

## He Built Us A Synagogue

ISAAC JESIOP was born in Perquimins county, N. C., Sept. 29, 1805; married to Sarah Elliott in June, 1826; removed to Darke county, O., in 1829; was converted and united with the M. E. Church in 1836; removed to Jackson township, Howard county, Indiana, in 1849, where he entered 400 acres of land and cleared up a farm, and shared in the rigors of a backwoods life. Here he reared his family of seven children. Two preceded him to the better land, five following mournfully, yet hopefully after him. He having set so many lights along the path, it is not hard to find the way that father trod. As soon as he had a cabin he had a family altar. There, too, the weary itinerant found a place to preach and to rest. No matter what denomination he belonged to his cabin was a home for him. At such visits he would send his boys, on horses, in different directions, to invite the neighbors for several miles around to preaching. After regular preaching had been established and a class of Methodists formed they had their preaching on work days, and as the time would come the horn was blown, informing the laborers in the field or clearing that the preacher had come, and soon the settlers would come out of the woods from different directions. Some of those backwoodsmen would bring their guns along, partly for defense and partly in the hope of game for family support. Arriving at the Jesiop home they would set their guns on the porch against the cabin. Sometimes there would be a row from the corner to the door. They had no roads only as they made them by cutting a narrow way through the timber, using timber for corduroying low places. Brother Jesiop and his boys surveyed a road, using a pocket compass for a guide, from Pipe Creek, south of Xenia, meandering on the highest ground to his home, and then to Lilly Creek, near Jerome, a distance of about ten miles. On this road they went to mill and store, etc., until the settlers improved the lands and a road was placed on the section line east of his house, which is now ordered to be graveled. A railroad also passes the Jesiop home. During the late war the class was left without regular preaching for a few years, when he again invited an itinerant to his home, which he found in the person of Rev. Geo. W. Boxell—who held a meeting in the Jesiop Schoolhouse, near the home—and organized a class and received the family into the M. P. Church, and Grandpa, as he was called by many, was a happy and energetic member. In 1870 a cloud came to his home and removed his beloved Sarah, and kind friends laid her away in the cemetery at Xenia. His children being married, he took to himself Sophia Moore, and she proved worthy of him and in every way sympathized with his movements, and was a true helpmeet to him, and now waits patiently the time of her change to come, in the hope of a glorious reunion in the sweet, and not very distant bye-and-bye. The religion that made Grandpa so good and energetic in his life, for the church and poor, sustained him well in his sickness. During the days of his prosperity he built a house of worship on the northeast corner of his home place, where he met his brethren and neighbors regularly, none more habitual in attendance than he, generally having his seat near the pulpit, he usually being one of the first to speak in social meetings. Many look to his seat, but he is not there. The friends he made continued their friendship, and witnessed their devotion during his sickness and death; all desired to honor him. His children were all at home and cheerfully extended every needed attention. He arranged his business in a will, by which he ceded the church he built and the lot enclosing it to the M. P. Church for a house of worship. He was asked whether he suffered much. He answered, "Yes, but not what my blessed Savior suffered for me;" patient and cheerful to the last. Speaking to his class-leader, J. R. Grindle, he said "There is not a cloud; all is right. I am ready, perfectly resigned to the will of our Heavenly Father." He was one of the ardent admirers and pillars of the M. P. Church. Truly a Father in Israel has fallen. He could do no more, but simply trusted the hand that led him so long. He entered the valley as one going to sleep, on the 17th day of January, 1883. An unusual number of gray-headed people formed a part of the large congregation on the day of the funeral service rendered by the writer, assisted by the Revs. Rensopher, Marks and Shinn. His devoted widow misses him very much, but the same one guides her with his eye. The children mourn the loss of a dear father, but all are trusting the hand that mixed the cup as the hand that leads them. The church feels his loss, but have the advantage of his precious example. Many want to die like Father Jesiop. Such a death is the result of a blessed life. In his good deeds he invites us to the way our father's trod as the way that leads to God.

J. S. SELLERS.

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