. The owner offered to sell it to me for \$800 and accept a payment of \$100 per annum. I bought it and fixed it up at a cost of about \$200. It made a modest little home of which we could well be proud. So neatly and tastefully did we succeed in arranging the yard around the cottage that one of our neighbors, an attorney, who was also an amateur gardener, complimented me with the remark that I had increased the value of property on our whole square by 50 per cent. I soon learned the art of gardening and delighted in it. We worked together in the cottage and garden, and in our humble way made a beautiful home, which in right and reason was a joy to us. But the property had to be paid for, and I had to learn a hard lesson of economy. Necessity compelled me to save in ways which were sometimes not in accord with my dear Mary's tastes and wishes. I do not think that she had counted the cost as I had done. Perhaps if she had, she would not have been so persistent in her effort to secure a home of our own. Perhaps if I had to do it over again I would resist all importunities in that direction, though it is largely, perhaps entirely owing to those hardships of long ago that we have a comfortable home of our own now in our old age. My income steadily increased a little, but before the whole debt was paid our family also increased, God giving us

another boy, Matthias, in 1857, and a girl, Mary, in 1860. Moreover, after we had been in our own house about two years my charge had become large enough to be divided, so that my whole time could be devoted to the home congregation, which limited my support to Delaware. For a year or two this reduced my income, although even in this respect the additional labor expended resulted in gain. The debt, trifling as it might seem to a man even of moderate means in these times, weighed heavily upon me. I had just sufficient income to support my family, and of this I had to reserve enough to pay the annual installment with the interest on the debt. To do this was a trying task, and when I had to withhold what my wife needed and pleaded for, I do not wonder that my conduct seemed almost cruel, while I am quite sure it was a cruel burden for me to bear. The grace of God, which never failed me in any trouble, still enabled me to go on in the performance of my ministerial duties, and all went well in the congregation. And that is not all. By the same goodness of our Heavenly Father which sustained me in my work as pastor, we passed safely through the troubles which beset us in our efforts, wise or otherwise, to secure a home of our own. Poverty pinched us, but we maintained our respectability and paid our debt. The mortgage was canceled and we were free, and that even some time before the last payment was due.

We were now in a position to enjoy more of the comforts of life. With our modest wants we thought that we could now live quite comfortably on six hundred a year. I was inured to poverty, and Mary, my wife, and now mother of three children, though she had been raised in a family that knew little of want, never aspired to luxurious living and now fully agreed that such a sum would supply all reasonable requirements. We were happy in our freedom from debt and our prospect of an ample income – happier, I think, than any millionaire, or even than those who, though not millionaires, thought at least two thousand a year needed for a family like mine.

But one day our family physician, who was a Methodist, but often attended our services, alleging that he desired in this way to get even with me without sending me a bill for his services, suggested to me an exchange of property that surprised me, and even excited me. He was noted as a frequent dealer in real estate, though that was not his profession. He was wealthy, and seemed to find amusement in buying and selling and exchanging property, sometimes making large gains, but sometimes, as he

was a man of sentiment, incurring losses of which he was not entirely ignorant when the bargain was made. He had a house and lot which was only a square from our church, and which he thought an ideal place for the pastor's residence. It was a desirable location in the town, of ready access to our church, and, as he thought, perfectly suited to a pastor like me. Aside from the flattery of me and of my prospects, I could not but agree with his representations. It was a larger house and a larger lot that he offered me in exchange for our pretty little home. It was in a more desirable part of the town, a little more than a block from the much frequented sulphur spring in the college campus. The location was more desirable, the house was more commodious, the lot was larger and the soil was better than where we lived. In short, it was a potent allurements. At first I only laughed at his proposition, but as he proceeded I revealed to him my financial condition and reasoned against any thought of my acceptance. I think he liked me and desired to help me. His offer was so favorable and his terms so easy that I concluded to think about it. My wife and I talked it over. Our family was growing and a room or two more would be a great convenience. Especially was a better study felt as a want – felt all the more now as the house offered contained a room that could not have been better located and arranged if it had been designed for the purpose. The exchange was effected, some improvements, mainly in the yard and garden, were made to adapt the home more fully to our tastes, and we flattered ourselves that we now had as beautiful and convenient a pastoral residence as our little city could show. The shrubbery and the flowers grew luxuriously and became the admiration of the neighborhood and of all who passed our premises, and as ours was a corner lot, fronting on one of the principal streets on which also our church stood, they were many. We could sometimes, as we sat on one or the other of the porticos, one facing each street, overhear their expressions of admiration, and were proud, Mary and I, of our sweet home. My vegetable garden was also a delight, at least to me. I had gradually learned something of the art of gardening, and had the delight in it which is the main secret of success.

My pastoral work, which the enticements of my home could as little induce me to neglect as the assaults of opponents, went bravely on, undisturbed by my home recreations in hours of needful rest. After our family worship in the morning, I usually indulged in a delightful walk about the grounds, admiring the beauty of the flowers and the growth of edibles in

the vegetable garden; and then, praising our dear Lord for His blessing, in the goodness of His providence supplying our temporal wants as well as of His grace giving peace to our souls in the rich provision made for our salvation when time shall be no more, retired to my library and to my duties. My congregation prospered, and I had but little difficulty to meet my payments when they became due, as we had learned how to save our money, and to get along quite well without much indulgence in luxuries. God prospered us in a way that seemed marvelous, and when I was called away from Delaware all debts were paid and I had every inducement to stay.

But we were not in heaven yet, and sin and its consequences had not ceased to trouble us, as it had not ceased to trouble our congregation and our Synod. Our Lord kept reminding us of this. We had three children when we removed to our new home, and these were a great care, because in the divine economy a great responsibility attaches to the divine gift. I would not have been worthy of my high office as ambassador of the Lord if I had not recognized this. My children, like all other children, were born in sin, and on me and my wife, as on all other parents, was imposed the duty of nursing them for Him and bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Perhaps I did not then understand as fully as now the import of this revealed will of God for the government of the world and of our sinful race. But I knew it to be the will of God as revealed to us in His Word. That was enough for a Christian, and with all my increased knowledge since those days, I have never found any reason for going beyond, or even wishing to go beyond the Christian prayer, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

I sought no higher dignity or prerogative than that of being a child of God, and knew no more glorious office than that of doing our Father's will by the power of the Holy Ghost through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. In this spirit I conducted our family worship morning and evening, day after day, and in this spirit, as soon as our oldest child was capable of learning what God had done for him in the redemption, and on the basis of this had done for him in Holy Baptism, I appointed regular hours of instruction on this subject and earnestly sought to teach what children of God should learn. My wife, who had much more opportunity than I, as mothers always have, pursued the same course. Our children were thus trained to serve the Lord, and although we suffered many a

disappointment in their conduct and their career, they all became Christians of decidedly Lutheran convictions, and are such to this day.

In the first year of our removal to our new home in 1860, I was unexpectedly elected to the presidency of our Joint Synod. Though I had not aspired to such an office, and it was quite unusual to confer it on one so young, it was an additional incentive to rejoice in the unmerited prosperity which God had bestowed upon me. It was an indication that I had not labored in vain in Synod, as my services in my congregation at home proved that I was not contending for an impracticable Lutheranism. But at that same Synod at which I was elected to this high position in the thirty-second year of my age, I had a relapse of my old disease, which had thus far ceased to trouble me during my whole residence in Delaware, unless my frequent suffering from lumbago must be regarded as its continuous manifestation. At Synod my pain became so intense that I was advised to return home several days before the time of adjournment. And I started none too early; for by the time I reached my home, accompanied by the delegate from my congregation, I had become entirely helpless. It was an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, more severe than any which I had experienced since the one which had necessitated my abandonment of the printing business at Harrisburg. I suffered much for several weeks, but my time had not yet come to die, and I recovered my usual frail health and was absent but two Sundays from my pulpit. I speak of my frail health, because, owing to stomach troubles and nervous headaches, I often debated the question whether it was right to go on with my pastoral work under difficulties seemingly so insurmountable and so incapacitating. More than once did I speak to my wife about applying for an easier charge in the country, preferably among the hills, where I could find better air and lead more of an outdoor life. Probably these were only moods of discontent, as they come to all, and whims that were dictated by my love of gardening. At any rate the Lord of the Church did not transfer me to such a place, and my wife, who had no such aches and pains and never could realize how much they troubled me, never encouraged my whimsies. But she had her share of suffering too, only it was of a different kind. Ailments which are the common lot and from which she had escaped in youth, when they are most likely to occur, made their belated assaults upon her now, and toothache, about which my experience had brought me no knowledge, kept reminding her that there are other pains to be endured besides the travails of childbirth,

and this without the compensating joy that a man is born into the world. Our delightful new home was not beyond the realms of trouble.

There in 1863 our second daughter, Alice, was born, and there, nineteen months after, she died. It was the fourth time that God in His infinite goodness had visited our humble home with the gift of a child; it was the first time in His infinite goodness that He came to take away again the precious gift. She was a beautiful child, lovely in her little life, and when she took sick and the physicians told us that by all indications she would die, the thought was one of anguish. Again and again we laid our earnest entreaties before our Father in heaven that, if it might be, He could spare the dear child, and prayed for greater strength to say in absolute submission, Thy will be done. I knew and sincerely believed that He doeth all things well. I suffered, but did not murmur nor complain, or indulge any stupid thought that God was not dealing with us in the highest wisdom and mercy. But that everything which our poor human wisdom could suggest in our sorrow might be done, I called another physician who had some reputation for skill, and who belonged to a different school of medicine. He came immediately, examined the patient, and declared that there was still some hope of recovery, and he would do what he could to effect it. This seemed strange to me, for I could see through my tears, that Alice was dying. After the doctor left we arranged the child's little bed, and I sat down beside her. My wife, who neglected nothing in the depth of her sorrow, was trying through her blinding tears to look after some necessary appliances.

In a short time, as I saw that death was approaching rapidly, I called her and told her that if she desired to see our darling once more before death came, she must come to the bedside now. It did not shock her; she seemed to be preparing, and was now prepared for it. I think that in the past few days, and especially on this last we two, my wife and I, were closer to God and conversed more with Him than ever. She replied that she could bear it better if she were not present when the spirit of our little Alice took its flight. A few minutes later our dear daughter quietly and peacefully fell asleep. All was over, and all was well. God gave me strength to bear it, and Mary, though she wept much, was ready for it. The children were yet too young to know what death meant, and only saw that their little sister moved no more and that a great sorrow had come upon us. It was a sad home now, but the God of all consolation was with us, and all was well. We laid our

little child's body away in the burying ground, in the faith of a glorious resurrection, and mourned our loss, but not as those who have no hope. And as we continue our pilgrimage on this side of the river which divides the earthly from the heavenly land, we keep glancing at the farther shore, and think that it is more green and more flowery because Alice is there.

Our Lord does not mean that His disciples' suffering should interrupt the work in which He has employed them. I think that I had some comprehension, no doubt inadequate, of His grand economy. But as we, Mary and I, walked up and down this river, we could not forget our loss, and much less forget that our dear Lord has redeemed us and made us heirs of a home in the happy land where sorrows never come and where our Alice is happy forever. So even this could not interfere with the work which I was called to do in Delaware, but rather served to sanctify the workman and thus render it more intense.

A year before we moved to Columbus my labors were increased by my acceptance of the editorship, and virtually of the proprietorship of the *Lutheran Standard*. As this implied not only the editing, but the whole business management of the periodical, including the mailing of the paper, my family was greatly concerned in the enterprise. But I reserve the story of this for the next chapter.

We left our beautiful and in all respects satisfactory home in Delaware in the Spring of 1865. In Columbus I was not only to teach in the University, but to act as house-father of the whole school. A suite of rooms had been reserved for this purpose, and they were reasonably adequate. They were satisfactory all around. We went there, and my teaching and my management of the house were generally approved, notwithstanding occasional doubts. My wife was not only satisfied with her new quarters, but opposed any suggestion of change. She liked the surroundings, and to this day she maintains that they were delightful beyond all former or future arrangements made for our family comfort. She always was youthful in spirit and enjoyed the youthful sports of the students and their occasional company, which was regular because of the work of folding and mailing the paper which I continued to edit. But my experience was different. With my classes to attend to and my editorial work on the *Standard*, I had plenty to do, and when to this was added the preaching almost every Sunday, and after a while every Sunday, it was a burdensome task; and when it is

considered that the original stipulation was that I must be house-father and attend to the whole discipline of the College and Seminary, it is no wonder that I felt overburdened. Some men could no doubt do it all, after a certain fashion, but the fashion was not in accord with my conscience, and I declared my inability to do it all in a way that would promote our cause. The Board, after several years of experience agreed with me, and consented to relieve me of the house-fathership. I accordingly, without the cordial approbation of my wife, after looking around for a long while and long debating of the subject, purchased the ground which our home now occupies and built the house in which we still live.

I had disposed of my property in Delaware to the physician from whom I had purchased it, at an advance of \$500, so that I had a good start when I came to Columbus. As my assets were mainly in government bonds, which were then paying a liberal interest, and my salary was \$800 in Columbus, with apartments in the college free of rent, I felt able to buy a modest home in Columbus, this time without the urging of my wife. My capital was not large, but I could feel safe in buying the two lots on which my house now stands and building the modest home in which I am now writing. The house was so placed that in case the emergency should arise one of the lots could be sold again. But it did not arise. The payments were regularly made, and as my salary was later increased, we have for many years been living without debt and without want.



THE M. LOY RESIDENCE, 566 E. RICH ST., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

◇ The M. Loy Residence, 566 E. Rich Street, Columbus, Ohio.

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Since we live in Columbus our home has been blessed with three more children: Harry, born in 1865; Ada Willey, born in 1870; and Carl, born in 1875. We are seven, although our family living in this our old, but still dear old home has dwindled down to three, Mary and I and our daughter Ada. We have exerted ourselves in our simple way to make the place beautiful, and have no desire for one more costly or grand, hoping to live here until it pleases our Father to take us to our blissful and everlasting home in heaven, whither our dear Saviour, who purchased us with His blood, has gone to prepare a place for us.

It was my ardent wish that all our boys should become preachers of the precious gospel of the grace of God in Christ. My wife concurred in my wish, and to this end their training was directed. I knew the hardships of the ministry quite well – knew them much better than most of those who use them as an argument to induce young men to renounce the rising thought of joining its struggling ranks. And I knew something, though not so much, of the hardships of those who are struggling for gold and for the glory of the world. My deliberate judgment, whenever my reflections turned to the subject, was uniformly in favor of the ministry. Of course my principal argument was always that the glorious harvest is plenteous and the laborers are few; and it seemed to me the acme of perverted logic when professed Christians reasoned against entering the ministerial profession because money could not be made in leading souls to Christ and in Him to everlasting happiness. It was reasoning which might well arouse indignation in a soul that had, by experience and otherwise, learned a little of the comparative worth of the temporal and the eternal. But even in the light of such reason as the world could afford the argument appeared to me wholly on the side of the Gospel ministry. I was poor and had sometimes to deny myself as a needless luxury some things which a common laborer could afford, but I was quite sure that I had some enjoyments, and that of a higher and nobler sort, which a millionaire could not reach and the man ambitious for fame could never attain. I know a good deal more now of the wild chase of fools after happiness on the rough roads of wealth and fame and pleasure, and my conviction has only been intensified, that even in the light of sound reason the ministry is a desirable field for young men. I do not mean that unsanctified talent should rush to the opening for its exercise. On the contrary, I would warn adventurers of that kind that their scheme must end in failure. They have not the conditions of success in a kingdom which is not of this world, and they have no adequate idea of what success in this realm means. The conditions are such that they must fail, and the want of money to carry on their work is misery. The ministry as a scheme for carnal speculation has always been a failure, and in the nature of the conditions must be a failure, even if occasional temporary triumphs are reported. But a true Christian minister cannot fail. He may suffer temporary defeats and sometimes be disappointed in his hopes, but he never fails. The Master whom he serves sees to that. If the work is done according to the Lord's directions, even seeming failure is a real success. And the believing

Christian knows it, and is comforted, though he does not see how his Lord is going to bring a triumph out of the seeming defeat. And if the loaf of bread on hand is small for a hungry family that is large, he knows the power of his Master, who is Lord of heaven and earth, and does not despair, but cheerfully hungers for a day or two until the wisdom and mercy of the Master supplies the want. Take it all in all, it was and is still my deliberate judgment that there is no happier calling, with all its hardships and privations, than that of the Christian ministry. I can therefore never admit that my desire that all my boys should be ministers of the gospel was unwise. No doubt my judgment was at fault in many things, but it was not in this.

In this conviction my boys, whom I desired in any case to bring up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, that they might serve Him in any calling to which He might assign them, were sent to school, and all of them in due time entered the college, in which I was professor. They did not meet my expectations. Probably I had expected too much, and my oldest boy, before he was graduated, desired a mercantile career. Our second son, referring to the hardships of the ministry and pointing to my own life as an example, desired to study law. Our third boy continued his studies until he had graduated in the college and entered the Theological Seminary, but finally concluded that the ministry was adapted neither to his taste nor his talent, and entered upon a business pursuit. Our fourth boy, before he was graduated in college, followed in the same course. I think that the success of his brothers in other vocations had much influence upon his decision to quit his studies and devote himself to business pursuits, and thus relieve me of his support and make his own living. Our oldest son entered a mercantile business, which fluctuated much, but always secured him a livelihood. As he is a skillful musician and never lost his interest in the church, he gave much time and money to our Church in Columbus, and is now the efficient organist of Grace congregation, to which he gives much attention without compensation, though more than once offers have been made him with a good salary in other churches. Our second son abandoned his studies at Capital University before graduation and entered a law office for the study of jurisprudence. He was admitted to the bar as an attorney-at-law, where he was building up a lucrative practice, though all the while an active member of the English Lutheran congregation, of which he was a worthy and more than ordinarily laborious and appreciated officer when he died in 1885, at

the age of twenty-eight years. Our third son remained in college until his graduation, afterwards entered the Theological Seminary, but finally drifted into the mercantile business with his eldest brother, and is still successfully pursuing it at Dayton, Ohio. Our youngest son before graduation followed in the same line of business and also settled with his wife in Dayton, where both, the elder still unmarried, are members of the English Lutheran Church in connection with the Ohio Synod. It was a disappointment that none of them could be induced to enter the ministry, yet it is a comfort to know that they are still faithful workers in the Church. It was a little soothing in this disappointment that our eldest daughter married a minister, who is now President of Capital University, and I indulge the hope that of their family of seven, three of whom are boys, one or the other may enter the ministry.

Death came to our home a second time in September, 1885, when our second son was taken from us. He had been visiting friends who were sick of typhoid fever and one of whom had died. Their sufferings affected him much, and were a subject of serious remark. He was depressed and complained of headache. Fever set in and he became delirious. In his lucid intervals he told us that the sickness would end in death, spoke calmly about it, joined heartily in our prayers, but persisted in his conviction that he would die. To me it did not seem so, and I regarded his impression as one of the illusions of his disease. The physician whom he had himself called and who was not our regular family doctor, did not seem to entertain such fears. But the sickness was serious enough to call in others for consultation, and one of these, while he expressed himself cautiously, manifestly designed to give us no encouragement. But he improved, and one evening when the weather was misty and disagreeable he insisted, as he had been able to move about the house for several days, that he must go to his office and attend to some duties, as one of his clients would otherwise suffer for lack of his attorney's attention. He went in spite of all our remonstrances. As I think of it now I cannot censure him, for I think that he was acting in accordance with the principles which I had always sought to instill into my children and my congregations, that so long as any strength is left for the performance of duty, we should do it, and leave the consequences to Him who ordained the duty. Knowing the consequences now, I still think that I would do the same thing: for death might have ensued even if he had not gone. He thought he could save his client from suffering wrong, and went. He came home exhausted and suffered a relapse.

Next day he was worse, and continually grew worse until the end came. We applied all human agencies within our knowledge, and did what we could to insure all possible comfort in life and to avert death, but he grew worse. The periods in which I could speak to him about the grace of God in Christ and in which he could join with me in prayer became less. He lapsed into unconsciousness, and for hours and days we could have no converse with him. Did his soul, which seemed to be wholly absent from us, have joyous converse all the while with his Redeemer from sin and death? I do not know, men cannot know what intercourse there is between the Savior and the saved when all intercourse between the sick and sorrowing around the sick-bed has ceased; but I do know that the believing soul, even though it become what we with our earthly limitations call unconscious, is safe in the arms of our Redeemer, and suffers no separation from him because there are no longer any signs of conscious communion with loved ones on earth. It was hard for me to believe that my dear boy was dying, and I regularly went to my work at school and did, as well as I could, my duty there, as my boy did when he went to his office on that drizzling night which, humanly speaking, brought on the relapse. But in the morning of September 11, 1885, when I went to the sick-room, the conviction was forced upon me that my son was right: the sickness was unto death. I enquired of the man whom we had employed as night-nurse, how my boy was getting along, and his reply was very encouraging. He said that the patient had a good night and was evidently better. I approached the bed and saw that his condition was evidently worse. I conducted our morning worship, in which our sick boy could take no apparent part, and prepared myself as well as a crushing sorrow permitted. When the physician came I told him how my hopes were darkened by the condition in the morning, and expressed my fear that my dear boy would leave us for the eternal world on that day. He still thought that there was room for hope, but agreed that I was right in deciding to stay at home that day. Another consultation of physicians was held, and nothing could be done. Our dear boy died that afternoon. My heart was unutterably sad, but by the grace of God I was able to say that all is well. Indeed, it seemed to me, as I thought of sin and grace, and the purpose of God in the government of the world and the great salvation prepared for all in this earthly state of probation, that I could preach the sermon at the burial of my son better than I ever could officiate at a funeral before. But my wife was almost inconsolable. He was devoted to his mother as few sons of his age

are ordinarily found to be, and his cheery greeting when he came home to his meals and his affectionate attention to her every want, it was hard for her to miss. But neither did she mourn as one who had no hope, and we buried the lifeless body of our promising boy, so young, so loving, so useful in the world, in the happy assurance that he is living still; and we have never ceased to think of him as one of us, not dead, but sleeping. We afterwards brought the remains of our little Alice also to Green Lawn, and there the two whom God took lie side by side awaiting the glorious resurrection on the last day, when we shall meet again in the body. My wife still goes out often to lay flowers on their graves. I have less inclination to go where their bodies lie, but more to visit them where they live. Our children are seven. It will not be very long until, by the unspeakable grace of our Lord, we shall all be together again in heaven.

7. Editor

DURING my whole career as a minister of the gospel I have been a frequent contributor to the periodical press. I began this when I took charge of the congregation at Delaware, and have continued my labors in that field until the present day for now fifty-six years. My contributions to our Lutheran Standard had been many during my ministry at Delaware, and occasional articles had been furnished for three other periodicals, one of them a Quarterly Review. It was therefore not surprising that Synod, in looking about for a new editor of the *Standard*, thought of me. In 1864 I was unanimously elected to the place, and under existing circumstances I considered it my duty to accept the call. As the presidency of Synod had several years before been added to my work as pastor, this acceptance of still another vocation was a grave matter, for it involved a great deal more than the editorial management of the paper, which in itself was not a small addition to my burdens.

The Lutheran Standard had had a precarious existence for more than a score of years. Begun in 1842 in New Philadelphia under the editorship of Rev. E. Greenwald, who was then pastor in that place, it was after two years removed to Zanesville and edited for not quite a year by Rev. S. A. Mealy, who then removed to another charge and left the journal heavily in debt, with creditors clamoring for their money. A committee, consisting of Pastors Spielmann and Lehmann, was sent to Zanesville to settle up the accounts and provide for issuing the six numbers yet required to complete the third volume. They succeeded in quieting creditors and resolved, in order to gain more time, to publish a number only every two weeks, instead of weekly as heretofore. The missing numbers were issued, collections were made, some new subscribers were obtained, and it was thought possible to continue the paper as a bi-weekly. Pastor Spielmann was appointed editor, the office was moved to Somerset, where Pastor Lehmann attended to the proofreading and office work, but when, in 1847, the tatter removed to

Columbus as Professor in the Seminary, Pastor Spielmann already residing there, the publication office was also transferred to Columbus, where it was of longer continuance. In 1848 Pastor Spielmann resigned the editorship on account of failing health, and the *Standard* was edited by a committee until 1851, when Rev. E. Greenwald, who had become pastor of our English congregation in Columbus, took charge of it and remained its editor until his removal from the city in 1854. Then Professor Worley was appointed to the place, and in 1859 synod gave the whole management of the paper into his hands, the business affairs and correspondence having during all this time, until 1857, remained in the hands of Pastor Spielmann, after which time this part was attended to by Rev. J. A. Schulze until the whole was committed to Professor Worley.

Accordingly what was expected of me was to take the entire property and make out of it what I could. That property consisted of a mailing list and an account book. The press had long since been sold, and for years it had been found more convenient to have the printing done in other establishments than to maintain one of our own. What I assumed was thus the publication every two weeks of a periodical, with all that pertains to such an undertaking, including the management of the business and the mailing as well as the editorship.

It was a large contract that I had assumed. The *Standard* to all appearance was for a second time nearing its end. The subscription list had dwindled down so much that the prospect of making the paper self-supporting was gloomy. It had lost some of its best friends, and I could not reasonably expect that within a short period enough zeal would be displayed in gathering new subscribers to dispel the gloom. And yet in full view of the situation, my conviction that the work which the Lord had given our Ohio Synod to do would suffer if we permitted the *Standard* to die, constrained me to make the effort. It should not die if strength were given me to do the work necessary to keep it alive. I saw, too, where improvements could be made that would render the paper more acceptable. Neither the editorial nor the mechanical work on it was satisfactory. I was myself displeased with it, and although I still made some contributions to its columns, I was impelled to send to other papers such articles as I thought most needful. This I did partly because Professor Worley's notions about church government were opposed to what he called the Missourianism

which I advocated, and partly because it was plain to me that my advocacy of consistent Lutheranism in doctrine and practice would be more effective in periodicals more widely read and of larger influence than our deteriorated Standard. If the present crisis could be safely passed, the hope of better days seemed to me no idle dream. Surely God's power is not curbed by the distress which cries to Him for help.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH REV. EMANUEL GREENWALD, D. D., EDITED THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE LUTHERAN STANDARD IN 1842, NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO.

- ◇ The house in which Rev. Emanuel Greenwald, D.D. Edited the First Number of *The Lutheran Standard* in 1842, New Philadelphia, Ohio.

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So I consulted a printer at Delaware and made a contract for the publication which was, I thought, quite fair and favorable. There was at Stratford a paper mill whose proprietors lived in Delaware, and I succeeded there also in getting reasonable terms. The copy was furnished, the proof was read, and the first issue under my care, dated April, 1864, was printed, and the whole edition delivered at my house. I paid the bill according to contract, and the pile of papers was my property. Brother Schulze, who had become an expert in the mailing business, and who was anxious that I should not become discouraged in my first experience of getting the papers to their destination through the mail, had come up from Columbus to help me to prepare the wrappers, fold the papers, write the addresses, get the paste ready, put it on only where it belongs, and whatsoever pertains to the mystery of mailing without machinery. My whole family bravely attacked the printed pile and by midnight we had the work done, and in the morning hauled the packages to the post-office. One number was thus issued without mishap and without losing heart.

I looked the paper over with a feeling of complacency bordering on pride. It was an improvement in paper, in type, in presswork and I thought also in contents. My predecessor with whom I was not in harmony on the "church and ministry" question and some practical matters involved in it, gave me a hearty recommendation in his valedictory, showing how at least in our Ohio Synod, men could oppose each other without becoming personal enemies. Among other things he said: "Let us all do better in future to give the *Standard* a more original and direct churchly tone. Our people complain of their ministers because they do not show the interest they ought by contributing to its support their own original articles. The truth is, they have had and have now too much reason to complain in this regard. Brethren, do not let it be so any longer. Up and to work while the day lasts, lest the night of dissolution come over our beloved Standard, when it will be too late to work in its favor and support." "In conclusion we will only yet ask the hearty co-operation and encouragement of all, ministers and laymen, to our successor and the paper." In my own introductory editorial I deemed it well to speak with that frankness which it was my purpose to observe throughout my editorial career.

Even in regard to the condition of our paper, I designed to conceal nothing. I copy an extract from a lengthy salutatory talk: "We are no

stranger to this audience; at any rate after having been a not infrequent contributor to the paper for fifteen years, we do not feel like a stranger; so we shall try to be at ease, although the editorial chair in general, and this editorial chair in particular, is no easy chair, as our predecessor – whom peace and prosperity attend in his new home – can testify. If we are asked how we came to be in so unpromising a position as that of editor of the Standard, we have simply to answer that we could not help it. Providence does not call men to sit in counsel with Him. Our Lord disposes of His willing servants according to His own purposes, and that is about all we know of the disposition made.” “But why should there have been any hesitation or reluctance about it? Our readers have sufficient data from which to draw a satisfactory answer to this question for themselves. And yet this is the proper place to give an answer. The cares and perplexities connected with the, editing of a paper are sufficiently great to induce men to be sometimes slow in accepting an editorship, even when they are relieved from all other labors and are offered salaries which are by no means uninviting. We always supposed that we had enough to do in our own congregation, which by the blessing of God has become comparatively large, and, considering the enfeebled state of our health, we think so still. These duties we have to perform as before, all that are made incumbent upon us by the acceptance of the paper being additional. And it is not only the editorship that we are called to assume; our reluctance would not have been so great if this had been all. There is the whole management of the business, with the drudgery of mailing and bookkeeping thrown in. It is shocking, you will say; why not hire somebody to attend to these extra labors, which ought never to be imposed on the editor? Dear reader, we would let you into a secret here, were the cat not already out of the bag; there is positively no money to hire anybody else with. But why not rather reduce the editor’s salary in order to relieve him of work so tedious and tasteless? Dear, unsophisticated reader, the editor has no salary.”

In regard to the doctrinal position of the paper this was said: “We shall endeavor to be faithful to our motto, ‘Speaking the truth in love.’ This truth we find in the Holy Scriptures, which are our rule of faith and practice; and the truth of Holy Scripture we find confessed, without admixture of error, in the symbols of our Church. Fidelity to the Bible implies, as we see it, fidelity to our Confessions: men do not speak the truth when their speech is contrary to either, because both contain the same truth. We know of no

Lutheranism, properly so called, but the Evangelical Lutheranism of the Augsburg Confession, and shall always strive to prove our title to the Lutheran name by maintaining the scriptural truth of that august symbol. This truth we shall endeavor to speak in love, which, of course, does not mean that we shall not speak it at all. We shall endeavor to speak it always, whether men will hear or forbear; but we shall strive to speak it kindly, with the purpose to benefit others, even though it should be necessary sometimes to give pain in order to effect this purpose.”

I think that the first number issued under my management did something towards convincing the constituency of the *Standard* that it could yet be made an efficient helper in the great work which was committed to the Ohio Synod. The paper was commended and won new friends, and the editor was encouraged by many tokens of good will. When the second number was issued and delivered, money enough had come in to pay the bills promptly, and no worry came from that source. I had made preparations for mailing, and when the paper came the whole family joined forces, and by dint of perseverance and with some bungling we got the edition ready in due time for the drayman and the post office. In course of time we learned the business, and the work became easier, especially as, when mailing day came, my children sometimes brought in playmates to help them, and occasionally a friend dropped in to help us. So after a while that part of the burden became lighter, and as subscription monies kept coming in every week, there was no occasion for business embarrassments.

Of course, the editorial management was of greater importance and laid upon me a responsibility of higher moment. I think that I recognized this to the fullest extent, and felt it even more deeply than my most anxious friends. It may therefore seem unaccountable that this worried me but little. That, however, is the fact. If any one should infer from this that I had a fond conceit of myself, and was supported by a presumption which is blind to the power of other people, his inference is utterly false. Such folly may sustain a braggart for a while, but sooner or later he must succumb to superior forces, and usually it is very soon. I knew something of our limitations and weaknesses, and had good reason to suspect that these were greater than I knew. I was aware also that there were multitudes of people whose endowments and attainments were greater than mine, and some of these I had become acquainted with and appreciated. Against some of these I

would have to contend in my editorial career, and I was not stupid enough to imagine that the way to win a battle is to underestimate the enemy's power. I had looked over the field, considered the difficulties, and can sum up all by saying that I had faith in God and accepted His call.

When a man undertakes such a public work he must be prepared for censure as well as for praise, for war as well as for peace. It seemed to me inevitable, that if I would unwaveringly pursue my purpose to do God's will by making the *Standard* an unflinching witness of His truth as the Lutheran Church confesses it, not everybody would welcome it as a dear friend, but that some would antagonize it. The thought of making the paper a financial success at all hazards and at every sacrifice conducive to this end, never haunted me. What I wanted was to make it a faithful servant of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. If it could not live with such a mission, it might die for aught I cared. So number after number was prepared and sent forth in the cheering belief that another little contribution was made towards spreading the light of the Reformation among the people and thus glorifying God, whom I was intent on serving and whom I wanted the paper to serve. Therefore the editing, and any attacks made upon me for the truth which I published, worried me little. I did what I could to perpetuate and propagate the blessed gospel of the grace of God in Christ, as the Lutheran Church had been confessing it for more than three hundred years and thus been bringing salvation to millions of souls, and if the paper, under the good providence of God, could not be sustained under my management, He could relieve me of the work and choose a better instrument to compass His ends. I tried to do the Master's will, and was content that He should provide and care for His servants. Some ready writers who were of the same mind as myself were secured, and the paper became more and more influential; and when I took it with me to Columbus, a year after, it had not only paid all the expenses of its one year's sojourn in Delaware, but had increased both in circulation and reputation. The dark cloud had moved away, and the outlook was brightening.

In Columbus it was again the mechanical part of my work, not the editorship proper, that harassed me. New arrangements had to be made for continuing the publication. A contract was made, but it was less favorable than had been secured at Delaware, and the work was inferior. The proof furnished was bad, sometimes intolerably bad, and after all our

proofreading and trouble the typographical errors which remained in the printed copies were many and often inexcusable in any respectable printing house. This did worry me. My time was so fully occupied that I could not go to the office every day to look after the foreman's business. The office was a mile away and my hours were precious; and yet if I did not constantly look after the printers every issue gave me new annoyance. It was a great trial to my patience, and this trial I had to endure for months before I, an old printer, succeeded in getting something like order into the business of the proprietor, who evidently knew nothing about printing. This for a long while was a greater trouble than raising money to pay the good price for his bad work. Indeed, in the publication of the paper for the first months it would not have been unfair if he had allowed me as much for my skilled labor in his office as he charged me for his unskilled work, so that at our monthly settlement we could have called it even. But neither of us lost his temper, and after a while things went better. The mailing I could not have left in charge of such an office, even if the income had been sufficient to cover the additional expense. So I had that drudgery on my hands as before. But it was easier now. During my first years at Columbus we lived in the University building, the discipline of the house having been placed in my charge. There were always some among the students who were ready to assist me in any work they could do, and when publication day came and the papers were delivered at my room, some were even delighted to come over and help us. It was usually a pleasant house party, which became to my wife and children a matter of desire rather than of dread. Even the cutting and addressing of wrappers, which was done before mailing day, was taken off my hands by some of the "boys," who did this gladly because it gave them the first chance to be of the party on packing night.

The course which I pursued as editor, and which with my faith and convictions could not be otherwise, led me into many controversies. The reason for this is not that I had any special delight in polemics. I love peace and quiet, and would rather suffer wrong than fight. But what God had entrusted to my keeping I could not surrender without losing His favor and my peace. My editorship extended over a period of more than a quarter of a century, and often required me to say what I knew must be displeasing to men of other minds. I could not have been faithful to the Lord and His Church if I had not been willing to defend the truth when assaults were made upon it. The grace of God always protected me from the weakness of

letting my natural love of peace overcome the love of His cause. He had taught me to contend earnestly for the faith, and sustained me in the purpose which He had given me to do His will. It was the truth, for the maintenance and defense of which the *Standard* was set, that provoked controversy. It was clear to me that if the paper was properly to fulfill its mission it must do something more than to furnish church news, or even to supply its readers with brief items of light religious reading, with which an idle hour might be whiled away and which might in a certain sense be called edifying. Even my idea of edification would not permit me to adopt such an editorial management. Without a knowledge of the truth revealed in Holy Scripture and an intelligent appreciation of at least its principal doctrines there can be no solid and lasting edification, readily as it may be admitted that a sort of sentimental piety might be instilled in souls ignorant of the way of salvation and a wild and thoughtless activity might be produced through an excited “zeal without knowledge.” I had ample opportunity, during my long abode in a Methodist town, to observe how such a religious training works, and I had read enough to know whither it leads when reduced to a system. I was not unaware that the popular taste was against me, that the people generally did not like long articles, and that especially articles designed to instruct in doctrine and that are called heavy because they require attention and reflection to be profitable, were disliked. My opinion was and is now that a journal which caters only to such tastes may make money, but will not build character. Light reading will not make grave readers. Accordingly I did not limit contributors, some of whom I knew to be excellent teachers, to a column or two when they consented to write articles for instruction on subjects of importance to the Church. Many articles were thus published that are of permanent value and that, if they were left unread by many subscribers, exerted an educating influence on those who did read them; and of such there were more than the advocates of scraps suspected. My desire was to have at least one so-called heavy article in each issue, and my editorials were frequently of this class. Meantime I did not overlook the wants of those who were not inclined to read lengthy essays, but endeavored to furnish sufficient variety to meet all reasonable expectations.

It was, of course, the long doctrinal article which provoked controversy, and mostly it was the editorials. I cannot admit that it was the manner of presenting the truth rather than the matter which gave the provocation.

There were sometimes instances of wrong-doing which, having become public, demanded public rebuke of the person or persons; but these personal matters were rarely the subject of anything more than a short notice, and it was an exceptional case if such a matter even led to a dispute requiring extended treatment. Between us and the General Synod there were fundamental differences, and when we exposed and refuted the errors which were there taught and tolerated, the papers of that body were usually not silent; and usually, if they said anything that seemed to challenge a reply and to be worthy of it, the *Standard* did not keep silence either. It was not unexpected that I was sometimes charged with forgetting our motto of “speaking the truth in love.” I was not conscious of any personal bitterness, though I waxed warm when I saw men wearing a Lutheran mask while endeavoring to undermine the Lutheran Church, which we with prayer and labor were trying in the Lord’s name to build up. I would be ashamed now if I had seemed indifferent in the struggle. Sometimes I used severe language, because I meant what I said, and did not wish that it should seem otherwise. I rebuked them sharply, and must most emphatically deny that this is inconsistent with the love which the Holy Spirit gives and the Bible requires. I am glad that our dear Lord enabled me to contribute my mite towards protecting our people against the insidious leaven of unionistic General Synodism, and even of helping to bring that body more nearly in accord with the name which it bears, although it is still far from being what it claims to be and of right ought to be.

It was a grief to me that we had to engage in controversy with the General Council also, soon after its organization, notwithstanding that its very purpose seemed to be the advancement of the divine truth which was so dear to us and for which we were so earnestly contending. I had for years known and admired some of its leaders, and at the Reading Convention I had become acquainted with some others with whose fervent Lutheran spirit I felt the deepest sympathy and whose ability I fully recognized. If the flesh had been permitted to decide I would have said nothing when the long-protracted war began. But I could not be faithful and still permit wrong to triumph without resistance. In the closing number of the *Standard* for 1867 I said: “The times are growing more and more earnest, and the demands made upon the public journalist are becoming proportionally greater. Our beloved Church is passing through trials, and can conquer only by severe conflict with the hosts that are arrayed against her. The devil and

the world are fierce in their opposition to her progress. Foes slander her, and many who are her friends misunderstand her and often unwittingly injure her. The popular sentimental piety of the country cannot break her earnest appeal to the Divine Word, as against human reason and human feeling, and in spite of all her ardent love she must pass in its estimation as cold and hard and exclusive. And within her own borders there are bickerings and dissensions. All these things give us reason to feel our inability all the more deeply, whilst much that is transpiring in the field which is assigned for cultivation more immediately to us, tends to discourage, and the thousand annoyances to which editors are heirs keep the virtue of patience under constant discipline. Shall we lay down our pen and take our ease? We have other thoughts. Our ability is of God, and when we are sorely tried He is a very present help.” In that same issue the action of the first meeting of the General Council was reported, in reference to which I said: “We will not quote the remarks reported as having been made against our Synod, nor those which were uttered in her defense. There were things said that were as irrelevant as they were unkind. But we let that pass, and give the result of the deliberations upon the paper handed in by our committee.” Then, after laying before our readers the four resolutions constituting the action in reply to the Ohio Synod’s questions, I continued: “We will not conceal the depressing effect which the reading of these resolutions, in connection with the reported debates on the subject, has had upon our mind. To say the truth we have no respect for the formality which on the plea of order shirks questions of conscience. To give an account of their faith and offer a reason for the hope that is in them is men’s right, which no constitutions have any business to infringe and which, we are persuaded, the constitution of the Council was never meant to limit. It would be sad if this body had so tied its hands that it could give an utterance on life-questions in the Church only when one of the synods belonging to it presents them in due form. It is a little uncomfortable to observe the implied censure of us, as mere outsiders, for presuming to ask questions, the answer to which was desired for the purpose of clearing the way that we might not remain outsiders. Still, such a mistake shall not be allowed to estrange us. We still hope that the day is approaching when we shall be able to unite. Nor do we resign this hope because of the grief which we feel on account of the Council’s conduct with reference to our English District. It would have been generous, even if members of the Council did not think justice demanded it, if the delegation

of a District sending representatives to unite with the Council in defiance of the action of the body of which it formed a part, had been respectfully requested to wait until its relation to the Joint Synod had been clearly ascertained and the conflict into which it has seen fit to enter with that body had been settled. The Joint Synod cannot take it kindly that the Council saw fit to receive a small portion of our Synod in spite of the declaration of the whole body that we could not at present unite.” “The answer which the Council gave to the Iowa Synod, to which answer our Synod is referred, is so unsatisfactory that the Iowans refused to connect themselves with the Council, and the Synod of Wisconsin dissented from it. Upon this, in connection with an editorial in the *Lutheran and Missionary*, which will surprise many in the General Council as it did us, and for which, we trust, the Council would not like to be held responsible, we shall have something more to say in a future number.” Thus the long controversy with the General Council began.

I have made these extracts from the *Standard* of that time to show that it was in sorrow, not in anger, that I engaged in the controversy. The grievance was one of the gravest import. I did not impugn the motives of the persons whose action was reprov'd. God is judge of human hearts, and in that respect He has not only not committed the judgment to us, but has forbidden us to usurp it. But wrong was done, and if the people who did it thought they were doing right, that error did not change the open fact. And it was a wrong which menaced our Synod's life. We had struggled for years, amid many difficulties, to awaken in our people a consciousness of our precious inheritance as the great Church of the Reformation, and God had blessed our labors with much success. The errors and misunderstandings and doubts which had existed among us had been largely overcome. Lutherans were beginning to feel that their Church, poor and much despised in the land, was something to glory in rather than to be ashamed of, and that her mission was to lead the Protestant host, not to ape the sects and barter away her solid gold for their gaudy tinsel. It was laudable that the Ohio Synod was ready to unite with others in the East who were enlisted in the same cause, so soon as this could be done without sacrificing what it had by persevering labor and patient suffering attained. Ohio did its part towards effecting a general union of Lutheran forces. But when the time came for organizing them in the General Council, assurances could not be given us that that body would carry out the principles professed, but thought it best

to shirk our questions and act as if it had been presumptuous on our part to ask them. And more than this. One of our Districts had some men in it who were not fully in harmony with our Synod's forward movement on the path of confessional Lutheranism and consistent practice. These men had a shrewd leader, and in consequence there had for several years past been trouble with that District, which refused to comply with resolutions of Synod. When the Council was organized the disaffected party secured a majority and carried the District independently into that body. Our Synod declared that it could not join the Council as long as it refused to give a Lutheran answer to questions which we regarded as vital. The District paid no attention to this, resolved to escape any further trouble with us by taking refuge in the Council, and was there received with open arms. Looking at the affair now, after an interval of nearly forty years, my judgment remains the same as then, that war was inevitable. I wrote as one who felt the wrong done, with profound regret that the Council did not take the position upon which all true Lutherans could have united, but wrote without malice. My contention was for truth and righteousness, and if the *Standard* for years showed fight, it was because it was set for the defense of the Gospel which the Lutheran Church is commissioned to uphold in its purity for the eternal welfare of men. As long as I remained editor, the grace of God sustaining me, there was no prospect that the fight would end, unless our opponents would lay down their arms and permit us to do our Lord's work in peace.

These controversies, which some, ignorant of the Master's ways and of the militant character of His Church on earth, thought needless or even harmful, were as important for the progress of our cause as the doctrinal articles designed for direct instruction. A goodly part of the opposition to my teaching on the subject of the Church and the Ministry in the earlier days was owing in large part to a misunderstanding of the whole subject, and especially of the contention of those of us in our Synod who were styled Missouriians. It was not to be wondered at that men who supposed us to mean, when we insisted that the Church is essentially invisible, that nothing visible, not even the bodies of believing men, belonged to the essence of the Church, were inclined to doubt; or that, when we declared the Lutheran to be the only Church in which the Gospel is preached in its purity and the sacraments are administered in accordance with the pure Gospel, they, imagining that this unchurched all other Christians, were moved to deny it. Our warfare against the General Synod and General

Council, which both in part occupied the same territory with the Ohio Synod and which both did us damage in substantially the same way, served to clear up some important points in our contention and to draw our people more closely together. Our skirmishes with Missouri, whose fanatical corporals annoyed us less as their leaders saw what had been accomplished among us, were gradually ceasing and peace and fraternal relations were established, so that we could labor together with them in our effort to build up a pure and faithful Evangelical Lutheran Church in the land. My conduct of the *Standard* of course occasionally lost us a friend, as there were still some among us who were unwilling to abandon their unionistic sentiments, and would rather leave us than bear the reproach in the community of being less liberal and loving than their neighbors. On the other hand many friends were gained by the consistent course which I pursued in adhering firmly to the Confessions of our Church and laboring strenuously to make her rich treasures of truth and love better known among the people.

The *Standard* became so welcome a visitor in many families and exerted an influence so manifestly beneficial to the Church, that after a few years friends began to agitate the project of issuing it weekly instead of semi-monthly. To this I was not disinclined, as matters stood in the Church the need of such an improvement was apparent. The paper was now paying the expense of its publication. But whether it could be sustained if the expenses were more than doubled, thus making an increase in the subscription price necessary, was a serious question. Besides, I was kept busy with the work already in hand, and doubted about my ability to continue it, if so much additional labor were required of me. But I did not discourage my friends who were exerting themselves to bring about so desirable a move for the advancement of our holy cause. I rather encouraged it by indicating how it could be done. But it was a difficult task and was talked about for years before it was consummated. Finally, in 1872, at the meeting of our English District, which felt the need all the more because our work was antagonized by the party which left our Synod and became a District of the Council, unanimously resolved to push this enterprise with all its power and to work strenuously for its accomplishment. The conditions necessary to insure success were carefully considered, and a committee of energetic men was appointed to do the work requisite for their fulfillment, and, in case they succeeded, the *Standard* was in 1873 to be issued weekly. In the last number preceding that date I said editorially: "Probably none can fully

realize the difficulties connected with such an undertaking but those who have gathered some experience in such matters. Having had charge of the *Standard* for nine years we could not fully share the sanguine expectations which some of our brethren entertained, glad as we would be to see their hopes realized. Some of the difficulties in the way were set forth during the discussions, but still it was resolved to make the effort. The committee has been at work and has labored faithfully. But the time was short, the Church hastens slowly in such enterprises, and we have received no definite instructions from the brethren upon whom the responsibility was placed by Synod. What now? When we assumed the management of the *Standard* the days were dark, and we undertook the task as a work of faith and labor of love. God's blessing has been upon us and the paper has prospered. It is perhaps no more than fair that we should venture something again and give our readers the benefit of the paper's prosperity. If a change was to be made, it was necessary to begin making arrangements for it before now. We assumed the responsibility and have made contracts for the improvement of the paper, desiring to meet the wishes of the brethren, as far as that is possible, and hoping to be sustained in our undertaking. What we propose to do now is this. The next number of the *Standard* will be issued in a form about one-third larger than the present and in an improved dress. As this will give us much more room, we expect to furnish more matter of a practical character and pay more regard to family reading, not overlooking the wants of children, while the confessional character of the paper will remain unchanged. In our devotion to the Evangelical Lutheran Church with her glorious Confessions we desire only to abound more and more. But how about the weekly? Well, for that we are not ready just now. By enlarging the paper and thus increasing the expenses by one-third, we have a prospect of doing all our work for nothing and paying several hundred dollars a year for the privilege, taking the present income as a basis." I think that this was fully as much as my brethren could expect of me. But in the same article I made the offer to publish the enlarged paper weekly after the fourth issue for the coming year, if enough subscribers would be secured, at double the present price of one dollar per annum, to meet even approximately the expenses of publication, or in some other way to protect me against assuming obligations beyond my means. The issue of January, 1873, fulfilled my promise and pleased the subscribers. My friends rejoiced at the forward movement and rallied bravely to give it support. They

worked so hard and did so well, that I would have felt ashamed to shrink from doing what I could to compass what they so ardently wished. I looked over my financial situation and concluded that, without sacrificing my home, which I did not think it right to do, I could obligate myself for all losses in a year's trial of the weekly publication. So after February the *Standard*, to the great joy of its devoted friends, appeared every week. It continued to gain friends, and at the year's end there was no deficit; and I had nothing to pay for the privilege of doing the arduous work which its management imposed upon me. It continued to flourish year after year, and remains a weekly until this day, still continuing its good work of testifying to the truth which the Lutheran Church confesses and teaching the people to observe all things which our blessed Lord has commanded. During the more than a quarter of a century's work as editor of the *Standard* I labored much and suffered much; but I have the joyful assurance that my labor was not in vain in the Lord, and am thankful for the grace which made me the humble instrument for so many years to dispense His blessings among the people.

Overburdened as I was with work after the *Standard* had become a weekly, circumstances in 1881 impelled me to undertake additional editorial labors. With the Missourians we had long been at peace, and our relations had become so cordial that we had united with them in forming the Synodical Conference. It had always been a favorite idea of mine that the Lutheran Church in this country should, so far as this could be done on the basis of her confession, join her forces and all parts work together for the spread and defense of the precious truth of the Reformation, and especially that different organizations professing the same faith should cease to place obstacles in each other's way by occupying the same territory and pursuing special synodical interests at the expense of the Church's welfare as a whole. According to the will of God churches of the same faith must treat each other as brethren and help each other, and causing division and working against each other is sin. Whilst I knew quite well that the external union of churches into large organizations is not commanded, I regarded it as a requirement of Christian wisdom and love to form such unions in order to avoid interferences with each other's work and to make the best possible use of the various gifts and opportunities for the common good. I was therefore sincere in my desire to have our Synod unite with other Lutheran Synods in the General Council, and regretted that the position taken by that

body rendered this impossible without sacrificing all that could make the union desirable. Any scheme of expediency, however wise it may seem, is merely human folly when it is set up against the wisdom of God. Therefore I contended against the Council when it declined to act in accordance with the good Confession which it formally adopted. It was the same principle that actuated me in my efforts towards securing a union with other Synods which, like our own, could not unite with the Council, and I was therefore glad when the Synodical Conference was organized, as I was sorry that, from my point of view, the Council had been a failure. But after six or eight years of harmonious co-operation in that body, troubles came. The elements united in the Conference were not in every respect congenial, but they were one in the same Lutheran faith and thus harmonious in all that is requisite for true unity in the Church. Some of our ministers did not like the supercilious ways of some of the Missourians, and were not as cordial as might be wished even with some of the Missourian leaders. The Wisconsin and Minnesota men were even less enthusiastic in their admiration of Missourians, and occasionally something akin to antipathy was shown towards some of them, who sometimes conducted themselves as if they were not averse to being regarded as the princes of the court and the others their retinue. Notwithstanding these undesirable manifestations the synods were growing together nicely, and there was no serious jarring or jangling in prosecuting the work in which all were heartily engaged. The trouble that came was of a doctrinal sort. Even before the formation of our Conference, some views of predestination had been published by Missourian pastors which had a Calvinistic taint. But this was not in their official organs. What these had published was acceptable to all of us. But in 1877 Dr. Walther began to advocate a theory which excited doubt and suspicion. On most of us what was published in the minutes of the Missouri Synod made little impression. It was a confused discussion of a difficult subject, and little notice was taken of it until it was made the subject of inquiries among the Missourians themselves. Prof. Schmidt, of the Norwegian Synod, finally made public his scruples about the doctrine of Dr. Walther and showed its inconsistency with that of the Lutheran Church. Instead of revoking his error, Dr. Walther defended it. He was not accustomed to any dissent from his teaching among his own people, and was never inclined to yield a point when any of them ventured publicly to express a doubt, which as a rule was done, if done at all, in the way of a humble request for further light. So the

predestinarian controversy began, and our Ohio Synod became entangled in it because of our connection with the Synodical Conference in which it had sprung up, and which must ultimately accept or reject the new doctrine. From the beginning my sympathies were entirely with Prof. Schmidt, who defended the doctrine which the Lutheran Church had been unanimous in teaching for three hundred years; but it seemed to me that Dr. Walther had rather become confused in his expositions, and that when the matter should be cleared up he would correct his extravagant expressions and accept the uniform teachings of the old dogmaticians, from which he still quoted largely, as was his wont. The printed Minutes by which the conflagration was started, show two irreconcilable lines of thought, and I was loathe to think that the Calvinistic line was designed to be dominant, and that the purpose was to introduce a mild form of Calvinism. But as the controversy continued I could not close my eyes to the fact, as it became more and more apparent, that Dr. Walther maintained a theory that was essentially Calvinistic. This was expressed in the *Standard*, and before the subject came before the Synodical Conference the Missourians, under Dr. Walther's leadership, had adopted a plan by which all who were convinced that the new theory was a species of Calvinism should be denied a seat in that body. As they had a large majority in it, the Ohio Synod, seeing it to be useless under such circumstances to make any effort to secure the triumph of Anti-Calvinism in a body from which any one attacking Walther's Calvinism was excluded, declared its withdrawal.

What was to be done now in regard to the Missourian innovation? Our interest in the upbuilding of the Lutheran Church with its pure faith would have impelled us to take sides against the Calvinistic movement, which had the prestige of a powerful organization with a skillful leader in its favor, even if we had not had the additional incentive of having been connected with it and having been wrongfully deprived of our right to exert in the Conference such influence as we possessed. Our Synod as in duty bound unhesitatingly took its stand against the innovation; and if we were forbidden to testify in the Conference, Missouri could not forbid us to testify in public. We must do what lay in our power to protect our Synod against the error, as well as help to preserve the Lutheran Church in this land from the poison of Calvinism. So an additional controversy was forced upon us. As editor of the *Standard* I was expected to do my share, and to the extent of my ability I strove to meet the just expectations. But the

subject was complicated and required much space. The question became a burning one, and extended discussions became necessary. Though the *Standard* had been much enlarged and was issued weekly, it could not, with justice to all readers, afford space enough to publish all that our writers thought it necessary to say. There was no larger periodical that we could use for the purpose.

As I viewed the situation, necessity was thus laid upon us to provide facilities for the publication of more elaborate theological discussions. Others as well as myself had felt the need of such a journal before this new controversy was sprung upon us, and now it appeared indispensable. To wait until synod could deliberate on the subject and start such a new publication seemed inadvisable. Officially I had no more call to undertake it than others who felt the need of it, but as I was managing the paper in which most of the articles of our synodical brethren appeared, our German paper being smaller and issued only semimonthly, I was by many expected in some way to provide for the emergency, and as I felt the necessity as much as any of them, I reflected much on ways and means to supply the lack. My conclusion was to publish, at my own risk, a bi-monthly periodical of 64 pages, and accordingly the *Columbus Theological Magazine* appeared in 1881. So little was this thought a needless venture that when Synod met it not only accepted it as its own organ, but resolved to publish a similar periodical in German, so that those capable of using both languages could have a theological journal of 64 pages each month, the two being published alternately. We were thus well equipped for the war without divesting our papers designed for the people generally of their popular character. How vigorously this war was carried on is evinced by the fact, that the Missouriian German theological journal was much enlarged and a similar periodical in the English language was started, but proved a failure. My venture upon the Magazine, although it was begun without the preliminary work considered necessary to obtain subscribers, subjected me to little, if any, financial loss, as with the help of my family, proceeding as we had done when we took charge of the *Standard* in its poverty and distress, I managed the business and did the drudgery work myself. Both periodicals did good service to the Church, and are doing good service until this day, although neither of them has the circulation they ought to have or has been pecuniarily profitable, as both of them might be if more interest were shown in their prosperity by those whom they are designed to serve.

My editorial labors were always performed in connection with the work of my calling proper, and thus occupied a second place in the line of my official duties, but they formed a large portion of my toils and troubles. When I was gradually relieved of portions of the work and finally, when age with its infirmities was creeping upon me and the burden was becoming unsupportable, of all editorial duties, I felt like a gentleman of leisure, with nothing but my double professorship to engage my attention. But as I look back over my long editorial career with its toil and travail, its hardships and harassments, but also its pleasures and triumphs, my first thought is not one of complaint that my lot was so hard, but of thankfulness to God for the wide opportunity which He gave me to serve Him in the great Church of the Reformation, and the grace with which He sustained me and blessed the work which He enabled me to perform.

I did not cease to use my pen in the service of the Church when my editorial responsibility ceased. I use it still, and still in the cause to which I desired my life to be wholly consecrated. To this day I have continued to be a not infrequent contributor to the columns and pages of our periodicals, both English and German, and even now, though old and infirm and enfeebled by sickness, I have the satisfaction of knowing that my brethren still welcome the articles which God gives me grace and strength to write. I have much reason to think that my editorial work was not the least of the contributions I was enabled to make towards the maintenance of the pure faith which the Evangelical Lutheran Church confesses.

8. Professor

NO DOUBT it must to many have seemed a rash act on my part to accept an office so high and so responsible as that of a theological professorship in Capital University. Taking such positions and the men who fill them in our Church in Europe as the Standard of measurement, my abilities were manifestly inadequate, and if I had fancied myself in possession of the necessary qualifications for it, I could only have made myself ridiculous. But the application of such a Standard under existing conditions was out of the question. We had neither a great University, nor great men, and had to adapt ourselves to the day of small things, and were thankful for the great blessings which God bestowed upon us in and through our small institution. The one professor of Theology, who was overburdened with work in our Seminary, was not a great man as the world counts greatness, but he was doing a good work which, in the sight of God and of His children, was truly great. My brethren did not make themselves ridiculous when they called me to his assistance, and I did not subject myself to any just ridicule when I considered and finally accepted the call. We had, in the years of counsel and consultation preceding my election, more than once thought of calling some man of eminence from a German University, and always agreed that the plan was not feasible. Although for a while I favored it, for I was not entirely unaffected by the dreams of great things which so often supplied motives for deeds that were done in the early days of our University, I afterwards saw how injudicious such a course would be in our situation, and am glad that wiser counsels prevailed. I do not remember that in all our consultations, frequently as it was reiterated that we must strive to find the right man among ourselves, my name was ever mentioned for the place. The fact that I was unanimously chosen at the meeting of Joint Synod in 1864 indicates that my name was probably mentioned more than once when I was not present, but so far as I can recollect I received no intimation of it until I was nominated and elected at

Synod. Whatever opinion I may have had of my gifts and attainments, I could not, as a servant of the Lord, treat the call lightly, but had finally to concur in the judgment of Prof. Lehmann that though we would not, he and I, constitute a brilliant Faculty, we could, with the Lord's blessing upon faithful effort, do the necessary work. I accepted the call and in March, 1865, began my labors in Columbus as professor.



◇ Capital University, 1853-1876 (Corner High and Goodale Streets.)

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There were other things besides the question of qualification, which I was content to let the brethren who knew me long and well decide, that made my new position difficult. With Prof. Lehmann, whose junior colleague I became in the Seminary, I had not always agreed in our long controversy on the Church and Ministry and some practical questions growing out of it. I was regarded as a pronounced Missourian; he had been

looked upon as leaning towards Grabauianism on the subjects in dispute. The fact probably is that he was influenced but little by Pastor Grabau's hierarchical contention and in some points was not at all in harmony with him, but that he did dislike Missouri, and in his conversation was disposed to defend practices which had been long observed in the Ohio Synod, but which Missourians justly assailed as inconsistent with confessional Lutheranism. This made him seem on Grabau's side in his conflict with Missouri. It could therefore not appear strange if some had doubts whether the two professors, who had often stood in opposing ranks on the floor of Synod, could get along with each other in the Seminary. I had no reason to share these doubts, or to allow them to interfere with my purpose and effort. Notwithstanding our tilts we had always been good friends. I never ceased to cherish the feelings toward him which are due from a former pupil towards his teacher, and so far as I was aware he always gave me due credit for the uprightness of my intentions and the purity of my zeal for the Lord's work. Moreover, the controversy within our Synod was nearing a satisfactory close. Theses had already been adopted which, if they did not set forth the truth as lucidly as seemed to me desirable, still declared that truth, showing that in the great principles involved we were a unit, and the danger of a rupture was past. Notwithstanding my colleague's antipathy to Missouri, and especially to some rude and inconsiderate Missourian methods, the difficulty of our getting along harmoniously together, both of us being intent on serving the Lord, did not seem to me great.

There was another obstacle that appeared to me more formidable. How should I manage to make full proof of my professorship under conditions so unfavorable for exerting all my powers in its behalf? Had I been free to devote my whole time and energy to the work, such a question would have little relevancy. But I had the *Standard* on my hands, had the presidency of Joint Synod to administer, had the house-fathership of the institution to attend to, and my share of the general synodical work in committees thrown in for good measure. No other provision could at once be made for the editorship which had just come to me a year before, and the paper was far yet from having reached a sound financial basis; and the house-fathership was for the time an important item in my call as Professor. Declining further to bear the burdens which Synod had previously laid upon me would have been equivalent to refusing to accept the new call, which implied that I should resign my charge of a congregation and give my entire time and

strength to synodical work, retaining all that I had hitherto, but substituting the professorship for the pastorate. These conditions caused me much more anxiety than any fears that Professor Lehmann and I would find it impossible to live together and work together in peace. And yet I accepted the call and went to work with a determination by the grace of God to quit myself as a workman who, considering all the circumstances that hampered me, needeth not be ashamed.

But I hardly had a fair chance in the beginning of my proper professional career to remove any doubts that might be lingering in the minds of brethren, whether my appointment would not prove a mistake. While my resolution was fixed, that the other work which it behooved me to do should not unnecessarily interfere with my duties as Professor, which I would not but regard as my chief vocation, and while I strove so to arrange my work that all would be done in due order at the proper time, so that clashing interferences would not be necessary, there were some duties incumbent on me as house-father which could not be thus regulated, though certain hours could be definitely appointed when students might freely consult me, emergencies which seemed to justify calling me, or calling upon me, at other hours than those appointed were so frequent and sometimes so urgent, that no rule of order could protect me against the trespass on time otherwise allotted. As the time set apart for preparation was thus sometimes greatly infringed upon, I could not do full justice to the preparatory work in my study, which might not much embarrass an experienced teacher, but which could not fail to cause anxiety and mar the teaching in a beginner. And there was another circumstance that worked against me. Whilst I was rusty in all branches, even those which were assigned me in college, and could not without devoting the proper time to preparation for it enter the class room with any assurance, the first branch that I was required to teach in the Seminary was one about which I knew little, and for which I never had a liking. It was a trying situation. A man who knows how to study, and who applies himself with diligence to his task can, of course, keep in advance of his students, and may conceal from them the unfortunate fact that he is not master of his subject. The circumstances under which, all things being considered, this is the best that can be done, it may be permitted; and much must be tolerated in a beginner, who will do things better when by experience he becomes more able. I moved along with the class, notwithstanding my lack of enthusiasm for the subject, and when I had my

second class in Isagogics, which is the distasteful branch referred to, I not only got along better, but by disregarding what I thought useless in the text book formerly employed and substituting an outline of the contents of the Biblical books by way of introduction to their study, I think it made the subject much more interesting and its study much more profitable. But my first year put me to a hard trial, and it is a signal manifestation of the goodness of God that my hard work was not pronounced a failure and my friends were not discouraged, as probably would have been the case if my wrestling with Isagogics had constituted the sum of my labors.

It would not be correct, if I stated it as my recollection that the initial year of my professorship was one of positive unhappiness. At least part of the worry which I experienced was expected and I was prepared for it; and some of my labors were satisfactory to me, and I think to all concerned. Probably the most of my disturbing experiences were such as are incident to all efforts in an untried field, and the humiliations were mostly a consequence not of indications that my work was not appreciated by others, but of my consciousness that it fell far short of my ideal and aim, and was thus subject to severe criticism by my own judgment.

I kept in close communication with my Lord, and my soul was at peace, notwithstanding the felt imperfection of my labors. I was not unhappy. Never for a moment did I entertain the idea of retiring from the field because of the heat and burden of the day. My thought was that I must do better, and by the grace of God would do better, and my trust and endeavors were not put to shame. But it was a severe probation, rendered all the more severe because I did not enjoy robust health and because the order and discipline of the school was far from satisfactory. While only the order of the house, not the general supervision of the school, was placed under my care, the one necessarily affected the other. Since the time of the Reynolds regime there had been a lack of punctuality all around. This worked injuriously, as it always must, though some good men fail to see it. And this troubled me. Boys would not easily be led to recognize the evil of that which some of the teachers practiced, although their logic was evidently at fault when they argued that what was excusable in the teacher, could not be wrong in the pupil. In some instances, too, I would not admit that a teacher's absence, when the time for recitation had arrived, was excusable. To look after that was not my business, but as I had a proper interest in the

prosperity of our institution, it certainly concerned me, and in so far concerned me more than others, as I was the house-father and had to see to it that our students learned to observe order. It required all the wisdom of which I was capable to do my duty towards the boys without seeming to be a busybody about other men's matters. Prof. Lehmann, who was President and whose duty it was to see that the classes were properly and promptly attended to, was by reason of his other avocations not only unable to perform this function of his office, but unable to be punctual himself in the classroom. He was pastor of a large congregation, and frequently pastoral duties detained him many minutes beyond the time for his lectures, sometimes even for an hour or more, so that the students were never sure when they would be called to recite. His hours were when he rang his bell; that is about all that was certain. One or two of the other teachers had accustomed themselves to consult their own convenience more than was meet, as regards this point, and scarcely placed punctuality in the category of a teacher's virtues. Years passed before we succeeded in ridding ourselves of an evil that reflected so little credit on our school. But things became gradually better, and I carried my burdens with better cheer.

Meantime our synodical work was improving in other directions. The conflicts on the Church and Ministry question had well nigh ceased, and brethren had generally laid aside the distrust which some entertained during the heat of the strife. Our relations as members of the Faculty were all that could be desired. Prof. Lehmann still differed with me in regard to some persons and things, but our intercourse with each other was fraternally cordial. So far as was apparent, he was the only one of the teachers who dissented from some of my views on synodical questions, and he rarely objected to recommendations which I thought it necessary to make as President of Synod. The only real trouble that remained was the strangely disloyal attitude of the majority of our English District towards the Joint Synod in its stubborn refusal to cooperate with us on the secret society question, notwithstanding its repeated declaration that we were right in opposing lodgery and that they were as sincere as we in their opposition to the evil. Even the Missourians, who had found so much fault with us, often not without reason, but sometimes seemingly from habit, saw that we conscientiously endeavored to establish purely Lutheran congregations and were faithful in our adherence to the Lutheran confessions in doctrine and

practice and spoke more kindly of us, so that even my colleague in the Seminary became more conciliatory.

When the rupture took place in the General Synod and the Ministerium of Pennsylvania issued its call for a convention of Lutheran Synods accepting our Confessions, with the view of forming a new general organization of a more decidedly Lutheran character, our Synod cheerfully accepted the invitation to co-operate, and Prof. Lehmann and I, who were in full accord with the object, were delegated to attend the Convention at Reading in December of 1866. I went there with the sincere desire to assist, to the full extent of my power, in accomplishing the end. My hopes were not as sanguine as those of some of the Pennsylvanians, who had gone out of the General Synod in despair of ever making that a soundly Lutheran body. Our controversies had convinced me that to this end something more was needed than the leaders in the new movement had hitherto contended for in their former connection, and I did not harbor the delusion that the deliberations of a few days would remove all differences between us.

But circumstances were favorable to a calm discussion of vital questions regarding the unity of the Church, and getting together and ultimately growing together, by participation in the same life with its divine power, did not seem to me impossible. As I was honored with the appointment, which I accepted with trembling, to preach the opening sermon, I had a good opportunity to say, at the very outset, what in my judgment the situation required, and I said it as plainly and as frankly as if I had been addressing our own Synod; which always gave me credit for meaning what I say and not leaving in doubt what I mean. The sermon was well received; not a complaint was made that its note was too high; the speeches and actions of the Convention were pitched in the same key, and all was harmonious. Even those few who dissented, when it was resolved to organize the new union of synods, did not object to the basis, but thought that further conferences should be held before organizing the General Council. So far all was well, and to me the outlook was even more hopeful when the Convention adjourned than when it was opened.

The days at Reading are among the delightful memories of my life. I had the joy of meeting there some of the ablest men in the Lutheran Church and hearing them express a love for the Church as it burned in my own soul and uttering it in words of eloquence which I could not command. In the

discussions at the Convention and in the conversations at our lodgings there was uniformly the same manifestation not only of intellectual power, but also of ardent devotion to Christ and His Church. The impression which I received was such that it would have seemed strange, if I had found it in my heart to say that I could not join these men in their strenuous efforts to secure a fitting place in our favored land for the glorious Church of the Reformation. It was a pleasant experience, though the results were not such as I had hoped. There was an insurmountable obstacle which had not yet appeared in the transactions at Reading, but the existence of which was no doubt suspected, if not certainly known, by the few who maintained that the time had not yet come for a regular organization, but that further preparations should be made for it in free conferences. Confessing in words, and following up that confession by corresponding acts, are two distinct things. That is what caused the trouble.

If my purpose in life had been shaped by the desires of the flesh, my trip to Reading might have resulted in changing my whole subsequent career. My colleague and I had agreed to make a little excursion, after the Convention, to visit his relations in Philadelphia and vicinity. This becoming known, I was requested by two of the pastors in that city to preach there on the following Sunday, to which I reluctantly consented. Another pastor apologized to me for not inviting me to perform the same service in his church, as arrangements previously made precluded this courtesy. Evidently views of such matters in the East were different from those prevailing among us, and I was constrained to reply that not the least apology was due, but that I rather regarded it as a favor to be relieved of the necessity of making an apology for declining, to which he answered that such opportunities to preach in influential churches sometimes led to results very beneficial for the visiting preachers. From all I could gather I concluded that my Philadelphia friends designed to honor me by their invitations, and even incidentally do me a not unimportant favor by laying on me the task of preparing and preaching sermons among strangers, instead of permitting me to enjoy a few days of leisure and of pleasure in visiting friends. On Sunday morning I occupied Dr. Krotel's pulpit in St. Mark's Church, and all the indications were that I preached acceptably. The pastor, who himself conducted the services at the altar, made a few remarks, giving the congregation some information about me and complimenting me and my sermon more than was merited, but all in good

taste and without any gushing flatteries that would make a modest man hide his face in shame.

Dr. Krotel was about to remove to New York, and was looking about for a successor. The subject was broached to me on that occasion and in letters afterwards. He frankly informed me that he desired me to become his successor, not only in his congregation, but also in the Philadelphia Seminary. An official letter also came to me from the congregation, inquiring about the prospects of my entertaining a call. If money or social standing or honors had been my aim, the opportunity might have been seized with avidity. As it was, I could not otherwise than think that the place assigned me here in Columbus is the one in which I can do most good for the cause to which my life has been devoted, and I could give no encouragement to any movements looking to my transfer to another field. No doubt it was also in some way owing to acquaintance formed in my Reading journey that another congregation, in a different Eastern city, communicated with me in regard to its vacant pastorate, and was answered in the same way. I was becoming accustomed to the work of my professorship, had won the confidence of my brethren, was supplied with all the necessaries of life, and enjoyed the blessing of God in all my various labors: why should I yield to any solicitations to enter another field, unless my Lord should give me clear indications that He, who had given me grace to be His willing servant, wanted me elsewhere.

Our Synod sent a committee to the meeting of representatives of the various Synods which organized the General Council in the following year. This committee was instructed to submit certain questions, answers to which were considered necessary in order to decide whether we could unite with the new body or not. These formed the famous “four points,” which have been a subject of controversy ever since. There were among the leaders of the Pennsylvanians some men who were known to be advocates of the doctrine called Chiliasm, and at least one of them was distinguished as a leading writer in the party endeavoring to disseminate that error in different Christian denominations. The Council formally accepted the Augsburg Confession, in which those who put it forth as the declaration of their faith say, that “They condemn others also who now scatter Jewish opinions that before the resurrection of the dead the godly shall occupy the kingdom of the world, the wicked being everywhere suppressed.” What we

desired to know of the Council was whether it joined with us in the condemnation of this false doctrine. It might have seemed unnecessary and, as the Council had unreservedly adopted the Augsburg Confession as its own, even offensive to ask such a question, as the asking manifestly implied some doubt about the matter; but the circumstances were such as not only to warrant, but to require a definite declaration on the point. The same was the case with regard to the two questions embracing the subject of unionism with other churches, that of exchange of pulpits by our pastors with pastors of churches of a different confession and that of promiscuous communion, or of admitting members of other churches to the Lord's Supper in our congregations. As in the acceptance of our Confession the Council rejected the errors which conflict with the truth thus confessed, this might have seemed sufficient to guarantee the Council's agreement with us in the rejection of all unionistic practices. But we knew what most of the synods now represented in that body had heretofore been doing in this respect, notwithstanding their professed adoption of our Lutheran Confession as their standard, and therefore could not, without sinful indifference respecting a matter of serious import, assume that now all would be so changed that no practice offensive to us and injurious to our work would be sanctioned. Indeed, if it was the purpose of the Council henceforth to adopt a practice in consistency with its confession, what we desired of it was as needful for its own sake as for ours, because those who had been pursuing a different course would have had a right to know what was to be expected, as we had the duty of ascertaining, if we could with a good conscience share the responsibility of what it proposed to do in a matter of such grave importance. The answer given us was ample proof that our caution was none too great. The Council was not prepared to give a response that could satisfy a synod which had fought its way through hostile crowds of indifferentists and liberalists and unionists to a position of confessional Lutheranism without reservations, and with such sincerity of profession as carried with it the conviction that our practice must needs be in harmony with it. The Council could not be brought to accept as heartily the negative as the positive declaration of our Confession, and we were therefore not agreed and could not walk together.



◇ The Dormitory. Capital University

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To me this subject was often embarrassing, as my position was such, not only as a theological professor, but also as President of our Synod and editor of our English paper, that to keep silent would have been neglecting duty. It was not that the subject itself was perplexing. To understand it did not appear to me very difficult. If Christ is our Saviour, those who teach that He is not are false teachers whom we must avoid; whether in the eyes of the community they are otherwise good men or bad men, has nothing to do with the question. If the doctrines which the Lutheran Church confesses are the very truth of the gospel, the doctrines of other churches which are confessedly in opposition to hers must be false, and so far subversive of the gospel; and therefore with the same faith and fervor with which the former are upheld the latter must be opposed. If the Lutheran Church confesses the very truth of God, which has been graciously revealed for the enlightenment and salvation of all men, the Roman and the Reformed Churches which fight against any portion of that truth, are so far fighting

against God, and must not in any manner be supported or encouraged in that fight, and cannot be without sin. If we Lutherans are in conscience bound to teach our children the precious gospel truth contained in our Catechism, and to make their acceptance of that truth the condition of their reception to Holy Communion in our churches, we are doubly bound not to admit members of other churches, who by such membership have been upholding contrary doctrines, so long as they refuse to fulfill the conditions of communion from which our own people cannot be dispensed. The subject itself is plain, and becomes intricate and tangled only by the introduction of irrelevant matter, with which sophistical unionists are apt to muddle it and mislead the unwary. But circumstances rendered it a delicate subject. I could not conceal from myself the fact, that there was a fault in professing a truth to be an article of our Lutheran faith and at the same time refusing to treat it as such in dealing with members of other denominations who deny that truth. It would be regarded as uncharitable, or even unjust to affirm that, so far as it is possible to judge from the data given, the article confessed must in such a case be considered a mere human opinion, which need not be maintained as against those who hold a contrary opinion; or that the truth in regard to the point at issue is not part of the clear revelation of God's will, to which Holy Scripture bears testimony by divine inspiration. The appearance unquestionably is that professed Lutherans by their unionistic action practically declare, that while they hold the Lutheran Confession to be true, they will not deny that opposite doctrines may be true also. The result would thus be that in their opinion either the distinctive doctrines of the Lutheran Church must be classed with human opinions which have no clear warrant in God's Word, or that this Word is not of such absolute authority that such doctrines could be rightfully maintained when a multitude of men, whose Christian character is not denied, refuse to accept them. There were abler men in the General Council than the Ohio Synod possessed, and these were men whose earnest purpose to serve the Lord none of us disputed. But their unionistic position was wrong, and we had to oppose it, even though some of them should complain that we treated them harshly. We had to speak of their practices as inconsistent with their profession, and of their Lutheranism as so far lacking in soundness and thoroughness; and thus to let them explain and defend their position as best they could without admitting their inconsistency in the face of the manifest discrepancy between their profession and their practice. To this day they

have not been able to do this to the satisfaction of Lutherans who sincerely and unreservedly accept the articles of the Confession as the adequate expression of their own faith founded on the authority of God's revelation of His truth, which we are in conscience bound to hold fast, in no case and under no circumstances and on no ground to surrender. It is a great pity that the Council permitted the truth to be obscured by considerations of courtesy, and error to be upheld by such arguments as that there are Christians in other churches as well as in the Lutheran, which we never denied, but which has nothing to do with the question in controversy.

That which our Lord has made obligatory on His ministers in the administration of the means of grace is not to judge the hearts of the people, which is His own prerogative, but to see that they confess Him and His Word. The Council was undermining its foundation when it virtually contended that visible churches are not to be judged by their confession, but by the hearts of their members, and made concessions to erring churches which placed them on an equality with the Church of the pure gospel and sacrament: and it was deceiving itself when it represented our contention as involving the fanatical claim of sinless perfection in the lives of church members. We asked neither the refusal to recognize other denominations as churches nor their members as Christians: some of them undoubtedly are, and some, their confession being judged by the Word of God as the infallible rule of faith and life, are not, because the only foundation upon which Christians stand and can stand is openly renounced: but that was not at all the point in controversy, and dragging in such irrelevancies was no indication that the one great desire of our opponents was to secure a victory for the truth. Nor was it correct to charge that we demanded of them at once to rid themselves of the leaven of unionism, which we had been laboring for many years to purge out of our own synod, without even now being entirely free from its influence. We never made such a demand, and with our convictions could not make it. But what we did ask, and had a right to expect, was that the Council should take a firm Lutheran position in doctrine and practice, and accordingly declare itself in opposition to exchange of pulpits with ministers of other denominations and to communion at the sacramental altar with members of other churches, because that which makes them other churches are the false doctrines which separate them from us and which our Confession condemns. I tried to be faithful to Christ in the struggle for truth and right, and my only regret now

is, that the Council persisted in its unjustifiable course and thus defeated its professed purpose and failed to realize the hopes of the most decided and zealous Lutherans in the land. The Council, though it has spoken many good words for confessional Lutheranism, still occupies the same indefensible position in regard to Lutheran practice, and our contention remains the same. We are divided on a vital matter.

The subject of secret societies, which forms the fourth in the questions laid by our Joint Synod before the General Council, was perhaps as perplexing to that body as the other three, and no answer was ready. Probably most of its members had opinions on the subject, but they were not prepared to express them just then and there; for it was very likely that these opinions would clash. It would be worldly wise to say nothing. Some of its members were reported to be themselves members of secret fraternities; some of their congregations swarmed with them; a number no doubt had read and seen and heard enough of them and their doings, and thought enough about them, to take a stand in opposition to their principles and proceedings. Policy would dictate silence in circumstances so precarious and so embarrassing, and the Council declared that it was not ready for a deliverance defining its position on the question which manifestly threatened trouble. The four points, which especially challenged consideration preparatory to the formation of a Lutheran union of Synods on a sound and permanent basis, were thus evaded, and the evasion closed the door against us and others who stood with us in contending for confessional Lutheranism with corresponding Lutheran practice, which should show by acts that we mean what we declare in words. Thirty-eight years have passed since then, but I still think as I did then, that the Council, by its policy of evasion and silence, instead of open and frank confession, and the discussion and controversy and sifting to which this would have led, made the mistake which incapacitated it to become the stronghold of Lutheranism which it might have been in this country. To us the lodge question brought more immediate trouble than the Council's action on the other three points. Our reorganized English District was not in full harmony with the Joint Synod on that subject. When the majority of our former English District had voted, at Wooster in 1855, to withdraw from us and unite with the General Synod, another English District, after an interval of a few years, was formed. The Joint Synod gave its consent to this because our English work plainly required it. But besides the few pastors and

congregations that really needed it, there were some in other Districts who were disposed to join it without needing it. A few of our ministers sympathized with Pastor Henkel, who was a Mason and who made us some trouble on account of our anti-lodge resolutions. He and his friends went with the English members, and the new English District became the rallying ground for disaffected members of our Synod. We had tried to deal charitably and kindly with the District, but when we thought that all would yet be well, one or the other would start an opposition again, whenever our trumpet gave forth a clear sound against lodgery. The discipline required and promised against manifest offenders had not yet been administered by the English District, and when the Council was organized a majority had been secured, and the District, in spite of the Joint Synod's action and without its permission, went into the Council, where it was cordially received and of which it was thenceforth a part. Whether the members thought that they could belong to our Synod and to the Council at the same time, though these two bodies could not agree, I do not know. Some remarks and actions indicated that this was thought to be possible. At any rate the District did not formally withdraw from our Synod, and the trouble with it was therefore not ended when it became a District of the Council. As President of the Joint Synod I still had some unpleasant duties to perform towards it and regarding it, and I performed them. To our Joint Synod the case was clear, and at its meeting in 1868 it took the action necessary to effect a final decision. When the English District met at Lima in the following year, 1869, matters were brought to a crisis.

I thought it my duty to attend that meeting, not only as President of Joint Synod, but, after consultations with my friends, with a view of transferring my membership from the Western to the English District. It seemed to me a duty to help the brethren in that District who were still loyal to our cause, but who were unable to effect anything against the disaffected party, who had more skillful and less scrupulous leaders. I had nothing to conceal: my intention was to become a member of the English District. According to our regulation and custom I had a perfect right to take part in the proceedings at its meetings without such a transfer of my membership to that body. Our rule was that the members of any District, being thus members of Joint Synod, should have voice and vote at the meetings of any other District, although it was obligatory upon them to attend the meetings only of the District to which they especially belonged. My right to take part in the

proceedings at Lima could therefore not be disputed with any appearance of loyalty to Synod. I had rights also as President of Joint Synod, whose interests I was called to maintain and against which the dominant party in the English District was waging a war of rebellion. My convictions and sentiments were well known, and my purpose to attend the meeting at Lima in the interest of Joint Synod was also made known. The President of the District, who was more of a politician than a theologian, and who had been a strenuous advocate of hierarchial notions in the Church and Ministry controversy, with a special repugnance against everything that savored of Missouri, was enraged when he heard of my purpose, and used all his shrewdness to be ready for a battle. A representative of the Council in the person of Dr. Passavant, an honored and influential man, was also on hand. After the opening services the President discharged his explosives in lieu of the usual presidential report. It was a curious affair. To call it an angry, furious declaration of war would not fairly characterize it. It rather assumed that the war was madly raging and now the commander, in wild excitement, shouted a fierce harangue, exhorting his henchmen to “strike till the last armed foe expired.” The explosion was horrible and the whole scene was one of amazement, in which, while nobody was hurt, nobody could think of anything to say or do. When matters had quieted a little I arose and courteously addressed the chair, but the President curtly informed me that I had no business there and could claim no right. I managed to secure an appeal from his despotic action, but a majority sustained the President. Even those who were yet in sympathy with the Joint Synod appeared nonplussed by the high hand with which the enraged warrior in the chair carried out his ugly will, and his friends, even if they saw or felt how righteousness was being trodden under foot, had not the heart, in such a moment of storm and stress, to venture any remark or motion that might arouse still more the doughty President’s ire. Little could be done by private suggestion to friends, as to the truth and the right and the demands of law and order, as long as the only right and law recognized by the chair was the chairman’s will.

Accordingly, Bro. Baughman declared to Synod his purpose to withdraw, and requested all those who desired to remain in the Joint Synod to go with him, with a view to reorganize the English District in harmony with Joint Synod’s position. A goodly number, though it was a minority of the body, at once arose and left the meeting. They assembled in another

locality, elected officers, and were duly recognized as the English District of the Joint Synod, while the turbulent party remained in the General Council. To this it would of necessity have come at last, and Bro. Baughman's movement was by no means premature, as free speech was at an end in the Council District. The President even had the effrontery to say that I could be received into that body only on condition of pledging myself to co-operate with the majority in its rebellious warfare against our Ohio Synod. Of course I connected myself with our District, as did also the candidates who had come from our Seminary. Relieved now of the turbulent and troublesome element, our English District grew and prospered, and with God's blessing upon it has been, during all these many years since, earnestly engaged in building up the Church in full accord with Joint Synod, in peace and with great success.

It was difficult for me to give a clear account of the struggle at that stormy meeting without saying some painful things, which may have appeared unduly severe in regard to persons. I find it difficult to do so now, when it would not be natural to suppose that passion rather than deliberate judgment guides my pen. No amount of special pleading and whitewashing can ever annul the fact that gross wrong was done by the Council District, wholly aside from the main point of fidelity to the Lutheran Church, and by those who aided the erring party in their warfare against us. I sometimes spoke and wrote with warmth, because my heart was in harmony with my judgment, and I could not do otherwise without calling forth the rebuke of my own conscience.

That I could not speak approvingly of the part which Dr. Passavant played in the hostilities, goes without saying. I honored him for the good works which he had done, but did not honor him for supporting men that were making us trouble by their wrong-doing; and if I, from the standpoint of the troublous faction, had no business in Lima, what business could he have there? The Council probably never realized the extent of the wrong done us by espousing the cause of that disloyal English District, and still fails to see how much that wrong contributed to the difficulty of finding a way to work peacefully side by side, while the more important barrier of consistent Lutheran practice keeps us separate from each other.

While we were trying in vain to unite the Lutheran synods in the General Council, our relations to other confessional synods, which like ourselves,

could not unite with that body because of its denial in practice of what it professed in theory, became more friendly and, at least in some instances, more fraternal. Notably was this the case as regards the Missouri Synod. For myself, I never had much difficulty to get along peaceably with its members. No doubt this was owing to the fact that, from the beginning of my ministry, I in the main accepted their doctrine and practice as coincident with our Confessions, and therefore was often in agreement with them when this implied disagreement with some of the brethren in our own Synod. For some of these it was not so easy to forget old feuds, the remembrance of which tended to awaken distrust even when intercourse with them seemed cordial. But when agreement in the controverted doctrines had been reached, the other barriers were gradually torn away, and having the same objects in view the relations became continually more kindly and confiding. In a conference held between us and them, at which Dr. Walther was present, it became evident that there was nothing in the way of working together, occupying the same confessional ground and having the same objection to the attitude assumed by the General Council in the four points.

body. There were many who were of the same mind with us, and I did what I could to bring them together. The charge made by men of the Council at the time, that while I was favoring measures to make our union with that body possible, I had already drawn up plans for another general body in opposition to it, was utterly without foundation. Evidently the charge was trumped up to reflect upon my sincerity and honesty of purpose. I never was guilty of such ungodly ways. I was sincerely desirous of strengthening our glorious cause by effecting a union with the Council until I saw that the object in view could not be attained by such an alliance; and when this became apparent, I was just as sincere and open in my efforts to attain it by union with other synods that, like our own, could not find their account in the General Council. Negotiations along this line were successful, and in 1872 the Synodical Conference was organized on a sound Lutheran basis and with principles that assured a consistent Lutheran practice. This was not only the largest of all the synodical bodies bearing the Lutheran name, but also the most thoroughly Lutheran in word and work. The Ohio Synod heartily joined in its formation, and I rejoiced in the attainment of a purpose which, in my sight, contained the promise of unspeakable blessings.

For years I was not disappointed in my expectations. We worked together with unanimity of purpose, and being one in our faith and our aim there was little collision in devising means for its attainment, and in the execution of our plans. Sometimes vestiges of feelings engendered by past conflicts cropped out, but the discussions were frank, and there was no need to withhold the expression of honest conviction. Yet all the while there was something which had a depressing effect on a large portion of the membership. The Missouri Synod dominated the Conference. It was numerically the strongest of the synods united in it, and it was the strongest in intellectual power and theological learning. Aside from the one master mind which dominated the Missouri Synod, this would not have been the case. Other synods had men of ability that rendered them the equals of the Missourians, with the exception of Dr. Walther, who towered above them all. As he was a man sincerely devoted to the Lord and to the Evangelical Lutheran Church, I was glad that we had him among us, and was thankful that God had given us so powerful an advocate of a cause so dear to my heart.

But the good thing had its drawbacks. The Missourians were conscious of their superiority, and some were manifestly proud of it. Among them were not lacking weak brethren who manifested this in ways bordering on insolence, as though they would say, We are the people, but who are you? That was not the spirit of Dr. Walther and of the chief men among them. But even Dr. Walther was not wholly free from contributing to the depression. I do not think that he was of an arrogant and domineering disposition, but his experience was such that his demeanor not unseldom assumed that appearance. He was accustomed to have his doctrinal statements accepted as indisputably correct and his judgment assented to as decisive and final. He could brook no public contradiction when he had spoken. He had become a dictator by habit, without claiming to be this or to have any authority for it. This had the effect of inducing men to be silent when they should have spoken, preferring not to express their dissent when this might be followed by unpleasant situations. Once an important subject of discussion was left in such a form that I was uneasy, and some others were evidently not satisfied. We secured the appointment of a committee, composed of one delegate from each of the synods represented, to draw up a paper which should clearly state what we desired and obviate the ambiguity to which objection was raised. The committee met and performed its task with perfect unanimity. When we reported, Dr. Walther, who was acting as moderator, took the paper, glanced over it, and laid it aside with the remark that it did not express what he contended for and did not furnish what was wanted. Nobody said anything, and the paper was not submitted to the Conference. On another occasion I was constrained to oppose a position which he took in support of a thesis that he presented. In my judgment the thesis was all right, but the argument used to establish it seemed to me to involve a principle which I regarded as erroneous and which might prove dangerous in theory and practice. I could not maintain peace of mind without stating my objections. Modestly I ventured to speak against his position, most sincerely prefacing my remarks with the statement, that one thinks twice or thrice before openly expressing dissent from a man like my friend, Dr. Walther, but that with all his gifts he is not infallible, and we owe it to our God and our Church to speak in defense of the truth as we see it, even though it be against a man whom we all delight to honor. My introduction produced such a sensation that my speech hardly received the desired attention. To my astonishment Dr. Walther was

seriously offended at my remarking, as an excuse for what might seem presumption on my part, the fact that he was not infallible. He took it as an insinuation that he nursed the delusion of his own infallibility. He declined to take any further part in the discussion of the topic, and finally withdrew the part of his paper which had been the object of my attack, while the thesis itself was adopted. But for several sessions a pall hung over our deliberations, which was removed only after mutual friends arranged for a private meeting between us, that explanations might be made and misunderstandings removed. With such difficulties to contend with, our work went on less joyously than our unity of faith and purpose would have warranted, though it went on prosperously notwithstanding these drawbacks. Some of our people were certainly less eager to take part in the discussions and transactions of the Conference, and less zealous in carrying out its plans, than they would have been in other circumstances. They did not feel as fully at home there as they did at the conventions of our own synod, where no one was afraid to say what he thought and felt.

To these untoward conditions it was at least in part attributable that I had sometimes to encounter opposition in our own Synod when I advocated plans engaging the attention of Conference. This was notably the case with regard to State Synods, and especially a general Theological Seminary. I could not abandon the conviction that by dividing our synods according to state lines, so that all the members of our different synods within the boundaries of any given state would belong to the same District of the Conference, many of the dangers threatening our present organizations would be eliminated, and that much more could be accomplished for the cause of Lutheranism in our land; and with this was associated in my mind the importance of sustaining a common Seminary for all the State Synods, as a means of welding all together by a common interest and educating all our ministers in the same school under the influence and guidance of the same teachers. This would require changes in our whole organization and in all arrangements for conducting our work, and it certainly was the part of wisdom to give the subject thorough consideration before taking decisive action, and to move slowly in the execution of the plan. This was my sincere wish, and my contention never was that we should make a dash towards the goal and do our thinking afterwards. But I did hope that a consummation which in my estimation promised so much for the advancement of our beloved Church could in due time be secured, and did

desire that it should be kept in view, and accordingly that nothing should be done that would array our synod definitely against the whole plan. There were some among us who did not entertain this hope, and had no desire that it should ever be accomplished. In fact, there were some who could not feel at home among the Missourians, and who abhorred the thought of putting our institutions in any position which would give them share in the control of our work. They were in no doubt that the Missouri Synod, as well as the other Synods in our Synodical Conference, were soundly and sincerely Lutherans and in that respect were well satisfied to cooperate with it in all church work. But they did not like the Missouri spirit, and as this dominated the Conference they would not labor joyously together with its members in the meetings of Conference, as they could with the brethren of our synod in our synodical meetings, though in both the purpose was the same. While they were heartily agreed in all that gave the Synodical Conference its distinctive character as a Lutheran body, they were not happy under the influence of some incidental traits that were specifically Missourian. As from the beginning of my ministry I was in sympathy with the cause which Missouri advocated and in the furtherance of which so much zeal and self-sacrifice was manifested, I did not feel this pressure as much as some others, who alleged that they could not breathe freely in the Missourian atmosphere. Perhaps I was treated more considerately than some others; perhaps I had myself unconsciously imbibed something of the objectionable Missourian spirit: at any rate I was not unhappy in my association with them, although I did not fail to see that opposition to Dr. Walther could accomplish nothing and was rarely attempted, and that the uneasiness of some brethren did not spring wholly from merely imaginary conditions.

The period in our history in which these debates took place was fraught with troubles. We had removed our institution of learning to its present site, and were pressed by the debts incurred in the erection of our new buildings; our teaching force was inadequate; the teachers that we had were not promptly paid; and the new plans in connection with the Synodical Conference, together with the opposition which developed, had unsettled our affairs. Perhaps the darkest days had come when our Joint Synod met in June, 1878. It was to me, especially, a memorable meeting. I had just recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia, from which for a while my physician entertained little hope of my recovery. Prudence dictated that I should remain at home. But I felt that I must go to Wheeling, whatever the

consequences might be, though my death-like appearance rendered me an object of fright and alarm to my friends. God in His goodness sustained me, and I was able to attend all the sessions of Synod and take some part in its proceedings. I prepared my report as President, the tone of which was hopeful, though the times were troublous. The Vice-President, Prof. Lehmann, had the kindness to preside, to preach the opening sermon, and assume all other duties that belonged to the presiding officer. Upon my declining under any conditions to accept the presidency again, he was elected to the office. After serving consecutively for eighteen years as President it was a great relief to me to have this burden removed, as it was a great relief, two years before, to have the Synod take back the business management of the Standard, though I was continued as its editor. My strength increased day by day during the Synod, and I was able to take an active part in the discussions, not excepting those pertaining to the proposed State Synods and United Seminary. It was no doubt fortunate that no definite steps were taken towards the accomplishment of plans which I favored, but I was glad to have an opportunity of showing that, whatever hopes we may entertain of betterments in the future, we must not allow them to interfere with the work that God has given us to do in the present. Evidently our Synod was not ready for anything more than the appointment of a committee to confer with a similar committee of the Missouri Synod in relation to the subject.

About this time I received a call to the English professorship of theology in the Seminary of the Missouri Synod at St. Louis. If I had been standing idle in the market place, waiting for the Master to assign me a place to work, I could have accepted the position without hesitation. But I had an abundance of work where I was, my labors were duly appreciated, I enjoyed the confidence of my brethren, and my place here, with the various avocations connected with it, seemed to me more difficult to supply than the comparatively easy professorship at St. Louis. Therefore, after giving the subject the attention and consideration which its importance required and seeking counsel of others, I deemed it the path of duty to decline the call. Unhappily many of those who did not like Missourian ways interpreted this call as an unfriendly act towards our Synod, alleging that it was designed to injure us and our work, seeing that Missouri must have known that taking away one of our Professors would cripple us. Although the suspicion was not charitable, the fact was capable of such a reading, and it

increased the dislike. What a leading man of the Missourians urged upon me as an argument for my acceptance was probably more powerful in effecting the choice, that the conditions were such in that Synod, that the admixture of something more of our spirit and manner would be a blessing to them and a benefit to us all.

When Synod met again, in 1880, changes had taken place that suggested other thoughts than those of laying and executing plans for effective cooperation with Missouri. The predestination war had broken out in the Synodical Conference, and although we had not yet taken active part in it, its dark cloud already hung over our Synod. Our President, Prof. Lehmann, was sick and could not be present: indeed it was, humanly speaking, evident that he would never be with us again at our synodical meetings. He sent us a fraternal message, warning us, and entreating us to spend no further time upon the question of a United Seminary and kindred projects, but to devote our entire strength to the fostering of our institutions, although he had said nothing about the Calvinizing error into which Dr. Walther had fallen. But the Vice-President, Prof. Schuette, who took the chair and presented a report in the President's stead, referred to it and pointed out the necessity, on our part, of discussing the subject and declaring our position. My own convictions in regard to the desirability of joining forces with Missouri in educational work had been greatly modified by observing the predestinarian innovations.

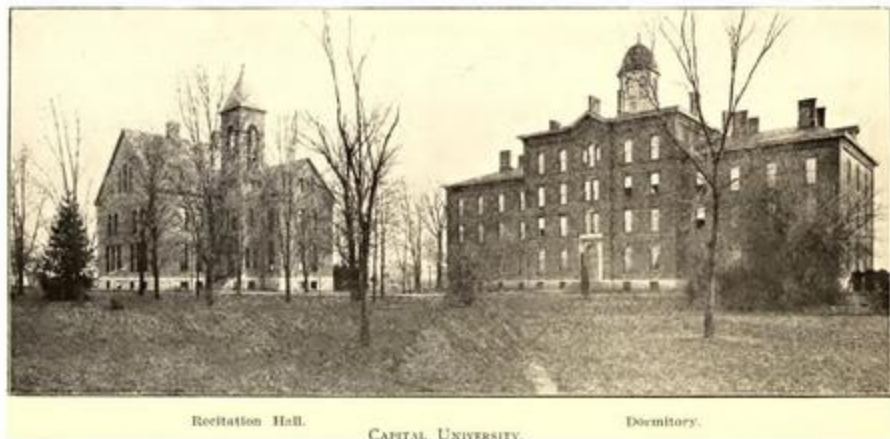
As Prof. Lehmann could not further serve as President, the choice at the election again fell on me. I thought that I had served as long in that capacity as could justly be asked of me, in view of the burden that I was already carrying in the service of the Synod, and declined to accept the office. Efforts to elect another failed, and the scene became so painful to me, that I was finally constrained to yield, and did so with the determination never again to offer such strenuous opposition to the wishes of my brethren and to such pleadings for my poor services. For twelve years more, until the presidency was made a salaried office demanding all the incumbent's time, the election regularly came to me, and I made no resistance, but continued to discharge its duties as if I wanted the position.

When the work of Synod began, the old topic which had engaged so much of our attention and been the subject of so much debate, came up again, notwithstanding the changed conditions and the counsel of our dying

former President. The committee, appointed two years before, had prepared an elaborate report on the plan and management of our future Seminary work. Prof. Lehmann was one of that committee, but he had not signed the document so that it was presented by Prof. Frank and myself as the other two members. I was no longer inclined to urge the matter as formerly, as Missouri's Calvinistic aberrations had thoroughly chilled my zeal in the cause of the Synodical Conference and induced me to concentrate my thought and labor and influence upon our own special field and the provisions made for its cultivation. But the subject was discussed at considerable length and much was said in maintenance of the plan proposed, notwithstanding the new obstacles cast in our way by the new departure of Missouri in the direction of Calvinism. The final decision was that at this time we are not prepared to engage in the establishment of a joint Seminary with another Synod. If I remember rightly, this decision was unanimous; and all were thus enabled, with one accord, to push forward our own special work and provide properly for our own institutions and enterprises, which was done with energy and success.

A few months later our loved and trusted Prof. Lehmann was not, for God took him. In his death I think the Church sustained a greater loss than it knew, although that loss was deeply felt throughout the Ohio Synod. He was a man of sterling worth, the firmness of whose faith and soundness of whose judgment rendered him a tower of strength in the Ohio Synod. He was too busy a man from his youth up to have amassed great learning, and too cautiously slow to be progressively enterprising, but when good plans for the advancement of the cause of the Lutheran Church were proposed and he became convinced of their correctness and feasibility, there was no man among us more willing to labor and suffer, if need be, in their execution. This process of conviction was never rapid, but when the result was once reached it was permanent and unflinching. He was therefore not a leader in the march of progress, but rather a moderator and guide, pointing to paths of safety, and warning against pitfalls. It was my lot often to differ with him, but was always glad to consult his judgment and weigh his reasons, knowing that his cautious eye would be likely to detect a flaw or difficulty that my eagerness to press onward might overlook. And never did our differences disturb our cordially fraternal relations. Usually I had the satisfaction of standing shoulder to shoulder with him in the battles as well as in the labors in which our dear Ohio Synod was engaged. When we

buried him I could as readily have taken my place among the chief mourners as to occupy that of a preacher at the funeral. He was a man of rugged health, and we did not think, neither he nor I, that I, who was always sickly and frail, would be called to officiate at his burial. Just a few weeks before his fatal illness we stood together at the east gate of the college, where we often met and talked over matters of mutual interest, when I remarked that he, though the older man, from all indications to human eyes, promised long to outlive me, who am always ailing, to which he assented, laying stress on the uncertainty of the evidence afforded by human appearances. Before the year was past we saw how little reliance is to be placed on such indications, seeing our times are in God's hands, and in the midst of life we are in death. Nearly twenty-five years have passed since then, and I, not freed from ailments yet, am still waiting for the coming of the Lord to take me home – waiting with an increased sense of loneliness in my pilgrimage since my old friend and colleague in the Seminary is gone.



◇ Capital University. Recitation Hall. Dormitory.

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Prof. Lehmann's death laid new responsibilities upon me. Provisionally, at least, I must take his place. So far as the Seminary was concerned, this was no hardship, except so far as the care for a supply of the immediate

wants of the classes was concerned. To compensate for this care, it left me at the head of the Seminary, and gave me the choice among the branches taught, so that I could henceforth devote myself to systematic theology, which was always my preference. But he had been President of the University, and by his departure that important position was also left vacant. It seemed all around to be regarded as a matter of course that, during the interim at least, I must take the reins. I did so without a murmur. The necessity was evidently upon me. When the Board met I was duly elected to the office. I declined to accept it, believing that more was resting upon me already than a man is ordinarily expected to carry. The Board insisted, and adjourned. Manifestly the duties of the presidency must be performed, and I continued to perform them as well as I could. Time passed on, and the Board was apparently satisfied with the performance, as well without my acceptance of the call as it would have been if I had accepted it. It would appoint nobody else, and I had to serve. Finally I thought it best, for the sake of order and appearance, to accept the name as well as the work, and thus for about ten years I added the presidency of Capital University to my other labors and honors.

Meantime the crisis came in the Synodical Conference. The predestination controversy was raging with ever increasing ardor, and all were pressed to take sides on the burning question. I was editor, and of course, had to speak out. Not that I was disposed rashly to put myself forward. It was long before I admitted what seemed to lie so plainly before the eyes of all who were willing to see. For a long while I thought that there must be some mistake about it. Antecedently it looked improbable to me that such a man as Dr. Walther, with all his wide learning and profound devotion to Lutheran doctrine, would at last be caught in the snare of Calvinism. The confusion apparent in the first presentation of Missourian predestinarianism nourished this thought, and for months I entertained the hope that the mystery would yet be cleared up and Missouri would yet retrieve its honored Lutheran character. But I was disappointed. The Missourians defended their error, and it became ever more evident that their offensive statements were not slips of their tongues and pens, but were the expression of false doctrines which had entered their souls. As soon as I was convinced that they inculcated Calvinistic opinions, I did not hesitate to say so; and I accordingly was one of the first among us to incur their displeasure. The announcement was made that Missourians would not sit in

conference with any who pronounced their doctrine Calvinistic, and that settled the matter for them as regards their future relations to opponents.

In those days our fraternal intercourse with each other had already become so intimate that we united in the meetings of our local conference. Such a meeting of one of our conferences was to be held at Upper Sandusky, and the Missourians in that District, supposing it possible that I might attend, as the town was not far from Columbus, notified the pastor of the place, a member of our Synod, that if I came they could not take part, as I had committed the offence which by Missouri's decree made it unlawful for them to sit in conference with me. Our pastor informed me of this, and in reply to his question I informed him that I was coming. I came, and they came; and as I was the guest of our pastor, in whose house the conference was to convene, I kept my seat when they came, having no thought that courtesy or charity would require me to withdraw, and I was quite sure that faith and conscience made no such requirement. In greeting them personally I tried to be as cordial as ever, and we sat and conversed for a while as usual.

But as the time for a formal opening arrived, the Missourians showed signs of uneasiness. The conversation flagged. They were perplexed. Finally one of the boldest among them spoke out what troubled them – there was a man present who had declared the doctrine of Missouri to be Calvinistic, and they could not sit in Conference with him. As Conference had not yet formally organized, and I had no scruples of conscience in looking at the matter and talking it over with them, I saw no reason why I should retire, and was aware of nothing that would forbid them to retire, if they felt like it. So I kept my seat and made such remarks as the circumstances suggested. It was an amusing situation. The conference became lively, as the subject was interesting to us all; but it was a conference under conditions which, according to the contention of our opponents, rendered a conference impossible. Of course, nothing tending to peace resulted; but this became plain to me, that the Missourians present had not yet digested the new doctrine and therefore came upon difficulties which they saw no way to surmount. As an example I mention that when the question was asked, whether an elect person is necessitated to accept the grace unto salvation when it is offered, the chief speaker of the Missourians

answered in the affirmative, while the President of his District looked at him and sadly shook his head, but said nothing.

The calamitous affair was brought to a decision at an extra session of our Synod held at Wheeling in 1881. The war became so violent that a further cooperation with the Synodical Conference was out of the question. Some of our men had become exceedingly obnoxious to the Missourians, and I was one of them; for I had not only opposed the Calvinistic innovation in the paper which I was editing, but had started a theological bi-monthly magazine with the express purpose of combating the false doctrine. Some of these objectionable men of ours had been chosen to represent the Ohio Synod at the coming meeting of the Synodical Conference, and it might seem as if the proper thing for our Synod to do would be to insist that these delegates should go, and endeavor to maintain the purity of the faith in the general body to which we belonged. That appears right and reasonable, but it overlooks an essential feature in the existing conditions. Missouri had openly declared that such delegates would not be received, and Missouri had the power to enforce its declaration. Aside from all other advantages it had a large majority of votes in the Conference, and could refuse a seat in the Convention to whomever it pleased. Our Synod would have exercised a constitutional right, if it had sent its delegates there, notwithstanding the Missourian attitude towards them; but they would have been powerless even to get a hearing before the convention. Our Synod could have withdrawn the delegates chosen and selected others on whom the ban of Missouri did not lie, as there were many among us who had not yet pronounced the Missouri doctrine a species of Calvinism; but the Ohio Synod was never minded to have others dictate to us who should be chosen to represent us, and the delegates chosen, of whom I was one, were not minded, without an indignant protest, to be rejected by their own brethren at others' tyrannical bidding. Both on account of Missouri's doctrine and conduct it had become evident to our Synod, that our peaceful co-operation with the Synodical Conference was at an end. The Joint Synod therefore defined its position in regard to the doctrine of predestination, continuing to teach what it had always taught, and what the Lutheran Church had with practical unanimity been teaching for centuries, and declaring against the new departure of Missouri which, up to the time of its Calvinistic innovation, had also taught the same doctrine which our old teachers had so clearly set forth and so vigorously and triumphantly defended against the

Calvinists. It then formally withdrew from the Conference, and contended earnestly for the old faith, carrying on a strenuous controversy with its former allies. It has stood firmly in its well-fortified position until this day, and the war against Missourian Calvinism is not yet ended.

A small number of our ministers, mostly such as had come into our Synod from the Missourians and who had the Missourian habit of following Dr. Walther, declined to accept our position and withdrew from us to cast in their lot with the Synodical Conference. It is a remarkable fact that the men who had been called from the Missouri Synod to congregations of our Synod during the time of our fraternal relations and consequently of pastoral interchanges, were all inclined to go with Missouri when the conflict came, concluding a priori that Dr. Walther must be right, though no conclusive proof could be furnished that he had not erred in fact on the subject in controversy. In my conversations in private with some of the most intelligent of these men the outcome usually was that they agreed with me as regards the substance of the doctrine, but assumed that I misunderstood the Missourian contention, although none of them could render me the service of showing wherein I misunderstood them or of explaining what the words which I quoted could mean other than they said and I understood them to say.

The predestinarian controversy with its consequences exercised a potent influence in the subsequent development of our Synod. Those who had come to us from Missouri in times of peace returned thither when the war began, and a few Ohioans went with them. So far as I can recollect, not one of the former remained with us and took up arms against the erring body to which they had formerly owed allegiance. That was a loss which we could not prevent. Even the man who had been called from Missouri to a professorship in our college and who seemed loyally devoted to our work and our interests, showed some restlessness when our attacks on Missouri became severe. Prof. Frank had even been unwisely advanced to a chair in our Seminary, though he had scarcely been acclimated among us. In one of the last interviews I had with him I was convinced, that in all positive statements he was in substantial harmony with us, but that in our negation of the Missourian contentions he did not join us so heartily. He was called to a pastorate in the Missouri Synod, and I think was glad to get away from a position that was not pleasant to him, and we had no reason to do

anything that would make the change difficult. So in the new alignment we even lost one of our Professors. But on the other side our gain was great. A goodly number of Missourians, among whom were several of the ablest men among them, lifted up their voices like a trumpet against the Calvinizing innovation, and failing to effect any change for the better in the Synodical Conference, which was dominated by the master mind that introduced the error, left their former association and joined forces with us. Our cause prospered and our strength increased. Proper provision was made to supply the new demands made upon us by our growing field and widening opportunities. We were thoroughly united in purpose and aim, and in devising plans and executing them there were no discordant elements to retard the work. Better provision was made for cultivating our constantly widening missionary field; a Practical Seminary for the more rapid preparation of men to occupy the field was established; our School Teachers' Seminary was put into a more effective condition; our publication business was enlarged; due attention was given to institutions of mercy for the care of the needy and suffering; in every way our Synod was inspired with new zeal and energy to do the Lord's work, now that we were confined to our own resources and felt the whole weight of the responsibility resting upon us to develop them according to the ability that God had given us. It was a privilege and a delight to be permitted to labor in the great cause of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the Ohio Synod now that she had reached a deeper consciousness of her precious heritage, and all were of one heart and one soul in this appreciation, and therefore had a mind to work with their might. The building up of the Church on the sure foundation which had been reached has been a pleasure, and God's blessing has given it success.

Among those who came to us from Missouri was Prof. F. W. Stellhorn, whose great gifts have been unvariedly devoted to the work of the Synod as theological professor since 1881. Though he was not the immediate successor of our lamented Prof. Lehmann, who died in 1880, he more than filled the place left vacant among us, his many-sidedness and his willingness to help in every field of endeavor rendering him an invaluable acquisition. To me it has been a constant pleasure, in the more than twenty years during which we labored side by side, to observe his readiness to take hold wherever help was needed, and the skill with which his helping hand would push the work along, without a murmur about the hardship or the

least complaint of weariness. He is still at work, and I have become old and worn by sickness; but it is still a joy to me that he is with us and that we can occasionally talk together of the things that God has done and is still doing for us, and of the things He desires us to do for the glory of His great name. With him at the head of a devoted and faithful Faculty, our Seminary was never more efficient.

In 1890 I had been twenty-five years Professor in our Seminary, and I experienced a slight disappointment when March came, in which month I began my work in the year 1865. One of my colleagues in the College had been kindly remembered by his friends of the Faculty and by the Board on his twenty-fifth anniversary, and I expected at least congratulations from my brethren when I had completed a quarter of a century's labor in our College and Seminary. Commencement day came and passed, and still nothing was said or done. I therefore concluded that my surmise was incorrect, and that my friends were not aware of the date of my anniversary. So the matter passed out of my mind.

In the fall of that year our Joint Synod met in Columbus, and on Sunday morning an appointment was made for the afternoon which seemed to me to be worded somewhat peculiarly, but suggested nothing more to me than an afternoon service. As the work of Synod always wearied me, I concluded not to attend the services in the afternoon. After our noonday meal my guests and I seated ourselves on the lawn, as the weather was warm, and engaged in conversation. While sitting there, enjoying the balmy air and the social converse, several good friends joined the company; and as I thought that they, like myself, had decided to absent themselves from church and spend the afternoon with me, I welcomed them and proceeded to arrange seats for their comfort. But they stopped my proceedings and informed me that they had made other arrangements, and desired me to accompany them in the carriage waiting at the gate. Putting on my coat, which I had laid off, I went with them and was driven to church, which was beautifully decorated, and crowded to overflowing. It seemed strange to me that elaborate preparations should have been made for the celebration of some high festival and I, who was President of the Synod, should know nothing about it; and it was not until I was with unaccustomed ceremony conducted to a conspicuous seat of honor, that it began to dawn on me that I was meant to play a prominent part in the celebration. Naturally it revived the thought

of the twenty-fifth anniversary of my professorship, which with a little disappointment I had thought to be overlooked, but which in my brightest dreams I had never supposed capable of leading to pomp and ceremony like this. But it was all designed, as a few moments after my entrance was made quite plain, in recognition of my services in the Lord's work, and in praise of Him who called me and employed me and blessed me in these services and through them blessed our Synod. The surprise was perfect. Not even the few unusual movements I observed in the days preceding the festival aroused the least suspicion that anything was going on that especially concerned me. Accordingly I was absolutely unprepared for any active part that I may have been expected to take in the program, and probably the words which I was able to summon for the expression of my feelings did me poor service amid the honors which kind friends were laying on me in such profusion. But any words would have been inadequate, and perhaps my spontaneous utterances showed what was in my heart better than studied speech could have done. I was gratified that the address delivered gave all the glory to God, and contained no fulsome adulation of the servant through whose instrumentality He wrought. The principle maintained throughout was that honor should be given to whom honor is due, but to God all the glory. I was not indifferent to my brethren's kindly recognition of my services, nor did I pretend to be; on the contrary, I appreciated it highly, and was cheered by it, and thanked God and took courage. But I think I bore my honors meekly. It was one of the great events in my life, which led, so far as the effect became apparent to me in my consciousness, to no overweening conceit of myself or of my importance in the work of our Church. But it did impress on my heart the goodness of God in giving such a joy to poor sinners like me, who are honored when He employs them in His service at all, and whose sin so often blemishes the service, and the kindness of my fellow-laborers, who, notwithstanding the faults and shortcomings of their companion in labor and tribulation, are ready to cheer him by recognizing the sincerity of his efforts to promote the cause of the gospel and the blessing with which the Lord has crowned these efforts.

The joy that was given me on that notable day was not confined to the few hours devoted to the grand celebration. Besides the service of song and the edifying sermons, munificent gifts from Synod, Board, Faculty and students were presented, those from the students of College and Seminary not being least in my appreciation. Among these gifts there was a purse of

money large enough to pay the expenses of a more extensive trip than I had ever been able to make, and a four months' vacation to afford the time for it. I was made a rich man that day, as I counted riches; for time and money was given me to travel to my heart's content. Accordingly, when the spring-time came my wife and I flitted away, westward-ho! as free as the birds of the air, visiting some friends in Chicago, to begin with, and taking a look at the sights, in that windy city; then to Kansas City; then to Denver; and then to Manitou and Pike's Peak and the Garden of the Gods. Our first long stay was at Manitou, where wonders of the world are piled together in stupendous fashion, and where the longer we stayed the greater nature's attractions became. But we had not gone there to stay, so we broke away and crossed the Rocky Mountains, and exulted in the amazing peaks and canons in our rapid transit to Salt Lake and the Mormon City, seeing and hearing there all we wanted to see and hear, although spending only four days there of the week which I supposed it would require to satisfy our curiosity. Then the long trip through desert and over mountains to San Francisco, where a week was quite enough to satisfy us. Then along the Shasta route with its marvelous scenery and feats of engineering to Portland and Tacoma, spending more than a month at the latter city with daily trips about the Sound, to neighboring towns and cities. Then, as the month had been rolling rapidly by, to Spokane and, over the Rockies again homeward, to St. Paul; then to Chicago, making but short stops along the route, to Columbus, where we are stopping still. My time was nearly up, and my purse was running low, and it was highly proper to think of going to work again. All was well at home, and I was refreshed by the long journey and rest from my usual occupation, so that I was in excellent condition to resume my duties with new energy and zeal, the cheer which had been given me in my public celebration being a constant additional incentive to work with all my strength.

The Synod in which my whole active life has been spent not only on this anniversary occasion dealt kindly with me, but has always treated me generously. It has been several times mentioned that my health, from the time when I entered the ministry, has never been good, though I was rarely unable to attend to my duties. Once, when it was no doubt apparent that for weeks and even months I was doing this with great difficulty, though I made no complaint and asked no relief, the Board of our Institutions passed the singular resolution, that I should absent myself from Columbus for three

months, going where I pleased, but promising, whithersoever I might go, not to preach during that period. I understood the import of the banishment from home and the one restriction that was placed on my liberty of action. No doubt my friends feared that I would break down if complete rest were not secured, and saw that if I remained in the city, I could not escape all work, even if I suspended all my recitations, and that if I sought rest and recreation among my ministerial brethren, they would be sure to ask me to preach at least on Sundays, and that I would be sure to do it, if there were strength enough left to ascend the pulpit. So I complied with the resolution, roamed about the land, mostly in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, taking life easy, and coming home weighing 156 pounds, the highest that I had ever attained. When I reached my 70th birthday in 1898, a banquet was prepared in my honor with the same secrecy that had characterized my jubilee anniversary, a secrecy that was observed even to the extent of taking me in charge when I was on the way to my class-room. It was in all respects a delightful surprise, and the birthday celebration was surpassed only by the larger and more richly decorated festival commemorating my quarter of a century's service as Professor, while in generous appreciation of my work and in my delight, especially now that I had grown old, in my brethren's expression of such appreciation, it was not surpassed. On many occasions before and since my friends, including the students, kindly remembered the recurrence of my birthday, and beautified it with music and flowers.

Many as had been the celebrations in commemoration of events in my life, I had never had any share in originating them, and nearly always were they complete surprises. But when the fiftieth anniversary of our marriage was approaching in 1903, I did, for this once, as I had not done when the fiftieth anniversary of my ministry occurred in 1899, seriously think of preparing a wedding feast at our home and of inviting a number of guests to celebrate the golden wedding with us. I called a family council on the subject, and the decision was virtually unanimous against it. The ground of this was not a disinclination to engage in such commemorations, but the conviction that such a golden wedding could not be celebrated without having some wedding presents brought, notwithstanding all that could be done to effect their omission, and that if we did succeed in eliminating them, the feeling would exist in some of the guests that some presents would have been eminently proper, and that we, my wife and I, would be

disappointed after all when our wishes were respected and the customary gifts were omitted. So I abandoned the project and confined the celebration to our own immediate family, as had been customary with us on less notable occasions. But even then my friends would not refrain from manifesting their kindly interest in me, but gathered a goodly sum of gold and sent it to me with flowers, so that it was a golden wedding indeed, and all our anxiety and seeming success to keep away the gold was a pleasant failure. The kindness was deeply appreciated all the same, and plenty of use could be found for the beautiful gold coins. And one instance more of my brethren's unvarying kindness to me must be mentioned, as the crowning manifestation of their generous concern for my welfare. When the affliction came that disabled me quite, leaving little hope that I could ever be of much or of any further service, the Synod resolved that my salary should continue just as if I were performing the usual duties of my professorship, thus relieving me of all cares respecting my own and my family's daily bread, which God has always bountifully supplied, and which He continues to supply just as bountifully now, when the ordinary conditions of the supply, through the labor connected with our calling, it is no longer in my power to fulfill. Thanks be to God, who is so good to me and has put it into the hearts of my brethren to be so good to me!

Rejoicing in the gracious promises of God, and encouraged by the visible manifestations of His favor, by which I was so often sustained in my weakness, I endeavored to give myself wholly to the work of my calling. But while this implied diligence in all the duties of my professorship, it did not in my judgment, at least not in the circumstances in which my vocation placed me, exclude my participation in the other needs and enterprises of Synod looking to the same end. My duties as President of Synod and as editor, and my co-operation with others on various synodical committees, were not regarded as conflicting with my fidelity as Professor, as the work of all was done to promote the same general cause. I could never think that those were in the right who, in the situation of our Synod, with its lack of men and money for needful undertakings, declined to accept any additional tasks, on the plea that their proper office gave them enough to do; and I did not feel good over it, when my entreaty for help in our emergency was met by the seemingly unconcerned remark, that it would make an addition to the work that was already enough. As I looked at our pressing needs, love should prompt all to lay hold and give a lift when the hands were lacking to

push along an important undertaking, not that any one's proper duties should be neglected or slighted, but that the labor of love should be done in addition. When a man works eight or ten hours a day in his calling, he may no doubt rightfully claim that he is doing all that should be required of him; but when difficulties arise and embarrassments come and disaster or defeat threatens, he may work twelve or fifteen hours until the calamity be overpast. Why not, if in the depth of his soul he sees the need of it to promote a cause that is dear to him as the apple of his eye? Actuated by such thoughts, I found time to use voice and pen in large measure for the furtherance of the cause in which I was enlisted for life, preaching and making addresses with frequency, writing articles, and even publishing books, without neglecting, so far as I knew, any duties of my proper office, or rendering my ministrations unsatisfactory to those who called me or those who heard me in the lecture room. Very likely I could have done better work as Professor, if I could have devoted my whole working time and strength to the one task of teaching, but the circumstances in which I was called to labor were not such as to make this practicable; and as I look back now upon the manifold employment of my energies, I have no regrets on that account; and I am quite sure that God has crowned my life and work with His blessing, as He has crowned it with His goodness.

9. Author

WRITING BOOKS was never part of the duties laid upon me by my vocation. I was, indeed, made a Doctor of Divinity, and felt encouraged by the honorary degree, especially as it was conferred without any solicitations known to me, by a college of high repute in whose interest I was not laboring; but I had written books before this honor came to me and, as the title is now understood, it conferred no rights and no duties that I did not before possess. Authorship was merely one of my labors of love as much as any other work done without express obligation and without special compensation.

It may imply a high estimate of one's own abilities to be induced to write and publish books. Certainly a man who is convinced that he has nothing of any value to communicate will not be likely, unless some unworthy motive impels him, to undertake the task of writing and the worry of publishing them. But it does not follow that authors become such only by over-estimating their own acquirements and powers. Circumstances often lead modest men to authorship, and the instances are not rare in which Christians have so underrated their abilities, that friends had a difficult task in hand when they undertook to constrain them to render service with the pen. In many instances the sin of omission, when one has the power to give the public what it needs, and from professed motives of modesty refuses to do it, is manifest. Perhaps this is as frequent as the sin of commission in the matter of writing books. I am sure that I did not rush into authorship blindly. It was always in pursuance of the same purpose which actuated me in the rest of my work, and without interference with my proper calling.

My first book had a peculiar history. It is the earliest of my published writings, but in publication it is not my first book at all. The first intimation that I had of its existence as a printed volume was when, at a meeting of our Joint Synod, a beautiful book in morocco binding and gilt edges, was

handed me with congratulations. On its side it bore, in letters of gold, the inscription: "Presented to Rev. Prof. M. Loy, D. D., on the 25th anniversary of his editorship, 1890." Following the title page is a dedicatory address to me, which offers the requisite explanation in regard to the contents. It says: "By authority and in the name of the Publication Board of the Joint Synod of Ohio, the undersigned committee would hereby dedicate this volume to you as a jubilee gift. You have been favored by the Head of the Church with the grace of serving Him as a teacher of His truth faithfully, for twenty-five years. The Lord's blessing has rested abundantly on your work as a professor at Capital University and editor of the *Lutheran Standard* and other publications. Especially would the Publication Board acknowledge the services you have rendered the Lutheran Church by your articles on the subject of Christian Prayer, found in the volumes of the Standard. These have been collected, to be preserved and put into the hands of the Church anew as a precious treasure. It is hereby presented to you as a token of esteem and gratitude, and may the Lord reward your work."

The collected articles, which form a neat octavo volume and made a beautiful and highly appreciated jubilee gift, in kindly recognition of twenty-five years of service as editor, were written long before, most of them, indeed, before my editorial career began. It was my custom, when I was pastor at Delaware, to spend the first half of the day in my study, attending to outdoor work in the afternoons, so far as this was under my control. This enabled me to do some reading and thinking and writing beyond the immediate requirements of my public ministrations. Sometimes I departed from the custom of using the lessons of the Church Year and preached a series of sermons on free texts, as I thought the wants of my congregation required. Thus at one time I tried to make our people better acquainted with the Church by explaining the Augsburg Confession article by article, selecting the texts to suit the subject thus previously given to my hand. I remembered that it was not unusual in our Church to preach sermons on the Catechism, and I saw the need of such a practice. At one time, when I had chosen the Lord's Prayer for a series of sermons, the thought occurred to me that such an exposition as I designed to give might be beneficial to others, as well as to the members of my own congregation, and that if my sermons were carefully prepared they might later be printed. I accordingly wrote out the discourses in full, though I delivered them without the manuscript. When the series was completed I was so well

satisfied with the work that I suggested my plan of publishing it to my first pastor, Dr. C. W. Schaeffer, who approved it and encouraged me to go on, although, as I did not send him the manuscript, he could pass no judgment on the contents. But for various reasons I did not execute my plan, lack of money being perhaps as large a factor in the account as lack of ambition to become an author at so early a stage of my life. But the discourses were preserved in my desk, and later, when I had become editor of our paper and I was pressed for time to write the articles needed, I found it very convenient to draw on some of my earlier work. Thus in the course of years the sermons became articles for the *Standard*, and my friends collected them and made this nice book and beautiful present of them. In publication it is one of my more recent works, in authorship it was my first.

The earliest book that bears my name on the title page is the small *Life of Luther* published by Rev. J. A. Schulze, in 1869. But I was only the translator, the author, Rev. H. Fick, having written it in German. I liked the little volume and expected to do the Church good service by giving it to the readers of the *Standard* in English. It was accordingly published in that paper, and afterwards issued in book form by Bro. Schulze, who held the copyright. So far as I know it is still in the book market, and it is worthy of retaining its place. About the same period I also translated for him Dietrich's *Catechism* into English and edited a translation of Luther's *House-Postil*, both of which he published. He was as eager as myself to furnish good Lutheran literature for English readers, and his zeal and sacrifice in this direction are worthy of all commendation.

I still remember with delight the summer vacation of 1868, the spare time of which was spent in writing my little book on "The Doctrine of Justification." The theme was one of which I never grew weary. It was a pleasure to me to preach and to write on the subject, and frequently as I did this I never had the feeling that it was becoming threadbare, or that people were becoming weary of it. I do not believe that they were. All my experience confirmed my conviction, that the people who regularly go to church like to hear the Gospel, and that attentive readers of church papers like to read articles showing the way of salvation. I therefore had no fears that justification by faith is too trite and hackneyed a subject to interest readers of books, and that writing on it would be labor in vain. I was sure that further study of it and meditation on it would be profitable to those who

were willing to read, and I was confident that some good could be done by writing my book, especially as I wanted the material for the Standard. So in the long vacation, when I was free from my usual class work, I formed my plan and proceeded to develop it, and the longer I wrote the more the subject delighted me. It was a labor of love throughout, edifying to myself, as my heart brooded over the unsearchable riches of Christ and rejoiced in the prospect of communicating to others some of the blessedness which I felt in contemplating the wonders of divine grace. The book was published in due time, and I was not disappointed in my belief that it would find readers. The first edition was sold out in a few years, and so scarce did the volume become that I had some difficulty, when later I desired to refer to it, to secure a copy for myself. After being long out of print, a second edition was published by the Lutheran Book Concern in 1882. It has since been contributing its modest share towards making the great truth of which it treats more clear and more dear to Christian people.

Earlier in the writing, but a year later in the publication, was my “Essay on the Ministerial Office: an Exposition of the Scriptural Doctrine as Taught in the Evangelical Lutheran Church.” It was the only book I ever published at my own risk, or in which I had any pecuniary interest. My part in the other volumes bearing my name consisted merely in furnishing the manuscript, while the whole business of publishing was committed to other hands. “The Essay” bears the imprint of Schulze & Gassman, Columbus, Ohio, 1870, but in this case they were only the printers for the author, who was pecuniarily as well as otherwise responsible for the publication. I never pursued authorship as a business; it was always incidental to the work in which I was engaged and made tributary to that. I therefore never held a copyright to any of my books, and never asked or desired any share in the profits that might accrue. My interest in the Book Concern which I helped to establish, was wholly in the service which it could render the Church, and if any profits should arise from the publication of my books, which in every case had an object higher than that of making money, it seemed to me right and proper that these should be applied to the furtherance of the sacred and beneficial cause in which the Church is engaged, and which I as a servant of the Church was glad to promote. But in regard to the book on the Ministerial Office circumstances induced me to pursue a different course. The matter of which it treats was largely in controversy in our Synod when the work was written, and that controversy was not yet entirely settled when

the volume was published, although the bitterness of the struggle was past. I desired to be alone held responsible for the doctrine taught and for its dissemination in our Synod. It was therefore published at my own charges, and without fear that the venture would plunge me into bankruptcy. The book had paid its own expenses when I gave the remaining copies over to the Book Concern, and I made no further inquiries about them. Years ago I was informed that the edition was entirely sold out, and that it was desired to publish a new edition. I was willing that this should be done, but did not urge it, and a new edition has not been published. The volume, which is no longer in the market, was in substance a republication of a series of articles prepared while I was pastor at Delaware, during the time when the question of the Church and Ministry was the burning one in our Synod. These articles were published in the *Evangelical Review*, which was then the only periodical in the Lutheran Church of this country devoted to theological studies and discussions. I was then an occasional contributor to this theological quarterly, and the interest I felt in the controversy which was raging within our own bounds and in its outcome, rendered this a theme on which I was glad to make public my convictions and my reasons for entertaining them. The subject was still one of general interest among us after my removal to Columbus, and the same zeal which inspired me to write the essay moved me later to publish it in book form. The preface closes with these words: "The author would not pretend indifference to the success of the volume here offered to the Christian public. The truth which it sets forth, whatever may be the imperfections of the manner in which it is exhibited, he regards as of first importance in the development of a true Church life and of a proper activity in the Christian work; and he commits the book to the public with the earnest desire, that it may contribute something towards elucidating that truth and rendering it a power in human hearts." I have reason to believe that it was not without influence in our Church's victory over hierarchical tendencies, especially in our own Synod.

The large volume of Sermons on the Gospels, published in 1888, was in part at least, as in the case of my other books, a further utilization of materials which had already served the purpose for which they were written. An extract from the preface will tell the reader what I desire to say about the book. "For years the want of a collection of sermons in the English language, similar to the Postils in extensive use for edification in our German churches, has been deeply felt, and the writer has been

repeatedly requested to contribute something towards supplying that want. Believing that in a matter of this kind the judgment of others should not be disregarded, he has at last yielded to these solicitations and furnished the manuscript of the sermons forming this volume. For offering them to the public the Board of Publication of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Ohio is responsible. The author's reluctance and hesitancy in rendering this service was due in part to other causes than those of questionings and misgivings relative to his ability to meet the want, grave as such considerations are. He has had special reasons for tardy compliance. Leading a busy life and burdened with manifold official duties, he has during the last twenty-five years rarely been able to write out the sermons which he preached. The manuscript on hand, from which to make selections, was therefore not ample, and only a short time since was he so far relieved from other labors as to afford him an opportunity to supply what seemed to him necessary. Moreover, it is many years since he was pastor of a congregation and had that daily converse with the people which is so effective in suggesting and shaping sermons for the times. Under such circumstances he feared that it might even seem presumptuous in one, whose principal calling for a long period has not been that of a pastor, to undertake such a task. But there is something to be said by way of apology. Prior to his call to educational work the writer was for sixteen years engaged in the active duties of the ministry, and the Lord blessed his labor. To this he may add, that although for nearly a quarter of a century his work has been in another sphere than that of the pastorate, he has never ceased to be a preacher of the everlasting gospel. During not a few of those years there was scarcely a Sunday on which he did not occupy the pulpit, while frequently on other days he had occasion to preach Christ to the people. Perhaps these considerations will serve to shield him from the charge of presuming too much when, in his earnest desire to serve the Master to the full extent of his ability, he consents to the publication of these sermons." I was not mistaken in my judgment as to the need of such a work, and was never accused of presumptuousness in my consenting to assist in supplying it. The book has rendered good service and is rendering it still.

In two other instances I was not in so favorable a condition to comply with the wishes of our Publication Board, though I was in complete agreement with my brethren in regard to the Church's need of the books which they desired me to write. I could not command the necessary time for

the work, strong as my inclinations were to undertake it. One of these books has since been prepared by other parties, and the want has accordingly been supplied; the other is still needed, but it is probably now too late for me to think of doing the work, much as I still wish it were done.

If I remember rightly the volume on the "Christian Church," published in 1896, is the only one of my books which was not written at the solicitation of others, or did not result from work done independently of the publication. This book was written with a view of issuing it to the public as a complete volume, the contents of which had not been before published in a different form. The fact of writing it while I was urged to write on other subjects, the importance of which I fully recognized, indicates how profoundly I felt the need of treating the subject chosen. The preface frankly states the attitude of my mind.

"Simply because the writer thought that he could render some service to the Church which he loves did he undertake to write and does he now presume to publish this book. The subject is one which he believes that it would be profitable for all Christian people to understand, and he has therefore, in setting it forth, endeavored to meet the wants not only of the ministry, but of all who are concerned about the work and welfare of the Holy Christian Church, the Communion of Saints. Whether he thought rightly, and whether his endeavors have been successful, must needs be submitted to the judgment of the reader." My convictions relative to the importance of the subject presented and the need of understanding it, both for theological and practical purposes, have remained the same, and I am therefore still glad that the book was written and published, and that it is still offered by our Book Concern to all who desire to buy it and read it. Much evil results from the erroneous views prevalent on the subject, many of which are essentially Romish, though entertained and propagated by churches and parties that make a special boast of their stern Protestantism and utter freedom from all taint of popery. So great is the ignorance, or so superficial the opinions, in vogue on the subject among some Christians that the fundamental error of Rome in regard to the Church is accepted as the rule by which all churches are judged, notwithstanding their apparently sincere condemnation of Romanism as an Anti-Christian usurpation. Observation of current thought and methods has convinced the writer that other principles than those which won the victories of early Christianity and

of original Protestantism have crept into the Church, and have darkened counsel in regard to her nature and design and power and duty. They have even become influential enough to disqualify many a Christian for forming a sound judgment respecting her doctrine and her practice, and to render many a teacher an unsafe guide. Error is always perilous, and those who tell us to give earnest heed to the work and never mind the contentions about creed, are not the men whose advice commends them to the confidence of thoughtful children of God, or manifests any qualification for leadership in the war which the kingdom of Christ is waging against the kingdom of darkness, with all its lying wonders and deceivableness of unrighteousness." It was a sincere labor of love that I engaged in when I wrote my book on the Church, and all my reward was in the service which I designed to render and think I did render my brethren in Christ.

It is needless, in this review of my work as author, to mention the numerous pamphlets bearing my name. Some of them are carefully prepared essays of considerable length, but none of them, so far as I remember, was originally written for separate publication. Mostly they are articles from periodicals which friends thought it desirable to have reprinted for wider circulation. My share in such publication usually consisted only in giving my consent that it should be done. Ever since I became a member of the Synod I have also been a member of various committees appointed to compile and edit the books needed for the services of the Church, and thus had part in the preparation of the Hymn Books, Liturgies and Catechisms in use among us, both in German and English. While my work in this respect added little to my authorship, it did, like much of my literary labor in preparing reports for Synod, and meeting similar demands upon my time, contribute not a little towards making mine the busy life that it was. With voice and pen, with heart and hand, I strove to be diligent in the good Master's business, who saved me with so great a salvation and deigned to use me now to spread His praise abroad.

10. Emeritus

TOWARDS THE END of May, 1902, I returned from my class work in an agony of pain, that made it a marvel how I could reach my home without assistance. A physician was called, to whom I described as well as I could the pangs in my breast, extending up into the throat and out into the left shoulder. He feared it was angina pectoris, and prescribed for this somewhat rare disease, but called another physician in consultation, and afterwards a third, the decision being in each case the same. Day after day and night after night, for months, the pangs continued, sometimes as many as ten paroxysms in a day, and threatening death, but each passing away and an interval of comparative ease intervening, save for anxiety about the next. This time of suffering was a time of nearness to God, who is a very present help in trouble. I knew, and know, that my Redeemer lives, and though nature shrinks from dying, I had nothing to fear and feared nothing in regard to the future world, but rather thought with gladness of the Father's house with its many mansions, whither my Savior had gone to prepare a place also for me. It was only the pain that was dreadful, and that would be no more when this earthly life, bearing the consequences of sin and the seeds of death, should cease. I saw the Lord's goodness, which during my whole life was shown me beyond all I could think, even in my distressed condition, weaning me from all things earthy and presenting the wonderful salvation of sinners through the blood of the Lamb as blissful reality beyond all compare. It was a great blessing that my mind remained unclouded, and that I could read and meditate, in the intervals of freedom from heart-pangs, as well as my eyes and heart were ever capable of doing; and when seasons of despondency came, as they often did, they never shook my faith in the truth revealed in the gospel or my own assurance of salvation through the boundless grace of God in Christ. As time wore on the pangs became less frequent, and now I have had none of those dreadful paroxysms for more than a year, though still required to avoid all physical

exertion and mental excitement and take my medicines regularly, lest the disease break out anew. So I am now enjoying comparative ease and comfort. Synod having made me Professor emeritus with all the rights and emoluments of my office as before my disablement, with the large liberty of doing what and as I think best.

Of course I try to do something still, however little it may now be, in the cause to which my life has been devoted. Age is having its effect upon me as well as disease, but my senses are all sound, and my intellect is still active, so that I at least try to contribute the mite my condition permits to the work of the Church I love. I am aware that this contribution is not of large importance, but I have learned that every little is a help, and that many littles may aggregate much. Accordingly, while heeding the medical admonition to refrain from any great exertion, physical or mental, I use my pen and voice with prudent care, but still so that occasionally an article for one or the other of our periodicals, and in some instances a talk to the students, has resulted. It could not be reasonable to put such a strict construction on the admonition of my physician as to make it equivalent to a prohibition of all action in body or mind. I cannot sleep all the time, nor can I sit or lie still all the time. I have written a goodly number of papers both in English and in German during this period of enforced inactivity as professor emeritus, and I flatter myself that some good has been done by their publication, without any manifest harm to myself. In using my voice I have been less successful. That organ has suffered severely, and its weakness renders speaking with sufficient force to be distinctly heard in public too much of a strain upon me to be safe. I have therefore made no attempt to preach, and the lectures which I had planned last autumn were abandoned after the six or eight which completed the first series. My experience was such that I have not since had the courage to undertake the second course, which had been projected. For needful physical exercise in the open air my situation affords me ample opportunity. When I became able to go out a block or two from my house, I took little walks around the square, and my wife accompanied me when I ventured farther away. Once or twice I consented to take rides on the motor lines. But all these plans proved disappointments, no doubt largely owing to the timidity which disease and doctors had inspired. My rheumatic ailment subjected me to pains in riding and my strength failed in walking. I was therefore uncomfortable when I ventured a little distance from home. When the

spring came the remedy was found. My old love of gardening returned with renewed energy, and my dear home furnished the opportunity to gratify it. My garden is my delight. All the physical exercise of which I am capable can be taken there with pleasure, and the conditions are such that I can move about or rest at will, working or stopping work as judgment dictates. My decision therefore is to stay at home, where the goodness of God has supplied me with all that is requisite, without subjecting me to unnecessary pains and discomforts in the quest of health. I am thus using the discretionary power which was given me in regard to work, and have no plans for the future, except the general one of continuing to serve God as I shall be able in the little time yet allotted me.

In these days of ample leisure it is natural that my thoughts should often revert to scenes and experiences of the past, and this will, at least in part, account for writing this story of my life in which I am here engaged, and which I probably never could have been induced to undertake while health and strength lasted for more important work. I look back now, as a sinner saved by grace, over a busy life which brought me into frequent conflicts not only with men whose whole view of God and man was fundamentally different from mine, and who were enemies of the cross of Christ, through which alone human souls could or can be rescued from the impending doom, but also with men who like myself professed to be Christians, but between whom and me there were confessional differences. At least some of these were not of a character that would necessitate the belief that they would prevent our ever meeting together in our Father's house to praise eternally that grace which has, in the Lamb of God, prepared equal salvation for all poor sinners. In the broader and intenser light that has come to me through many years of study and experience, all solemnized now by the near prospect of death and after death the judgment, would not my position and course be different, if I had my life to live over again? My answer must be an emphatic No! I think I would and could do some things better, but that I loved the Ev. Lutheran Church and spent my strength in her service – for this I have no regrets. The same faith that sustained me and cheered me in the labors and battles and sufferings of a long life, animates me still as the end approaches and the evening time brings the promised light.

I was always sensitive about the oft-repeated charge, that the Lutheran faith, when it exerted its native power in the soul and produced its proper results in the thinking and practice of men, rendered them self-conceited and bigoted, unloving and exclusive. Such reproaches grieved me, not because I recognized some bitter truth in the charge, but because they not only betrayed an ignorance that disqualified the accuser for any judgment in the matter, but involved a wanton assault upon the personal character of the accused. It was painful to me, when I was conscious of desiring to maintain the truth for the glory of our Lord and for the good of the souls that He bought with a price, to have my motives impeached and my honest purpose of love represented as the outgrowth of selfishness and malice. Such slanderous imputations it is difficult to bear without resentment, and all the more so when the wanton accusers cannot justly be regarded as willful enemies of Christ and His Church, but may, notwithstanding the grievous sin and gross wrong which they commit yet be Christians who, on account of their ignorance and the wantonness of their flesh, are carried to lengths of hostility towards others which their better self, if it had a chance, would undoubtedly condemn. They are wrongs which must be borne, and the grace of God is sufficient also for such endurance; but these people are hard to handle, because under the blinding power of the flesh they impute to us the sin which obscures their own vision. When liberalists and indifferentists and unionists insist that our whole Lutheran contention is the outcome of an ungodly overestimation of our own intellectual powers, and of a carnal hatred of others which leaves no room for Christian charity towards them, a wall of separation of another sort is erected between us and them, which, superadded to their false doctrine forming the original trouble, makes it peculiarly difficult to get along with them. I tried to have all patience with the erring, but when opponents pronounced me a bad man because I insisted on the truth which our Church confesses, and declared that there could be no Christian love in my heart as long as I persisted in such Lutheran faith and practice, it required more than ordinary care not to say some unduly severe things in applying the law to such presumptuous judging of our hearts.

Many of the controversies in which it was my lot to engage, notably those with the General Synod and the General Council, centered in differences in regard to the doctrine of the Church and the right appreciation of the Church of the Reformation. In these cases we all bore the Lutheran

name, but the difference was not the less great on that account. It is still a wonder to me, how our contention could be thought so trivial by intelligent men and be treated by some of them as a mere manifestation of bad temper and an outbreak of personal piques. I entertain the same convictions today as I did then, and regret that the General Synod and General Council has not yet learned to appreciate our Ohio position, but continue in a course that makes the continuance of the warfare against them a work of faith that we are not at liberty to relinquish. There were some points which I considered essential not only for the prosperity, but even for the very existence of the Lutheran Church, and my regret is not that I contended earnestly for them as I do still, but that our opponents, whether ignorantly or otherwise, mystified and obscured them by the introduction of irrelevant topics, and thus prevented the proper appreciation of the questions at issue. What made me a Christian made me a Lutheran, and what made me a Lutheran made me a determined foe of all liberalism and unionism that, whether consciously and intentionally or not, operates to the undermining of the Lutheran Church, to the shameful disparagement of the great Reformation, and ultimately to the attempted overthrow of the Christian Church against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail.

The Church was and is an article of my faith, and this placed me in unavoidable opposition to all human devices and schemes for building up churches on human foundations and by human means, and to substituting human opinions for the Word of God, thus supplanting by human merit the one foundation which God has laid and which seems so inadequate in the eyes of human wisdom. Men who had a reputation for ability and piety would persist in trying to shame me and silence me by referring to the acknowledged fact, that there are Christians in other churches as well as in the Lutheran, and that it does not beseem Lutherans of proper Christian humility and modesty to claim so much for their church to the disparagement of others, especially as such claim implies that these others are not Christian churches at all, and that their members cannot be recognized as Christians. The argument is specious and well calculated to drive modest Lutherans from the field, as it certainly would if they had no faith. I am glad that the Lord who redeemed me and called me by the gospel to the glorious inheritance of God's children gave me this grace also, that I would not be frightened and could bear some contumely in a cause so precious. The thought was not entertained for a moment that I was the equal

of my opponents in learning or holiness, much less their superior. God had done much for me, and I was not at all minded, in an ungrateful mock humility, to deny or disparage His gifts, as though they became worthless by their bestowal upon an unworthy subject. But I had the grace to see that this was not the question in dispute. If the question had been whether the members of other churches or of other synods in our church were bigger or better men than we of the Ohio Synod, I am sure that I would not have entered the arena for a fight about it. We recognized mental and moral and spiritual power wherever we saw it, as we recognized physical bulk and weight, but the one had no more to do with the question in controversy than the other. Intellectual superiority may have some influence in estimating the value of theories, but cannot determine the facts which lie in view of all men; and the little weight which may attach to expert authority in matters of human thought has no bearing on questions of divine revelation, which are decided only by divine authority. That "Christ died to save sinners" may be disputed by men of marvelous mental power, and has been denied by some whose learning and logic are acknowledged all over the world: is it expected of me, who believe it and rest all my hopes in life and death and immortality upon it, that I shall be humble enough, recognizing the superior ability of these men, in deference to them to renounce my happy faith and die like a dog? The matter is too plain to reason about, notwithstanding that Christian men of learning virtually accept the absurd fancy and confront us Lutherans with arguments based upon it. I not only did not possess the humility to renounce the truth of the gospel in deference to the superior ability of such antagonists, but did have the faith to despise such godless travesties of humility, and to warn able men who professed to be Christians against the wiles of the devil, who meant them no good when he led them into such wretched sophistry. No doubt my expressions sometimes seemed harsh; how could it be otherwise? The confession of the truth is of necessity the condemnation of the opposite falsehood, and in proportion as that truth is appreciated as divine and loved as of heavenly import, will the opposing falsehood be hated as a Satanic lie that imports a malediction. I never contended that other denominations are not churches, or that members of other churches are not Christians. That was never the subject in controversy when the fight was against unionism in our Synod, or when the war was waged against the General Synod and the General Council, or when the conflict was against other denominations generally. My contention was that

the truth of the gospel confessed by the Ev. Lutheran Church is the very truth of God, which the faith wrought by the Holy Spirit through the means of grace embraces for its comfort and peace in view of sin and death, and that Lutheran believers are bound, in fidelity to the Lord and His gospel, to maintain that truth on divine authority, to build their congregations on that basis, and to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. This constituted my offence.

And this is my contention still. The Holy Christian Church is the Communion of Saints, the one congregation of believers in Christ, who is alone the Saviour of the world. This article of the Apostles' Creed is part of my faith. I believe in the Holy Christian Church as I believe in the Holy Ghost. In this some of those with whom I came into conflict were evidently not agreed with me. When they charged me and the Ohio Synod with denying that there is any other but the Lutheran Church, they built their charges on their own errors, and made their inferences from their own fancies. We never said such things as they imputed to us. They did not venture to allege that we said them, but only inferred that we must have meant them, though they knew quite well that we were always careful to say what we meant as plainly as possible.

We did say that the Lutheran is the Church of the pure Word and Sacrament, and that every article of her Confession is the truth which God's Word teaches on that subject, so that the rejection of such article of our Lutheran faith is a rejection of the truth written in the Bible for our learning. If some professing Christians will not join us in this Confession, we deplore that fact, but the truth remains the same, and our faith clings to it all the same. If some of them think that we have erred and that they have found a better doctrine and established it on better grounds, and therefore deem it necessary to put forth a different confession and build up congregations on another basis, we deplore this still more, as it makes divisions among us, which God's Word has forbidden, and lays on us the obligation to "mark them which cause divisions and offenses, contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned, and avoid them." Rom. 16, 17. But the truth and our faith still remain the same; no thoughtful man, least of all a thoughtful believer, would presume that the misconduct of such professing Christians could change these verities or the believing heart's hold on them. Such people have used a liberty which the Creator has allowed them, and for the use of

which He holds them responsible, and we have nothing further to do with the matter. They have established a Church in separation from ours, because they could not accept our confession of faith and abide in our fellowship. Theirs is a church also, but not the Lutheran. It is a different Church, and the difference is that they have renounced some portions of the truth witnessed in our Confession, and declared their adherence to some human errors which they have set forth as divine truth. They form a Church, but an erring Church, as distinguished from the Lutheran Church with its pure Confession, and thus the Church of the pure Word and Sacrament. Not the least intimation is ever given among us that on that account we deny that they are Christians. That is an entirely different matter. God knoweth them that are His, and He alone knows them. Only He can prove the heart and the reins and knoweth what is in man. It is arrogance to presume to judge the heart. Never have we presumed to say that the Lutheran is the only visible Christian Church and that all true Christians are found within her visible organization. She is the one visible Church of the pure evangelical confession, and we who hold her faith hold also that others err so far as they depart from the truth which she confesses and are thus erring churches.

Of course the Lutheran is not the one holy Christian Church in which we in our Creed profess to believe. No visible organization is that. The one Church of Christ is the aggregate of all believers – not of all churches and sects, but of all believers. Her test of membership is faith, not a certain form of government, not the cultus, not the discipline, not even the confession, but only the faith, which embraces Christ and with Him, forgiveness of sins, life, and salvation. To apply that test is God's prerogative, not ours. Whether he calls himself a Lutheran or a Wesleyan or a Calvinist or a Romanist, whoever is a believer is a member, and only whoever is a believer. Calling himself a Lutheran will not secure the eternal inheritance of the saints, if one is not a believer; calling himself a member of the Roman Catholic Church will not deprive him of that inheritance, if he is a believer. Believers are God's saints, and they form the communion of saints, the one Church, of Christ. That there is such a Church we believe, and we are sure of it only because we believe the Word with its precious promises regarding the efficacy of God's means to gather and maintain such a congregation of believers. How then could there be any justice, to say nothing of charity, in charging us with the sin of denying that members of other denominations are Christians, or of pronouncing damnation on them

because they will not profess to be Lutherans? It is a flagrant wrong that is done us by such damning charges, and it is surely none the less flagrant when those who deal out such anathemas claim to be special apostles of love and vital piety. We have suffered much under such outrageous railings, but it has not shaken our faith in the existence of one holy Christian Church, to which all believers belong, whatever may otherwise be their shortcomings, knowing that sinners are justified by faith, not by the deeds of the law. Sustained by faith we have gone on with our labor of love, which was designed for the good of those who cursed us as well as for all others who would hear us, that we might help a little towards rescuing people from the abominable tyranny of popery with its delusions about the kingdom of God, which is not of this world, as if it were an external organization with visible tests of membership and external titles to the inheritance of saints, substituting the human figment of righteousness by works for the righteousness of God by faith. And of course I went on with my work as a Lutheran believer, working with my might in the interest of the Lutheran Church, notwithstanding that many, some professed friends and some open foes, persisted in representing this as a manifestation of lovelessness and bigotry, and of hostility to Christianity whenever and wherever it failed to bear the Lutheran name.

The one Church of Christ existed before Luther's day and the work of mercy which was effected through his instrumentality. It did not seem so, when we read of the horrible conditions prevailing in the papacy, and under its despotic sway it does not seem so now. But the gates of hell had not prevailed against the Church of Christ. It existed notwithstanding all the abominations of the Antichrist. There were Christian people yet under his despotic sway. And when Luther presented the gospel in its purity and brought its comfort to the hearts of Christ's suffering people, his assault upon the papal abominations were vigorous in proportion to the love which he had to the truth and to the people whom it was designated to set free. Did he hate the Christian believers, who then as now and always constituted the one Church of the living God, the ground and pillar of the truth when he made his terrible assaults upon the papacy? When those who accepted the gospel gathered around the glorious Augsburg Confession and became known as the Evangelical Church in contra-distinction to the Church of Rome, which refused to accept the truth and declined to have the Lord reign over it by His Word, preferring the pope and his decretals, the situation was

plain to all who are willing to see. It could not be the Lutheran Church and the Papal Church, with equal claims and mutual recognition as sister churches, the two together forming co-ordinate and co-equal branches recognized by our Lord as constituting His one Holy Church. The Pope whom Lutherans rejected could not have equal authority with the Eternal Son, our Saviour, whose exclusive headship they accepted and joyfully confessed. And when some who cut loose from popery followed sundry fanatical vagaries of their own and, guided by the wisdom of this world, were not willing to confess some important articles of the Lutheran faith as declared at Augsburg, but drew up a confession and organized a Church of their own, the Lutheran Church could not stultify itself and nullify its divinely authenticated claims by recognizing the three Churches, the Lutheran and the Roman and the Reformed, as three divisions existing by equal divine authority, and together constituting the one kingdom of Christ. What the Lutheran Church could do, she did. She held fast to the ancient creed of Christendom, still believing in one Christian Church, which is the congregation of all believers, wherever they may be found, but abiding in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, and avoiding those who cause divisions and offenses, contrary to the doctrine which she had learned from the Scriptures. And that is what she does now. If any one falsely concludes that because she recognizes a visible Church wherever the divinely appointed means of divine grace are employed, and this because she believes the promise of God that the means shall effect that whereunto they are sent, though she cannot unerringly know in which individuals the designed effect has been produced, she must logically abandon her love of the truth revealed in the gospel for man's salvation, and adopt some other test of membership and fellowship than this truth which she confessed, devising some other basis than that of her good confession, he draws a wild conclusion, which the Lutheran Church not only cannot accept, but which in her eyes is as wicked as it is wild. The Roman Catholic organization, notwithstanding all its dangerous errors and usurpations, is still a Church, and has some Christians in it; but to ask of us that we should on that account hold fellowship with it, notwithstanding its Anti-Christian doctrines and practices, and thus give our sanction to its abominations and make ourselves partakers of its sins, is to ask that we should withhold from our gracious Lord the glory which belongs to Him and imperil our own souls,

and the souls of millions whom error can only harm, but whom the truth may save.

For my life of service in the Lutheran Church, in steadfast devotion to her good confession, I have therefore no apology to make. Nor have I any regrets that I was unwilling to make concessions to opponents of our Lutheran position, though this was often imputed to mere carnal stubbornness. Opponents who decry it as narrowness of heart and shallowness of brain to make so much of the particular Lutheran Church, with its small minority in the mass of professing Christians, and apparently so little of the Universal Church of the Redeemer, embracing all Christendom, do not know the Lutheran Church nor the men who devote themselves so heartily to its work and welfare. If they did, being honest, they would see the utter fallacy and uncharitableness of the thoughts which underlie their censures.

Our interest is first and foremost in Christ's kingdom of truth and salvation, which is not of this world. Let no one think that we are indifferent to what is done to advance this kingdom and promote its gracious ends by Christians who bear some other than the Lutheran name. If Christ is honored and souls are saved, our end is attained, and we rejoice in the blessed achievement, as we know that the angels in heaven rejoice. When a perishing soul is snatched from the jaws of everlasting death, how could we, who know what such a deliverance means, otherwise than rejoice, though the mighty work of divine grace were done in the Romish or Reformed Church, or even the Salvation Army? But I, who am gladdened by the Lord's work of mercy, am not on that account a Romanist or a Methodist or a Salvation Armyist. On the contrary, my very love for the kingdom of Christ and devotion to its aims and purposes makes me an ardent Lutheran. For all the real good that is done for the rescue of the souls of men from the eternal doom, is done by the grace of our Lord through the means of His appointment; and all that we can hope to accomplish in His service must be through loyalty to His Word and fidelity to His means, as against human errors and human contrivances. That means that we can work effectually in the cause of the kingdom which is not of this world only when we adhere strictly, as does the Lutheran Church, to the great King's orders and promises. It is His Kingdom, and saving souls is His work; and to accomplish His saving purpose we must not only do His bidding, but

abide strictly by the means through which He is pleased to execute His saving will. His Word must rule and do the work. A departure from that Word is not only so far forth disloyalty to the King, but a step towards defeating His purpose by substituting impotent human wisdom and device for the Gospel, which is a power of God unto salvation. Whether the professed co-workers with God call themselves Lutherans or not, is not essential in the matter; but whether or not they continue in the Lord's Words and employ His means for the accomplishment of His ends, and thus are really co-workers with God, this is essential.

So far as churches teach false doctrine, departing to that extent from the wisdom and way of the Lord, who alone can save and who saves alone in His appointed way, so far they defeat the very end at which they profess to aim. Not the truth which they confess is; the obnoxious element in their separate organizations, nor the distinctive name other than Lutheran which they assume. The truth unites, error divides. Our warfare is against their errors, by reason of which they have caused divisions and offenses contrary to the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship. If, by reason of the truth which they have retained, souls by the mercy of God are still saved among them, that is something we can rejoice in and thank God for; but it cannot make good their deviation from the pure Gospel, which the Lutheran Church confesses, or raise their human opinions and schemes to equal power and authority with the divine Word, which is quick and powerful, and which alone is able to save our souls. Erring Churches deceive themselves when they imagine that any saving work which the grace of God effects among them is due to their distinctive character. If a soul is saved, so as by fire, in the Romish Church, it is not by Romanism, which does what it can to hinder the operation of divine truth through the gospel still remaining in that corrupt organization. And so it is with all other churches. To the degree in which the Reformed parties adopted human errors and maintained them against the divine truth which the Lutherans confessed at Augsburg, insisting upon them even to the extent of causing division, and organizing a separate church with a different confession, they are impotent for the purposes of our Lord in the establishment of His kingdom.

And when now we of the Ohio Synod are roundly reproached as scandalously narrow, because of our alleged exclusive devotion to the Lutheran Church and our supposed disparagement of all others, even to the

ignoring of the one Church of Christ, what shall we say? It is difficult to bear with patience the wrongs inflicted by those who, while they make special professions of Christian charity above all sincere Lutherans, ought to know better, and in many cases probably do know better. In my protracted controversies on this and kindred subjects I have endeavored to bear patiently and speak the truth in love, though I knew the very utterance of the truth would prove offensive. Can a Christian silently submit to wrong and do nothing to defend the Lord's cause in which he is called to engage? I had not so learned Christ, and there was war. But it is an astounding thing that Christians should allow themselves to become so muddled and tangled in their natural antipathy to contention for the faith that they maintain propositions which, in other matters, they would at once pronounce ridiculous.

Is it so hard to see, that when men contend earnestly in the Lutheran Church for the faith once delivered to the saints, their contention avails, and is designed to avail, for the kingdom which is not of this world, for the Universal Church of Christ? Is it too complex an affair for ordinary minds to comprehend, that when we put forth all our strength to maintain and perpetuate the full truth of the gospel set forth in the Confession of the Lutheran Church, we are doing this in the service of Christ and of the whole congregation of believers in all lands and in all time? And is the thought too profound or too intricate for common people, that when, to preserve the purity of the faith, all opposing error is rejected, and it is the error found in other denominations that is attacked, not the points on which we are agreed, and which could never have led to a separation and to form a barrier between us? The case is as plain as that of a refusal to drink with people who persist in putting poison in their water. Our warning is against the poison, not the water; and yet against the poisoned water, and the party that serves it, even though it be admitted that some who drink it may escape the deadly effects of the poison. My calm review of my life suggests no regrets as regards my principles and consequent course of action in this respect. As regards other churches, whether of the Romanist or Greek or Reformed type, I was always ready to admit that, from their point of view, they had a case worthy of consideration when they contended that they are right and our glorious Confession is wrong. That is a matter which our theologians, always ready to give a reason for the hope that is in them, have discussed at great length and with great fullness ever since the days of the Reformation,

and are always willing still to discuss with any sincere inquirer after the truth, who may have any doubts or difficulties about the Lutheran Confession. If any such person ask a hearing he is entitled to it, and never fails to get it. But ill-natured and ill-mannered assaults on the Christian character of Lutherans who, ever ready to teach and defend the truth which is precious to them, as the very truth of God, have a full assurance of faith and speak with assurance because they believe, have no claims upon the meek indulgence of those whom they wantonly wrong. And it is a different matter when bodies professing to be Lutherans and thus claiming to hold and contend for the same glorious heritage of the Reformation with us, assail our position and demand less exclusiveness and greater alleged liberality in the interest of fraternization with sects. If the General Synod or the General Council declared that they are not sure about the complete gospel truth witnessed before all the world in the great Reformatory Confession of Augsburg, our attitude toward them would be different; as it is, they seem to be of one mind with us, while their unionistic predilections induce them to make concessions which, in their import and consequences, conflict with the fundamental claims of the Lutheran Church.

The Ohio Synod worked and fought its way to a position in which, being in possession of the rich treasures of the gospel and a true child of the Reformation, it would yield nothing of her heritage. In that position I have shared her toils and troubles and wars and victories. That is her position now, and it is mine still. Neither menaces nor blandishments should lead us to make concessions to any sect or party that would deprive us of our jewels or depreciate their eternal value. In things temporal, however great may be their worth for the little while they endure, compromises may be made and portions may be sacrificed when a greater good is gained than has thus been lost; in matters of opinion a policy which seems to us the wiser and better may be yielded in deference to the judgment of others who cannot see things as we see them when peace and harmony can be secured by such deed of self-denying charity; but in matters of faith God's Word must stand as the only authority, and we can stand only by standing on it as the rock that remains firm when heaven and earth shall pass away. The truth of the gospel is not given us to barter away, but to keep for the benefit of our own souls and of all Christendom. No right is given to any man to make concessions in this regard, whether they be demanded under threats of disaster or entreated by the pleadings of love. Let the disaster come, which

fidelity to the gospel may occasion; they are blessings in disguise; let the alleged love which lures us away from the Lord be accursed; it is Satanic, even if those employing it are well-meaning dupes, rather than deceivers. The history of the Church confirms and illustrates the teachings of the Bible, that yielding little by little leads to yielding more and more, until all is in danger; and the tempter is never satisfied until all is lost. It seems but a small concession that we are asked to make when an article of our confession is represented as a stumbling block to many Christians which ought therefore in charity to be removed, but surrendering that article would only lead to the surrender of another on the same ground, and that is the beginning of the end; the authority of the inspired Word of our Lord is gradually undermined. There is not an article in our creed that is not an offence to somebody; there is scarcely an article that is not a stumbling block to some who still profess to be Christians. It is impossible to find a place to stop, when the concessions once begin. And the reason is manifest; the principle is wrong, and displaces a principle that is right. The one is human, the other is divine; the human opinion and sentiment is substituted as a rule and guide for the Word of God and the faith that accepts it as absolute authority.

There is nothing to prevent the Lutheran Church in this land from running the course of the New England Congregational churches now existing as an effete form under the Unitarian name, if once the false principle is admitted. The downward course could be regulated only by individual notions and tastes. Nothing seems to my mind more conducive to Satan's malicious purposes than the argument, so much urged nowadays, that the intelligence of the world is turned against Christianity and that the Church must conciliate it and make concessions to it, if it desires to save itself from utter ruin. There is no plainer symptom of approaching death than this very desire to escape it by surrendering all that sustains life. And so the requirements of science and philosophy are met by stripping Christianity of all its supernatural power and glory, and setting out the pitiful cadaver as one of the great religions of the world. So far has this wretched betrayal of the Church into the hands of its enemies been carried, that it will soon be as much of a disgrace to claim, that the Christian is the only true religion and Christ is the only Saviour of the world lying in wickedness, as to claim that the Evangelical Lutheran is the one Church that confesses the Gospel in its purity and, holding fast the precious heritage of

the Reformation, has nothing to surrender. As for me, I have endeavored to serve the Lord faithfully in a busy life devoted to the interests of that Church and thus of all Christendom, and at the close of my career I stand by the grace of God where I stood ever since I knew the Saviour. And my appeal to my brethren is still the same: "Be faithful to the Lord who bought you with His blood, and to the Church which abides by His Word through evil and through good report. Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." Eph. 6:10-13.

I think that I may truthfully say that, on the whole, I am closing my career in the ministry as I began, just fifty-six years ago, with faith in Christ and in His Church, believing that the Saviour of the world has established a kingdom of believers on earth against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail, and that when the visible organization of that Church had corrupted its way under the Anti-Christian abominations of popery, God, who never forsakes His people, restored a true visible Church through the great Lutheran Reformation. That is the Lutheran Church with its pure Word and Sacrament and its noble Evangelical Confession, which all Christians should have embraced then, and all Christians should embrace now, that there might be no divisions among us in the visible company of confessing Christians as there are none in the one invisible body of believers, which is the body of Christ, the Lamb's Bride. In this true visible Church, the Evangelical Lutheran, I have lived and labored and suffered and rejoiced until now, when little strength is left to labor, but my faith and love and hope remain the same.

The prospect seems less bright since the Ohio Synod has been deserted by its powerful ally of Missouri. Our dear Lutheran Church is suffering greatly by the strenuous effort to introduce into her pure faith the Calvinistic element that would corrupt it and disprove her claims. But our Ohio Synod has not accepted the innovation, and our contention remains the same. Neither has the Lutheran Church accepted it, and in nothing have we shown the sincerity of our devotion to the Church of the Augsburg

Confession more distinctly than in our separating from a body of men to whom we owe so much and who were so dear to us, rather than fellowship error and thus depart from a principle which we held in common and which both regarded essential. But the defection of a powerful corporation does not change the truth for which we contended and still contend; and the final victory is not dependent upon the number of men who confess it, or upon men at all, but upon the mercy and power of God, who has guaranteed it by His gracious promises. And these promises we believe, and take courage.

So far as I see, writing now on the eve of the 77th anniversary of my birthday, my life's work is done. Maybe our dear Lord may enable me to render some little service yet before He calls me home from this land of pilgrimage, but my thoughts are directed to the mansions above. He will provide for the cause in which He was pleased to use my life, and I have no fear in regard to its ultimate success. And I have no fears, poor sinner that I am, in regard to my eternal future; for I have a Mighty Saviour who has prepared a place for me, even for me, in His blissful mansions. Trusting in the merits of His blood that was shed for me, I have peace in believing. Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift; and "surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

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ISBN: 9798705289691 (paperback)

How Can You Find Peace With God?

The most important thing to grasp is that no one is made right with God by the good things he or she might do. Justification is by faith only, and that faith resting on what Jesus Christ did. It is by believing and trusting in His one-time *substitutionary* death for your sins.

Read your Bible steadily. God works His power in human beings through His Word. Where the Word is, God the Holy Spirit is always present.

Suggested Reading: [New Testament Conversions](#) by Pastor George Gerberding

Benediction

Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, To the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen. (Jude 1:24-25)

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The essentials of faith have remained the same for 2000 years. They are summarized in (1) The Ten Commandments, (2) The Lord's Prayer, and (3) The Apostles' Creed. Familiarity with each offers great protection against fads and falsehoods.

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A primer on the faith intended for new believers. Rich in Scripture. Christian basics explained from Scripture in clear and jargon-free language. Many excellent Bible studies can be made from this book.

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“Sincere believers of the truth revealed in Christ for man's salvation have no reason to be ashamed of Luther, whom God sent to bring again to His people the precious truth in Jesus and whose heroic contention for the faith once delivered to the saints led to the establishment of the Church of the Augsburg Confession, now generally called the Evangelical Lutheran Church.”

- [*The Doctrine of Justification by Matthias Loy*](#)

“Human reason and inclination are always in their natural state averse to the doctrine of Justification by faith. Hence it is no wonder that earth and hell combine in persistent efforts to banish it from the Church and from the world.”

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Theodore Schmauk’s exploration and defense of the Christian faith consists of five parts: Historical Introduction; Part 1: Are Confessions Necessary?; Part 2: Confessions in the Church; Part 3: Lutheran Confessions; and Part 4: The Church in America.

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A Summary of the Christian Faith has been appreciated by Christians since its original publication for its easy to use question and answer format, its clear organization, and its coverage of all the essentials of the Christian faith. Two essays on election and predestination are included, including Luther’s “Speculations Concerning Predestination”.

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“When you feel your burden of sin weighing heavily upon you, only go to Him... Only those who will not acknowledge their sin and feel no need of a Savior — only these are rejected. And these are not rejected because the Lord has no pity on them and no desire to deliver them from their wretchedness, but only because they will not come to

Him that they might have life. They reject Him, and therefore stand rejected. But those who come to Him, poor and needy and helpless, but trusting in His mercy, He will receive, to comfort and to save.”

- *The Great Gospel* by Simon Peter Long and *The Eternal Epistle* by Simon Peter Long

“I want you to understand that I have never preached opinions from this pulpit; it is not a question of opinion; I have absolutely no right to stand here and give you my opinion, for it is not worth any more than yours; we do not come to church to get opinions; I claim that I can back up every sermon I have preached, with the Word of God, and it is not my opinion nor yours, it is the eternal Word of God, and you will find it so on the Judgment day. I have nothing to take back, and I never will; God does not want me to.”

- *True Christianity* by John Arndt
- *The Sermons of Theophilus Stork: A Devotional Treasure*

“There are many of us who believe; we are convinced; but our souls do not take fire at contact with the truth. Happy he who not only believes, but believes with fire... This energy of belief, this ardor of conviction, made the commonplaces of the Gospel, the old, old story, seem in his [Stork’s] utterance something fresh and irresistibly attractive. Men listened to old truths from his lips as though they were a new revelation. They were new, for they came out of a heart that new coined them and stamped its own impress of vitality upon them as they passed through its experience...” – From the Introduction

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