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THE MINUTES

of the Sixty-First Session of the
 Central Pennsylvania Annual
 Conference of the Methodist
 Episcopal Church

Proceedings of the Laymen's Association

AND

Proceedings of the Lay Electoral Conference



Held in the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church
 Clearfield, Pennsylvania, March 12-18, 1929

REV. E. R. HECKMAN, Pastor & Conference Host
 COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION, The Secretaries

MON HESTON CROTSLEY.

Harmon H. Crotsley was born Feb. 11, 1854, near Cassville, Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania, and died in the Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, October 9, 1928. His education was acquired in the public schools, Cassville Summer Normal, Baker University, Kansas, and Williamsport Dickinson Seminary, from which school he was graduated in 1886. He taught school in Pennsylvania, and Kansas saving his money that he might further pursue his studies. It was while teaching in Linden, Osage county, Kansas, that he was converted, and soon after his conversion he felt the call to the Christian ministry.

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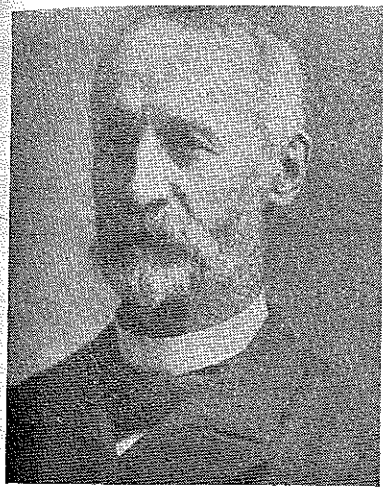
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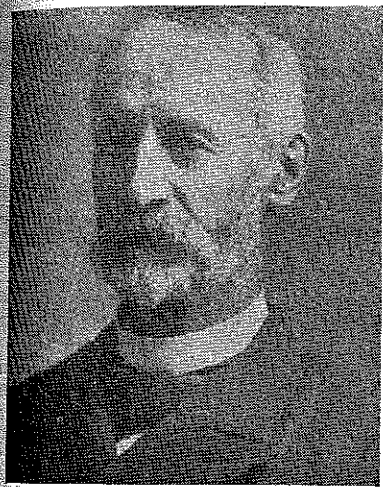
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In attempting to write the memoir of a fallen brother in the ministry one feels the inadequacy of words. At best, they are hard cold things while the subject of the memoir was warm, sympathetic and quivering with life. So much ought to be said that must be omitted and what is said but poorly expresses the feelings and thoughts one desires to convey. More particularly is this true when one attempts the memoir of a warm personal friend. How shall we make others see him as he revealed himself to us? How can we paint the glad smile of welcome we came into his presence? How can we make them hear the cheery accents of his voice? Who can describe the heart beat of friendly sympathy? We will try to describe the fleeting beauty of the rose, or the passing fragrance of the lily, or the glory that hallows an infant's smile. Yet we must do one's best.

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comprehended in the words "brother and friend." To know him was to love him. It is a matter for regret that we who are members of this great brotherhood of Methodist Ministers do not get to know each other better. A more intimate knowledge of each other's motives and desires, would soften criticism and sweeten charity, and increase our love for each other. Charles F. Weise was a manly man, a true Christian gentleman. He never wounded another's feelings knowingly and was charitable enough to put the best construction on any acts of his brethren. This characteristic made him a favorite among men wherever his duties as a Pastor called him. Men liked to be in his company, and gladly sought his counsel and advice. He sought to make each man's interests his own, and farmers, school teachers, merchants, and people in all walks of life found in him a man who tried to understand their problems and solve them. It was this quality that caused him to be elected to serve on school boards and bank directorates and farm committees. Probably no other minister represented his people in so many state conventions of Fraternal societies. Men respected and trusted him.

Brother Weise was a hospitable man and a charming host. He loved to have his brethren share in the hospitality of his home, he was happy in their company and his hospitality was unlimited. Brother Weise was a strong gospel preacher. There are some preachers whose sermons are like the swollen stream after a rain, swift, torrential, sweeping everything before it; some are like the calm placid lake, full of charm and beauty, exhaling a feeling of perfect contentment; some are like the steady current of the flowing stream, sometimes singing over the riffles, sometimes resting awhile in deep pools, sometimes meeting obstructions that must be overcome, but pursuing one steady aim, to at length reach the sea. Charles F. Weise was one of the latter class. He never preached without an objective. At times the song could be heard in his sermon; sometimes he paused awhile in the deeps where the shadows collected, but always he had in mind that great sea of Eternity toward which he always moved. Having but a limited scholastic training, he sought to supplement what he had by wide reading and a thorough study of human nature. This made him a welcome preacher wherever he served. He often had his head in the clouds, but he never allowed his feet to leave the ground. Brother Weise was no Theorist. He had been a great sinner and had been greatly saved by a great Saviour. He was not to be fooled by the glossing over of sin, and the indulgence in things with sinful tendencies. He knew what sin would do. He knew that Christ could save from sin. Had He not saved him? So he constantly presented Christ as the all sufficient Saviour. He was a pastor—evangelist. He was constantly holding successful revival meetings. Often he had two and three hundred converts from a single meeting. In the thirty years of his pastorate, he had more than twenty-five hundred conversions, or an average of eighty per year for a period of thirty years. Surely this is a record any minister of the gospel might well covet!

Brother Weise was a good Pastor. He not only got people converted, but he shepherded them and got them established in the faith. His constant care was not only to get people converted, but to keep them converted. This meant constant visitation among his flock. He believed that a home going preacher, made a church going people. Whatever interested his people, he made of interest to him. He saw to it that he could converse intelligently upon themes that his people knew something about. His interests were so all embracing and his sympathies so broad, that his company was eagerly sought by both church goer and non-church goer alike. His parish was never limited to his membership. He was a man of profound common sense. When interviewed by Bishop Edwin Hughes, concerning a matter of Discipline in which he was interested, upon leaving the room, the Bishop was heard to remark, "That man is chock full of good sense!" As an inspiration to, and a lover of young people, Brother Weise had few equals and no superiors. He sought to understand them, to get their viewpoint, and win them for his Master.

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In the Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, he submitted to a surgical operation in the hope of getting relief from his sufferings. The hoped for relief did not come, and from his room in the hospital he went out in his crowning on October 9, 1928.

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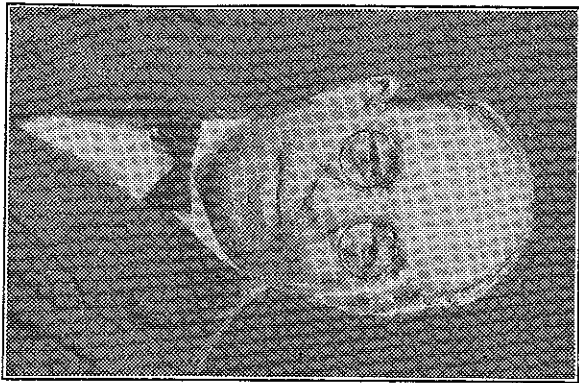
Funeral services were held July 13 in the Hollenbeck Home chapel in charge of Superintendent W. S. Young, D. D., assisted by the Rev. C. W. Hensel, Manager. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. C. E. Letzel, D. D., associate pastor of First Church. His body was laid to rest beside that of his wife, in the Hollenbeck Home plot, Evergreen Cemetery, Los Angeles, California.

During his college days he wrote in his diary these lines, which he frequently recited:

May thy leaves, now free from stains,
Be daily marked with greatest pains,
And when in after life I look
Into my little diary book,
O may I find inscriptions there
To cheer me when I'm near despair;
And daily looking o'er that life
Which now bespeaks a world of strife,
May I the satisfaction gain
That life has not been lived in vain.

HORACE LINCOLN JACOBS.

CHARLES F. WEISE.



In attempting to write the memoir of a fallen brother in the ministry one feels the inadequacy of words. At best, they are hard cold things, while the subject of the memoir was warm, sympathetic and quivering with life. So much ought to be said that must be omitted and what is said but poorly expresses the feelings and thoughts one desires to convey. More particularly is this true when one attempts the memoir of a warm personal friend. How shall we make others see him as he revealed himself to us? How can we paint the glad smile of welcome as we came into his presence? How make them hear the cheery accents of his voice? Who can describe the heart beat of friendly sympathy? As well try to describe the fleeting beauty of the rose, or the passing fragrance of the lily, or the glory that hallows an infant's smile. Yet one must do one's best.

Charles F. Weise was all that is

comprehended in the words "brother and friend." To know him was to love him. It is a matter for regret that we who are members of this great brotherhood of Methodist Ministers do not get to know each other better. A more intimate knowledge of each other's motives and desires would soften criticism and sweeten charity, and increase our love for each other. Charles F. Weise was a manly man, a true Christian gentleman. He never wounded another's feelings knowingly and was charitable enough to put the best construction on any acts of his brethren. This characteristic made him a favorite among men wherever his duties as a Pastor called him. Men liked to be in his company, and gladly sought his counsel and advice. He sought to make each man's interests his own, and in him a man who tried to understand their problems and solve them. It was this quality that caused him to be elected to serve on school boards and bank directorates and farm committees. Probably no other minister represented his people in so many state conventions of Fraternal societies. Men respected and trusted him.

Brother Weise was a hospitable man and a charming host. He loved to have his brethren share in the hospitality of his home, he was happy in their company and his hospitality was unlimited. Brother Weise was a strong gospel preacher. There are some preachers whose sermons are like the swollen stream after a rain, swift, torrential, sweeping everything before it; some are like the calm placid lake, full of charm and beauty, exhaling a feeling of perfect contentment; some are like the steady current of the flowing stream, sometimes singing over the riffles, sometimes resting awhile in deep pools, sometimes meeting obstructions that must be overcome, but pursuing one steady aim, to at length reach the sea. Charles F. Weise was one of the latter class. He never preached without an objective. At times the song could be heard in his sermon; sometimes he paused awhile in the depths where the shadows collected, but always he had in mind that great sea of Eternity toward which he always moved. Having but a limited scholastic training, he sought to supplement what he had by wide reading and a thorough study of human nature. This made him a welcome preacher wherever he served. He often had his head in the clouds, but he never allowed his feet to leave the ground. Brother Weise was no Theorist. He had been a great sinner and had been greatly saved by a great Saviour. He was not to be fooled by the glossing over of sin, and the indulgence in things with sinful tendencies. He knew what sin would do. He knew that Christ could save from sin. Had He not saved him? So he constantly presented Christ as the all sufficient Saviour. He was a pastor—evangelist. He was constantly holding successful revival meetings. Often he had two and three hundred converts from a single meeting. In the thirty years of his pastorate, he had more than twenty-five hundred conversions, or an average of eighty per year for a period of thirty years. Surely this is a record any minister of the Gospel might well covet!

Brother Weise was a good Pastor. He not only got people converted, but he shepherded them and got them established in the faith. His constant care was not only to get people converted, but to keep them converted. This meant constant visitation among his flock. He believed that a home going preacher, made a church going people. He believed that his company was eagerly sought by both church goer and non-church goer alike. His parish was never limited to his membership. He was a man of profound common sense. When interviewed by Bishop Edwin Hughes, concerning a matter of Discipline in which he was interested, upon leaving the room, the Bishop was heard to remark, "That man is chock full of good sense!" As an inspiration to, and a lover of young people, Brother Weise had few equals and no superiors. He sought to understand them, to get their viewpoint, and win them for his Master.