

Bishop Francis Asbury and The Reverend Henry Boehm

George L. Heiges

This account aims to be a brief record of the joint labors of two devout and zealous missionary preachers of the Protestant Church in America. One of them was Henry Boehm who was born in Lancaster County, scion of sturdy Swiss-German stock and a powerful Methodist preacher with such amazing physical stamina that he was able to expound the Word on the hundredth anniversary of his birth. The other was Francis Asbury, better and more properly known as Bishop Asbury of the Methodist Church. He was once a blacksmith in England but when still a young man left hammer and anvil to become a local preacher, then an itinerant minister and eventually came to America where his energetic labors won for him first place among those who organized the Methodist Church on this side of the Atlantic. It is the purpose therefore of this sketch to tell of the co-labors of these two men as well as something of their journeys together and of their numerous meetings in the Boehm home and in the justly renowned Boehm Meeting House close by in the township of Pequea, Lancaster County.

Some of the facts here presented have appeared in print through the years and will not be new to readers of church history

but we believe that this is the first time that an attempt has been made to correlate the work of Francis Asbury and Henry Boehm. In the preparation of this sketch we have extracted data from several books which tell us much about the two men.

One book, long out of print, is entitled "The Reminiscences of Rev. Henry Boehm by Rev. J. B. Wakeley, D.D." and first published in 1865. It was reprinted in 1875 in the very year that Henry reached the age of one hundred. Before the latter edition was ready for the press, Rev. Wakeley died and the work was finished by others, although an interesting preface was written by Boehm. Some excerpts from the preface follow.

FOR many years, and by many persons, including bishops, editors, and others, I have been importuned to publish the substance of my records and recollections. . . . It was judged that my great age, my intimate relations with Bishop Asbury, and my acquaintance with other pioneers and fathers of the Church, would enable me thus to preserve much desirable information which would otherwise soon be forgotten. . . . I had concluded to abandon the design, and this volume would probably never have seen the light had not the Rev. J. B. Wakeley come to my help.

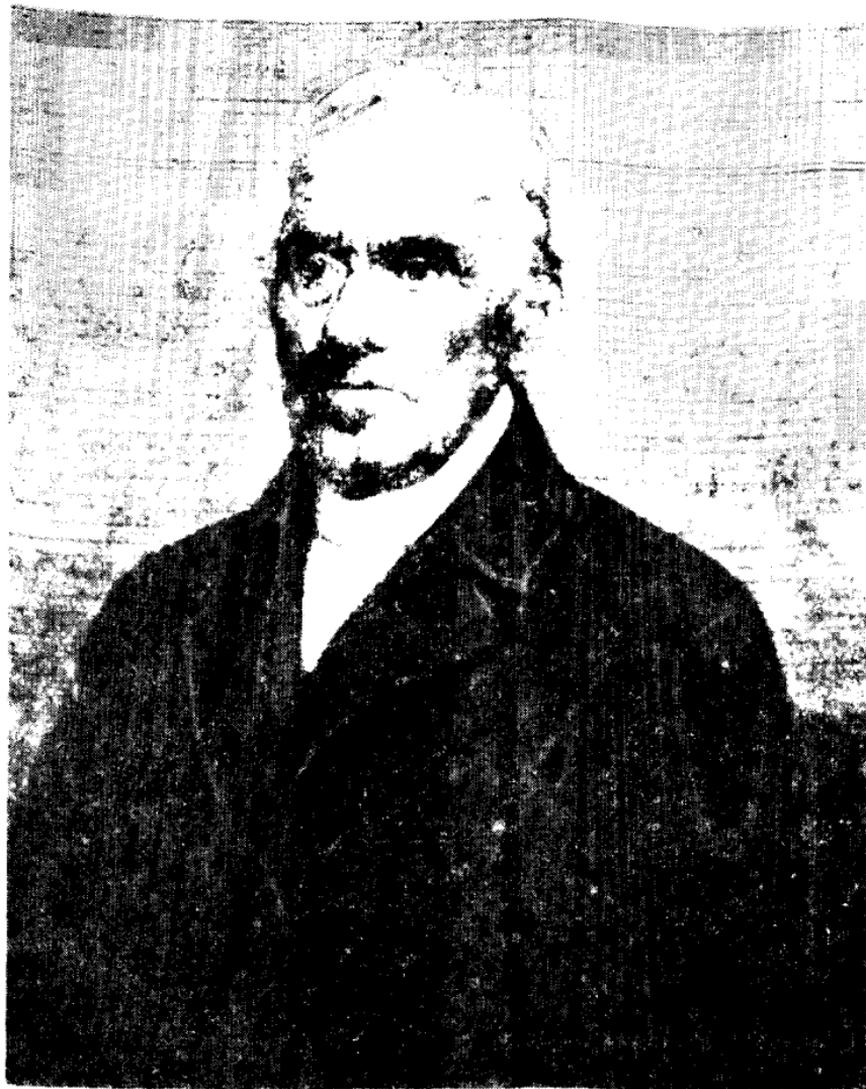
For the materials of the work I had a manuscript journal of two thousand pages. This we went over together, reviewing all my fields of labor, and drawing additional particulars from the storehouse of memory, Brother Wakeley performing the work of transcribing, arranging, and revising. . . . In this way we were employed, at different times, during a period of twelve years, so that if the work has been poorly done it has not been through undue haste or the sparing of labor or pains.

Ten years have passed since the volume was originally published. A few months ago Brother Wakeley prepared some additional chapters, but he was called home to heaven before a new edition was ready for the press. The last two chapters, containing an account of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of my birthday, have been prepared by other hands under the direction of the Publishers. July 1875 H. B.

The second important source of information concerning the labors of Asbury and Boehm is the three volume set of the collected journals and letters of Francis Asbury which was published in 1957. The editors of this comprehensive historical and literary effort were Elmer T. Clark, Secretary of the World Methodist Council, J. Manning Potts, editor of the **Upper Room** and Jacob S. Payton, a Methodist historian. The work was published jointly by the Epworth Press of London, England and the Abingdon Press of Nashville, Tennessee.

Francis Asbury came to America in response to this very direct call from John Wesley, founder of Methodism, "Our brethren in America call aloud for help." It was at a conference at Bristol in England that Wesley rose and in addition to extending the call, asked "Who will go?" Asbury met the challenge, was accepted and sent to the American colonies to a task which proved to be the work of his life.

Enroute to America, he began a journal—on September 4, 1771—which he assiduously continued until December 7, 1815—



REV. HENRY BOEHM

Born June 8, 1775

Died December 29, 1875

three months before his death. On October 27, 1771 Francis Asbury landed in Philadelphia and on the very next day he preached in St. George's Church² his first sermon in America. Six days later he set out by horseback on the first of countless preaching and missionary journeys. Asbury's well known and oft quoted motto was "I must ride or die" and in the almost fifty years that he travelled up and down the Atlantic seaboard, he and his horse covered more than a quarter of a million miles.

For some vital information concerning Henry Boehm and his

MY FORBEARS were from Switzerland. Jacob Bcehm, my great-great grandfather was a Presbyterian. His son Jacob learned a trade and in his wanderings, this Jacob fell in with a people called Pietists. He journeyed along the banks of the Rhine till he entered the Dukedom of Pfaltz. There young Jacob became acquainted with people called Mennonites. They were a simple hearted people and he united with them and became a lay elder. He had several children, of who Jacob the third was my grandfather. He was born in 1693 and migrated to this country in 1715.

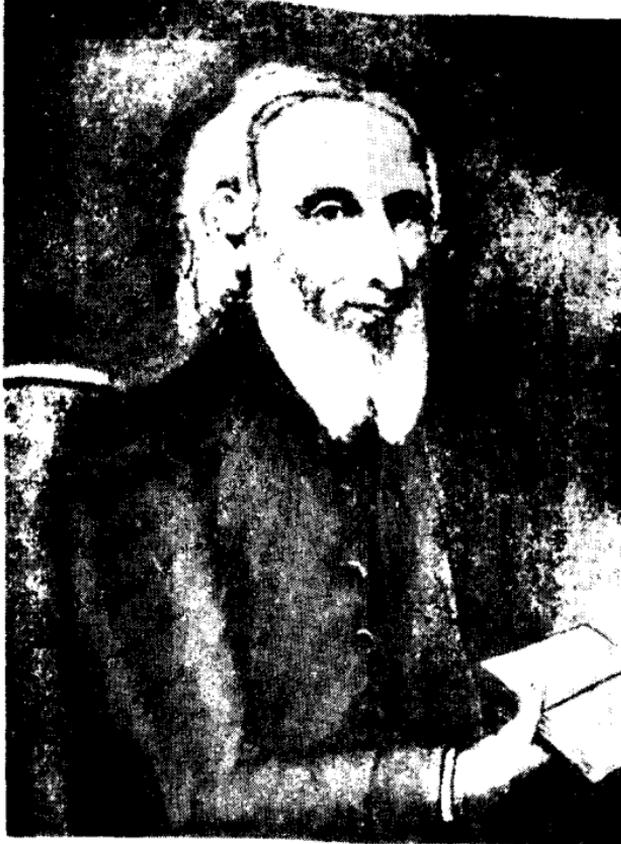
My grandfather was induced to come to America from the glowing description given of this country by Martin Kendig, one of the seven heads of families who had settled in what is now Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. He had landed in Philadelphia, from thence went to Germantown, then to Lancaster, and finally settled in Pequea, Conestoga Township,³ Soon afterward he married a Miss Kendig. My grandfather was a lay elder in the Mennonite Society.

Soon after his arrival he bought a farm and built him a house. He was also a blacksmith, the first in that region. His wife was very industrious and when necessary, she would leave her work and blow and strike for him. I recollect him very well. He died in 1780 aged eighty-seven. My grandmother was an excellent woman, particularly fond of me because I was the youngest grandchild. They had a number of sons and daughters. My father, Martin Boehm, was the youngest. He was born November 30, 1725 and married in 1753 to Eva Steiner, who was born on Christmas Day 1734. Her ancestors were from Switzerland, and settled near my grandfather.

My father inherited my grandfather's beautiful farm, and in 1750 built him a house in which his children were all born, and where many have been born again. Martin Boehm was first a Mennonite preacher, for he embraced the religion of his fathers. He was made so by lot in 1756, for such was the custom of this singular people. Then the Mennonites expelled him for being too evangelical. He then joined the United Brethren and afterward became a member of the Methodist Church.

I was born in the old homestead in the township of Conestoga, Lancaster County, on the 8th day of June 1775. This was immediately after the battle of Lexington, and one year before the Declaration of Independence. Thus I saw the birth of our nation, and have lived under the first President, and sixteen of his successors. I was born nine years before the Methodist Church was organized and have known all its bishops, from Thomas Coke the first to Calvin Kingsley, the last elected.

I had a common school education. The old schoolhouse and my schoolmaster Henry Rosman, I well remember. He went from house to house, and it was a great occasion when he came to my father's house to board. He was quite a character, a perfect original. He was one of the Hessian soldiers taken prisoner at Trenton when Washington and his band crossed the frozen Delaware and surprised Colonel Ralle and his troops and took them prisoner, while their commander was slain. Many of the Hessians had come to this country contrary to their will to fight against America, and preferred remaining here to returning to Europe. Among them was my old schoolmaster. Some of the German hymns he taught me to sing over eighty years ago I still remember well. To him I am indebted for my accurate knowledge of the German language, which I learned before the English. Germans have always admired my correct pronunciation of their vernacular. They said it was pure and not mixed with other dialects, like the Pennsylvania German. In after years it was a great benefit to me when I preached in German. I was one of the first among the Methodists who preached in that language.



REV. MARTIN BOEHM

Born November 30, 1725

Died March 23, 1812

So much for the early years of Henry Boehm as told in his own words when he was a very old man. Let us now add to the above recital some further information concerning Martin Boehm, father of Henry. He was one of ten children born to Jacob and Barbara Kendig Boehm, and in 1761 he was elected to the position of bishop in the Mennonite Church. Therefore he was Bishop Boehm when he appeared at a great religious meeting in 1767 at Isaac Long's barn near Neffsville, Manheim Township. It is a choice bit of church history that at this assembly Martin Boehm preached in such a passionate manner that Philip William Otterbein,⁴ then pastor of the German Reformed Church in Reading, feeling then a spiritual kinship with Boehm, embraced him and at the same time exclaimed **Wir sind Bruder** (We are brethren). This historic incident marked the beginning of a movement in American Protestantism which eventually culminated in the founding of the United Brethren persuasion. Just when Martin Boehm severed official connection with the Mennonites is not definitely known, since precise records are lacking, but from the writings of authoritative Mennonite historians, it seems probable that after 1775 he was no longer considered a Mennonite. From this year he was closely associated with itinerants of the growing United Brethren denomi-

nation who to this day consider him as a co-founder of their church.

While the information concerning Martin Boehm from the time of the Long barn meeting until 1800 is meagre, it is known that he travelled widely in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, preaching whenever and wherever an opportunity was afforded. Some time and somewhere in the course of his travels he became acquainted with Francis Asbury, likely a short time after that Methodist missionary arrived in America. The acquaintance then begun ripened into a close friendship which continued until broken only by the death of Martin Boehm.

The first recorded visit of Francis Asbury to the home of Martin Boehm is found in the Asbury journal of 1783.

THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1783—Preached at Martin Boehm's to many people.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1783—Indisposed and dejected. This is a barren land of religion, yet fruitful in everything else.

MONDAY, AUGUST 4, 1783—Rose early to pour out my soul to God. I want to live to him; to be holy in heart, in life, and in conversation; this is my work, my prize, my all.

At this time (1783) the Methodists in America were still a loosely knit religious group and it was not until December 24, 1784 at a meeting held in Baltimore that the Methodist Episcopal Church was formally organized. It was at this time that Francis Asbury and Thomas Coke, who had preceded Asbury to America were named as superintendents. At the same assemblage, Thomas Coke ordained Asbury to the office to which he had just been named. These two men, although never actually elected to the office of bishop, carried the title through the rest of their lives and are so called in Methodist history.

Therefore on Asbury's second visit to Lancaster County he was factually a bishop of the church. On this visit he made some calls on ministers in the growing town of Lancaster, where the Methodist Church was not then established. In fact, as will be evident, it was the last of the Protestant denominations with European backgrounds to have a congregation in Lancaster.

FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1789—I called on Mr. Hendel,⁵ a Dutch Presbyterian minister; he and his wife were both very kind. I believe they are children of God. I had an interview with Mr. Muhlenberg,⁶ a Lutheran minister and teacher of languages. He is a child-like, simple-hearted man and has considerable knowledge of the arts and sciences.

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In September 1791 Asbury again visited the area and of the events of that visit, we have the following record from the Asbury journal.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1791—We rode to Strasburg, thirty miles where I preached at night in a very respectable tavern on Acts 3:19. I was very plain and had some energy in preaching although unwell in body. I have faith to believe we shall have a house of worship and that the Lord will have people in this place.

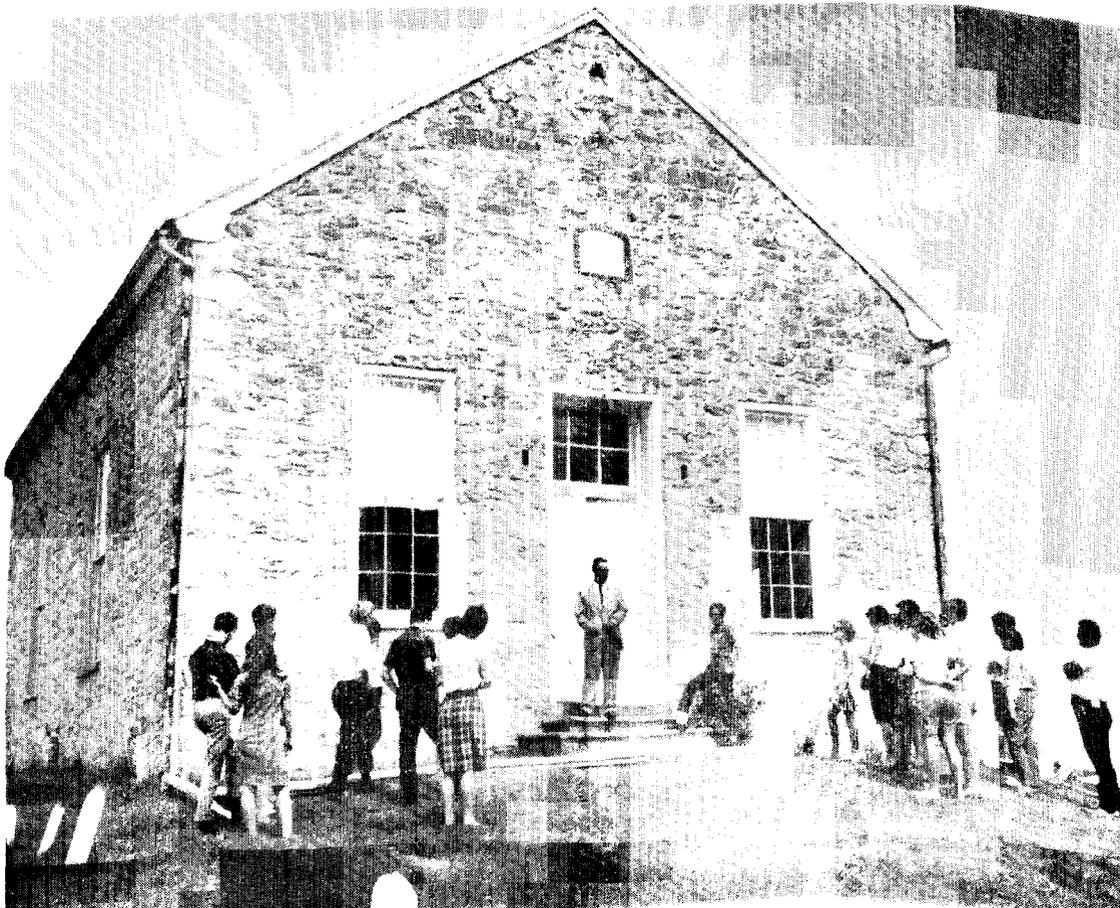
Thence to Martin Boehm's; hitherto the Lord has been our helper in spite of sin and Satan. We had a good time whilst I spoke on Zechariah xii v 10. After sacrament several bore testimony to the Lord. I was much humbled, and brought into close communion of God; yet I greatly rejoiced to find so much religion among the people. We went thence to Brother Musselmans⁷ where for two days, we had a gracious season. I preached on Acts 2:37,38.

It was during this same year—1791—that famous Boehm's Chapel was erected on the old Boehm farmstead, at the time operated by Jacob, a son of Martin Boehm.

Henry Boehm wrote the following history of the building of the chapel.

Boehm's Chapel is distinguished for its antiquity. It was the first Methodist house of worship in Lancaster County. The plan of the edifice was furnished in 1790 by Richard Whatcoat,⁸ afterward Bishop. He was elder at that time and came there to administer the ordinances. Years before the erection of this building, as early as 1775, the year I was born, a class was formed at my father's house. My mother was one of the first who joined, and therefore

Boehm's Chapel



belonged to the first race of Methodists in America. Until the chapel was built, my grandfather's house (Jacob's home) was used as the preaching place, except on great occasions, when it was too small: then they used the barn.

Boehm's Chapel was erected in 1791. The house was built of limestone—was forty feet deep and thirty-two wide, and had galleries. It was called Boehm's Chapel because it was built on Boehm land in Boehm's neighborhood, and because the different families of Boehm's did much toward its erection, and were regular attendants there. My brother Jacob gave the land for the house and the burying ground.

There were wonderful gatherings at Boehm's Chapel. The bishops and the great men of Methodism found their way there and preached the Word. It is difficult to estimate the position it once occupied in Methodism. My father was given to hospitality and at great meetings fifty and even one hundred have been entertained at his house.

Returning to the journal of Bishop Asbury we have record of one day that he spent in Lancaster County in 1892.

THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1792—Rode to Abraham Keaggy at Strasburg. It was Harvest Home. I feel it my duty to press the people of God on to holiness of heart and life. As the next morning was rainy, we stayed until the afternoon, and then rode to see our old brother Martin Boehm. We had a tender moving, season on I John 1:8 on SALVATION FROM ALL SIN. At Strasburg, in the afternoon we had a solemn meeting.

FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1792—We had a long ride to Morgantown.

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There is no entry in the Asbury journal to indicate another trip into Lancaster County until 1799, but Methodist itinerants continued to preach at Boehm's Chapel, at nearby Soudersburg and at Strasburg. It was at Boehm's Chapel in 1798 under the preaching of Thomas Ware,⁹ Methodist presiding elder that Henry, son of Martin Boehm became a changed man. Henry wrote "There God restored to me the joy of salvation. Then I united with the Church, a duty I should have performed years before."

At this time. Henry Boehm was twenty three years old and living with his brother Jacob, eight miles distant from the house of his father. Having entered into church membership, Henry's interest soon proved to be more than passive. A few months before the usual probation period expired, he was appointed a class leader in the Soudersburg Methodist Church, a responsibility which he attempted to sidestep. But after attending family prayers in his father's house on a certain Saturday night, he felt called to accept the position, his first call to active Christian service. During the next two years he continued to meet with his class at Soudersburg.

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In the year 1799 Bishop Asbury sojourned for a full week in Lancaster County, during which period he visited Martin Boehm and again preached in Boehm's Church.

FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1799—We rode twenty miles to New Holland, and had a sample of bad roads for a sulky. Here some souls were brought to Christ. I was exceedingly spent for want of sleep and

rest. After five o'clock we rode with Elder Ware toward Strasburg; night came on and left us two miles from the place in the woods—in darkling shades, a new cut road, and stumpy path. We came in about nine o'clock, having ridden twelve miles. Thank the Lord for whole bones.

SABBATH DAY, JULY 28, 1799—There was preaching in Thomas Ware's orchard in Strasburg; we had the respectables of the town, and a large assembly. This place contains, I judge, between sixty and seventy dwelling houses.

MONDAY, JULY 29, 1799—I visited Jacob Boehm's, God has begun to bless the children of this family. The parents have followed us nearly the space of twenty years.

TUESDAY, JULY 30, 1799—We had a serious earthquake at five o'clock; the earth is growing old; it groans and trembles. I visited John Miller's; thence we rode six miles to Martin Boehm's.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1799—We had a comfortable meeting at Boehm's Church. Here lieth the dust of William Jessop and Michael Wilson.¹⁰ I feebly attempted a discourse on Heb. 6:12. In the evening we rode to Jacob Keagay's near the mouth of Pequea Creek.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1799—After a suspension of rain in some parts for from four, six and eight weeks, we had a gracious moderate rain. On Friday (Aug. 2) the rain continued quickening, and thus saving the latter fruit of the earth. I rode to Mrs. Elizabeth Wright's. We crossed the Conestoga at the mouth of Little Conestoga; we had a very uneven path. Mrs. Wright's family are blessed—all the children profess religion—father and mother have died in the Lord. Our friends followed to Pequea. Martin Boehm is all upon wings and springs since the Lord blessed his grandchildren. His son Henry is greatly led out in public exercises.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1799—We rode to Columbia, formerly called Wright's Ferry. The excessive warmth of the sun in crossing (the Susquehanna) made me sick.

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Martin Boehm at this time was still a travelling itinerant for the developing United Brethren denomination; and it was on a day in 1799 or 1800 that Henry arrived at his father's home as he (Martin) was about to leave on a preaching tour through Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia. Henry joined him and wrote the following paragraphs anent the journey.

He wished me to accompany him and I did so. We were absent from home about a month. It was in September or October. I kept a diary in the German language, written every day, of where we were and what we were doing. My father was a German preacher, then holding some connection with the United Brethren. The Rev. William Otterbein was with the same people. We travelled every day, and my father preached in German, and I exhorted after him, sometimes in German and sometimes in English.

I had an opportunity of getting more particularly acquainted with the distinguished ministers connected with the United Brethren. They had great meetings that were often accompanied with power. Their first annual meeting was held September 25, 1800 at Peter Kemp's in Frederick County, Maryland. This was important in many respects. First, they resolved to call themselves "The Church of the United Brethren in Christ." Second, they elected Bishops for the first time. William Otterbein and Martin Boehm (my father) were unanimously chosen. They had at this time but little order and discipline, and what I had seen of the order and discipline of the Methodists in Baltimore and at the Philadelphia Conference

showed me the vast superiority of the latter, and I made up my mind to enter their itinerant ministry.

Having entered the itinerancy, Henry Boehm made rapid progress in the life of the church; preaching, attending conferences and campmeetings, rubbing shoulders with the great men of Methodism. Especially was he greatly inspired after a meeting of the Philadelphia Conference held at Duck Creek Crossroads (Smyrna, Delaware) in May and June of the year eighteen hundred. Concerning that particular assembly, he wrote, "This remarkable conference closed on the 6th of June at nine o'clock, and I started for my father's house, walking sixty miles to the rural district of Lancaster, having seen more, heard more, enjoyed more since I left home that in all my lifetime before."

In August of 1800, Bishop Asbury accompanied by Bishop Richard Whatcoat again came through Lancaster County and held services at Soudersburg and at Boehm's. The founders of the village of Soudersburg—called Sawdertown by Asbury—were Benjamin and Jacob Souders,¹¹ the former a local preacher in whose home services were held until a meeting house was built in 1801. The visit is described briefly in the Asbury journal.

AUGUST 23, 1800—We had a proper siege at Sawdertown, and got in by four o'clock. I gave a discourse on Heb. 10:38,39.

AUGUST 24, 1800—Bishop Whatcoat preached at Martin Boehm's on Psalm 72:16-20. We have now ridden from Monday, one hundred and seventy miles. We lodged at Abraham Keneagy's. Our Dutch (German) Methodists are as kind and more lively than many of the American ones.

MONDAY, AUGUST 25, 1800—We crossed Susquehanna at McCall's Ferry. It is narrow but very deep and rocky.

Again taking up the ministerial career of Henry Boehm, we learn that his first circuit as an itinerant was known as the Dorchester Circuit, which was composed of the churches on the eastern shore of Maryland. His second assignment was to the Annamessex Circuit—the churches in the Virginia Peninsula. Then he was brought back to Pennsylvania, there to labor in the Bristol Circuit which comprised the churches in the counties of Northampton, Montgomery, Berks and Philadelphia. In 1803 he established the Methodist Church in Germantown and superintended the building of their first house of worship. On July 18th of the same year, Bishop Asbury asked him to travel for awhile with he and Bishop Whatcoat. Henry wrote as follows.

BISHOP ASBURY asked me to travel with him so I left all for in that day the Bishop said "Go and he goeth; come and he cometh." The bishops moved on in advance of me and I overtook them at Soudersburg. Here Bishop Asbury preached and Bishop Whatcoat exhorted after him."

The projected tour took them through the interior of Pennsylvania, as far west as Berlin in Somerset County. However, at the village of Soudersburg, Bishop Whatcoat had become so enfeebled that Asbury and Boehm proceeded without him. In a few words

Henry tells of this initial experience as Bishop Asbury's travelling companion.

"HERE on top of the Allegheny mountains, I parted with the Bishop on the 5th of August, having been with him fourteen days, and heard him preach eight times. He always loved the Germans, and as I could preach in that language and few at that time could, he said to me 'Henry, you had better return and preach to the Germans, and I will pursue my journey alone.' He did not send me back to Bristol but to Dauphin, there being more Germans on that circuit."

Bishop Asbury's own account of this journey adds but little detail and strangely does not even mention Henry Boehm as his companion.

FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1803—We housed for the night with an exceedingly kind German family by the name of Kenagee. On Saturday we found heat and dust and turnpike gates (12 in number) as usual.

SABBATH, JULY 24, 1803—We spent at Soudersburg. I spoke on Psalm 51:8-12. Here Bishop Whatcoat concluded he must stop or go on with me and die by inches.

MONDAY, JULY 25, 1803—I passed through Lancaster, calling upon John Shainer upon Little Conestoga, dined at Columbia and preached at three o'clock and then crossed the ferry and reached Henry Strickler's to lodge for the night.

The Dauphin Circuit which was the field of Henry Boehm's labors from 1803 until 1806 included the towns of Lancaster, Columbia, Harrisburg, and Reading as well as Boehm's Chapel and other rural preaching places. Numerous entries in his reminiscences tell of churchly happenings at these places. He also wrote of the Dauphin Circuit generally.

Soudersburg Methodist Church



THE CIRCUIT was very large and the people mostly Germans. We had thirty appointments and at twenty of them we preached in German. We held union or what were called "friendly meetings" where the Methodists and the United Brethren in Christ met in harmony and the ministers took turns in preaching. We held one of these meetings in Columbia in August (1803). Multitudes were present. James Thomas preached the first sermon, then my father preached in German from Gal. 6:15,16.

Harrisburgh was another of our preaching places. It was then called Harris' Ferry from John Harris the founder, whose grave is there. In 1803 it was a small place and Lancaster was then the capital of Pennsylvania. We had a hard time to get a foothold in Harrisburgh. At the time I wrote that "the people in this town are the next thing to inaccessible." We did not then cross the Susquehanna on a bridge that cost \$150,000 but in an old scow."¹²

Columbia was another of our preaching places. I was at this spot in 1791 when it was called Wright's Ferry from John Wright, a Quaker preacher who came from England and was the original land proprietor. Methodism was introduced here near the close of the last century. In 1803-04 we had a small society of very lively members, among whom were John Mitchell and Brother Gough.

The Philadelphia Conference of 1804 was held at Soudersburg, commencing on May 28. Methodism was introduced here in 1791 and a house of worship built in 1801. The conference was held in a private room, at the house of Benjamin Souders, that the meeting house might be used for preaching. There were one hundred and twenty preachers present, and the utmost order and harmony prevailed. My soul exulted at the idea of a Methodist conference in my native county.

We had hard work to get a foothold in Lancaster and met with powerful opposition. Having no church there, we preached in the market and those of the baser sort annoyed my colleague and myself. Once while I was preaching, and there was some disturbance, I saw a man coming toward me from the tavern. He seemed full of wrath and passed through the crowd toward the pulpit, which was a butcher's block, as if he intended violence. I kept on preaching, throwing out some hot shots, when suddenly he stopped, his countenance changed, and the lion became a lamb, and I was preserved from the harm he no doubt intended I should suffer.

One of our preaching places was David Musselman's. He lived about seven miles from Lancaster, between that and Marietta.

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The 1804 Philadelphia Conference which was held at Soudersburg was mentioned by Asbury in two paragraphs.

FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1804—On the Sabbath we crossed the Susquehanna at McCall's Ferry, and came to Martin Boehm's. I preached at Boehm's Chapel and then came away to Soudersburg. The Conference opened on

MONDAY MORNING 28—We had great order. We sat five days and a half. There were one hundred and twenty-five preachers present, whose characters and experiences were brought before us. I preached twice.

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Bishop Asbury, writing in his journal in 1805 also mentions the same David Musselman, cited by Boehm.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1805—Brought us, through heat and dust to Soudersburg. Sick on Friday and took medicine. Saturday, wrote a great deal.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 11, 1805—At the chapel at Soudersburg, I preached on 2 Thess. 1:7-10 . . . I was considerably assisted; yet I left the subject in an unfinished state, after speaking a full hour.

MONDAY, AUGUST 12, 1805—We came off with courage, passing through Lancaster, still unpropitious to Methodism. Seven miles beyond, Father Musselman received us with a smiling countenance, a willing hand and ready mind. We fed, and talked and sang, and prayed and parted in the Lord. We crossed Anderson's Ferry (Marietta) the best I know on the river and came into York.

In 1807, enroute to the southern states, Asbury again paused briefly at Soudersburg and at Columbia.

THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1807—We bent our course through Reading. The views of meadows and fields were grand—beautiful. Reading may have two hundred houses; one street in a style approaching to that of Philadelphia, as it respects the houses. The rest have much of the German features. Through Adamstown where we breakfasted, we came over rocks and hills to New Holland. Here as at Reading, there are fine churches for the German Lutherans and the German Calvinists. These are citadels of formality—fortifications erected against the apostolic itinerancy of a more evangelical ministry. At Soudersburg we rested one day. I wrote three letters.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1807—We came through Lancaster to Columbia. On the Sabbath Day I preached in a lot near the river; we may have had several hundred people; my subject was 2 Corinthians 5:14. The missionaries Boehm (Henry) and Hunter¹³ were present. Hunter, a native Irishman had travelled with the great Wesley in Ireland.

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In this same year—1807—Methodism finally became established in the city of Lancaster through the instrumentality of Henry Boehm who left this written record of the manner in which it came about.

THE INTRODUCTION of Methodism in Lancaster was providential. The translation of the Methodism discipline into German had something to do with it. In May 1807 I went to Lancaster to read the proof sheets of this translation at the printers. After I had read them and was about to return home, it commenced raining hard, and I put up at a public house where I often stopped. The Lutherans were there in great numbers to draw a lottery, the proceeds which were to finish a church steeple.¹⁴ Feeling no interest in the result of the drawing, and annoyed by the noise and confusion of the people, I left the public house and took a walk through Lancaster to while the time away. While going along the street I met a woman who had been a member of the Methodist Church in Germantown. She told me there was a man by the name of Philip Benedict who had been awakened at a camp meeting and she advised me to call and see them. I went to their house, pointed them to Jesus and prayed with them. As I was about leaving, they said "O that we could have Methodist preaching in Lancaster." I told them they could have it. So I left an appointment to preach at their house. It became a permanent preaching place.¹⁵ In a little while I formed a class of six members. This was the nucleus of the society which remained permanent. I am thankful I had the honor of planting the tree of Methodism in that city.

Something more may be said about the Methodist discipline mentioned by Henry Boehm. Actually it was Boehm and a Doctor

Romer of Middletown who translated the discipline which was then printed at the shop of Henry and Benjamin Grimler in Lancaster.¹⁶ Doctor Romer was a medical practitioner who arrived in Middletown sometime before 1770 and as early as 1780 arranged for Methodist services in his home on High above Duck street in that place.

Also in this same year—1807—an incident occurred at a camp-meeting held at Demer's Forest Chapel in Berks County which deserves repeating. Boehm recorded the incident.

SOME OF THE SINNERS of a baser sort were disposed to interrupt the service. When the disturbance threatened to be serious, the Honorable George Clymer,¹⁷ a signer of the Declaration of Independence, then a lawyer residing in Reading, arose in the congregation and addressed the assembly. He spoke of the struggles of the Revolution, of what our liberties cost, and the right our glorious Constitution gives to all to worship under their own vine and fig tree. Then he said 'In vain have patriots bled and martyrs died to procure freedom if we cannot worship the God of our fathers according to our own conscience.' It was the only time I ever saw or heard George Clymer. His conduct was so noble, for then we were a sect everywhere spoken against, and no great honor could be obtained by defending us.

Baltimore was the scene of the Methodist Conference of 1808 and it was during this great gathering that Bishop Asbury requested Henry Boehm to be his travelling companion. Let Henry tell about it.

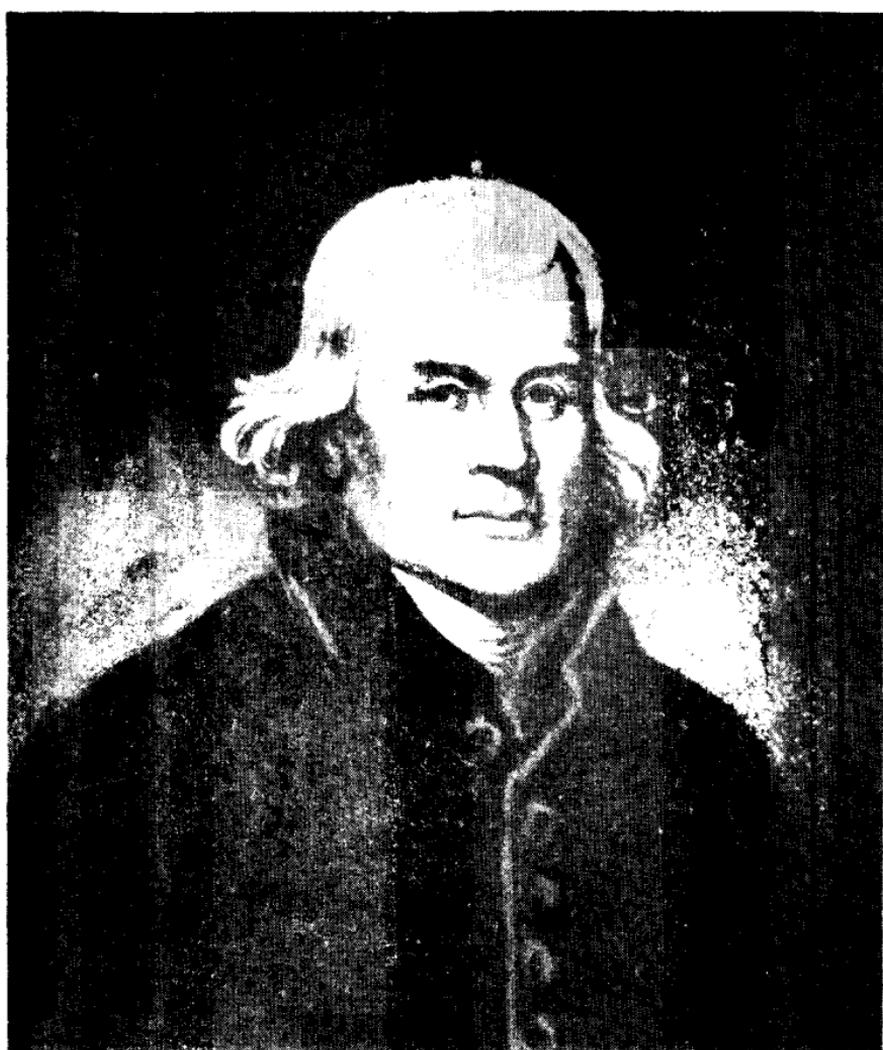
Bishop Asbury requested me to travel with him. It was necessary for me to go home and get ready to travel with him and meet him at Perry Hall, Maryland on June 5 where he was to preach the funeral sermon of Harry Dorsey Gough, and then we were to proceed on our western tour. I took leave of my aged mother with tears and my father accompanied me for some distance.

Bishop Asbury at this time was sixty three years old but in the words of Boehm "having been greatly exposed he was feeble and suffered from many infirmities."

Enroute to meet the Bishop at the appointed place, Boehm stopped at a campmeeting. Asbury, impatient as always, travelled on without him. Boehm once wrote "He (Asbury) never waited for any man and he wanted no man to wait for him. His motto was 'The King's business requires haste'."

However at the town of Pipe Creek, Maryland, Boehm caught up with the Bishop and there began the first extensive trip that the two men took together. They travelled simply and without many accoutrements. Boehm commented "As we travelled on horseback we had to be careful not to be overburdened. The Bishop used to say that the equipment of a Methodist minister consisted of a horse, saddle and bridle, one suit of clothes, a watch, a pocket Bible and a hymnbook."

The two men rode through western Pennsylvania to the town of Washington, then on to Wheeling, West Virginia where they were entertained by the famous Ebenezer Zane,¹⁸ Leaving "Wheel-



BISHOP FRANCIS ASBURY

Born August 20, 1745

Died March 31, 1816

ing and the Zane family" they entered Ohio. Preaching at many points as they travelled on, they went through Ohio and Indiana, then only a territory and into Tennessee, to the town of Liberty Hill where the western conference of the Methodist held its annual meeting. This conference ended, Asbury and Boehm headed for the meeting of the South Carolina Conference at Liberty Chapel, near Milledgeville, Georgia on December 24, 1808. Continually called upon to preach as they moved from town to town, they left the state of Georgia on Jan. 2, 1809 and by February first arrived at Tarborough, Virginia where the Virginia Conference went into session. Again journeying on, they passed through the towns of Petersburg, Richmond and Manchester, reaching Harrisonburgh on March 2, 1809 for the convening of the Baltimore Conference.

From here they hastened on to Baltimore, then through the State of Delaware and into Pennsylvania, finally arriving at the Boehm home in Lancaster County on March 30, 1809 for a very limited visit. Henry's short account of the visit was so brief that it tells us very little. "Friday was a joyful day and not to me only but to others as well. . . . Bishop Asbury and my father never met without a thrill of delight. I had not seen my loved father for ten months, a longer time than I had been absent from him before and he embraced me in his arms."

The year's tour was not over. The Philadelphia Conference met in old St. George's Church on north Fourth Street on April 3, 1809 and Henry Boehm and Bishop Asbury were present. Immediately after the meetings, they were off for a twenty day trip which took them through "the lower and eastern parts of New Jersey" arriving in New York City on May tenth for the assembling of the New York Conference in John Street Church. This was Boehm's first visit to New York, a place destined to be his final earthly home. On this initial visit to the big city he was signally honored with an invitation to preach a German sermon in the English Lutheran Church. When the conference ended, the indefatigable travellers went on their way again, this time through the states of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, even to Monmouth in Maine where the New England Conference opened in convention on June sixteenth. After this meeting they fulfilled preaching appointments in Vermont, then crossed Lake Champlain, again rode south through New York and Pennsylvania to the Boehm homestead in Lancaster County.

Writing of the incidents of his first trip with the seemingly tireless Bishop, Henry Boehm wrote this.

THE RELATION OF MY FIRST ANNUAL TOUR with Bishop Asbury has convinced the reader that the office of a bishop was no sinecure, and that his travelling companion had something more to do than play the gentleman. It indeed was toil, intense toil, as much as body and soul could bear. During the tour I visited all the conferences and preached the Gospel in fifteen states, and became acquainted with the great men of Methodism, ministry and laity, East, West, North, South.

Never was a mariner, after a perilous voyage, more rejoiced to get into harbor than we were to reach the old family mansion of my father. We arrived there on Friday, July 28, 1809 but both my parents were from home. Therefore Mr. Asbury concluded he would ride on, and I got a friend to go with him a distance while I went to see my parents. I could not bear the thought of being gone ten months without an interview with them before I left. They were infirm and I might never see them again. I went to a camp meeting near Morgantown where I met my parents, and they embraced me with joy. At the camp meeting I heard my father preach from Luke on the Gospel Supper. He preached in German; I immediately after in English. The next day I went home with my parents, remained a few hours, and then bade them farewell until the next spring.

Bishop Asbury in his journal penned a few lines relating to the above brief visit at the Boehm home.

FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1809—We made a thirty mile drive to Martin Boehm's. Delightful rest! but it may not be.

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1809—Put us into motion for Lancaster where we tarried a few moments, as also at Columbia, and continued on to York where I preached at six o'clock in the evening.

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Henry Boehm, following an all too brief visit with his aging parents hastened on to join the peripatetic Bishop for their second annual tour together. At Fort Littleton in the mountains of Pennsylvania their paths met as the following paragraph from Henry's recollections indicates.

I did not overtake him (Asbury) till the third of August at Fort Littleton. I found him in a sad plight. He was not able to stand, preach, kneel or pray. He needed both a travelling companion and a nurse. Suffering from rheumatism, he had applied several blisters to relieve him. He had put them on too strong and the remedy was worse than the disease.

Bishop Asbury's ailments notwithstanding, he and his companion began another pilgrimage which took them pretty much over the same route that they had travelled the previous year, however omitting New England from their itinerary. We give you Henry Boehm's reflections as the tour ended.

On Friday, August 3, 1810 after an unparalleled week of toil and suffering, we reached Middletown, Pennsylvania, and took dinner with our old friend Dr. Romer. A number of neighbors heard of the Bishop's arrival and came to see him and urged him to preach; but he had only time to say 'Farewell'. But it was refreshing after having for so long put up at miserable taverns and been among strangers and through such perils to meet so many familiar and kind friends.

In the afternoon we journeyed on to my father's. My aged parents embraced me with joy, while I felt there is no place like home. Bishop Asbury and my father gave to each other the kiss of affection, and mutually encircled each other in their arms. That day we rode fifty miles. From Charlestown, South Carolina to my father's house we had travelled two thousand and twenty-five miles. The Bishop preached on Saturday evening at Boehm's Chapel.

The Bishop's letters were generally sent to the care of my father, and at his house he answered them, so he was generally busy with his pen after our arrival home. He found fifteen letters waiting this time and he answered them all on Saturday.

After an absence of months I remained at home one day and two nights, and the Bishop said "Henry, we must move." My father and sister and many others went with us to Lancaster, where on the fifth of August we had a great day. The Bishop ever felt an interest in this place where we had such a hard time to get a foothold. He preached morning and evening, James Smith at three and I immediately after him in German. The Bishop rejoiced to see such a comfortable house of worship.

"Good bye" I said to my friends and at noon on Monday we were at Columbia where the Bishop preached. I was lame, and the lameness was increasing, but I did not name it to my parentts lest they should urge me to stay home, or worry about me when I had gone. Therefore I bore my sufferings in silence. From Columbia we went to York.

This was August 6, 1810, the day which marked the start of the third tour of Asbury and Boehm and which again took them through the middle west and the south and ended only when they arrived back in Pennsylvania in March, 1811. Asbury continued to Philadelphia for the meeting of the Conference while Henry Boehm headed for his home for a short season with his parents before joining Bishop Asbury in Philadelphia. Concerning those days at home, he wrote as follows.

I left the Bishop and hastened to my father's whom I had not seen since the summer before. To my great joy I found there Bishop McKendree and Robert Burch. On Friday, April 5, Bishop McKendree preached in Boehm's Chapel on Luke xii:32. On Sunday Bishop McKendree, Robert Burch and I preached in Lancaster. On Monday I rode with Bishop McKendree to Strasburg, where he preached and we tarried with my old friend Thomas Ware; thence to Soudersburgh, where the Bishop (McKendree) preached from Proverbs xxiv: 30-34. I returned with him to Strasburgh.

On Wednesday (April 27) we went to Germantown and Bishop Asbury preached in the evening. Here he was visited by those distinguished physicians, Drs. Rush and Physic. It was my privilege to be present at the interview. Dr. Benjamin Rush, as a man, a patriot and scholar, occupied the first rank. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Bishop Asbury was delighted with their attention, as will appear from the following entry in his journal. "Drs. Rush and Physic paid me a visit. How consoling it is to know that these great characters are men fearing God! I was much gratified, as I ever am by their attentions, kindness and charming conversation; indeed they have been of eminent use to me, and I acknowledge their services with gratitude."

It was at this interview, as they were separating, the Bishop inquired what he should pay for their professional services. They answered "Nothing; only an interest in your prayers." Said Bishop Asbury, "As I do not like to be in debt we will pray now," and he knelt down and offered a most impressive prayer that God would bless and reward them for their kindness to him.

From Philadelphia the two indomitable preachers left for the New York Conference, following which the Bishop decided to gratify a long time desire to visit Canada. They arrived at Cornwall, Canada on July 1, 1811, having crossed the St. Lawrence river in "romantic style," so described by Boehm.

We hired four Indians to paddle us over. They lashed three canoes together and put our horses in them, their fore feet in one canoe, their hind feet in another. It was a singular load; three canoes, three passengers (the Bishop, Bela Smith²¹ and myself) three horses and four Indians. They were to take us over for three dollars. It was nearly three miles across to where we landed. It was late in the afternoon when we started, and we were a long time in crossing, for some part was rough, especially the rapids, so we did not reach the other side until late in the evening. Then the Indians claimed an additional dollar. They said "four men four dollar," intimating that three dollars could not be so easily divided among four. We cheerfully paid the additional dollar, and were full of gratitude for our crossing in safety.

On Thursday, July 4 (1811) we heard firing on the other side of the river, celebrating the day. The war spirit was waking up Canada as well as in the United States, and the people answered

by firing popguns by way of contempt. This woke up my patriotism, for I always regarded the Fourth of July as the birthday of liberty, the Sabbath Day of freedom.

“Just a fortnight” the party stayed in Canada, during which period Bishop Asbury preached six times besides delivering lectures before various societies. In the beginning of August, Asbury and Boehm left Paris in Canada where the Canada Conference had been in session, and rode the trails which led to Pennsylvania. On August 9 the Boehm home in Lancaster County was reached once more and this time both men and beasts paused for a longer than usual rest. Henry in one paragraph wrote of this family reunion:

On Friday after intense suffering on the part of Bishop Asbury, we reached my father's. We tarried here longer than usual from the 9th to the 20th. Thus I had an opportunity for a final visit with my much loved father. On Sunday Bishop Asbury preached at Boehm's Chapel from Romans viii:11-12. It was the last time my father heard Bishop Asbury preach. I preached in the afternoon from 1 John 1:9. the last time my father heard his son Henry.

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From the Asbury journal we have a fuller account of the eleven days the Bishop and his companion Henry spent in the latter's Lancaster County home.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1811—We reached Martin Boehm's. My flesh is ready to think it something for a man of sixty-five, with a highly inflamed and painful foot to ride near 400 miles on a stumbling, starting horse, slipping and blundering over desperate roads from Paris to this place in 12 days.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 11, 1811—I preached in Boehm's Chapel. There is a camp meeting thirty miles distant from hence; but I cannot be there. I have the will, but I want time and strength.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1811—Yesterday and today I have written fifteen letters. I am unspeakably happy in God.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1811—They will have me away to the camp meeting. John Boehm will take me and bring me back in the carriage.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1811—I preached to about 2,000 souls.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1811—The heat was excessive; and O the rocky road, the flies, and my dysentery!—had a high fever and passed an awful night. I have an appointment to fill this day.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1811—At three o'clock I preached at Strasburg, and returned again to Father Boehm's. I took a few glasses of the old man's Rhenish wine to check my bowel complaint.

SABBATH, AUGUST 18, 1811—I lectured at Lancaster on the Parable of the Sower. I dealt plainly with the audience, who were very attentive. My appointment had been noted in the public papers of yesterday. Returned in the evening to Martin Boehm's.

MONDAY, AUGUST 19, 1811—I preached at Columbia. I was faint and the heat was excessive.

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Turning again to the recollections of Henry Boehm we have this record of a poignant parting with his parents as he and the Bishop took to the road.

Tuesday we took our solemn leave of my dear aged parents and friends. O how my heart was pierced with hearing my father say as

the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks. "We shall not see each other again." How I gazed upon his patriarchal form, and wept as he embraced me, when I thought those arms will embrace me no more. Bishop Asbury said "We hope to meet in Glory." This was a word in season, and proved a cordial to my soul. My father's words were prophetic. Before we came round again the sun shone on his grave and his spirit returned to God.

Immediately the two men started on another annual tour which was pretty much a repetition of previous circuits, but which did include a meeting in a very historic building, the old original capitol at Williamsburg in Virginia. Always extremely cognizant of great events in our national history, Boehm was so tremendously impressed with the fact that he preached in the old capitol that he was moved to write these words.

"At Williamsburgh on the 3rd of March, the Bishop preached in the venerable State-house or capitol in the afternoon; and I had the honor of holding forth in the evening. This was the capital of Virginia before Richmond, and is the oldest incorporated town in the state. The old walls of the State-house in which we preached had echoed with the eloquence of Virginia's greatest men. Here Patrick Henry made his first grand speech. It was in this edifice that they returned thanks to George Washington for his service in the French and Indian War, and he arose to reply, and was so embarrassed he could say nothing; then the speaker, Robinson, said, 'Sit down; Mr. Washington; your modesty is equal to your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess.'"

The tour of 1812 closed with a meeting of the Baltimore Conference at Leesburg, Virginia on March 20. Before the close of the conference, Asbury said to Boehm "Henry, as soon as the conference adjourns you must have the horses ready and we must go right to your father's house." Boehm reminded the Bishop that he had appointments in Baltimore and at places on the eastern shore of Maryland. Asbury's rejoinder was "Never mind, we can get them filled; I tell you we must go right to your father's."

Boehm recorded the foregoing conversation and continuing his narrative wrote; "The reason for the sudden change in his plans I believed to be, the Bishop had a presentiment that my father was dead. How else could we account for his abandoning a long list of appointments, changing his entire route, and hastening to my father's."

When we reached Samuel Brinkley's, who lived a mile from our old homestead, the mystery was solved; there we heard that my father was dead. The aged Asbury wept, and I felt sad at the thought I should see him no more. I learned that he was taken sick the 17th of March, and on Monday the 23rd he departed this life in great peace and triumph, so his mournful words proved true that "we should never see each other again." The next day, Saturday, we passed by his new made grave to the old homestead where I found my mother in all the sorrows of widowhood.

On Sunday April 5, which was fourteen days after Martin Boehm passed away, Bishop Asbury preached a funeral sermon in Boehm's Chapel. He selected as a text this verse. "Behold an



Fulton House—Birthplace of Robert Fulton in Fulton Township, Lancaster County. Reverend Henry Boehm formed a Methodist Class in this house in 1814, when it was the home of Joseph Swift.

Israelite in whom there is no guile." The crowd was immense because the occasion was one of great interest to the community. The Bishop described the character of his longtime friend with great exactness, and also that of many of his contemporaries, particularly William Otterbein. After the Bishop finished his impressive discourse, he called on Henry Boehm to speak. As the son stood in the pulpit where he had often beheld his father, in the church that bore his name, and with his venerable mother before him, his eyes filled with tears and he was so overcome that he could only utter "Let silence speak."

The Reverend Martin Boehm was in his eighty seventh year when he died and he had preached the Christian Gospel for fifty five years. According to son Henry, his father put his name on a

Methodist class book in 1805, although there still is no direct evidence that he relinquished his place as a bishop of the United Brethren denomination, which he very definitely helped to found.

Bishop Asbury in his own prosaic and homely way wrote of those few April days which he spent with Henry Boehm and his mother Eve following the funeral of Father Martin Boehm.

FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1812—A cold disagreeable ride brought us across the country to Samuel Brinkley's (a mile from Martin Boehm's home); here I received the first intelligence of the death of my dear old friend, Martin Boehm.

SABBATH, APRIL 5, 1812—I preached at Boehm's Chapel the funeral sermon of Martin Boehm and gave the audience some very interesting particulars of his life.

TUESDAY, APRIL 6, 1812—At Jacob Boehm's; I preached here.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1812—We called on Zeltenright's; kinder people need not be; we fed and prayed with them. I went forward and preached at Churchtown and housed with Owen Brunner. I suffer much in my feet amongst the Germans, and I greatly dislike stoves. We had a blessed meeting on Thursday evening.

FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1812—Rode to Coventry.

Henry Boehm rode with Asbury on the road to Coventry, however much he would have preferred to have remained longer with his mother in her time of bereavement. In one paragraph from Henry's writing we can once more visualize the extreme restlessness of Bishop Asbury and his own unexpressed unwillingness to always fall in line with him.

Notwithstanding the recent death of my father, and the loneliness of my widowed mother, three days was all the time we could spend at the old homestead after months of absence. As for rest, we knew not what it meant, unless it was on horseback. Mr. Asbury acted as if a voice was ringing in his ears, constantly saying, "Arise and depart for this is not your rest." His motto was "Labor here, rest hereafter." The next Sabbath Bishop Asbury preached near Valley Forge.

It may have been in deference to Henry Boehm that Bishop Asbury did break his 1812 tour with a detour to the Boehm home in Lancaster County.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1812—We climbed and labored over the furnace hills²² to Peter Abbie's,²³ a disciple of Father Boehm.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1812—We passed through Lititz, a second Bethlehem. What a lovely country we have seen!

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY—At mother Boehm's; writing, reading and prayer; these are my occupations and enjoyments.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 12, 1812—I preached at Soudersburg Chapel in the morning and at Strasburg at two o'clock, and again at Bethel²⁴ at six o'clock.

MONDAY, AUGUST 17, 1812—We crossed [The Susquehanna] at McCall's Ferry.

This crossing of the Susquehanna River actually marked the beginning of the last tour which Henry Boehm took with Bishop Asbury as his companion. Again the journey took them through the states of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee and the Carolinas, before turning northward for the meeting of the Philadelphia Conference on April 24, 1813. During much of this lengthy jaunt, Asbury was so crippled with rheumatism that he and his companion were forced to discontinue travelling by horseback. Boehm was often required to lift him out of the sulky they now used and carry him into the homes where he was entertained or into the churches in which he preached. Oftimes, he would "Sit and preach." At the Philadelphia Conference, Asbury paid merited tribute to his companion Henry Boehm in these words "For five years he has been my constant companion; He served me as a son; he served me as a brother; he served me as a servant; he served me as a slave."

Now, having made his last tour of duty with the aging Asbury, Henry Boehm was appointed to the place of presiding elder of the Schuylkill District of Pennsylvania.

Bishop Asbury thought I was needed among the Germans, and because I ought to be near my mother. Without egotism I may say that I always retained the bishop's confidence. This is evident from the fact that six weeks after we parted he appointed me one of the executors of his last will and testament.

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Even though Asbury was now in ill health most of the time experienced increasing trouble in travelling, he visited with the Boehms on three more occasions. We have details of the visits from the Asbury journal and from the recollections of Boehm. The first of the three visits—in April 1813—is covered by these entries from the Asbury journal.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1813—To Mother Boehm's. It was necessary to put seventy miles between us and Baltimore before we could write a line; must we always thus fly away to be at rest?

SABBATH, APRIL 4, 1813—At Boehm's Chapel. I expounded on 2 Tim. 2:15. Henry Boehm preached in German; James Norton in English.²⁵ The society received an exhortation.

MONDAY, APRIL 5, 1813—I wrote a letter to my English brethren, thanking them for their kind invitation to visit them.

TUESDAY, APRIL 6, 1813—I preached at Strasburg.

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Again in July of 1813 Bishop Asbury spent almost a week with Henry Boehm and his mother and of this sojourn we have data from both Asbury and Boehm. Henry wrote the following of the visit.

On the 31st of July Bishop Asbury and John C. French who travelled with him came to my old homestead while I was there. The Bishop spent the Sabbath and preached in Boehm's Chapel in the morning from Titus 2:1-10. The text was a sermon in itself. He had been on his northern and eastern tour, and he was exceedingly fatigued, and he wrote "Rest man and beast." They both needed it. For three days he was employed in answering letters. He also wrote

on my father's desk a valedictory to the Church,²⁶ to be read by Bishop McKendree to the General Conference when he was gathered to his fathers. It contained his views of the primitive Church government and ordination, and abounded in wise counsels and suggestions. He knew he could not live much longer, and he left his thoughts on these weighty subjects for the benefit of others when he rested from his labors.

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Bishop Asbury's description of the same visit follows.

THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1813—We bent our way along the mountains, stopping at Francis Zellar's where we were partially welcome.²⁷

FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1813—Our saddle horse was stiff enough. We breakfasted richly at Shafferstown [sic] for sixty cents—man and beast. We pressed forward to Abraham Bee's, Warwick Township. We have great toils and great peace.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1813—We halt and limp forward to Lancaster. Happily we met Henry Boehm who had appointed a meeting at Boehm's Chapel.

SABBATH, AUGUST 1, 1813—I preached in the forenoon and afternoon. Rest, man and beast!

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY—Busily employed in writing letters, reading, and in prayer. I addressed a valedictory statement of my opinions to Bishop McKendree, on the primitive church government and ordination; I shall leave it with my papers.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1813—We paid a visit to Jacob Boehm.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1813—Fast day, we went a rough road to the camp meeting, forty-five miles distant. Feeble though I was, the stand was ready for me. I delivered my testimony in great weakness of body.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1813—We had a Sabbath congregation. I preached at three o'clock.

SABBATH, AUGUST 8, 1813—I did not preach a sermon, yet I had often occasion to speak. There was singing and prayer through the whole night; possibly we slept three hours. There were, I suppose, three thousand people on the camp ground, most of them tolerably attentive. Amongst these were some drunkards, but so deeply laden they could not have done much mischief had they been so disposed. We have gone forty miles out of our way to be here, and to do good; God will bless this coming together of his humble worshippers.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1813—The flies plague us. The bridge at Columbia is begun on both sides of the river. We reached Little York.

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Bishop Asbury made his last visit to the home of Henry Boehm and his mother in late June or early July 1815. The dates in the Bishop's journal do not tally with the time given by Boehm, hence the doubt as to the exact time of the visit. Here is Boehm's record of the visit.

On the Fourth of July 1815 I visited my mother at the old family mansion. I had not been home more than fifteen minutes when, to my great joy, Bishop Asbury unexpectedly arrived. He came from the New England and other conferences with Rev. J. W. Bond,²⁸ and was much better than when I saw him last. He remained two days. He had visited that old home for pilgrims for thirty-five years, and received hearty welcomes from my father when alive, and from my mother in her widowhood. He had completed

his last episcopal tour, and my aged mother and the Bishop bade one another adieu for the last time. I went with him to Lancaster and then was reluctant to leave him, and so I went a little further, for I had an impression I should see his face no more. He gave me much excellent advice, and cautioned me to take good care of my health, as I was then travelling in a region of country not considered very healthy. He then embraced me in his arms, pressed me to his bosom, gave me his last kiss and benediction. He rode on while I lingered, and gazed till his venerable form was beyond my vision.

According to Asbury's journal, he arrived at the Boehm home on June 27 and not on July 4, as stated by Boehm.

TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 1815—Happy at Mother Boehm's. A pleasing providence, according to my wishes, had brought Henry Boehm in a few minutes before us.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1815—I rest a day.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1815—How the new bridge stretches its pride the length across the wide Susquehanna! Will not the father of eastern waters some day rise in the fury of a winter flood, and tear away this slight fetter which the puny art of man has thrown across him? Columbia bridge is surely a noble work.²⁹

Bishop Francis Asbury preached his last sermon in the city of Richmond, Virginia on March 24, 1816 and died at the home of a friend, George Arnold, in Spotsylvania, Virginia on March thirty first, and was buried in the Arnold family burying plot. On the 9th of May his body was removed to Baltimore and funeral services were held on the following day, first in Eutaw Methodist Church and then in Light Street Methodist Church. Bishop Asbury had no relatives in America and appropriately Rev. Henry Boehm and Rev. John W. Bond were selected to follow the remains as chief mourners. Bishop McKendree pronounced the funeral oration and the remains of the deceased were deposited in a vault under the chancel of the Eutaw Street church. On the Sunday following the obsequies, the Reverend Henry Boehm also preached a funeral sermon in Philip William Otterbein's old church in Baltimore. In 1854, which was 38 years after his demise, the body of Bishop Asbury was removed from Eutaw Street church and finally interred in Mount Olivet Cemetery in Baltimore.

The remainder of this historical sketch is concerned solely with Henry Boehm whose own ministerial career entitles him to a high place in the annals of American Methodism. Even his travel record is impressive. He wrote that he travelled forty thousand miles in company with Bishop Asbury and that in all the years of his itinerant ministry he "travelled on horseback over one hundred thousand miles, more than four times the circumference of the earth."

When Henry Boehm was given charge of the Schuylkill District which embraced a large area in Pennsylvania, he established residence in Philadelphia in the home of Robert R. Roberts. In 1815 he was transferred to the Chesapeake District, and during the period that he served here—until 1819—"not believing in the

celibacy of the clergy" he met and married Sarah Hill of Kent County, Maryland.

At the conference held in Philadelphia 1816 he was placed on a committee entitled "SLAVERY," which committee was directed "to examine into the subject of slavery and report." Forty five years later the slavery question was to split the Methodist Church, North and South; so we can appreciate the problems which faced this committee of 1816 as we read part of their report.

After mature deliberation, they (committee) are of the opinion that under the present existing circumstances in relation to slavery, little can be done to abolish a practice so contrary to the principles of moral justice. They are sorry to say that the evil appears to be past remedy, and they are led to deplore the destructive consequences which have already accrued and are yet likely to result therefrom.

In 1823 Henry Boehm was returned to the Lancaster Circuit, there to labor among his homefolk. On November 26 of that year his mother Eva died at the age of eighty eight and was laid to rest beside his father in the cemetery adjoining Boehm's Chapel. From 1824 to 1835 he rode various circuits, mostly in New Jersey, then in the latter year was given "the whole of Staten Island for a circuit." At the close of two years on Staten Island, he took "a super-numerary relation" which apparently means that he no longer carried on ministerial labors with the intensity that had been his wont. To use his own words, he wrote that in 1838 "I bought me a little place on the island where I lived many years, till death invaded my dwelling and laid my loved one low." And that is how it happened that this son of Lancaster County spent the latter half of his life in the environs of New York City.

As the thoughts of most men turn at times to the scenes of their childhood, so Henry Boehm in 1856 desired to once more visit relatives and friends in Lancaster County. He was then 80 years of age and had a feeling that it would possibly be his last visit back home. We have this description of his 1856 sojourn.

I hastened on to Lancaster where I was heartily welcomed by John Boehm's widow. He was my nephew, and yet we were about the same age, were converted at the same time, and were lifetime friends. He did much for Methodism in Lancaster County. I spent several weeks in the vicinity visiting old friends and preaching the Gospel. There was quite a contrast to the state of things in 1805 when I preached there on a butcher's block in the market.

To my great joy I found Philip Benedict and his wife living. It was in their home I formed the first class in 1807. We talked over the early struggles and triumphs of Methodism in Lancaster. He was 84 years old and his wife about the same age. The church is greatly indebted to this old patriarch and his excellent wife.

I went to Little Britian, twenty-two miles from Lancaster, celebrated as the birthplace of Robert Fulton. The old homestead where he was born is still standing. What gave it additional interest to me was, that there in 1814 I formed the first Methodist class.³⁰ We have now a fine society and a beautiful church edifice.

I went to Columbia and was the guest of Abraham Brunner, son of Owen. Here I met Alfred Cookman,³¹ who had married



First Methodist Church—Lancaster, The second church of the congregation, built in 1842, used until 1892—Located at present 238 and 240 North Duke Street. Reverend Henry Boehm preached in this church on several occasions.

into the family and his children are the fifth generation I have preached to in the family. I went to old Boehm's Chapel and the old house where I was born. My eye lighted upon the place in the gallery where in 1798 I gave my heart to God.

It was Easter Sabbath and I preached on the resurrection of Jesus. It was forty-four years that day since my father died. My feelings well nigh overcame me. The friends of my youth were gone. There were none of my name remaining in that neighborhood. I wandered among the tombs in the old burying ground, then bade adieu to the old graveyard, the old chapel, the old homestead hallowed by so many pleasant recollections.

Three years after the tour just recounted, Henry Boehm took another journey which merits a paragraph.

In 1859 I went to Dayton, Ohio. The "United Brethren in Christ" have a publishing house there. When I entered their building and looked upon the wall I saw a portrait of my father. I had not seen it in fifty years nor did I know that it was preserved, or that there was an image of him in existence. There he was with his German visage, his gray locks and venerable beard. It was a very good likeness painted by a German artist for my nephew Boehm, who carried it west when he removed to Ohio. Here a cane was presented to me that I highly prize on account of its historic associations, for it originally belonged to Father Otterbein, who gave it to Bishop Asbury, who gave it to my father.

Although Henry Boehm when he journeyed back to Lancaster County in 1856 at age eighty really thought he was going there for the last time, he made several more appearances in his native habitat during the next 15 years.

In August 1867 at age ninety two he preached in the Methodist Church in Lancaster and in 1868 in his ninety fourth year he attended the National Methodist Campmeeting which was held in a grove one mile north of Manheim (R. 72 opposite Hernley's Menonite Meeting House). The Christian Advocate of July 30, 1868 wrote of Henry Boehm's appearance there as follows.³²

The venerable Henry Boehm was one of the deeply interested attendants at the recent National Camp Meeting at Manheim. In the closing sacramental service he officiated in serving the clergy present with the elements. At the love feast in the morning he gave some very interesting reminiscences of former times.

On October 8, 1871, then ninety seven years of age, Henry Boehm made his last journey to Lancaster, there to assist in the laying of a cornerstone of a Methodist Church on East King Street, between Ann and Plum Streets.³³

In the closing years of Henry Boehm's life, as may be supposed, he was a striking and unique figure at any gathering he attended. Then, as he approached his hundredth birthday anniversary, a number of special events in New York City and in Jersey City signally honored him. These indeed properly climaxed a long and useful life.

On June 8, 1874, as he entered his hundredth year, he was given a party in the home of his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Emley in Jersey City (59 Wayne Street). The Reverend

J. B. Wakeley addressed him with these words.

Venerable patriarch! This is an auspicious day. Ninety-nine years ago, the eighth of June, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, a child was born and they called him Henry. Few of those who looked upon that infant suspected that he would live to celebrate his hundredth birthday. Venerable man! with your whitened locks, your wrinkled face, you stand before us, a representative of the past; you connect with ages and generations long since passed away.

On April 2, 1875, although Boehm had still not reached the one hundred year mark, he was asked to preach his "centennial sermon." Accordingly, a special service was held on the appointed day in Trinity Methodist Church in Jersey City. At an early hour the church was crowded to capacity and hundreds of people vainly sought admission. Henry Boehm "amid perfect silence" delivered a short sermon of about ten minutes. He used as a text Nahum 1:7 and "spoke distinctly throughout and was heard without difficulty in all parts of the church." He also delivered the benediction. Again Bishop Wakeley addressed the audience. In part he spoke as follows.

Just throw your minds back and remember you have heard a man preach that was born before the Republic was born, when we were colonies dependent on Great Britain, long before Washington was inaugurated President, having lived under every president from Washington down to Grant. Here is a man who was born before the Methodist Church existed. Think of his travelling one hundred thousand miles on horseback to preach the glorious Gospel. Think of him being five years the travelling companion of Bishop Asbury. Think of him living to see a Republic growing until states have become as large as empires, and conference after conference has multiplied until the Atlantic speaks to the Pacific.

Finally there was one more notable public celebration which honored this hero of the church. On Tuesday June 8, 1875, the completion of one hundred years of earthly pilgrimage was marked in Trinity Methodist Church, Jersey City. In the audience was the mother of President Grant who journeyed to Jersey City expressly for the service. Also the leading divines of the Methodist Church were present, and one of them, Rev. John Atkinson, read an autobiographical sketch prepared by Boehm; and Henry Boehm himself spoke briefly. He said "the first time I passed through this place (Jersey City) there was no town here. There were sand banks, and so on, here then but no houses—except the ferry house, I think. That was in 1809 with the venerable Bishop Asbury." The service closed with the singing by a quartet of a centennial hymn specially written by Fanny Crosby,³⁴ at that time, America's famous and beloved hymn writer. Father Boehm pronounced the benediction but on the advice of his physician congratulations and handshaking were omitted. A single exception was made in favor of the mother of President Grant.

John Street Methodist Church in New York City was the scene for the last of the events signaling Henry Boehm's long life in the church. It was on Sunday morning June 27, 1875 as part of

the meeting of Conference, that he delivered a sermon, again announced as "a centennial sermon." Opening the Bible, "in a clear voice, he spoke fluently amid profound silence." After pronouncing the benediction the congregation by request remained seated until the venerable man of God had passed out of the church to return to his home. That night at the home of his daughter and son-in-law, the Emleys, a reception was held for the close friends of the centenarian. Perhaps the outstanding feature of this event took place when "Father Boehm rose and in a clear full voice sang a little German song which he had learned ninety five years before from his German teacher, a Hessian soldier, whom Washington captured at Trenton."

Henry Boehm did not live to celebrate another birthday anniversary. On December 28, 1875 he departed this mortal life. The following newspaper excerpts tell of his death and burial.

OBITUARY

Father Henry Boehm, the patriarch of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at the residence of his granddaughter near Richmond, Staten Island on Tuesday (28) afternoon at sunset, having passed his hundredth birthday on June 8 of the present year. Father Boehm was the oldest clergyman in the world, there being no other who has attained the age of 100 years. Taken all in all, his life has not a parallel in civil or ecclesiastical history. He was older than the Republic; being born a subject of George III in 1775; older than the Methodist Church whose first general conference he attended in Baltimore in 1800. He was a young man when Webster, Calhoun and Clay were born, and old enough to mourn the deaths of John and Charles Wesley, the great leaders of the Methodist Church.

. . . . Born in Conestoga, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania apprenticed to learn the milling business entered upon his life of Christian work as a Methodist class leader travelled more than 100,000 miles on horseback received his commission from Bishop Whatcoat, who was commissioned by Wesley himself.

On Sunday, June 27 he preached his centennial sermon in old St. John's Church of this city. His first visit to this church was in 1809 when he crossed the Hudson from what is now Jersey City in a row boat, summoning the ferryman by blowing a fish horn.

He was taken sick on December 13. The previous day he dined with a number of young Methodists, to whom he made a short but very impressive address, following it with a prayer.

The old preacher's Bible is lying on his coffin. It was his habit to read it through at least once a year. He finished this year's reading about two weeks ago and his mark is now at the first page of the volume, showing that he was just about to begin anew. His cane, presented on his 94th birthday, and the only one he ever carried, stands leaning against the coffin. The funeral will take place tomorrow, the last day of the year at one o'clock.

Father Boehm was to have gone to the Centennial celebration in Philadelphia, as the only centenarian preacher in this or any other country.

—New York Times, December 30, 1875.

FATHER BOEHM'S FUNERAL

Father Boehm, the centenarian preacher, was buried yesterday afternoon, the funeral services taking place in the Woodrow Church, Staten Island, under the direction of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Reiyea.

. . . . The remains were brought over from Richmond by the

highway and were followed by the relatives in carriages. At 1:30 o'clock they were deposited on the table in front of the altar. The coffin was entirely without ornament and was covered with black cloth trimmed with black velvet, and the plate bore the simple inscription "Rev. Henry Boehm."

Bishop Janes delivered a short address Addresses were also made by Dr. J. G. Crane and Dr. Albert Hunt.

. . . . Reverend Mr. Boehm was buried in a grave which had being dug directly in front of the church, and by the side of Father Boehm's wife and his son Henry M. Boehm.

—New York Times, January 1, 1876

NOTES

1. Rev. Joseph Burton Wakeley (1809-1875) was an effective Methodist preacher in the states of New York and New Jersey from 1833 until death. He gave vigorous support to the temperance movement and wrote extensively on the history of American Methodism.

2. St. George's Methodist Church on North Second street in Philadelphia was built in 1769 and is reputed to be the oldest Methodist building now actively used, in the world.

3. Conestoga Township was an original political subdivision of Lancaster County when the county was erected in 1729. Pequea Township was organized from a portion of Conestoga in 1853.

4. Rev. Philip William Otterbein was born in Nassau, Prussia in 1726, was well educated, came to America in 1752 and in August of that year accepted the pastorate of the German Reformed Church in Lancaster. He then successively held charges at Tulpehocken, Frederick, in Maryland and York until 1774. In that year he accepted the pastorate of an independent congregation in Baltimore titled the German Evangelical Reformed Church where he served until his death in 1813. In time it became a congregation of the United Brethren persuasion and is known today as Old Otterbein Church. Rev. Otterbein preached the sermon at the funeral of Bishop Asbury.

5. Rev. William Hendel was pastor of the Reformed Church in Lancaster 1765-1769 and again 1782-1794.

6. Rev. G. H. E. Muhlenberg was pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity in Lancaster 1780-1815. He was a botanist of note and also served as the first president of Franklin College, which was founded by the joint efforts of the Reformed Church and the Lutheran Church.

7. "Brother" Musselman's home, seven miles from Lancaster was a Methodist preaching station.

8. Rev. Richard Whatcoat (1736-1806) was born in Gloucestershire, England and in 1769 accompanied Rev. Thomas Coke to America. Both Whatcoat and Coke did much pioneer work for Methodism in this country and both assisted in ordaining Asbury. Richard Whatcoat, made a bishop in 1800, died at Dover, Delaware.

9. Elder Thomas Ware who lived in Strasburg was a Methodist circuit rider.

10. William Jessop, a native of Delaware was a circuit rider from 1784 until death in 1795.

Michael Wilson, a native of Maryland, was a travelling preacher from 1796 to 1798 and died at Strasburg.

11. Benjamin and Jacob Souders were two of the three brothers who founded the village of Soudersburg, East Lampeter Township, Lancaster County in 1789.

12. The first bridge crossing the Susquehanna at Harrisburg was built in 1816. It continued in use until 1903.

13. William Hunter, born in Ireland and well acquainted with the great John Wesley came to America in 1790. In 1809 he and Henry Boehm were commissioned as "missionaries to Pennsylvania."

14. Due to the erection of the Trinity Lutheran Church tower in 1794, the congregation was heavily in debt. In this year (1807) the State Assembly granted permission to Trinity Church to conduct a lottery and use the proceeds to free the church of debt.

15. Philip Benedict lived in the second square of North Duke Street.

16. Henry and Benjamin Grimler in 1804 set up a press in Lancaster for the printing of books and a newspaper. The German newspaper which they published was titled "The True American" which continued until 1817.

17. Hon. George Clymer (1739-1813) born in Philadelphia, lived at various places in Pennsylvania during a career of notable public service. He was one of the original trustees of Franklin College.

18. Ebenezer Zane (1747-1811) in 1769 made the first permanent settlement on the Ohio River. In 1793 the place was named Wheeling. Zane also platted the town of Zanesville, Ohio.

19. Rev. William McKendree (1757-1835) of Virginia was a veteran of the Revolutionary War. Under the preaching of Rev. John Easter he was converted in 1787; and at the annual meeting of 1808, held in Baltimore he was elected a Bishop. After the death of Bishop Asbury in 1816, the entire responsibility of the Episcopacy devolved on McKendree, as there was then no other living bishop. He died at his brother's home near Gallatin, Tennessee in eighteen hundred and thirty five.

20. Dr. Benjamin Rush (1745-1813) has a place in history not alone as a famous physician but also as one of Philadelphia's most public spirited citizens during the Revolutionary War. Surgeon at the Pennsylvania Hospital for twenty nine years, he will long be remembered for the courageous manner in which he fought the 1793 epidemic of yellow fever. Dr. Rush was an original trustee of Franklin College.

Dr. Philip Syng Physick (1768-1837). A celebrated medical practitioner, he is known as "the father of American Surgery."

21. Rev. Bela Smith was in charge of the Cornwall Circuit of the Methodist Church in Canada. He was the guide for the Canadian trip of Asbury and Boehm and "except for his skill and knowledge of the terrain, the trip could not have been made."

22. Here is clear proof that the wooded hills of northern Lancaster County were known as The Furnace Hills more than one hundred and fifty years ago. The name was given to the area because of the numerous iron furnaces which had been established there in the eighteenth century.

23. This man was likely Peter Eby of Warwick Township.

24. Bethel was in Little Britian Township, several miles north of the birthplace of Robert Fulton (now in Fulton Township). The first Methodist Church at Bethel was only built in 1822 so that the meeting of 1812 was held either in a grove or at the home of Joseph Swift, the same home in which Fulton was born. The property remained in the Swift name until 1965.

25. The ministerial labors of James Norton were centered in North Carolina.

26. The lengthy valedictory of Bishop Asbury may be found in Volume 3 of the collected journals of Asbury published by the Abingdon Press in 1957.

27. This may have been the place known as Zeller's Fort at Newmans-town in Lebanon County.

28. Rev. J. W. Bond was a minister of the Baltimore Methodist Conference. For several years he was a travelling companion of Bishop Asbury.

29. The bridge of which Bishop Asbury wrote was the first bridge to be thrown across the Susquehanna River. It was built by the famous bridge builder, Theodore Burr and completed in 1814 at a cost of \$232,000. True to Asbury's prophecy, an ice jam in the winter of 1832 carried away three-fourths of the length of the bridge.

30. Now in process of restoration, the birthplace of Robert Fulton is presently the property of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. It will be preserved as an historical shrine.

31. Rev. Alfred Cookman was born in Columbia, Lancaster County on January 4, 1828. Beginning his ministerial career at the age of nineteen, he held charges in Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Wilmington, New York and

Newark. His wife was Annie E., daughter of Abraham Bruner of Columbia. Rev. Cookman died at Newark, New Jersey, on November 13, 1871. The Cookman Methodist Church in Columbia was so named in his honor.

32. The only available data concerning this church is found in Ellis and Evans History of Lancaster County and in the Klein history. It was begun in 1854 by The First Methodist Church and titled the East Mission Sunday School. Opened in a schoolhouse on the corner of Sherman and Orange Streets, it was transferred in 1870 or '71 to the newly erected East King street building, the cornerstone of which was laid by Father Boehm "who then expressed his great satisfaction at the progress of Methodism in Lancaster since its foundation by himself in 1807."

33. Fannie Crosby (1820-1915). Sightless during the greater part of her long life, she nevertheless taught English and History at the New York Institute for the Blind. It has been estimated that she wrote the words of about 6000 hymns, many of them published under various pseudonyms or at times simply signed by initials, which did not always represent her name.

APPENDIX I.

"Martin Boehm was plain in dress and manners. When age had stamped its impress of reverence upon him he filled the mind with the noble idea of a patriarch. At the head of a family, a father, a neighbor, a friend, a companion, the prominent features of his character was goodness; you felt that he was good. His mind was strong, and well stored with the learning necessary for one whose aim is to preach Christ with apostolic zeal and simplicity.

Martin Boehm had frequent and severe conflicts in his own mind, produced by the necessity he felt himself under of offending his Mennonite brethren by his zeal and doctrines of his ministry. Some he gained, but most of them opposed him. He had difficulties also with 'The United Brethren'. It was late in life that he joined the Methodists, to whom long before his wife and children had attached themselves. The head of the house had two societies to pass through to arrive at the Methodists, and his meek and quiet spirit kept him back.

In his ministry he did not make the Gospel a charge to any one; his reward was souls and glory.

The virtue of hospitality was practiced by his family as a matter of course, and in following the impulses of their own generous natures the members of his household obeyed the oft-repeated charge of their head to open his doors to the homeless, that the weary might be solaced and the hungry fed. And what a family was here presented to an observant visitor! Here was order, quiet, occupation. The father, if not absent on a journey of five hundred miles in cold, hunger, and privation, proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation to his dispersed German brethren, might, by his conduct under his own roof, explain to a careful looker on the secret of a parent's success in rearing a family to the duties of piety, to the diligent and useful occupation of time, and to the uninterrupted exhibition of reflected and reciprocal love, esteem, and kindness in word and deed.

If it is true, as generally believed, that the mother does much toward forming the character of her children, it will be readily allowed that Martin Boehm had an able help-meet in his pious wife. The offspring of this noble pair have done them honor. The son Jacob, immediately upon his marriage, took upon himself the management of the farm, that his excellent father might, 'without carefulness' extend his labors more far and wide.

A younger son, Henry, is a useful minister of the Methodist connection, having the advantage of being able to preach in English and German. We are willing to hope that the children of Martin Boehm, and his children's children to the third, fourth, and last generations, will have cause to thank God that his house for fifty years has been a house for the welcome reception of Gospel ministers, and one in which the worship of God has been un-

interruptedly preserved and practiced. O ye children and grandchildren! O rising generation, who have so often heard the prayers of this man of God in the houses of your fathers! O ye Germans to whom he has long preached the word of truth! Martin Boehm being dead yet speaketh. O hear his voice from the grave exhorting you to repent, to believe, to obey.”

—BISHOP FRANCIS ASBURY

From sermon delivered at the funeral of Rev. Martin Boehm, BOEHM'S CHURCH, April 5, 1812.