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## Memoirs.

REV. HENRY CONLEY BEACOM, D. D.

Henry Conley Beacom was born May 29, 1830, in Washington township, Westmoreland county, Pa., and died at Bolivar, Pa., November 18, 1904.

He was married to Mary A. Spear, who with the following children survives him: James S., of Greensburg, Pa.; Angeline, intermarried with T. F. Hamilton, Johnstown, Pa.; Henry Conley, North Liberty, Iowa; John Wesley, Santa Monica, Cal., and Eva J., intermarried with Edgar V. Hays, Crafton, Pa.

He joined the Pittsburg Conference in 1865. His appointments were Elderton circuit, three years; Blairsville, three years; First Church, Washington, three years; First Church, Johnstown, two and a half years; First Church, Washington, a second term of three years; Presiding Elder of Blairsville District, four years; Arch Street, Allegheny, three years; West End, Pittsburg, five years; Bellevue, one year; Ames Church, one year; Scottdale, five years; Ford City, two years; Natrona, two years; Springdale, one year; Bolivar, where he had entered on the second year.

Washington and Jefferson College conferred on him the title of Doctor of Divinity. He was a delegate to the General Conference of 1884.

Doctor Beacom was of Irish descent, and was left an orphan in early childhood. He was cared for by his aged grandmother, until her death in his twelfth year, when without any friendly guidance he was thrown upon his own resources, and grew to manhood without education or definite purpose. His conversion brought about a remarkable intellectual as well as spiritual awakening. Uneventful years were followed by ones of intense energy. Though over thirty years of age, he prepared himself in a few months for teaching school. Feeling that he was called to the ministry, he was granted license to preach. After supplying for two years, he was admitted to the Pittsburg Conference.

He traveled a circuit for three years, and was then sent to an important station. From that time until his death he was one of the foremost members of the Conference. He was modest to a fault. Though able to detect the currents and counter-currents of the religious world, and gifted with a ready pen, he seldom wrote for the press; a skillful debater, only at rare intervals was his voice heard on the Conference floor. He

never sought to be the preacher on great occasions. A prominent factor in every movement, he never inquired as to the popularity or unpopularity of the cause he advocated. No favoritism forced him to the front rank, nor kept him there. His singularly striking career is worthy of patient study.

He had not the advantages of a college or seminary training; neither had he the disadvantages which often accompany them. His boyhood had been spent where opportunities were meager and influential men few. There was nothing prophetic in his early manhood of what the coming years had in store. It may be truly said that his religion was the summed-up experiences and concentrated meaning of his life. "His heart was a Holy Sepulcher, and the land of his thoughts a Palestine." He sought the best in men and books. Though a devourer of books, he could not read poor ones. He had as little respect as any man I ever knew for the men who with an ambition for authorship take the thoughts of others, and having obscured them in their own befogged minds, publish them as original brilliancies. The kind of reading he did and the way he read, made him a full man. Years of patient toil gave him simplicity and beauty of expression. Words, to him, were sacred things, which he exalted by using them as the garments of worthy thoughts. Slang in the pulpit was beneath his contempt. So manly was his mental fiber that sentimental adverbs and adjectives had no place in his vocabulary.

Rapid as was the movement of his mind, few men saw as clearly every side of a question. "He looked at life steadily, and saw it whole." Although he "was not a skeptic who had taken refuge in theology," he examined for himself the foundations of his faith; while searching fires burned up the wood, hay and stubble, they touched not the stones of the house, still less the eternal foundations on which it was built. His living faith absorbed into itself doubts and questionings, and grew by their means into a higher form of religious life. The voice of a slave to a system has no authority. Doctor Beacom was an authoritative preacher. He was without fads in either theology or politics. Style, it has been said, is the man, but it is a function of the subject as well as the man. He preached on great themes. His sermons were living beings. Each of them had a head and body—feet to give movement, and hands to grip. The young were drawn to him by his sympathy, kindness and wisdom. Troubled souls felt that he was one who had brooded over "the riddle of this painful earth," and had not lost hope. It was not strange that he was pre-eminently a preacher who attracted men. His common sense, his intellectual honesty, his genuineness, his

## Memoirs.

breadth of view, and the lofty range of his thinking, drew about him, from every class and calling, the men who think and the men who act. He was a moral artist, taking humanity as he found it, and so chastening, restraining and encouraging it as to bring about noble character.

Doctor Beacom did not believe that either place or station in the ministry can long be held by favor. Some years ago a young man asked him: "Is there not a ring in the Conference which controls the good appointments?" "Yes," said Doctor Beacom, "there is, and I would advise you to read good books, prepare your sermons well, use common sense in the treatment of your congregation, and never try to make the impression on your people that you are too great a man to be their pastor, but try to lead them to the Lord Jesus Christ. If you follow this advice for a few years, every lazy, envious preacher in the Conference will speak of your having joined the ring."

Doctor Beacom's term as presiding elder gave to the Church a revelation of his knowledge of human nature, and his executive ability. He was an unselfish man. While ever ready to help others, he never importuned for himself.

Doctor Beacom had the gift of making and keeping friends. He sought out young men who had an ambition of the good sort, encouraging them in their studies, calling their attention to books, helping them over hard places, and talking with them about the problems among which they lived. Now that he is gone there are many to whom he comes near; who think of him as one who never made any high claims for himself, but who has been one of the most inspiring personalities in their lives.

His friends were spared the quiet creeping grief which comes when old age slowly changes the strong-minded man into the child. In a moment his working and his life ended. Doctor Beacom's person was graceful; strength was written all over his unforgettable face—a forehead such as one seldom sees, an eye which flashed its meaning, a mouth which betokened inflexible decision, and a voice which was an instrument of sweetness and power. Who that heard him at his best can ever forget him?

At his funeral services was the congregation he had loved so well and which had treated him so kindly. There were tears in the voices of strong men as they spoke of as lofty a spirit "as ever tenanted or quitted a human form;" but theirs was not the panic of shipwrecked sailors, but the feeling "we seem half-way to thee, calm Land beyond the Sea." The shadows of evening were falling as they laid him to rest in the cemetery at Blairsville. Fit time, for "from beyond death's nightfall shines another day."

## Memoirs.

In the long line of the devoted and masterful men who have made the Pittsburg Conference what it is, Henry Conley Beacom has a well-earned place. How thin the ranks are growing! May God raise up others who, loving Christ's cause as well, will be as wise to plan, as patient to endure, as brave to dare, and as strong to do.

EDWARD J. KNOX.

## REV. HENRY LONG.

Henry Long, son of Henry and Catherine Long, was born in Halifax, Dauphin county, Pennsylvania, May 15, 1821. After availing himself of the privileges of the common schools, he entered the drug business, keeping the books and acting as clerk for a number of years in one of the oldest established drug stores in Harrisburg. Wishing to advance, he became a student under the late Doctor Whitman of Halifax. Completing his studies as a physician, he practiced medicine for a number of years. During this time, he felt called to the work of the gospel ministry. God had a higher and better work for him in the healing of man's spiritual hurt and the saving of immortal souls. He was received on trial in the Pittsburg Conference in 1853, served his time on trial and was ordained Deacon by Bishop Morris in June, 1855. Afterward he was ordained Elder by Bishop Simpson, at Monongahela City in 1857. He preached in this Conference for twenty-one years, when failing health induced him to take a supernumerary relation. This was followed by the superannuated relation, which he has since sustained. After retiring from the active work of the ministry, he sought quiet and repose in his native town. In the local church he was always ready for every good work. To preach, to pray, to visit the sick were to him activities of delight. Possessed of some means, he was foremost as a liberal giver to every cause that aroused his interests and touched his sympathies. Slowly and painfully his vigor abated. Severe bodily afflictions came to him, and yet in the midst of every trial his faith in God never wavered, his hope of heaven never dimmed. While the body was falling away, Henry Long was putting on his coronation robes. On Friday, August 25, 1905, he passed away. Funeral services were held in Halifax Church on Monday, August 28, at which addresses were delivered by the pastor, the Rev. T. R. Crooks, and the Rev. W. A. Salt, pastor of the United Brethren Church.

T. R. CROOKS.