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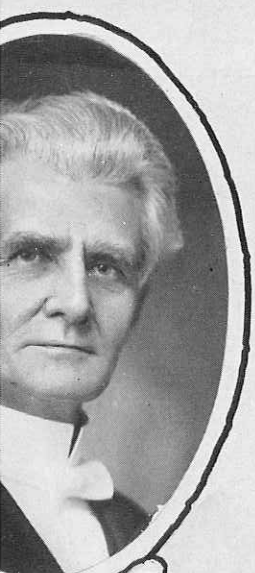
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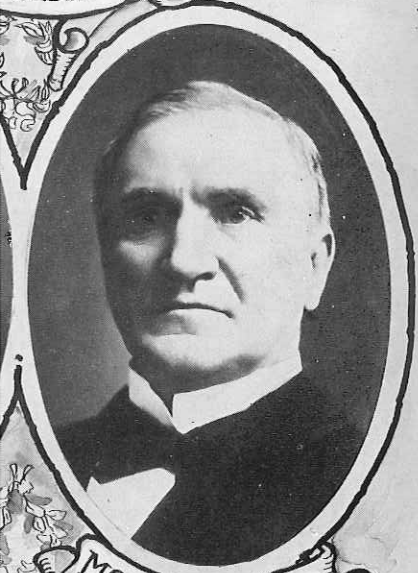
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MANSELL



MORRIS FLOYD



C.H. RECKARD



R.L. ERHARD



W. G. MEAD



E.L. MEADOWS

For a number of years, he conducted the business of the Book Concern at Mountain Lake Park during the summer season. It was here he passed to reward, on August 17, 1926, after a day of faithful toil.

On April 5, 1890, he was married to Roxilla V. Nichols, the daughter of a parsonage home. To the marriage were born nine children. Three of these preceded the father to the beyond. Eric, Eugene, Harry, Sara, Pauline, and Dorothy share the loss with their mother.

Funeral services were held on Friday evening in the Mifflin Avenue church, Wilkesburg, which is near the family home. Addresses were made by District Superintendent H. N. Cameron, who was in charge, and the writer of this memoir, a long-time Conference friend of Brother Meadows. Judson Jeffreys made the prayer, and E. S. White read the Scriptures. The body rests in the family lot at Wheeling, W. Va. The preachers who frequent the book-store and the many friends of four Conferences will greatly miss this faithful servant of the Church.

DANIEL WESTFALL.

#### Robert L. Erhard

Robert Louis Erhard was born at Spring Mills, Pa., February 25, 1858, and died at Jeannette, Pa., September 3, 1926. He was descended from sturdy German parentage. His ancestors came to this country and settled in Center county, Pa., in 1754. Some of the descendants still live on the land granted to them by the state. Almost all of his early life was spent in Bellefonte. After finishing high school, he attended the Bellefonte Academy, State College and Otterbein College, Ohio.

On September 4, 1878, he married Miss Mary Morgan. For many years they shared together the hardships and joys of the manse. She died April 23, 1918. The following children by this marriage survive him: John and Charles Erhard, of Bridgeville, Pa.; Mrs. Frank Shope, of Kennedy, N. Y.; Mrs. J. F. Perkins, of Grove City, Pa.; Mrs. Harvey L. Gromo, of Claysville, Pa.; and Mrs. E. H. Miller, of Monaca, Pa. On April 14, 1921, he married Miss Sara Ghrist, of South Brownsville, Pa., who also survives him.

The funeral services in the Jeannette church, Monday, September 6, were in charge of District Superintendent N. H. Sanner. The Rev. G. L. Himmelman, of the Trinity Lutheran Church, Jeannette, and J. V. Wright read Scripture lessons. Prayer was offered by the Rev. A. A. Cober, of the Jeannette Baptist church. W. E. Boetticher and the writer brought messages of appreciation and comfort.

Brother Erhard united with the Pittsburgh Conference in 1908, coming from the United Brethren Church. He served the following churches in our Conference: Lemington Avenue, Pittsburgh; Grace Church, New Brighton; Donora; California Avenue, Pittsburgh; South Brownsville, and Jeannette.

He was in the midst of a very successful pastorate in Jeannette when death claimed him, greatly beloved by his own congregation and the community at large. He was sincere, unselfish, earnest, likable, a good preacher and a faithful pastor. He was particularly devoted to the children.

Father Taylor of Boston used to say, "Methodist ministers are like camels bearing the most costly spices on their backs, while they themselves feed on the thistles of the desert." Patiently and loyally through many years in the Central Pennsylvania Conference of the United Brethren Church, and the Pittsburgh Conference, Brother Erhard bore the costly spices, the Good News, to sinful men. Many heard him and believed. He was held in high esteem by his brethren of the Conference, who will greatly miss him.

His last evening, he said he felt quite comfortable and thought he would

have a good night's sleep. And God gave His beloved sleep. We believe he will sleep in Him until the day dawns, and the shadows flee away.

W. S. TROSH.

#### Morris Floyd

Standing one quiet autumn evening at the edge of a little village in Ohio, more years ago than the writer of these lines cares to admit, he saw a man driving a high-spirited nag hitched to a rattling buggy into Waynesburg. The man was Morris Floyd, the newly appointed minister to the Waynesburg Circuit, a charge of four preaching places, paying a salary of \$750 and a parsonage. For five years he traveled that circuit, serving it most acceptably and supporting his family—wife and three sons—and keeping horse and buggy on the above salary.

Near the village of Whigville, on a farm among the hills of south-eastern Ohio, on January 10, 1851, Morris Floyd was born, and on a beautiful September morn, in Kenmore, Ohio, at the home of his youngest son, this servant of God came to a full realization of the promise of his Lord. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

As a lad he attended the country school near his home. Early in life he began teaching in the country schools of his county. He taught for a number of years in the winter and managed his farm in the summer. Rather late in life, he completed a course and received a degree from Mount Union College.

Some one has well said: "Life is a cup to be filled, not a cup to be drained." Brother Floyd accepted that philosophy and for more than seventy-five years and eight months he poured the best that he had into that cup, until on the morning of September 19, 1926, his cup overflowed.

Brother Floyd had the good fortune to be born in a Christian home, and early in life gave his heart to God, accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and became an active Christian.

After teaching a number of years, he yielded to the divine call, by offering himself as a candidate for admission to the East Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was admitted to that Conference and served the following charges: Bates Hill, Masterton, Stafford, East Sparta, East Rochester, Waynesburg, McConnellsville, Sebring, and Salem. Then, transferring to the Pittsburgh Conference, he served Rochester and Apollo.

At the Conference session of 1910, in tender solicitation for his wife, who had always been frail of body and delicate in health, he took the retired relation, and spent the summers in Canton, Ohio, and the winters in Sebring, Florida.

Morris Floyd was, first and foremost, God's man, a good man, a Christian. Living, to him, was a great privilege, and dying was a great gain. He was waiting and anxious for his Lord to come; he remarked not long before his death, "This would be a good time for me to step out." His last conscious act was to read the poem, "When I Am Best," which appeared on the front page of the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate of September 2, 1926. The last stanza especially appealed to him:

"I am better for thinking of heaven,  
And dear ones awaiting me there,  
Where earth-ties no more shall be riven,  
Nor tears dim each vision so fair,  
When I finish life's wonderful story,  
And all of earth's pathways are trod.  
Yes, I'm better for glimpses of glory,  
But I'm best when I think about God."