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THEODORE S. FAUS

The mightiest things move silently. Quietly the earth rolls into light. Noiselessly the sun's rays drive away the darkness and purify the earth. Unnoticed gravitation operates and the magnetic pole determines the direction in which the compass needle points. Silently planets move about in their orbits, the tides steal in on the shore and frosts lift gigantic weights. Only the results of these influences are seen.

The subject of this sketch, the Rev. Theodore S. Faus, was like that. Unostentatious, never clamoring for recognition on the floor of the Conference, never seeking pastorates of high or popular rank, but quietly, silently, almost unnoticed and unrecognized, this man of God preached and lived the message which drove away the darkness of sin's night, dried up the cesspools of society and held man in proper relationship with God. It was the message of the magnetic influence of the uplifted Christ. Everywhere he ministered, revivals results, but he never advertised the number of conversions as being the most important thing. To him, genuineness of conversion was of greater concern. One of his District Superintendents, after receiving the Conference reports and the number of professed conversions, wrote back saying, "I had no idea you were having such successful meetings. What a modest person you are." Brother Faus had the highest number of professions in the District that Conference year. In one charge he served, every unconverted person was brought into the church. In the last year of his pastorate in another charge, every young person but one was brought into the church. He ordinarily did not have exciting meetings but there were times when the Spirit's power was wonderfully felt in the community and people who had not attended the meeting became convicted and sent for Brother Faus to pray with them and help them on their way to God. While he was not what is sometimes termed a brilliant preacher, there have been few members of our Conference more faithful or devoted to their work, more beloved by the people to whom they ministered, or with a larger average record of conversions. What Oliver Goldsmith said of the "Village Preacher" is an apt portrait of this workman:

"Unpracticed he to rawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
For other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise."

We need not go far in search of the source of this subtle power that made his ministerial life so effective that a friend has written, "More than thirty years have passed since I was closely associated with Brother Theodore S. Faus, but the memory of his blameless life is still a benediction."

Brother Faus was one of twelve children born to Thomas Faus, of Pennsylvania Dutch descent, and his wife, Rachel Robbins Faus, of Scotch-Irish descent, all of whom with the exception of one sister lived to grow up and marry and establish Christian homes of their own with a family altar in the good old Methodist style. All were converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in their early days.

Thomas and Rachel Faus were very devout people. At the family devotions the mother always read the Scriptures and the father prayed. On Sunday evenings the father led in prayer, and then the mother and all the children in turn, as soon as they were converted and joined the church. When Theodore was in his teens, his mother was sick and realized she was going to die. She

THEODORE S. FAUS

ings move silently. Quietly the earth rolls into light, rays drive away the darkness and purify the earth, operates and the magnetic pole determines the direction of the compass needle points. Silently planets move about in space, steal in on the shore and frosts lift gigantic weights, these influences are seen.

In a sketch, the Rev. Theodore S. Faus, was like that of a laborer for recognition on the floor of the Conference, unobtrusive of high or popular rank, but quietly, silently unrecognized, this man of God preached and lived the way the darkness of sin's night, dried up the restless man in proper relationship with God. It was the influence of the uplifted Christ. Everywhere he ministered, but he never advertised the number of conversions, an important thing. To him, genuineness of conversion was more important than the number of conversions.

One of his District Superintendents, after receiving reports and the number of professed conversions, wrote back to him that you were having such successful meetings. What a success! Brother Faus had the highest number of professed conversions at Conference year. In one charge he served, every one brought into the church. In the last year of his charge, every young person but one was brought into the church. It did not have exciting meetings but there were conversions. Power was wonderfully felt in the community and the meeting ended the meeting became convicted and sent for help to them and help them on their way to God. While sometimes termed a brilliant preacher, there have been times when he was more faithful or devoted to their work, more to whom they ministered, or with a larger average of conversions. That Oliver Goldsmith said of the "Village Preacher" is his workman:

He did not seek for power,
He was fashioned to the varying hour;
His aims his heart had learned to prize,
He did not raise the wretched than to rise."

In search of the source of this subtle power that so effective that a friend has written, "More than once I was closely associated with Brother Theodore and his blameless life is still a benediction."

of twelve children born to Thomas Faus, of Pennsylvania and his wife, Rachel Robbins Faus, of Scotch-Irish descent, the exception of one sister lived to grow up and live in her own homes of their own with a family altar in the home. All were converted and united with the Methodist Church in early days.

Faus and his wife were very devout people. At the family devotion they read the Scriptures and the father prayed. On Sunday they went to church, and then the mother and all the children in the family were converted and joined the church. When Theodore was sick and realized she was going to die. She

called him to her bedside and told him she was sorry she had to leave him before he was converted and a member of the church, as all the other members of the family were in the fold. This incident, no doubt, led him to Christ and into the Christian ministry.

Theodore S. Faus was born April 18, 1845, on his father's farm in Columbia County, this state. He was converted in the church known as Wesley Chapel, originally one of the far points on what was at that time the large Orangeville Circuit. The plot of ground on which this chapel was built was donated by Thomas Faus from his large farm. Theodore received his call to the Christian ministry and was licensed to preach by the Espy Quarterly Conference. His early educational training was secured at the Williamsport Dickinson Seminary. At a camp meeting at Beech Creek, Pa., August 19, 1879, he was united in marriage to Miss Martha Williams, a talented and devoted woman, whose companionship and assistance assured his success in any field to which he was assigned. To this union two sons and one daughter were born, each of whom was given a college education and each of whom is making good in every sense of the term. Herbert, of White Plains, N. Y.; Harold, of Lynn, Mass., and Miss Laura J., of Atlantic City, N. J., all of whom, with their mother, survive.

Brother Faus gave forty-four years of active service to the ministry in the Conference, retiring in 1915. He always served small-salaried circuits, traveling mostly by means of horse and buggy, but in spite of these handicaps and hardships he educated his children, secured himself a beautiful home in the City of Williamsport, and lived to the ripe age of 88 years, 6 months and 15 days. During his retirement he was a benediction to the end, missing only one Sunday on account of his final illness.

His going was as beautiful as his life. He was getting ready to go to church when he became confused in his mind and was put to bed. In a couple of days, without pain, he lapsed into unconsciousness and his spirit went to be with God, Friday, November 3, 1933. And of him it may well be said, as did Bishop Quayle of Bishop McIntyre, "He has gone where he was looking." His transition was so short and beautiful that one could well say with the ancient writer, "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

Funeral services were in charge of his District Superintendent, the Rev. Dr. A. L. Miller, and were held Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the High Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Williamsport, Pa. Twenty-four of his ministerial brethren attended the service. Dr. A. L. Miller, Dr. E. R. Heckman, Dr. S. B. Evans and the pastor of the church, the Rev. George A. Duvall, each spoke fittingly and briefly. Others had parts in the services. The body was laid to rest in the beautiful Mound Cemetery in Williamsport.

GEORGE A. DUVALL.

HARRY WOODWARD NEWMAN

Harry Woodward Newman was the son of Philip and Charity E. Newman. He was born at Hustontown, Fulton County, Pennsylvania, August 26, 1868. Brother Newman was the product of a Christian home. His parents were members of the United Brethren Church.

Harry W. Newman was educated in the common school of his home