

The Grinnell Herald

RAY, COWDEN & HAINES, Prop'rs
OFFICIAL PAPER

Grinnell, Iowa, Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1906.

OBITUARIES.

CHAS. E. STICKLE

Charles S. Stickle was born in Northumberland County, Ontario, Canada, on the eighth of June 1827. He was married August 20th, 1851 to Nancy Clindimin of Smithfield, Ontario, Canada. In 1864 he went to California by way of the isthmus of Panama. In 1868 he came to Grinnell with Mrs. Stickle and three daughters, Helen, Mary and Emma. Two daughters were born here, Josephine and Edith. Mary died in 1875.

In 1881 he with his family moved to Pekin, Ill., where he remained eight years, returning to Grinnell in 1889, where his home has been ever since.

This is a brief, and, to all who did not know him intimately, an inadequate sketch of his life. It would not be in keeping with his wishes for me to pronounce a eulogy upon his life and character. He would have suggested rather the words of the patriarch Jacob, "Few and evil have been the days of the years of my life". And yet it is entirely appropriate that some things should be said concerning him.

Life is not all soul, not all intellect, not all body. But life is far from complete where one of these is lacking in vigor and power. By as much as we are deficient in any one of these by so much are we wanting in the equipment intended for the normal individual. True heroism is manifest in unnumbered lives at the point of that deficiency, for they strive, and striving overcome. Bro. Stickle was richly endowed by nature. He had a physique wonderously adapted

to the changing and urgent demands of a strenuous life. His life covered a period of 79 years, 4 months, 23 days. In all that time he suffered almost nothing from sickness of any kind. Several accidents occurring at wide intervals were the only interruptions he experienced in his active years. From the biting sins and corroding follies of youth and manhood he was free. I recall that he said to me again and again that intoxicating liquors had never crossed his lips. His body was, to him, "the temple of the Holy Ghost", and as such must be sacredly guarded against the intruding evil.

He was also richly endowed in intellect. More than the average man he possessed that keenness of intellect and clearness of perception and breadth of vision so essential to success in business affairs of the present day. He was without the advantages of the schools in his early life that young men of the present possess, but diligent application in after years removed him far from the line on the other side of which "are unlearned and ignorant men". He was abreast of the times by his careful and constant reading of the press and good books and the Book, which to the last was his favorite treasury of knowledge.

He was a man of great independence. While not disdaining the opinions of others, yet he could not be carried by the whims or governed by the prejudices of others. He would lend a respectful hearing but would arrive at his own conclusions of right and stand there like Gibraltar. When approached politically or otherwise and solicited to do what his sense of fairness and justice did not approve,

and especially when pressure was brought to bear upon him, his favorite expression was in the early days of his residence here, "I am a free born British subject, and will do what I think to be right in this matter." That usually brought the affair to a conclusion. If he engendered hostilities—and what man of independent spirit does not?—he was, nevertheless, a most worthy and generous combatant, forgiving and ready to make amends where wrongs had been done. He said to me a few months ago, "I have had much to do with men during my life, and have made some enemies, no doubt, but I am glad that I have nothing in my heart but love and well wishes for all mankind."

His versatility was apparent in the success he achieved in business. He was thrust out upon the world when a lad of fourteen, and steadily and faithfully ac-

SDAY, NOVEMB

complished his work. He succeeded as a farmer, but his special delight was in his building. He was one of the few men of the present day who served an apprenticeship, and it was a matter of just pride that he was a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Grinnell owes much to his skilful hand for the beauty and permanence of some of its structures. Taste, precision and strength were outstanding characteristics of his work.

He was fearless in his advocacy of the right, adopting measures which more timid men would hesitate to use. He was intolerant of shams, and outspoken in his denunciation of wrong. To those who saw but this side of his nature he might have appeared somewhat harsh, but to those who knew him better the tenderer side of his nature was apparent, and was his ruling characteristic. He was a real friend to those who were in need. He has a large place in the memory and affection of many men to whom he rendered willing and cheerful assistance. His cheerful nature was a strong asset of his life. It was rare that it failed him, and when the tide ebbed temporarily it was speedily made to flow again by the abiding hopefulness of a companion who shared his sorrows and contributed to his joys for more than fifty-five years.

He made much of his home. He loved it supremely. He was

remarkable degree. His home was on earth the center of his affections, the joy of his life. What care, what planning, what earnest solicitude he manifested for those whom God in His Providence had given him. He has left behind him memories that cannot but comfort and strengthen the hearts of wife and children.

He was a man of strong and abiding religious convictions. When a young man he felt the wooing of the Divine Spirit and yielded himself to the saving power of Jesus Christ. His religious assurance was clear and cumulative. He took great delight in the means of grace. The church services contributed much to his spiritual joy and strength, and were benefited in turn by his public prayer and testimony. The family altar was his constant Peniel, where in very truth he saw God face to face. In youth he united with the Wesleyan Methodist church, and a little later became a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, making in all more than fifty years in which he has been a Methodist. With the exception of a few years during which he was affiliated with the Congregational church, his religious interests have been connected with Methodism.

His life is summed up in one brief sentence which has been upon the lips of a large number of men who knew him, "He was a good man." The end came speedily at last. About two weeks ago he was compelled to yield to encroaching weakness and went to bed. Steadily the tabernacle was dissolving, the silver cords were loosening, the golden bowl was breaking. The hand had lost its cunning, and the tongue faltered, capable only of some word of praise to God, of love to home and friends.

His death was triumphant. The opinion of John Wesley formed at many a bedside was true here, "Our people die well," and Wesley's own dying testimony was our brother's experience, "The best of all is, God is with us." From this narrow river we call life, the spirit of our friend, having broken its moorings, sailed out upon the infinite eternal sea of God's love and presence.