MEMORIES OF
REV. J. W. KIRACOFEE
HENRY KIRACOFKE was born in Augusta County, Virginia, May 13th, 1824, and died at his home in Elida, Allen County, Ohio, March 11th, 1895, aged 71 years, 9 months and 28 days. He was married April 13th, 1841, to Miss Margaret Fifer. To this union were born two children, Robert, who still lives, and Mary Ann, deceased. Their mother died July 8th, 1844. In 1845 Bro. Kiracofe came to Allen County, Ohio, where he has since lived until the Master called him from labor to reward. On the 5th of December, 1847, he married Mrs. Elizabeth (Beller) Metcalf, who died December 20th, 1857, without issue. On the 8th of December, 1859, he was married to Miss Delilah Huff, who bore him three children—Mrs. S. A. Stemen, Mrs. D. H. Counsellor and Mrs. William Earnest. This mother died August 3rd, 1884. In August, 1887, the deceased married as his fourth wife Mrs. Margaret Carman, of Virginia, who still survives, though severely afflicted. This dear brother leaves two brothers and one sister—Rev. Wm. Kiracofe of Van Wert County; Addison of Allen County, and Mrs. Catherine Wolf of Warsaw, Indiana; eighteen grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren, to mourn his absence. Forty-five years have passed away since the deceased gave his hand to the writer and became a member of the old United Brethren Church, since which time he has been faithful and true. He was warmly attached and uncompromisingly devoted to the interests of our beloved Zion. He had his convictions as to what was right, and was true to his convictions. When we were locked out of the church-house at Elida he furnished the land upon which to put another house, and gave of his means, with others, to pay for its erection, which stands there as a monument of his liberality in supporting a cause so dear to his heart. His funeral services were conducted in this house in the presence of a large concourse of people, after which he was decently buried in Greenlawn Cemetery near by. The spirit manifest by the people on this occasion, showed their appreciation of the character of a good man, who could say before his departure: "All is well." May the blessing of God rest upon his afflicted companion and all the kind relatives evermore. Wm. MILLICH.
your gold and your silver are cankered, and all flesh your flesh as it were fire.

It is not good for India. The opium smoker devours his family and degrades himself; and starvation, want and misery reign. How in India can write, yet last year we sent petitions with 54,000 signatures against this cruel and destructive trade. I come from heathen Indian women to implore Christian England to put an end to it. We want opium to be sold, as in England, only for medicine, and its sale restricted as any other poison. Last year I spoke in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and I went home and told my people, 'Now you will have justice.' But it is the same as ever. So I have come back again. This battle is God's, and if you Christian people all join together in prayer and work, the battle will be won, and India will be freed from this dreadful blight.'

IN MEMORIAM.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall and one by one God calls his children home. This time we mourn the loss of Jennie Beyer, whose death occurred March 6th, aged twenty-four years. This is the second death in the Daléville Local W. M. A. White River Branch. And while we are bereft of their presence, we mourn not as those who have no hope. Sister Jennie succumbed to that dread disease, consumption, but in all her suffering she never murmured, but bore up with the fortitude of a heroine. Her last words were: 'Jesus has come to take me home.' She leaves a husband and a community of friends to mourn their irreparable loss.

Mrs. M. A. Stewart of Kansas Branch reports a new local, known as the Carlton local. She writes: 'We organized with 13 members, and at our first meeting four were added to our number. The good Lord was with us and we had a profitable waiting before him. Two have since joined us, making a total of 21. Others we think will join. The elder was with us and gave words of encouragement. We expect to organize another local on this work next week. Pray for our success.'
IN
TENDER MEMORY
FOR
MY FATHER DEAD
AND CHEERFUL GREETINGS TO THE LIVING
JOHN W. KIRACOFLE DEDICATES THIS VOLUME TO THE WIFE
AND CHILDREN OF THE REV. J. W. KIRACOFLE
REV. J. W. KIRACOFE

MRS. J. W. KIRACOFE
Born March 20, 1853, Washington County, Maryland
MEMORIES OF REV. J. W. KIRACOFE

Rev. J. W. Kiracofe was born in Augusta Co., Va., August 25th, 1841. At the age of fifteen he professed religion at a Camp Meeting and joined the United Brethren Church. At the age of nineteen he was licensed to exhort by Bishop J. Markward, who was then a presiding elder, at a Quarterly Conference held at Pleasant Grove in Rockingham Co., Va. At a Quarterly Conference held at Otterbein Church, Rockingham County, Va., he was licensed to preach. Rev. George B. Rimel was the Presiding Elder. In March, 1862, at the age of twenty, at an Annual Conference held in Edinburg, Shenandoah County, Va., he was appointed as Junior preacher to Lacy Spring Circuit, containing ten appointments. In 1863 he was appointed as preacher in charge of Highland Circuit, having about the same number of appointments, it being fifty miles from one end of the charge to the other, and three large mountains to cross. In 1864 he was ordained by Bishop J. J. Glossbrenner at a Conference held in March at Freedoms Church, Rockingham County, Va. For twenty or more years he served various charges in the old Virginia Conference. He then transferred and joined the Pennsylvania Conference and served some of the most prominent charges in said Conference. He has always been regarded as one of the leading ministers of the Pennsylvania Conference and has always been looked up to as a man of good judgment, strong character and possessing splendid attainments and qualifications for the calling of his choice.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

J. W. Kiracofe, A. M. Evers and J. W. Grimm, each of whom has served fifty years or more in the Gospel ministry, the Conference ordered the following sketch of Dr. Washinger's address and the "Song of the Old Itinerant" to be printed in the Conference Minutes.

Presiding Elder Wm. H. Washinger, in speaking to the four brethren on the occasion of the celebration of the
golden anniversary of their entrance into the Gospel ministry, said, among other things:

I would present to you, my brethren, faithful servant of the King of Kings, a priceless diamond taken from the mines of eternal love. The light from three facets gleams from it: First, Ebenezer—“Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.” Second, Emanuel—“God with us.” Third, Jehovah-Jireh—“The Lord will provide.”

He spoke of Rev. A. M. Evers as the Poet; Rev. J. W. Kiracofe as the Orator, and Rev. J. W. Grimm as the Theologian. He then presented to each one fifty carnations, as his individual gift and on behalf of the Conference, in honor of their having been fifty years in the Gospel ministry, and presented to Rev. J. W. Kiracofe, on behalf of the Centennial Memorial congregation, Frederick, Md., a beautiful gold-headed umbrella. Rev. Kiracofe served six years as pastor of this congregation.

Presiding Elder Washinger then in a vein of humor referred to the fact that, judging by the fun these good brethren had enjoyed and the good accomplished, one would think they had spent a hundred years or more in the Gospel Ministry. He spoke of the many incentives the older ministers had set before them, and sang for them the following song composed by an unknown itinerant of the Gospel ministry in evidence of the above statement, and in which song the old itinerant of by-gone days embodied some of his rich experiences:

**SONG OF THE OLD ITINERANT**

1. **I saw a way-worn preacher,**
   In seedy garments clad,
   *Holding down the station—*
   *It seemed that he was sad.*
   *His pocket-book was empty—*
   *Provisions nearly gone—*
   *But he shouted as he tramped around—*
   *“Deliverance will come.”*
2 The Summer sun was shining;
The sweat was on his face;
His step of early morning
Had quickened to a pace.
But the people even grumbled
Because he would not run;
Yet he shouted as he visited.
"Deliverance will come."

3. I saw him in the evening;
The sun was bending low;
He had that tired feeling,
His step was very slow;
But as he dragged his weary limbs
Toward his humble home,
He shouted loud, "Hosanna,"
Deliverance will come."

4. He went to bed at twelve o'clock,
But could not go to sleep,
For the wife had said for breakfast
They had not much to eat;
But when rose next morning
With a heart so sad and sore,
He found a ham of bacon
And some flour at the door.

5. The Conference was a-coming on,
The salary was behind;
He had no clothing fit to wear,
Which weighed upon his mind;
But the day before he started,
The ladies rigged him out
In a brand new suit for Conference,
Which made our preacher shout.

6. The Conference ground out business
Along from day to day,
Till the time came for appointments
And the Bishop had his say;
Our preacher listened daily
To see where he would fall;
He was made Presiding Elder,
And that atoned for all!

Cariacof—John Cariacof was born March 7, 1816, died August 6, 1884, aged 68 years and some months. He was married September 28, 1837, to Mary Shoewaltlen, who still lingers, patiently waiting to be released, and by whom he had twelve children, nine of whom are still living, and six of whom are preaching the Gospel of Christ in the United Brethren Church.

The deceased was converted to God at a Camp-meeting held at Naked Creek, in Rockingham County, Va., in 1832, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which he lived and died a consistent and faithful member, and of which he was for some years a Class Leader and Steward. He was gifted in prayer, and a zealous and good workman in the church; and he is greatly missed, not only by the family, but also by the church of which he was a member. He seemed to enjoy constant communion with God, and the truth and spirit of Christ had so renovated and refined his soul and saturated his whole being, that his face at times shone like the face of Moses.

He walked with God for fifty-two years, and was not, for God took him. And before his death he had the testimony that he pleased God. He died suddenly, but was ready. "Blessed are dead who die in the Lord.”

—H. A. Gaver.

Mary Kiracofe, commonly known as "Polly” Kiracofe, was born in Augusta County, Va., December 22nd, 1815, and died at Salem, Roanoke County, Va., March 29th, 1891, aged 75 years, 3 months, and 7 days.

Her maiden name was Showalter. At about the age of twenty-one she was married to John Kiracofe, who died nearly seven years ago. She was the mother of
twelve children, nine sons and three daughters, nine of whom—eight sons and one daughter—are still living. Six of the eight sons living, are ministers of the Gospel—three in each branch of the United Brethren Church. She was a woman of remarkable powers of endurance and industry. She performed, almost unaided, not only the ordinary house work in a large family, but, until her sons were young men, she spun, wove, cut and made nearly all their clothing. For a period of sixty years she lived a quiet, unassuming Christian, and a consistent member of the Methodist Church. When death came, it found her, in her own words, "ready and waiting." Her body was taken back to the old home, near Stribling Springs, Va., which she had left only a few months before, and there in the old Oak Hill Graveyard, on the 2nd day of April, attended by her daughter and seven sons, called together from Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, and a large crowd of other relatives and friends, it was quietly laid by the side of the sleeping dust of her husband, and the children returned sadly to the old home for a few hours, and then separated, probably not to meet thus again on earth.

C. H. Kiracofe

THE KIRACOFE REUNION

(Written for The Daily Leader.)

On last Friday 25th day of October, there took place on the William Daggy farm a mile north of Stribling Springs a most remarkable occurrence, it was the reunion of the Kiracofe family. The day was an ideal one, only such as can come, when the autumn frosts have painted the forests in the richest color. Old Hanky rears its head skyward, and forms the horizon on the west, to the north and east the valley unfolds itself to view with a splendid carpet of green; to the south, stands Buck Hill, a mountain in size, keeping guard over the destines of the coming generations, as it has over those of the past.

Midst such scenes and surroundings first saw the
light, the actors of Friday's drama, some of them nearly three fourths of a century ago. Of the eleven Kiracofe brothers and sisters, who came to gladden the hearts of fond and rugged parents, but seven remains to tell the story of their childhood days: six brothers and one sister. Of the six brothers, five are ministers of the Gospel, belonging to the United Brethren, Baptist and Presbyterian churches, having charges in different states.

The exercises of the day opened with prayer by Rev. Kenney Holt. The time was profitably spent in listening to the interesting family history and the stories of the actors lives, given by the different members, introduced by Rev. S. Hammack, D. D., in his own genial way, to an audience of about two hundred and fifty of whom over one-half were closely related to the family. The last speaker said that his mother, had long since taught him that when the sun, reached a certain point on the mountain side, it was dinner time, so he told a good little story, well illustrating a ditto mark that called for dinner. A splendid feast was spread by the ladies on tables kindly prepared by the present owners of the farm, and all present were invited to partake; but not until the singing of the "Doxology" and the invoking of God's blessing. Cupid ever alert for mischief called two fond hearts together, so a quiet and modest wedding took place in the nearby farm house, with one of the ministerial brothers officiating.

Could all of the well tilled farms, of old Augusta do as well in proportion to the sterile soil that surrounded the Kiracofe homestead, in sending character and large mental calibre, the world would soon be evangelized.

After dinner was over, a registry of names of all persons present was taken. Exercises for the day closed with prayer by Dr. Kaircofe.

The six brothers and one sister who were the central figures in this reunion, sons and daughter of John Kiracofe and Polly Showalter, were: Rev. J. Wesley Kiracofe, U. B. preacher of Pennsylvania; Rev. Charles
Kairocife, Presbyterian, of Indiana; Rev. Wm. Kiracofe, 
Baptist, of Accomac county, Virginia; Rev. Nimrod 
Kiracofe, U. B., of Pennsylvania; Rev. Joseph Kiracofe, 
Presbyterian, of Indiana; James Kiracofe, of Maryland, 
twin brother of Joseph, and Mrs. Zack Daggy of Parnassus, Augusta county. Those who came from outside the 
State to attend the reunion are visiting among relatives 
and friends in the county.

"THE OLD VIRGINIA HOMESTEAD"

In the wild-wood along the streamlet,
Where grew roses so fragrant and fair,
Along the lane down to the meadow
Are memories so rich and rare.

Down at the foot of the old hillside,
Under the shade of the large walnut tree,
The cows brushed the flies at eventide,
Waiting the call of brothers and I.

And the horses down in the meadow,
The bay, the sorrel and the black—
Faithful to the demands of father,
When harnessed and hitched to the hack.

With father, mother, and brothers, all we,
Five miles or more to church we would ride
To hear preaching of old style, you see,
For we had little of the now-a-day pride.

Could I return to those days of my boyhood;
To the altar so sacred, and where
We all bowed in devotion together,
In morning and evening prayer.

But the old homestead is now broken—
Death has been visiting there,
Calling father, then mother from loved ones away,
To the land of the rich and fair.
Oh; the happy old, old homestead;
   How sacred its memories dear;
Of loved ones that have crossed over
   Where fragrance is richer than here.
The house, barn, and the orchard,
   Are decaying and dying away,
And everything looks lonely and forsaken,
   Where we children once revelled in play.
But faith looks to the home of the blest,
   Here I can no longer stay,
Father and mother are taking their rest,
   But the work of their hands are mouldering away.
I reluctantly turn from these scenes of my boyhood,
   With memories sacred and rare,
And hasten to my home in Ohio,
   To greet those awaiting me there.

J. H. K., June, 1901.

LAST SERMON DELIVERED BY REV. J. W. KIRACOFÉ,
AT CHAMBERSBURG, AUGUST 16, 1914

I have selected as the basis of my remarks the first part of the 18th verse of the 71st Psalm: "Now also when I am old and greyheaded, O God forsake me not." There are many important periods in the history of every man's life; but there are no more important periods in the history of a man's life than the beginning and the ending of that life. During the interval of these two periods there are very many things to attract his attention, to absorb his thought. During the interval of these two periods there are battles to fight; there are enemies to conquer; there are mountains to climb and valleys to pass through; but the period of old age is an important period, and it is to this period that the text refers. The Psalmist seemed to be very anxious as to this period with regard to himself; hence he uttered the language of my text: "Now also when I am old and greyheaded, O God forsake me not." He recognized the
fact that God had been with him from the forming of his might up to the time he uttered the words of the text. And he was then rightly anticipating a period of old age, even with the experience that he had had in his early life, with the advantages and the opportunities that he had had in the maturing periods of his life. He recognized the importance of the presence of God; and especially at the time of old age, when his hair was grey and when the battles of life were about to close. I remark in the first place that the period of old age is a period of Fall, person's Autumn. Now this to you may seem rather a strange declaration; and yet if you look at it in a comparative sense, and if you will study the history of the race you will find this declaration to be true. It is supposed that at least one-half of the human family die in infancy which precluded the possibility of their attainment to the period of old age. And likely two-thirds of the other half of the human family die before they attain the period of old age. And hence the average life of man is brought down to about thirty-three years; that is about the average of human life; based upon facts as they exist, and as they have existed for centuries in the past. Some of us say at once that but few of the human family attain to the period that may be recognized as old age. Someone says: "We start out in life; we move on in the current, but soon we pass out into the great ocean of eternity." And that is evidently true. We might look at it and illustrate it as follows: You see a thousand men, or a hundred men as the case may be, starting out in life together; they start out with very fair prospects in life; with a prospect of attaining to the period of old age in life. And they pass on down the lane of life for thirty years; and at the end of thirty years one half of that hundred or one-half of that thousand are gone, they are dead. You may look at it from your own standpoint. You let your minds, those of you who are older today go back into the past when you started out in life, and just call to mind it you can the large number of individuals,
the associations of your boyhood, and the associations of
your girlhood of your past life. And just think for a
moment and ask yourself the question: today, where are
they; you can count those that are living almost on your
fingers' end. Death has done its work. They are
gone, and it is but an illustration of the truthfulness of
what I have said. Someone says that at the end of
thirty years one-half are gone, and three score and ten
years but four hundred of one thousand individuals start­
ing out in life remain; that is all; four hundred of one
thousand attain the period of what may be called or in­
deed old age. So you see but few individuals attain to
old age. But again old age is usually a period of weak­
ness and infirmity. It leaves its mark upon our form,
and upon our appearance; and it evidently does. We
look at that man whose face has been marked by time;
and we look at that man whose eyes have become dim
because of time; we look at that man whose activities in
life have become decrepititude, and he leans upon his
staff. We ask: what has done it; the answer comes
“time” though passing but a single moment at once has
brought about these wonderful results; and we say: How
changed, how changed. You compare the appearance
of that aged father or that aged grand parent of today
with his appearance fifty years ago, or sixty years ago;
perhaps when he was a young man or when she was a
young woman, and there is a wonderful contract. Com­
pare that aged mother today with that little girl fifty
years ago or sixty years ago; compare the appearance of
that father today and that aged mother today with their
appearance when they stood before the altar and when
united as husband and wife, and you see the wonderful
contrast; time has made the change. Their faces are
wrinkled and the evidences of time are seen in their grey
hairs and in their grey locks, and in their feeble limbs,
and memory has failed, sight has failed; and their limbs
have become decrepititude; their body has seemed to loose
its vitality and its activity; their steps are not as quick
and active as when they were young men and young women. They are bearing burdens, it is true; but they do not bear these burdens with the same activeness and with the same energy, and with the same zeal with which they bore these burdens and these labors in the days of other years. They can't walk as well, they can not see as well, they cannot hear as well; and in fact there are but few individuals who retain their vigor at old age. There are a few exceptions it is true. It is said of Moses when he was one hundred and twenty years of age, "His eyes were not dim, nor his natural force abated. But that is an exception to the general rule. It is said of Solomon, when he claimed his fortune in the land of Canaan that he said to Joshua, "I am this day four score and five years old, and yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day when Moses."

Can you say that my brother, can you say that my sister; that your vision is as clear, that your limbs are as active, that your mind is as vigorous as it was forty or fifty or sixty years ago, when you started out in the great battle of life? Nay, verily, but you have experienced the changes that naturally come to individuals; and the individuals without such experience to whom I might refer are but exceptions to the general rule. Now this change in the human form and in the vigor of true manhood and true womanhood come to these appearances as the natural results of sin, and of transgression. But you ask the question: "How would it have been had sin not been introduced into the world?" I am not just prepared to say but I am confident of this fact that sin unorganizes the physical as well as the moral world. And as the moral man suffers as a result of sin, the physical man suffers as the result of sin as well. Possibly had Adam retained his integrity and his moral purity; possibly had Adam and Eve been obedient to the Divine law it would not have made the impression, and would not have effected the changes in their physical organism as well, and have to be effected by time as are effected by time in this
age of the world; they might have retained their youthfulness; they might have retained their vigor; they might have retained the activity of their physical form. But sin, and as a result of the introduction of sin, these defects in the human body, in the physical organism as well as in the moral man came as the result. If man had not sinned he would not have suffered, says someone, by age more than the angels have suffered by age; they were the creation of God, and for centuries they have lived. But I imagine in their appearance they are the same today as they were originally; their hands have not grown and their eyes have not become dim, their natural powers have not weakened because of time and because of age; simply because they have kept their first estate, and have not been effected by sin. They have lived, someone says thousands of years, but still enjoy their youth and their vigor. But we must notice some of the lessons that may be learned from the infirmities of age, and there are special lessons that are learned from the infirmities of age, and what are they? We answer, the first one, or the very first lesson we learn from the infirmities of age is the brevity of human life, the shortness of human life. Does your mind today go back for half a century to the time when you first grew up to manhood and womanhood? or does your mind go back today just as far back as it is possible for your memory to carry you when you were about a little boy or a little girl, starting out in the great battle of life; I ask you today, how does it seem as to length? You say it was but yesterday I was a little boy or a little girl in the Sunday School or walking in my father’s and in my mothers’ home. I remember it well. The brother referred to that part this morning, when he was a little boy in the Sunday School, sitting at the window learning Bible names and Bible lessons; and if I were to ask him today, he would say to me, “It was but yesterday;” it was but yesterday I took my little brother by the hand or my little sister by the hand; and side by side we walked to the Sunday School or to the church ser-
vices. I sat by my mother's side in the pew; I leaned upon my father's arm in the church. Long since they have been gone, and today my head is silver grey with the frost of many winters; and yet when I take a retrospective view of life and call to mind early incidents in the early morning of my life, they seem to have occurred but yesterday, but yesterday. The great lesson then that you learn from the infirmities of old age in the shortness of human life. When you looked forward then, fifty years, you said it is a long time but when you look back today fifty years as some of you can, you say: "It has been but a few moments, it has been but a few moments." O how soon the days and weeks and the months and the years have rolled by, but they are gone, and gone forever. Then I was in the morning of my life; then I was in the vigor of true manhood and true womanhood; now I am pressed down with the infirmities of old age, leaning upon my staff and waiting for the Master to come." 0 how short the period, how short the period; how brief the period from the beginning of life down to the ending of life.

Though it is about three score years and ten, is it not true, that life is swifter than a weaver's shuttle; like the early cloud and the morning dew, if even we live the time allotted to us. I say then, the lesson in it is the brevity of human life. The day had just begun when it was ended. Father and mother, they stood where we now stand, but we now stand where father and mother once stood; your children and mine stand today where we then stood, in the same relation to us that we sustain to our fathers and to our mothers. But another lesson we learn from the period of old age: and that is the near approach of death, the near approach of death. When we stand out and look at the sun in the evening today, as its rays of light are passing away and as it gets down toward the summit of the mountain, we see it will soon be gone; it will soon hide its smiling face; the night time is near, and the evening twilight is upon us. 0 let me say
today my friends that this, that this has indicated to you and to me that we are in the evening twilight of life. Can we realize it, I say can we realize it. Do we fully recognize and understand the fact that we as individuals are in the very evening of life; in the very evening of the day; the sun is almost striking the summit of the western hills of time in your case and in mine. In a few days, or in a few years at most some of us still have passed away; it cannot be otherwise. That young man and that young woman who are in the vigor of true manhood and true womanhood may yet have a hope of living long in the world, and doing much for God and much for the Church and much for the world; but you and I have no foundation upon which we can predict a hope of many years. It may be two years; it may be five years; it may be twenty years, but twenty years of the outside and the most of us will be gone, gone, and gone forever so far as this world and this life is concerned. So I say that it indicates to us the near approach of death. Death may be very near to the young for aught we know, but it is evidently very near to the old and the greyheaded; they are standing upon the very verge of the grave; they are standing upon the very brink of the eternal world. But you say that is something very solemn in that thought; well that is true, because it indicates the closing up of our life-work; it indicates the severing of our being from the infinite relation that we sustain in this life and in this world. And these relations are sweet; these relations to us are pleasant, for there are ties that bind us to this life and to this world. It was my privilege to visit a good sister only a few weeks ago who was near death's dark door, and since that time she has passed, even gone into eternity, and when I talked to her, and when I really spoke to her with regard to her anticipated departure, she said, "I have severed every tie; they are all broken, but one single tie, and that is the tie that binds me to my family and to my home." O how tender, seemingly it was, the last tie that that sister had to sever.
But finally death came and it severed the tie, the tie that bound that sister to this world; the tie I say that bound her to this world; and that she could not willingly sever. O there are a thousand ties that bind us to this life, and to this world. But the grey hairs that adorn our heads, the dimness of our vision, the failing memory as well as the wrinkled face, indicate to us that these ties, tender as they may be, will very soon be severed and cut asunder; O what a lesson, what a lesson; and what tender lesson we learn from this period. But another thought that comes to us right along in this connection; and that is the thought that the battle will soon be over; the conflict will soon be past, and we will soon be at home. O let me say to you fathers, and mothers that that precious thought lifts the cloud; and that precious thought drives away the darkness; that precious thought causes you to forget the ties, however tenderly they may be, they must be severed in this life, and that very soon. I look at that old christian man, and that aged christian woman, and I recognize the fact that he has been an exile in a strange land; for in this world we are exiles, strangers in a strange land. I look at that aged father and mother and I recognize the fact that they have been traveling; travelers in a world of sorrows and in a world of affliction and in a world of anxiety, for these years, years, years together. But then I recognize the fact that they are almost at the end of their journey. The race has been a long one; the mountains have been high; the valleys through which they have passed have been deep, but they are now about to cross the last mountain; they are now about to pass through the last gorge between the mountains; they are now engaged possibly in the very last conflict in life; they are now about to leave a world of exile and pass into their homes beyond the skies. O, I say a thought like that is enough to lift the cloud. The sea has been rough; the storm has been great; but it is about over, it is about over. They are in sight of the home, in sight of the home, of heaven, of rest. Their
day has been a long one, and the trials of life have been hard, but their work is about done; and I see them as they raise up possible, in their anxiety, and they look forward only a few years into the future, and they say, “The sun will soon go down; it will soon set beneath the hills of time, and my work will be done; my wife will be over there; glad hands will carry me to my last resting place, and I will rest from my labors, and my works will follow me.” Rest from my labors; a few more conflicts and life will be over; a few more conflicts and life will be over; a few more battles and the war will be past; a few more storms and you will anchor into the harbor of eternal repose. O what a precious thought; I say, what a precious thought. It is said of the old Imperial Guard, at the close of the day of which the great battle of Waterloo was fought, when the enemy had conquered, and when the demand came from the conquering enemy to the old Imperial Guard, demanding their surrender, they said, “We have stood in many battles, we have been victorious more than fifty times, and now the old Imperial Guard will die, but they will never surrender to the enemy.” My brother, my sister, you have fought many battles and achieved many victories, and the enemy may come to you in the last battles of life and demand a surrender. But like the old Imperial Guard, as a true veteran that has fought many battles and achieved many victories, say to the foe: “We will die, but never surrender to the foe; no, no. Stand firm at the post of your duty, and finally victory will perge upon your banner. It is said that there is a certain country where the husbands go out on long voyages. Then when the evening time comes and the time for the return of these noble men approaches, then the wives of these noble men go down to the brink or to the shore and they sing the stanza of some familiar hymn; and they sing it with a spirit; they sing it until the sound of their voices pass from the shore out over the mighty waters upon which their husbands are sailing of their return to their homes. And when they
have sung one stanza of that familiar hymn, then they stop and they stand upon the shore and listen, and directly there comes a response from their husbands, singing in deeply the second stanza of the same beautiful song. And as their voices echoes and re-echoes out over the mighty waters of the sea, their noble wives standing upon the shore hear it, and rejoice and then return. O my brother, my sister, fathers and mothers in Christ, you stand today as it were upon the very shores of eternity. Can you not sing a stanza of some beautiful song that you have sung a thousand times; sing it with your fathers and with your mothers and with your husbands and with your wives? They have already passed out into the great ocean of eternity. Can you not sing it, and then stand for a moment and listen? But I imagine you can hear the response coming from those on the other shore, and as they sing the beautiful song, of redeeming love, the voice comes across the mighty ocean, and it echoes and it re-echoes until you hear the sound, hear the sound for you stand upon the very verge. May God bless us, and bless you especially and keep you; and may you bring forth fruit in old age, and may your life become noteworthy; and what you do may it prosper. You may not be able to bear the burdens that you once bore; you may not be able to engage in such work as actively as you once engaged in such work. But let me say to you today, be as Jacob, be as Jacob. You remember when he was old and feeble, and when he could not bear the responsibilities and perform the work as he had once done in his early life. You remember it is said, “He stepped out and put his hands upon the children, and blessed them.” He could do that. O my brother, my sister, if you can do no more because of the infirmities of old age, you can bless the children. You can say to the church as its burdens fall upon the young men and young women, you say say to them, “God bless you, God bless you.” And if you can but say “God bless you” to the noble men and women, that are taking your places today, that will be an
inspiration to them and will help them to bear the bur­
dens and accomplish the work of the church. By that,
you and I, we have been able to inspire them and able to
encourage them. May God bless us, and save us for
His Name’s Sake; Amen.

REV. J. W. KIRACOFE DIES, AGED 73 YEARS

Rev. J. W. Kiracofe, a well known retired minister
of the United Brethren Church, died at his home at 515
North Mulberry street, Tuesday afternoon at 4:15 o’clock
of pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs, in his 73rd
year.

Rev. Kiracofe had been ill only four days previous
to his death. Last spring he had a severe attack of
pneumonia but recovered. He had been in excellent
health during his life until probably six or eight months
ago.

Earlier in the day friends were called around his
bedside as it was thought that the end was drawing near.

Rev. Kiracofe had a remarkable career in the ministry
in that for just a half century it was an unbroken ser­
vice in the pastorate. As a preached he was considered
by all to be a leader in his conference. He was of a
kindly disposition and possessed of a peculiar integrity
of character and honesty of speech that gave him a wide
and enviable influence. Few men had as large a circle
of acquaintances and friends in this valley from Harris­
burg to Staunton. Rev. Kiracofe began his service in
the Virginia conference, was one of the organizers of the
Maryland conference and for nearly 30 years served
churches in the Pennsylvania conference.

Rev. Kiracofe was an attractive and impressive pul­
pit orator and a welcome visitor to every church he had
ever served. His conference is justly proud of his stain­
less life and the simple goodness which has made his life
so fruitful in all useful service.

Years ago he was a pastor of St. Paul’s U. B.
Church and it was during his pastorate that the commodious parsonage on East Washington street was built. This house was afterward sold and the proceeds used in building the present parsonage.

He was a valued member of the Busy Men’s Bible Class of St. Paul’s U. B. Sunday School. A regular attendant in the class, he was always willing and ready to lend aid in every way possible. His opinions on Scriptural questions were frequently solicited, which were always given by him in the clear and impressive style peculiar to him. In all of the departments of the work of St. Paul’s U. B. Church he was an able assistant, teaching in his own class and other classes, preaching for the pastor and aiding him in the administration of the communion, etc. Besides services rendered at the church mentioned, Rev. Kiracofe preached at other places and aided in a general way in church work whenever the opportunity presented itself.

The last sermon which Rev. Kiracofe preached was delivered in St. Paul’s U. B. Church, Aug. 23, when he used the text, “While I was musing the fire burned.” He and Rev. A. M. Evers started in the ministry together 53 years ago.

Rev. Kiracofe was twice married, his first wife dying about 41 years ago. From this union he is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Edward Needy and Miss Josephine Kiracofe, both of this city. His first wife was a Miss Snyder, of Augusta county Va., and died while he was serving the Frederick circuit, 1868-1870, and was living at Walkersville.

His second wife was Miss Susan Buxton, Keedysville, who survives with the following children: Mrs. Samuel Lightner, Chambersburg; W. O. Kiracofe and C. M. Kiracofe, this city; C. O. Kiracofe, Harrisburg; John W. Kiracofe, Boiling Springs, Pa.; Miss Nellie Kiracofe, at home, and Mrs. Markwood D. Harp, Frederick. The following brothers survive: Rev. C. H. Kiracofe, Winona Lake, Ind.; Rev. George Kiracofe,

The funeral will be held at St. Paul's United Brethren Church Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock and will be in charge of the pastor, Rev. Dr. A. B. Statton. Rev. Dr. W. H. Washinger will also give an address. Many of the ministers of the Pennsylvania conference will be present. The following ministers will be pallbearers: Revs. G. I. Rider, A. M. Evers, S. H. Snell, W. A. Dickson, E. H. Hummelbaugh and L. W. Lutz.

Rev. Dr. C. I. Brane, associate editor of the Religious Telescope, Dayton, O., an old and intimate friend of Rev. Kiracofe, was expected to be present and assist in the services, but he is unable to do so.

AN APPRECIATION

On the afternoon of September 29, 1914, the earthly life of Rev. John Wesley Kiracofe, which was both beautiful and useful, came to a peaceful end, his last words being in the nature of a farewell benediction upon his beloved family and friends, closing with these familiar words: "In the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen!" Then his uplifted hand sought repose on his peaceful bosom, and his happy soul went home to God. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

This saint of God lived for a period of seventy-three years, fifty of which were spent in the active work of the ministry, and the last two in a retired relation to that hard but blessed calling. He was a good minister of Jesus Christ, divinely called and deeply consecrated, with never a doubt as to the fact of his conversion or the source of his commission; nor was he disobedient unto the heavenly vision, but responsive, devoted, and faithful to the end. He was a modest man of mighty faith,
deeply sincere and affectionate, loyal to the church and a
lover of good men, with a burning desire to serve God and
to save souls, to which privilege he gave himself with
much joy and success, as the results of his toilsome min-
istry show. He went where he was sent, and served
with great faithfulness and efficiency. Marks of spiritu-
al and material improvement attended his labors in
every pastorate he served. Although not a scholar in the
finished sense of the word, in point of knowledge and in-
telligence he was above the average in his profession, and
became a great gospel preacher, rightly dividing the
word of God, seasoning his sermons with spiritual grace
and power.

He was a brotherly man and a true friend, charmin-
gly courteous and sociable in his fellowships, with never a
taint of the unclean in his conversations, and nothing in
his deportment to mar the beauty of his simple minis-
terial dignity. He always made and left a good impres-
sion on every social circle in which he sat, and won for
Christ and the church the esteem of those with whom he
met or mingled. And he was a true, lasting friend.
From my childhood I knew Brother Kiracofe; and from
the first year of my ministry to the day of his death we
were close friends. In 1872, when he was pastor of
Saint Paul's church, Hagerstown, Maryland, I served as
junior pastor on Potomac Mission, quite near the city,
and frequently enjoyed the hospitality of his home. He
was my friend and counsellor, and often kept my heart
from fainting or breaking. All through my ministerial
life, covering a period of forty-odd years, we kept in
vital touch with each other by correspondence, including
an occasional visit in each other's homes, which deeply
enriched our friendship, bringing us closer and closer to-
gether. Of course, this friendship between Brother
Kiracofe and myself brought our families into tender so-
cial relations with each other, and thus we lived in the
body of Christian fellowship and holy regard for each
other. In this way I became well acquainted with each
member of the Kiracofe family, for all of whom I cherish the highest esteem, rejoicing that it was my good fortune to know them and their now sainted husband and father.

Next to a deep sense of personal bereavement in the death of Brother Kiracofe, I was additionally saddened by the fact that I could not attend his funeral. Some years before his death we were reminiscently engaged in conversation, dwelling upon our long and happy friendship, including a forecast of the future, regarding both time and eternity. Suddenly he turned to me with tears and tenderness in his eyes and voice and said: "Brane, we are growing old, and our work will soon be over. I desire two things concerning my life and death. If it is God's will I should like to complete my half century in the active work of the ministry; and when I am called home I would like you to deliver the address at my funeral." I said I would do as he requested, providence permitting; and then asked him to do the same favor for me, if I should die first, to which he consented. It so happened that the evening I received the telegram announcing his death I had my grip packed for a western tour of conference visitation in the interest of the Publishing House, which assignment of service could not be changed at that late date, and so I could not meet with the bereaved family and serve as I had promised. For this I was very sorry; But I was present in spirit; for I mused on the fact of his death and funeral all through those days of my loss and disappointment. Now my thoughts are of Father's house, where we planned and promised to meet, where our families shall be reunited again, and where thousands and tens of thousands of our dear friends shall gather in happy fellowship, never, never to be separated.
"Fast as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of fate to those we love,
Each pearl that leaves the broken string
Is set in friendship's crown above.
As narrower grows the earthly chain
The circle widens in the sky;
These are our treasures that remain,
But those are stars that beam on high."

—C. I. B. Brane.

REV. J. W. KIRACOFE

On Sept. 29, 1914, at 4:15 in the afternoon the noble soul of our beloved brother in the ministry, Rev. J. W. Kiracofe, went out to God. He had been given seventy-three years of life. He had numbered his days too and applied his heart to wisdom. His ministerial career, clean, fruitful, complete and crowned by a brief retirement devoted to the unselfish service of his family and his church was as nearly ideal as is ever granted to a mortal man.

For forty-one years he gave himself to ministerial service and bore upon his pastor heart the burden of the churches. How many people and how many churches owe their very salvation to the fact that this faithful shepherd went forth weeping to carry them and their sins to a midnight mercy seat, only God's book will show. How much he talked with the Heavenly Father during this half century! When his familiar face and form entered that shining Conference on the hills of God, how well acquainted he must have been! This Conference loved him for he was a sincere friend to every man in it. We are proud of his stainless life and we are proud of the plain goodness which made people everywhere accord to him an affectionate distinction.

As a preacher he ranked among the leaders all his life. In the old Virginia Conference in a time of great preachers, J. W. Kiracofe constantly served the larger
charges which were satisfied with none but the best. His deep voice made him always an impressive orator and his singular gift in the exposition of the scripture invariably left his audiences impressed and edified. He had the gracious distinction of retiring from the ministry with not only his last charge asking his continuance as their pastor but with a former parish requesting his appointment to their pulpit once more. Always a welcome visitor to every pulpit he was held in peculiar affection and esteem by the people and pastor of St. Paul’s Hagers-town, where he spent his last two years and of which he had been pastor forty years ago.

Bro. Kiracofe was a brotherly man. He was kindly and genial to everybody but always conducted himself with a characteristic soberness that seemed to add to his influence. He spoke well of his brethren always, whether they were present or absent. Indeed when he returned from spending a Sunday on a charge it was common to hear him speaking appreciative words concerning the pastor whom he visited. He had peculiar sympathy for his brethren in the pastorate, understanding their work so thoroughly. He was a wise adviser and a most pleasing companion always leaving upon one the influence and fragrance of his godliness and unaffected honesty. His example was always worthy of imitation. It can be truly said that no one was ever led astray by any thoughtless action of this circumspect and careful man. His words too were never hasty and he had no cause to regret words spoken to the injury or hurt of a brother. Few men considered more carefully what he said than J. W. Kiracofe.

In his last hours he spoke constantly the words “Saved by grace, Saved by grace.” In the failing light of that September afternoon, just before consciousness left him he lifted his hand and the last words he spoke were those of the familiar benediction, “In the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.”
He ran well. His was the pure gold of character. He kept the holy Faith of the fathers. He fought a good fight. His dealings with his associates was a practical, working exemplification of the golden rule. We shall miss him much but can think of his life with satisfaction as a monument of the wonderful influence of gospel truth.

Heaven gets to be more and more like home. Soon the larger conference of our acquaintance will be in the city of God. Soon the green fields of the Lord will be peopled with so many familiar, well loved faces that like lonely pilgrims we shall muse more and more of their sweet comfort and tender welcome and even reach out eager hands towards our last long home. God in great mercy grant that after having preached to others we may none of us become castaways and "miss the way at last."

Rev. J. W. Kiracofe's ministerial service was as follows: Lacey Springs Circuit, (Va.), 1862-1863; Highland Circuit, 1863-1864; Rockbridge Circuit, 1864-1866; Winchester Circuit, 1866-1867; Churchville Circuit, 1867-1868; Frederick Circuit, 1868-1870; St. Paul's Church, Hagerstown, 1870-1873; Boonsboro, 1873-1876; Keedysville, 1876-1880; Potomac Circuit, 1880-1885; Newville, (Pa.), 1885-1889; Mechanicsburg, 1898-1899; Green Castle, 1899-1900; Boiling Springs, 1900 to October 1904; Frederick, 1904-1910; Windsor, 1910-1912. (Fifty years in the active pastorate.)


—A. B. Statton.

Rev. J. W. Kiracofe, who was born August 25, 1841, and died at his home in Hagerstown, Maryland, September 29, 1914, was a pastor for fifty unbroken years. He began his pastoral service in Virginia, his native State, was interested in the organization of the