

### Short Sketch of the Life and Times of Elder Phillip Mulkey.

BY J. F. AMIS.

EUGENE, OR.,

April 26, 1880.

#### Bro. Campbell:

Realizing the fact that soon all those grand old brethren who fought the battles of the Christian Reformation, will lay their armor by, and that the mass of information which these brethren possess concerning our early plea, must cease to be known when they depart, I have been at some pains, to gather data touching the lives and times of some of those brethren which I propose, as time gives me opportunity, to lay before the readers of the MESSENGER.

#### And first of

ELDER PHILLIP MULKEY.

The subject of this sketch was born in Barren county, Ky., Oct. 27, 1802, and was therefore 77 years of age last October.

Bro. Mulkey says: "My father, John Mulkey, was a Baptist preacher, and when I was twelve years of age, that is, in 1814, he embraced enlarged views on the subject of the 'Atonement,' which led to a separation between them. He then declared in favor of the Bible alone as the only rule of faith and practice, and advocated the union of all Christians on it. He contended for the faith delivered to the saints nearly 50 years, and long since has gone to his reward. He raised a large family, six sons and four daughters, all of whom embraced religion as it was then taught. Four of his sons became ministers, two of them prominent, who are still living. When only 18 years of age, that is, in November, 1820, I married a devoted Christian woman, under whose devotion to the cause of our Master and great self-denial, and the help of God, I was enabled to go forward in the proclamation. And I recall to-day her reply to me sometimes when I would return home from a preaching tour and see the demand for my presence, and assistance, and tell her I must give up the ministry, she would say, 'Go, the Savior suffered for us.'"

At the age of 34, that is, in 1836, Elder Mulkey removed to Illinois. Here he only remained four years, and I have not been able to learn directly from him how much he labored here as a preacher, as he has failed in the account before me to say one word about it. But I gather from incidental conversation with him, and others, that he put in all the time for the Lord that the demands of a large family and the hardships and inconveniences, incident to a new home in a new and sparsely settled country would permit. As an instance, showing that he was not idle in Illinois, I will give in his own language a remarkable case of the conversion and baptism of a lady there: "Once, in Illinois, I was requested by a lady who was sick and not expected to survive, to sing

"When languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,  
And long to fly away."

I could but gladly comply with what I conceived a dying request of this lady, and did the best I could to gratify her. So whilst singing we were greatly surprised to hear her break forth, interrupting us, in an ecstasy of joy. We would not have been much more surprised to hear the voice of one dead. This lady recovered, and I had the pleasure of burying her with Christian baptism when the ice was frozen six inches thick over the water. They cut a hole in the ice like a vault to a grave, and although I at the time had chills and fever, I gladly immersed her. I was not bothered with chills and fever any more."

There are old persons residing in this county who Bro. Mulkey joined in wedlock in Illinois, when they were

young. Aunt Polly Davis, late consort of Bro. Caleb Davis, of Pleasant Hill, and Mr. Elliot, her former husband among them. I may in this connection state that Bro. Mulkey has

always been a great favorite among the young folks as a suitable person to "celebrate the laws of matrimony" among them. In proof of this I may state that the records of the clerk's office in Lane county alone, show that Bro. Mulkey has joined together more than one hundred couples since the license law took effect in this State!

It was in Illinois that Bro. Mulkey first formed the acquaintance of the late Elder John E. Murphy, of Monmouth. In 1840, Elder Mulkey removed to Morgan county, Mo., and he labored there as a preacher and with what success I will let him tell in his own words. He says: "I found a few scattered disciples in the county, and there was directly an appointment for me to preach at a school house, for they had no church houses those days, and before the usual hour there were persons there from ten miles distance, among whom were old acquaintances of my father. They 'wanted to hear one of his boys preach.' I preached through winter mostly in the houses of friends. The young people went to meeting to hear something new, but were wild. The more advanced went to hear what 'the babbler had to say.'"

In the spring of '41, I thought there was a change in public sentiment, and I exerted myself to the utmost, and about this time one lady made confession, and the people stared and made remarks. But the next day she came forward and was immersed. The interest increased during the summer and in the fall I told the people we would have a protracted effort. The time was fixed and rolled round. I was the only one there who would speak for Christ and a great work was to be done and I felt deeply the responsibility resting on me. Imagining my surprise and joy on the evening of the first day, when in dropped old father McBride. He went home with me that night when we talked over everything we could think of, of interest to the occasion. Bro. McBride was greatly discouraged, but meeting next day several of his old acquaintances, and there being several additions, he was much revived. When the old brother was leaving for home, I handed him a few dollars. He remarked he never was better paid, and did not want a cent. There was a great preacher's meeting in father Mc's neighborhood, and as he stated, he could be of no use at such meeting, like Abraham started out not knowing whither he went, and I have thought the good Lord directed his steps to my meeting. He promised to come back next summer which he did, and we had meeting at the same place where we had several more additions to the church. And here we organized the first Christian Church in all that region of country. I still continued to labor on, and the cause advanced.

After a while our family physician of Miller county, a professed infidel, invited me to preach at their school house, said his wife was religiously inclined. I consented and went. The Doctor and family, and L. B. Wilkes was the audience. Next day the congregation was better, with some interest manifested. Then, or soon after, the Doctor's wife submitted, the first instance in that county. With the assistance of able brethren we soon built up a good congregation. L. B. Wilkes was always on hand, and would go where I went, plying me with questions. He was a smart young man. After a little while he joined the church at Springfield, commenced preaching, finished his education, came home and commenced a protracted meeting at Hopewell, was taken sick and brought to my house, where he remained till he got able to work. I took occasion now to remind

Bro. Wilkes of his former course towards me in asking me so many questions and told him I thought he was trying to bother me. He replied that I was "the first preacher he ever heard try to prove his position by the Bible, and it aroused a spirit of enquiry. If it had not been for you and Bro. Jones I should now in all probability been to-day in the mazes of sectarian darkness."

It does my soul good to think I have been an humble instrument in the hands of the Lord even in a remote degree in causing such a man as L. B. Wilkes to see the truth. We had much opposition from all quarters but with the help of God our labors were blessed, and there sprung up congregations all around. I attended some of these regularly for a number of years.

About this time Dr. Hopson made us a visit and delivered us two series sermons, ten each, resulting in 50 additions to our congregation. Bro. G. W. Laughin grew up among us to great usefulness.

In the spring of '53, I started for Oregon, our last meeting, 20 letters were taken, all for Oregon. Oh! what a meeting that was. We had been meeting and parting for years, but we part now to meet no more on earth forever. In the midst of our tears and taking the parting hand, a letter was dropped into my pocket. I felt it, took it out, cast my eye on the name G. W. Laughin. I read it thus: 'Bro. Mulkey, I could not think of separating with you without at least saying to you farewell. It is a sad thought for friends to part to meet no more on earth, but a glorious thought to know that they may meet in heaven. God grant that we may meet in heaven.'

I started for Oregon with all my family except my oldest daughter, whom I left in Missouri, she having been married, and with God's protecting care arrived safely. Soon after this all of my children, who had not previously connected themselves to the church, now became members, and I thought myself a happy man. Soon after settling here I went to Pleasant Hill, and met with several old brethren there for the first time in this far west. Here I saw the table with the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of the blessed Jesus, and my mind and thoughts went back to the happy Christian days of the past. I could only live them over in memory, and my heart glowed with gratitude that I had the happy privilege of commemorating again the sufferings of our Lord.

My public labors have been limited, owing mainly to the affliction of my wife, who grew more and more feeble, until October 24, 1862, she passed away to her great reward. This saddest of bereavements, to me seemed irretrievable. We had stood shoulder to shoulder for 42 years, through all our ups and downs. But thanks be to God through Jesus Christ our Lord, our loss was her eternal gain. My two youngest daughters, soon after their mother's death, married, and I was alone. I sought and obtained a companion, with whom I am living comfortable and happy.

David said: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life," and taking a retrospective view of my life, I can say of a truth that goodness and mercy have followed me all along the journey of my life. My confidence in God and in the all sufficiency of his word for the accomplishing of everything he has promised is firm and unshaken, and I know if my earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"The Bible is my chart,  
By it the seas I know,  
I cannot with it part,  
Its rocks and sands doth show,  
It is my chart and compass too,  
Whose needle's point is ever true."  
Thus ends a narrative of a man

whose labors in the vineyard of the Lord extend back half a century, reaching into the primitive days of the Reformation. Not until the great day of assize, when our good Master shall gather up his servants and meet out to them their reward, will be known the amount of good that Bro. Mulkey and those noble compeers of his times have done in the cause of Christianity. Born into the world at a time in the history of our country, and when the condition of the church demanded men of a peculiar type, men of strong minds and freedom of thought, of giant nerve and inflexible purpose, they come down to us as "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Their lives ought to form subjects of lessons and example for those of this generation.

The land marks they have left us are a safe guide both to our happiness, as a nation, and to the prosperity and up-building of the church. Bro. Mulkey all his life long has been an emphatic worker. Whatever his hands has found to do he has done with all his might, whether as a preacher, or as a manual laborer. Like Paul he has always worked diligently with his hands, that he might make support for himself and those with him, that he might not burden the churches and hinder the cause. For many years here in Oregon, he has made on an average \$9 per week at making boots and shoes, and has seldom missed a Sunday that he did not preach to some congregation, in some instances a distance of 25 miles away. I know of no man, and I have known Bro. Mulkey nearly a quarter of a century, who has done more honest days labor and made fewer disappointments as a preacher in this length of time, than Bro. Mulkey.

In connection with this subject—he said to me: "In Missouri I was blessed with an iron constitution, and did about six days work in five. Working in the field at home, and going once a month, a distance of 25 miles to preach to a congregation. For several years there was not a single Lord's day that I did not preach. Sometimes I preached Saturday's and attended protracted meetings; and sometimes I held three services per day, and would get home at from 10 to 12 o'clock at night. It may be proper to say that the congregation to which I preached the year paid me \$22, for my services."

Bro. Mulkey in truth never would preach for hire, and I doubt not has given ten to the support of the Gospel, when he has received one.

On the subject of a paid ministry he said to me, "When the Reformation first started out one of the keynotes to their discourses was opposition to paying preachers a salary, saying such a course was unlawful, and filled the pulpit with unworthy men. B. W. Stone was preaching for the Baptist church at a good salary when he seceded and commenced preaching for the Reformation, and thereafter, often worked at night in his field by moonlight to make his support."

Bro. Mulkey was intimately acquainted with and often heard them preach B. W. Stone, Reubin Dooly, Jimmy Hughes, W. D. Jordan, R. Haggard, Daniel Randolph and Joel Hayden, who were great pillars in the Reformation.

The following anecdote related by Bros. Mulkey Stone and Dooly, goes to show the spirit of their time, and of what sort of stuff the men of our Reformation was composed.

Says Bro. Mulkey: "Once when Stone and Dooly came in our neighborhood preaching, neither had a change of garments. Dooly tore the knee of his breeches badly, tied his handkerchief around the rent and thus preached to his congregation."

As a preacher, Bro. Mulkey is apostolic in style, going directly to the subject—now persuasive and again argumentative, and yet every sentence bristling with points.

No one can tell the story of the Cross more effectually.

Bro. Mulkey seldom ever controverts, but when he finds it necessary to meet the errors of any sectarian in defense of the truth, woe be to his opponent, for he will receive such a sound threshing at his hands that he will never dare meet him again. I defy any of the sects to make any headway in any community where Bro. Mulkey has taught the Scripture any length of time. And yet, Bro. Mulkey I suppose has not an enemy in the world, but is universally beloved and respected.

May he be spared many years yet, and may his latter years be his happiest.

#### Old Maid Philosophy.

The writer rallied a young lady friend some time ago and chaffed her upon being an "old maid." She replied: "I am past thirty. I have a good home. I think you know I have had abundant opportunities to marry. I have been bridesmaid a score of times. I ask myself with which one of the beautiful girls that I have seen take the marriage vow would I exchange to-day? Not one. Some are living apart from their husbands; some are divorced; some are wives of drunken men; some are hanging on the ragged edge of society, endeavoring to keep up appearances; some are toiling to support and educate their children, and these are the least miserable; some tread the narrow line beyond the boundary of which lies the mysterious land, and some have gone out in the darkness and unknown horrors, and some are dead. A few there are who are loved and honored wives, mothers, with happy homes; but, alas, only a very few."—*Ex.*

—That alcohol is to be classed among the poisons, instead of being a wholesome beverage, has been too well attested by experience and by medical science to admit of discussion. It is a matter of daily record that scores of victims are swept to the other world by its subtle influence, but we believe that a case of recent occurrence in England is the first to hold the prisoner guilty of a penal crime. We give the details as presented in the *Christian Union*: "James Lewis Paine was convicted, after a trial of eight days, of manslaughter, and sentenced to imprisonment for life for killing a woman who lived with him as his wife, by slow poisoning by administering whiskey, brandy and gin. This extraordinary murderer seems to have acquired a peculiar power over his victim, and though at times she was reluctant to drink she was unable to resist his urgency; in some cases he actually poured the drink down her throat in spite of her protestations. Partly by persuasion and partly by authority he had over her he kept her continuously drunk for two months and a half, doubtless supposing that compassing her death by continuous intoxication simply would not be accounted as murder. He reckoned without his host, the medical testimony, which was long and exhaustive, showed that death resulted from alcoholism; the court charged the jury that the prisoner was bound to protect the woman and his wife, and that if he even simply allowed her to pursue such a course as resulted in her death without intending it and yet without performing his duty in guarding her against it, he would be guilty of manslaughter. If he deliberately compassed her death by alcohol he would be guilty of murder. The jury gave him the benefit of the doubt in a verdict of manslaughter. We are at a loss to know why every saloon keeper in the land who furnishes liquor to a man whom he knows to be slowly killing himself is not a murderer who should be held responsible at the bar of justice for the consequences of his crime.—*Ex.*