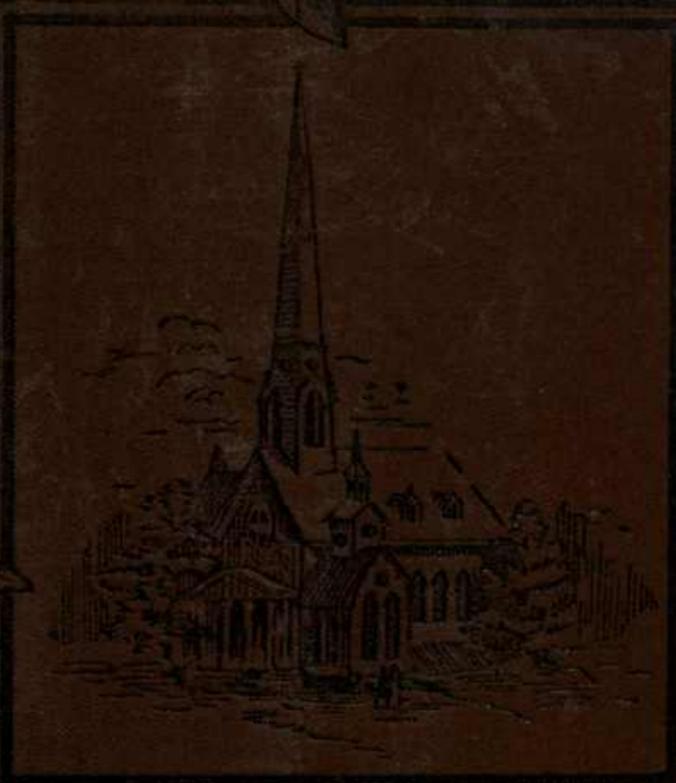


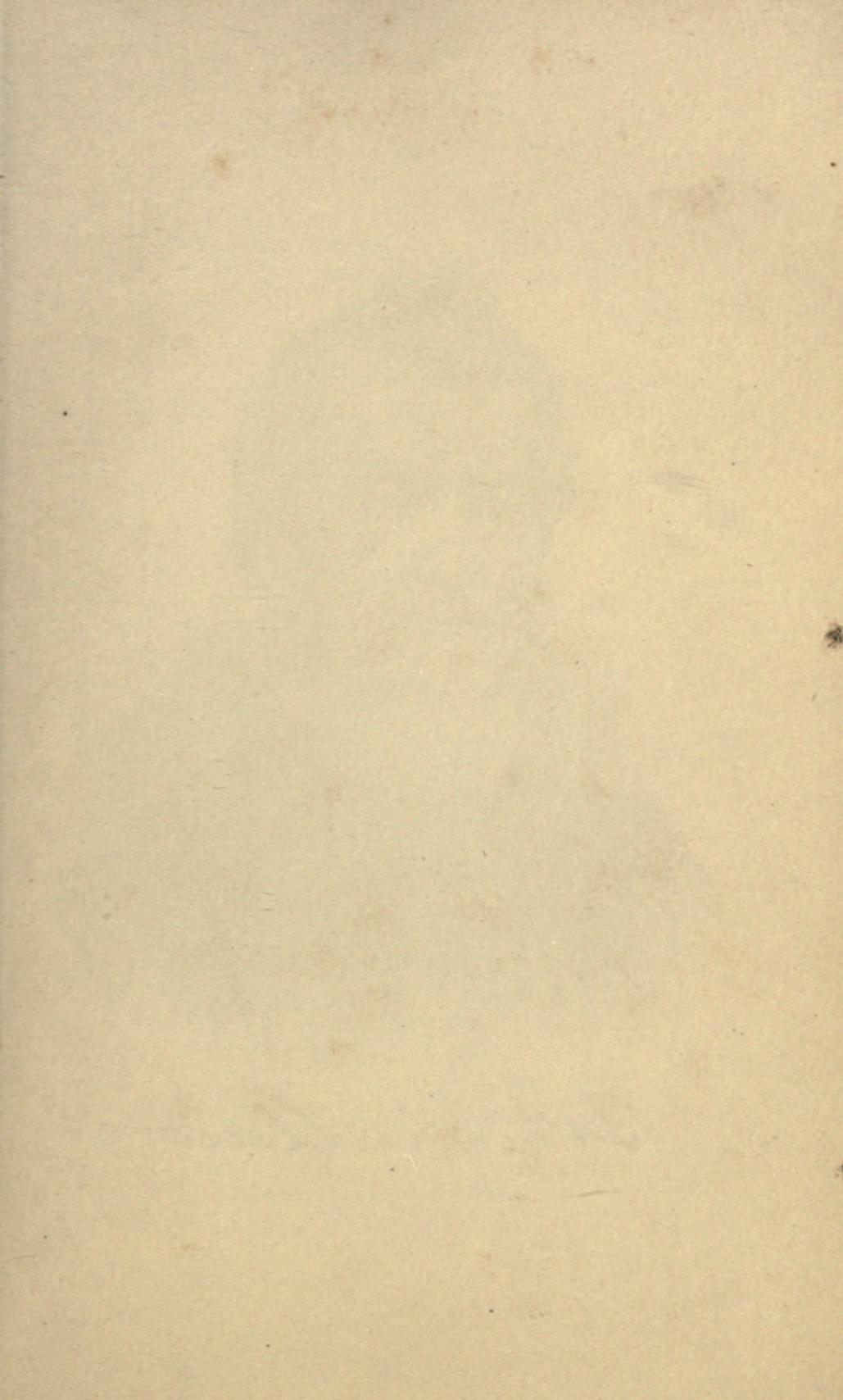
THE STORY OF MY LIFE

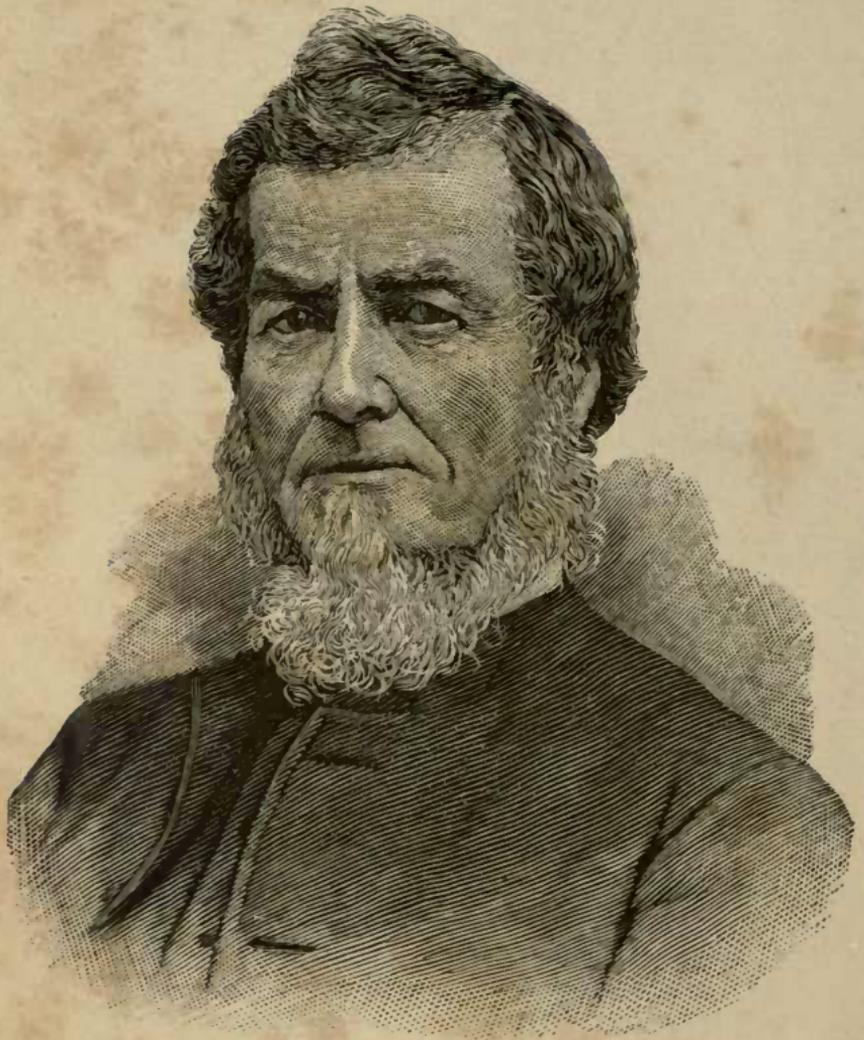
* B. W. CHIDLAW *

lia









B. W. Sullivan

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

BY

REV. B. W. CHIDLAW, D. D.

CHILD LIFE IN WALES. PIONEER BOYHOOD IN OHIO. FIFTY-FOUR YEARS MISSIONARY OF THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION. VISITS TO WALES. CHAPLAIN IN THE U. S. ARMY. DELEGATE OF THE U. S. SANITARY AND CHRISTIAN COMMISSIONS. TRUSTEE MIAMI UNIVERSITY. COMMISSIONER OF THE OHIO REFORM SCHOOL FOR BOYS, WITH LABORS IN PRISONS, INFIRMARIES AND HOMES FOR PAUPER CHILDREN. MEMBER OF BOARD OF VISITORS TO WEST POINT.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY THE
REV. EDWIN W. RICE, D. D.

FOR SALE BY
WILLIAM H. HIRST,
1122 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
J. L. SPICER, 10 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ROBERT CLARKE & Co., AND SUTTON & Co., CINCINNATI, O.
AND BY THE AUTHOR, CLEVES, O.
[Copyright, 1890, by B. W. Chidlaw.]

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I. PAGE 13—27.

My Birthplace, 14.—Early Religious Impressions, 15.—First Knowledge of America, 17.—Leaving Wales, 18.—Our Voyage, 18.—Westward Ho! In a Sloop, Wagon, Keel Boat, and Steamer 19.—The Death and Funeral of My Father, 22.—Finding a Home, 24.—The Log School-house. A Good Trade, 25.—Learning to Spell. Won a Prize, 26.

CHAPTER II. PAGE 28—42.

An Investment, 28.—Reading the New Book and a Bitter Experience, 28.—Pioneer Life, 29.—Hunting Raccoons, 29.—Log Cabin Life. Rev. Russel Bigelow, 30.—Going from Home to School, 31.—Teaching School, 32.—Two Young Evangelists, 32.—Resuming Study, 33.—Returning Home, 35.—Uniting with the Church, 35.—My First Sunday-school, 38.—Securing the Books, 40.—Employment, 42.

CHAPTER III. PAGE 43—69.

The Death of a Young Woman, 43.—Pioneer Life, 46.—An Important Decision, 48.—Entering College, 49.—A Wonderful Revival, 50.—Sent on a Mission, 50.—Help in Need, 52.—A Fatal Disease, 54.—Return to College, 55.—Enter Miami University, 57.—Interview with the President, 57.—A Collapse, 59.—A Bachelor's Hall, Minimum of Expense, 61.—Received as a Candidate for the Ministry, 63.—Graduation, 64.—Studying Theology, 65.—Disappointment in Application, 67.—Licensed to Preach, 68.

CHAPTER IV. PAGE 70—81.

Visit Wales, 70.—Meeting a Friend, 70.—In a Welsh Sunday-school, 71.—Welsh Preaching, 73.—An Itinerant in Wales, 75.—Great Welsh Preachers, 77.—Returning Home, Resuming work at Paddy's Run, Establishing Sunday-schools, Entering the Sunday-School Union Service, 79.

(v)

CHAPTER V. PAGE 82—111.

A Kind Offer, 82.—Ordination, 82.—Marriage, 83.—A Useful Sunday-school, 84.—A Grove Meeting, 87.—Helping the Preacher, 88.—A Missionary Tour, 89.—Fruit Gathered, 93.—Wales Revisited, 94.—A Preaching Tour, 98.—Llanuwchllyn, a Wonderful Revival, 100.—A Discovery, 111.

CHAPTER VI. PAGE 112—137.

Returning Home, 112.—A Missionary Journey, 113.—Work in Cincinnati, 114.—Family Bereavement, 115.—The Mission of the American Sunday-School Union, 116.—Opposition Overruled, 117.—A Generous Old Lady, A Good Methodist, 121.—A New Work, 129.—Rowdyism, Against Temperance, 130.—Backwoods Hospitality, 133.—Ecclesiastical Change, 136.

CHAPTER VII. PAGE 138—166.

Anecdote of Dr. Lyman Beecher, 138.—Re-establishing my Home, 141.—A Change of Field. Appointed Superintending Missionary, 143.—New Duties and Responsibilities, 144.—Finding Missionaries, 146.—A Trophy, 148.—Steamboating, 150.—In a Dilemma, 151.—Backwoods Currency, 152.—Re-visiting, 155.—A Boy on the Wood-pile, 156.—Securing a Library, 158.—A Presbyterian Camp-meeting, 160.

CHAPTER VIII. PAGE 167—198.

A Step Onward, 167.—Sunday-school Celebrations, 168.—Conventions, 171.—Called East. In Boston, 176.—The East Re-visited, 181.—On the Boston Common, 181.—In New York, 182.—In Philadelphia, 183.—Helpers in my Work, 184.—Revivals of Religion, 186.—Employment from 1850 to 1860, 189.—An Aged Soldier of the Revolutionary Army, 190.—Commissioner to the General Assembly, 195.—Preaching in the Tombs Prison, New York, 197.

CHAPTER IX. PAGE 199—220.

The War Cloud of 1861, 199.—A Bible Class, 202.—Appointed Chaplain of the 39th O. V. I., 204.—Worship at Dress Parade, 205.—Systematizing my Labors, 205.—A Call to Head-quarters. 207.—Ordered to Northern Missouri, 209.—A Horse for the Chaplain, 211.—Winter Quarters and Work, 213.—Men Under Sentence of Death, 214.—Prostrated by Sickness, 215.—Reach Home. My Resignation Accepted, 216.—Visit the East, 218.

CHAPTER X. PAGE 221—255.

The United States Sanitary Commission. Battle of Perryville. Work in the Hospitals, 221.—I Want to be Mustered In, 225.—Trafficking, 228.—Nashville, Tenn., 231.—Called to Philadelphia, 234.—A Voyage Down the Mississippi, 236.—Contrabands in War, 239.—A Floating Hospital, 243.—The United States Christian Commission, 245.—The Cincinnati Auxilliary, 245.—Sent to the Front, 247.—A Field Hospital, 248.—Letter Writing, 250.—A Tea Party, 251.—Comfort Bags, 254.

CHAPTER XI. PAGE 256—283.

An Appointment, 256.—Patriotism and Sunday-schools, 256.—My Last Visit to the Front, 257.—Opposition, 259.—Anniversary at Philadelphia, 260.—Closing Anniversary at Washington, D. C., 261.—Visit to Richmond, Va., 265.—Reform School Work, 267.—How we Got a New Chapel, 271.—A New Boy, 271.—Incidents, 274.—Penal and Charitable Institutions, 276.—Finding an Aged Disciple in the Infirmary, 277.—The State Prison, 279.—An Incident, 281.

CHAPTER XII. PAGE 284—293.

Resuming Missionary Work, 284.—Institutes, 285.—Grove Meeting in Illinois, 286.—Presbyterian National Convention at Philadelphia, 287.—At the General Assembly in New York, 291.—A Bible Meeting in Cincinnati, 292.

CHAPTER XIII. PAGE 294—318.

The Presbyterian Reunion at Pittsburg, 294.—The United Church General Assembly at Philadelphia, 295.—Genial Hospitality, 295.—Anniversary of the American Sunday-School Union, 296.—An Ecclesiastical Wedding, 297.—A Christian Convention at Columbus, O., 298.—National Prison Reform Congress, 299.—A New Decade, 1870 to 1880, 300.—The Radnor Semi-Centennial, 301.—Robert Ralke Centenary in London, 303.—The London Sunday-school Union, 304.—A Picture Discovered, 310.—Deputation Work, 314.—Gloucester, 315.

CHAPTER XIV. PAGE 319—340.

Departure for Wales, 319.—Congregational Union of Wales, 320.—My Ancestors Discovered, 321.—Labors in Wales, 323.—A Mother's Every-day Bible, 325.—At Home Again, 325.—My Ordination Remembered, 327.—A Family Celebration, 330.—Sunday-school Golden Anniversary, Troy, O., 332.—The First Settlement of Ohio, Celebrated at Columbus, O., 335.—Flood in the Ohio Valley, 335.—Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Convention, 338.

CHAPTER XV. PAGE 341—375.

Valley Camp Reunion, 341.—Deaths in my Family, 344.—Asbury Park, 346.—Preaching to Soldiers, 346.—Wigwam Meeting, 348.—The Presbyterian General Assembly, New York, 349.—Hospitality, 350.—The Pious Pilgrimage, 351.—West Point Board of Visitors, 353.—The World's Sunday-school Convention in London, 356.—The Fourth of July in London, 359.—Labor in England and Wales, 360.—The Queen of England, 364.—Stormy Voyage, 366.—Visit to Penal, Charitable, and Reformatory Institutions in Ohio and Indiana, 369.—At Home Employed Writing this Story of My Life, 375.

CHAPTER XVI.—*Closing Labors.* PAGE 376—382.

A Visit to the East, 376.—A Sunday-school Convention, 376.—The Welsh Miners in the Lackawanna Valley, 377.—The Future of their Churches, 378.—The Sixty-sixth Anniversary of the American Sunday-school Union at Trenton, N. J., 378.—Rest at Saratoga, 380.—The Ohio State Sunday-school Convention at Zanesville, 381.—The Children's Day.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

EVERY divinely guided, consecrated life is a benediction to the race. To the youth of to-day willing to serve God and their country, this modest, but deeply interesting record of a long, noble, and widely useful life is sure to prove stimulating and helpful. The courage, privations, trials and abiding faith of the hardy exiles for conscience' sake, who founded Christian society amid the dense forests of America during the early part of this century, are forcibly illustrated by the story of the fatherless Welsh boy, who hewed out a home for his widowed mother in the wilderness, and with his backwoods axe chopped his way to a college education, fitting himself to become an eloquent Sunday-school evangelist, a friend of soldiers, a prominent leader in the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, and an advocate of State Reform Schools, making his name a household word in our country.

The book once begun, will not be easily laid down. As William Hazlitt said of the first book that really interested him: "It smacked of the world I lived in, and in which I was to

live : ” so this story smacks of the perplexities and victories of our common life, and shows us how to wring out of its daily adventures a glorious record for God and eternity.

When one born of the Spirit, and so far God-inspired, tells others what the Lord has done for his soul, he holds his hearers spell-bound by his simple, earnest, swift-told story. Hence the Welsh youth by his swift, soul-inspiring story of Christ and salvation, swayed his audiences with unwonted power. It mattered not whether he was speaking in his mother tongue amid his native hills in Wales, or in the acquired tongue of his adopted land, to backwoods crowds, or to cultured city audiences in the centers of wealth and refinement, all alike bowed before his persuasive pleading and his fervid eloquence.

Swinging the axe better qualifies a Gladstone to sway parliament and to guide the weighty interests of the British Empire : so the youth who read this story may learn that clearing forests and following the plow, are among the best athletics contributing to a healthy and lithe body, a ringing voice, and a vigorous mind, such as the veteran Chidlaw possesses now, though nearing “fourscore.”

His record of faithful pioneer work as missionary of the American Sunday-School Union for 54 years, gives a forcible picture of the

breadth, the adaptability and the signal blessings of the labors of that Society in widely different fields and among immigrants of various nationalities and speech.

It is a grand record—a leaf from experience—a God-given book. Richard Cecil aptly says, “God has given us four books: the book of grace, the book of nature, the book of the world, and the book of providence. Every occurrence is a leaf in one of these books; it does not become us to be negligent in the use of any of them.” Surely everyone who comes fairly into the bracing moral, and cheerful spiritual atmosphere of this book, will find his soul uplifted by noble and courageous thoughts, and will rise from its perusal to bless the work, and be inspired to go forth to imitate the workman as he imitated Christ.

EDWIN W. RICE.

Philadelphia, June, 1890.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, AND REMOVAL TO AMERICA.

MEMORY is a wonderful storehouse of knowledge and impressions. In old age, incidents that occurred in early childhood are well remembered, and recalled with pleasure. The place of birth, home and its surroundings, the companions of childhood, find an early and abiding lodgment in memory, and are fondly cherished when the burden of years rests upon us.

Now, approaching the seventy-ninth milestone in life's journey, I recall with joy of heart and gratitude to God, the way I was led; and, for the encouragement of parents and the instruction of children, to honor God, and to increase my enjoyment in old age, I have undertaken the record of my early, as well as the later experiences of my lengthened earthly pilgrim-

age, for hitherto "goodness and mercy" have followed me, and "my cup runneth over."

MY BIRTHPLACE was the village of Bala, July 14, 1811, on the shore of Llyn-Tegid, a beautiful lake, in the mountains of Aran and Arenig, in North Wales. My father, Benjamin Chidlaw, was a tradesman, and my mother, Mary Williams, was a farmer's daughter, the two walking together in the love and fear of God. Their home, as the house of Obed-edom, was blessed "because of the ark of God." My godly parents were Non-conformists, and in fellowship with the Dissenting congregation in the village. Believing in the promises of their covenant-keeping God, they esteemed it a privilege, and a duty, to dedicate their infant son to God and his service in baptism.

In August, 1889, while in Wales, I visited my native village, and examined the old records of the Congregational church, and found the following:

"Benjamin, the son of Benjamin and Mary Chidlaw, was baptized August 4th, 1811, by me, John Lewis, Pastor."

After the lapse of seventy-eight years, I gazed on this brief record with emotions of deep and solemn interest, and with devout thanksgiving to God who gave me such parents, who, in faith and prayer, brought up their child "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Amongst my earliest memories are those relating to religion—the Sunday-school, and the Bible. Then, as now, in Wales, parents and children observed the Sabbath—worshipped God in the sanctuary, and together attended the Sunday-school. In the chapel Sunday-school, I was taught to read, revere, love, and to understand much of the simple and saving truths of the gospel—the sincere milk of the word, nourishment for babes in Christ.

Sunday-schools were introduced into Wales in 1788 by the faithful labors of Rev. Thomas Charles of Bala, my native village, where he died in 1814. The want of Bibles in Wales, as the people were taught in the Sunday-schools to read the divine word, led Mr. Charles to seek a supply of the Welsh Bible through the “London Society for the Promotion of Religious Knowledge among the Poor.” These efforts God overruled, to the organization of the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose record, in the publication and circulation of the Holy Scriptures in over two hundred and fifty languages, is the glory of our common Christianity.

EARLY RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS. My home training, Sunday-school instruction, and hearing preaching, interested and deeply impressed my child mind with the importance and reality of

religion, so that, to the honor of the grace of God, I can now write, that I cannot remember the time when I did not feel my need of a Saviour because of my sin; and that Jesus Christ, who died for me, would save my soul.

The infant on its mother's breast, learns early to know her, trust her, and to love her: so children of tender age, instructed in the truth as it is in Jesus, and led by the Holy Spirit, may be converted, grow in grace, and in that knowledge of God which bringeth salvation.

Thus instructed and encouraged, I delighted to read the Bible, attend Sunday-school and public worship, and be in the companionship of children trained in the same way. As babes in Christ, we met together to repeat hymns and verses of Scripture, to sing and to pray. He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and accepted their "Hosannas" in the temple, led these little ones, thus, to express their love for their Saviour, and, in their simple way, to worship and serve God. These things may be hid from the wise and prudent, but by the grace of God they are revealed unto babes.

While so highly favored in my early religious culture, my secular education was very limited. Children in Wales, in my condition in life, enjoyed but few advantages. My Welsh Bible, hymn book, and *Taith y Pererin*, (Bunyan's

Pilgrim's Progress) constituted my library, and I had no knowledge of the English language.

FIRST KNOWLEDGE OF AMERICA. When I was about nine years old, walking with my father on the side of a hill, he held his pocket handkerchief in the breeze, and, as it was wafted by the wind, he said: "That is fair wind to take people to America."

I inquired: "Father, what is America?"

He replied: "It is a great and good country beyond the ocean, where there is no king, no tithes, and where poor people can get farms, and where apples abound."

The Welsh boy knew nothing about government, tithes and taxes, but he fully appreciated the country where apples grew, and at once, proposed going there.

My father inherited from his brother a small leasehold near the village of Bala. According to the custom in that land, the lands were subject to a tithe to support the Church of England, even where the persons holding the lands were attached to Dissenting chapels which they voluntarily supported.

Sometimes the Dissenters would make a contract to pay a stipulated sum in money instead of the tithe, but the vicar not infrequently would send his tithing-man to gather the tithes in violation of the contract.

LEAVING WALES. Suffering from such oppression and injustice, father disposed of his property, and in 1821, with mother, and my sister Elizabeth, left the land of his fathers, to find a home in a country where civil and religious liberty could be found and enjoyed.

On the day of our departure for America, when I was near ten years of age, a kind friend gave me a Welsh Bible, saying: "My boy, you are going to a distant land, and we know not what in the Providence of God may await you; but, if you will always follow the teachings of the Bible, and pray to God, he will care for you. The Lord will be your keeper, and you will want for no good thing."

To-day, after the lapse of nearly seventy years, I can bear testimony that his saying was true, and is worthy of the belief and confidence of every boy and girl in the land.

My father, in his youth, had spent from 1794 to 1799 in New York, working at his trade; and when he returned to Wales, he was thoroughly Americanized in language, and in his ideas of civil and religious liberty. The United States was his ideal of country, laws and government; and he always longed to be a citizen of that great and good country beyond the ocean.

OUR VOYAGE. At Liverpool, in April, 1821,

we embarked on the ship "Manhattan," bound for New York, and in forty-seven days reached the desired haven. I well remember that during a storm, my young heart was filled with fear, but the words of my friend who gave me the Welsh Bible, came to my relief, and, following his instruction, I found comfort and deliverance from all my fears.

The sight of the land of apples, filled my young heart with joy; and, when we landed in New York where we remained a short time, I found myself perplexed and disappointed, because I could not understand the boys I met on the street, engaged in their play. They treated the Welsh boy very kindly, and I was greatly pleased with these American children, and I determined to learn their language as soon as possible.

WESTWARD HO! Early in June, 1821, we left New York in a sloop bound for Albany, and dependent for motive power on the wind and tide. Our voyage occupied nearly a week. From Albany to Schenectady, a wagon furnished transportation. Thence, we proceeded in a keel boat, up the Mohawk river to Utica. The boatmen used poles, and pushed the craft up-stream to our destination. Owing to low water, our progress was very slow. At farm-houses, we were well supplied with provisions,

especially good bread, butter, and milk, luxuries we greatly enjoyed. We frequently landed, and walked along the road skirting the river. In passing through a wood, I well remember how great was my disappointment in not finding apples on the trees. Inquiring of my father, he told me about orchards, and the season for fruit, and satisfied me on the subject of apples.

After a week, navigating the Mohawk river under difficulties, trying the strength of the boatmen and the patience of their passengers, we reached Utica. Here we found old neighbors, who had emigrated a few years previous. While we remained I found myself quite at home, playing with Welsh children, and hearing Welsh preaching. After a pleasant time with our friends, we travelled in a two-horse wagon, from Utica to Black Rock, where the city of Buffalo is now located.

Here father engaged our passage to Lower Sandusky, Ohio, on the steamboat "Walk-in-the-Water," the first vessel propelled by steam that ever navigated the waters of Lake Erie. A large number of Indians of the Six Nations, were on board emigrating to Wisconsin. Some were dressed in blankets, others like white people. As they were the first Indians I ever saw, I was very much afraid of them. In the

evening they held a religious service on deck. Their singing and prayers, though unintelligible, impressed me that they were good people, and relieved me of all fear. After a pleasant voyage, we were safely landed at Lower Sandusky, where we were compelled to remain several days waiting for transportation to Delaware, Ohio. An ox team from Chillicothe, Ohio, arrived to take a load of goods landed from our vessel for a merchant in that town. My father bargained with the teamster to take us and our baggage to Delaware, nearly one hundred miles distant over a new road opened through the forest. The covered wagon was our home. In the evening, we selected a pleasant spot in the forest, kindled a fire, and cooked our provisions. Mother and sister lodged in the covered wagon. Father, myself, and the teamster, lay on blankets under the wagon, enjoying most refreshing rest. One night we camped at Upper Sandusky, on the Wyandot Indian reservation, where we replenished our stock of provisions and of forage for the oxen. Near our camp, stood the Indian Mission chapel, where a religious service was held. An Indian invited us to attend. It was a real pleasure to hear these converted Indians singing and praying, though to us in an unknown tongue, but together in spirit we could worship

the Lord our God. Our ox team moved slowly, making the journey tedious and uncomfortable; but, reaching our destination safely, and receiving a cordial reception by old friends who had settled there two years before, compensated for the toil and privation of our journey.

THE DEATH OF MY FATHER. In a few weeks after our arrival in Delaware, then a small village surrounded by new settlements, my father was taken sick with typhoid fever, and died, resigned to the Divine will, but greatly distressed with the thought of leaving his family, strangers in a strange land. The death of my honored father, filled my young heart with sadness and sorrow. Though so young, I realized the death of my parent, good, kind, and faithful, as a great loss, and my heart was overwhelmed with grief.

A SAD FUNERAL. At that time, in the new country, undertakers were not to be found; but kind and sympathizing people arranged for the burial. An old friend in Wales, now living in the Welsh settlement, nine miles from Delaware, came, with his wagon, to take the remains to Radnor for interment. Our dear mother, when we so much needed her presence and sympathy, was prostrated by fever, and unable to go with us on this sorrowful journey. The coffin, covered with a white sheet, was

laid on some straw in the wagon; and, at its side, sister, myself, and two friends were seated. Our way was through the forest, with here and there a log house and a clearing. At the graveyard, a number of people were assembled, several men carried the coffin to the grave, and an aged disciple offered a prayer in the Welsh language. Then, the body of my venerated father, by the hands of strangers, was lowered into the narrow house appointed for all the living, to rest in hope of the day of immortal awakening, when "them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him" to inherit eternal life.

This great bereavement made a deep and lasting impression on my young heart, and I was led by a way I knew not, to know more of God, and my need of his protection, guidance, and help. This affliction was sanctified for my spiritual good, and its influence on my religious life continues to this day. In great mercy, God spared the life of my mother, and her restoration was a great blessing to her now fatherless children.

For a time, mother was undecided whether to remain in this country, or return to Wales; but, finally, decided to remain. In regard to her decision, she used to tell us, that what I said in conversation on the subject, settled the

question, "that my father always said that this was the best country in the world, and if we should return to Wales, I would, when I was old enough, and could get the means, come back to America."

FINDING A HOME. Advised by judicious and reliable friends, mother invested in the purchase of land in Radnor township, (about a mile from the grave of my father,) on which was a log house, and some land cleared and ready for cultivation. Our neighbors were kind and helpful. Our nearest was a family of Americans, good, religious people. Associating with the children, I soon acquired the English language so as to converse with freedom.

Near the graveyard, a log meeting-house was built in 1817. A Baptist church was organized, and English preaching occasionally enjoyed, but most of the settlers were Welsh Congregationalists. They met together once a week, and on the Sabbath for prayer and religious conference. With my mother and sister, I regularly attended these meetings held in our log cabin dwellings; and thus my religious life was developed and strengthened. These Christian people encouraged me, as a young disciple, to relate my religious experience, and to use my gift in public prayer. To this faithful deal-

ing and watchful care, I owed my growth in grace, and the joy of loving and serving Jesus Christ, before I had the opportunity of uniting with the church, and confessing him before men.

THE LOG SCHOOL-HOUSE. Two miles from my log cabin home, stood a log school-house of the most primitive character. No sawed boards, hardware, or glass, entered into its construction. Oiled paper answered for glass, the door was made of clapboards and hung with wooden hinges, the floor of hewed slabs, and the benches were made of split logs. The teacher boarded around in the families, and received nine dollars a month, half in trade (produce), for his services. The Welsh boy was directed by the teacher to begin his English education by using "Webster's Spelling-book." I was sent to Delaware, on horseback, with a basket of butter which I was to trade for a spelling-book and some tea for mother. I bartered four pounds of good butter for my text-book, Webster's Spelling-book.

The next day, I went to school, greatly delighted with my book and my teacher. The first sentence I read in English, was "No man may put off the law of God." This teaching in my spelling-book, so much in harmony with my Welsh ideas of God and his law—of man,

and his duty—established in my mind a love for the book and the language, that inspired me to use all diligence to acquire knowledge, and become an English scholar.

LEARNING TO SPELL. My teacher told me that I must get a "Columbian Orator" and some writing paper. These I obtained by bartering raccoon skins at twenty-five cents each, requiring eight skins, worth two dollars, to secure these school supplies. We only had school in the winter; the rest of the year I worked clearing land and cultivating the soil. In 1823 my teacher said that I could enter on an advanced study, and that I must get "Pike's Arithmetic." The book was secured, and I entered upon the new study with interest, and I was the advanced scholar, except in orthography. In the spelling class, at noon and evening, when all the scholars stood in line to spell, I was always down at the foot. English orthography I had sadly neglected. I felt mortified at the foot of the class, and asked my teacher to excuse me from spelling. This he declined, but wisely suggested a better plan: "You must learn to spell, and I think the way to do it is to give up every study and go back to the spelling-book. I will offer a prize of half a dollar for the scholar who stands at the head of the class oftenest during the term."

I complied with his suggestion. The spelling lesson was my only study, and soon I reached the head of the class, held it, and won the prize. The last day of school, in the spring of 1824, we had a spelling match, and I was the first choice, the "Captain" esteeming me the best speller. After a contest of two hours, our side beat, and I was the hero of the hour. After a short intermission spent joyfully on the play ground, we were called to the school-house crowded with our parents and friends. The tickets given for being head of the general spelling class during the term, were called for, that the prize might be presented. It was awarded to me; and with another half dollar my mother gave me, I possessed an enormous sum—the wealth of Cræsus was at my disposal. What to do with the money was a serious and important question. A boy with a dollar in cash was a backwoods millionaire of the times.

CHAPTER II.

PIONEER LIFE.

AN INVESTMENT. Consulting with an aged and trusted neighbor I was advised to buy "Captain John Riley's Narrative," a most wonderful book, relating his shipwreck on the coast of Africa, his captivity, and his release. The funds, and several raccoon skins were sent to Columbus and the book purchased.

READING THE NEW BOOK. It came to hand safely, my old friend was delighted, and it was an event of interest in the settlement. I was employed in our sugar-camp in the woods, making our supply of sugar and syrup. At night, while boiling the sap, several of our neighbors, adults and youths, would come to our camp to listen to the reading of this marvellous book. In the light of the fire, and a torch of hickory bark, hours were spent night after night until the book was finished, all of us deeply interested in the thrilling story of Riley's endurance, sufferings, release, and return to his home and country.

A BITTER EXPERIENCE. The following

autumn I had a severe attack of fever and ague, the pest of pioneer life. In my delirium I found myself in the Sahara desert; and droves of camels kicking hot sand into my mouth parched with a burning fever, greatly increasing my suffering. After my recovery, and recalling the evil results of reading Riley's narrative, the cause of my misery, I resolved that I would read no more English books, but hold fast to Welsh literature; for no such bad results followed reading the Bible and other religious books in the old vernacular.

PIONEER LIFE. The cheer of my home, the companionship of my youthful associates, and the pleasure of my religious life, made my log-cabin days bright and joyous. The innocent amusements, running foot-races, shooting our bows and arrows, jumping, foot-ball and playing prisoner's base, afforded delightful recreation and real fun. My religious principles and experience made me happy and cheerful, social and contented. Gathering nuts in the autumn, and cracking them on winter evenings and distributing the kernels among our friends around our log-cabin fires, or in the school-house, after a lively spelling match, we always enjoyed.

HUNTING RACCOONS, was another of our pioneer pleasures, combined with profit. I had

a dog famous for treeing the game. With two other boys, older than myself, with lighted torch and axes, we would in the evening enter the forest. Our faithful dog following the trail of the game, would soon bark at the tree up which the raccoon had fled for refuge. We would hasten to the spot, and at once begin to chop down the tree. As the tree fell our dog would catch the game; or, if it escaped, he would soon bark at the tree the game had climbed, and our sturdy blows would soon cut it down, and the game would be ours. Generally we returned home by midnight, with from three to six raccoons, and divided the spoils, each boy taking care of his portion. Peltry in those early days, was largely the currency in the transaction of business.

LOG CABIN LIFE. The five years of my boyhood life, attending school in the winter, and in manual labor the rest of the year, afforded me the advantages of physical and industrial training beneficial through all my life. During this period, my interest in religion continued, and my thirst for knowledge increased. Attendance and participation in the religious meetings held by the Welsh people, nourished my faith, and established my Christian principles.

The first English sermon that I understood, and that fed my soul, was preached, by Rev.

Russel Bigelow, a Methodist itinerant, in the barn of Esquire Adams in our settlement. His text was 1 Pet. 1:11, "The sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow," describing the person and sufferings of Christ. Our hearts were melted, and as he eloquently told of the glory to follow when Christ should see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied, many of his hearers were moved, and shouted aloud till the excitement silenced the voice of the powerful and soul-stirring preacher.

GOING FROM HOME TO SCHOOL. In 1827, I had graduated in our log cabin school; and, my mother, anxious to comply with the request of my father on his death-bed, that his boy, should if possible, have a good education, took me to Worthington, thirty miles from our home, to an academy established by Rt. Rev. Bishop Chase, of the Protestant Episcopal church. This was the embryo of Kenyon College, now located at Gambier, Ohio.

The school buildings consisted of a large frame house, and three large log cabins. We had forty students, six of them young Indians from Canada and Sandusky. My studies were geography, grammar, and algebra, and my teachers were Professors Wing, Sparrow, and Preston, who took special interest in the backwoods youth, and made study my pleasure.

One of my classmates, was James B. Clay, son of Henry Clay, the distinguished Kentucky statesman, a very kind and courteous youth:

The religious influence, and instruction we received were very helpful. Mrs. Chase, a noble Christian lady, gave us Bible instruction, and encouragement to lead religious lives. The eight months I spent here were eminently useful in promoting my secular, and religious education.

TEACHING. In seven years, great improvements were made in our settlement. Under the school law of Ohio, a hewed log school-house was built and furnished at a cost of \$70. Its shingled roof, glass windows, seats and desks made of boards, and the door hung on iron hinges, marked an era of improvement and progress in the history of education in the settlement. The law required teachers to be examined. This ordeal I passed successfully, and received a certificate of my qualifications to govern and teach a school. I was employed at \$12 a month, boarding among my patrons, kind and hospitable people. I had a large school, many of my scholars my seniors in age, respectful, and anxious to learn. My school work was very pleasant, and I hope profitable to my scholars.

TWO YOUNG EVANGELISTS. George Russell,

a blind young man, a native of Rhode Island, living in the settlement, was interested in religion. He was intelligent, and a good singer; though like myself, not a church member, yet endeavoring to serve God in an earnest Christian life. We were much together, and our views of Christianity, our religious experience and purpose of life, were much the same. Two young men in their teens, one, a school teacher, the other a basket maker—without ecclesiastical authority or sanction, but constrained by the love of Christ and a passion for the salvation of souls, we responded to invitations, on week evenings and the Sabbath. With the help of older Christians, (in the absence of the regular ministration of the gospel,) we did the best we could in praise, prayer and exhortation, worshipping God, and teaching our hearers, with evidence that our humble labors were not in vain in the Lord.

RESUMING STUDY. With my earnings by teaching school three months, and what funds my mother could spare, I went to Gambier, Knox county, Ohio, forty miles from my home. The institution had been that autumn removed from Worthington, and located on a large tract of valuable land which Rt. Rev. Bishop Chase, with his wise foresight, had secured. What is now a beautiful village, with spacious college

buildings and pleasant homes, was then an almost unbroken wilderness.

A large frame house had been built, surrounded with several log houses, and the foundations laid for a college building. The log houses were for recitation rooms, and quarters for the students. The bishop had received several bales of blankets from his friends in England. These we were allowed to use to line our log walls, and for bedding, so that, during the winter, we were quite comfortable. Seven students roomed with me in one of these log houses. They were unaccustomed to western life among the logs and stumps, especially that phase of it which required us to furnish our own fuel. Being an expert in the use of the axe, and skilled in driving oxen, I made myself useful in chopping down ash, sugar, and hickory trees, growing around our door. On Saturday, I would haul a fine lot of these logs in front of our door and chop them as needed during the week. My generous room-mates paid me for my labor; help that I needed in my financial affairs.

During the first term, English literature, Latin and mathematics occupied my time. The next term, composition, declamation and Greek grammar, were added. My opportunities were good, and I endeavored to improve them.

Many of my fellow students were members of the Episcopal church, consistent and active in religious duties, and helpful to me in my social and religious life. One of them had a Sunday-school three miles north of Gambier, and invited me to go out with him and teach a class. A walk of six miles with such a companion and teaching a Testament class of boys, was a privilege and a pleasure, as well as an important means of grace. In Gambier I first saw and read books published by the American Sunday-school Union. My connection with the preparatory department of Kenyon college, and the advantages I enjoyed for social, intellectual and religious culture, form an era in my life for which to-day I am thankful, to God, and the Protestant Episcopal church. Early in the spring of 1829, I left Gambier, uncertain as to the future, but deeply impressed with my duty to make a public profession of religion. Five miles from my home in Radnor, a congregation of Presbyterians worshipped God, and had Rev. Henry Vandeman for pastor, preaching to them once a month.

UNITING WITH THE CHURCH. With twenty-four others, mostly Welsh people, who held letters of dismissal from churches in Wales, I united with this church, as did my mother, sister, and brother-in-law.

The meeting-house was built of hewed logs, on a lovely site, in a grove of sugar trees, on the farm of Joseph Dunlap, Esq., one of the elders. The log house was 30x25 feet, all of black walnut, cherry, and oak, the best timber that grew. The farmers through the country, cut and hewed the logs on their farms, and on a certain day hauled them to the selected site; and, the next day, raised the house of the Lord, and worked at it till it was finished. The American families composing this congregation were chiefly from Pennsylvania, and were scattered over the western half of Delaware county.

This sacramental day, my first communion, was an occasion of sacred and special interest. The preparatory services on Friday and Saturday were largely attended, and a meeting of session held, the pastor moderating, with three venerable and godly men, Joseph Dunlap, James Flemming and Thomas Cratty, ruling elders.

Then, it was customary that each communicant should meet the session, and receive a token, (a circular piece of lead with the initials R. C., Radnor church, stamped on them,) which, presented on the Sabbath to one of the elders at the head of the table, would entitle the bearer to a seat with the communicants.

The Sabbath Services. The meeting-house was crowded, and as many were without as within. Judge James Gillis, of Liberty congregation, fifteen miles away, and Col. John F. Dunlap led the singing. The hymns from Watts' first, second, and third books were used, two lines given out at a time so that all the congregation could unite in the service of song. After prayer by the pastor, the new members were welcomed to the household of faith. Then followed the "action sermon" on the sufferings and death of Christ as a vicarious sacrifice, satisfying the law and vindicating the justice of God in the work of redemption.

After a short interval, the communicants were invited to the Lord's table, extending the length of the meeting-house. When the communicants were seated, the pastor "fenced the table" by showing who were worthy partakers and who were not; a very searching, yet encouraging discourse to the weak and trembling disciple. On Monday the sacramental service closed with two sermons, and a meeting of session, and the reception of inquirers seeking a name and a place among the people of God.

A RETROSPECT. Nearly sixty-one years have elapsed since that first communion. All that then commemorated the death of our blessed and gracious Saviour, pastor, elders, and com-

municants, except myself, have died, and entered the heavenly rest. That log house has passed away, but three Presbyterian meeting-houses, of brick, stone, and frame, with churches and pastors, are now witnessing for God on the territory of the old Radnor Presbyterian church, and five Sunday-schools are now sustained in the township. Early planting and faithful cultivation have secured an abundant fruitage.

MY FIRST SUNDAY-SCHOOL. A few days after our sacramental meeting and my public confession of Christ, an aged disciple greeted me very cordially, and expressed his great pleasure that I had united with the church, adding: "If you would be steadfast in the faith, grow in grace, and be happy in your religious life, you must, at once, engage in active service for your Lord and Master."

These kind and suggestive words touched my heart and met my approval, and I inquired, what I could do to honor God and aid his cause.

"Well, my young friend, I believe God has a work for you to do. When you were a boy in Wales, do you remember going to the Sunday-school at Bala?"

"Yes indeed, I do, for in that Sunday-school I was taught to read the Bible, to know and love my Saviour."

"I think," said my aged friend, "that we

should have a Sunday-school in Radnor, and now is the time to begin the good work."

After consultation on the subject, and advising with other friends, our plans matured, a public meeting was called for the purpose of eliciting the interest of the people, and to arrange for opening the school.

This meeting was held in the log chapel, near the graveyard, and the attendance was encouraging. Our plans were made known and discussed, and by an unanimous vote it was resolved, that we would establish a Sunday-school Society and start the school on the following Sunday. The organization provided, that each member should pay annually a "bit," (twelve and a half cents,) the funds to be expended in purchasing books.

April 18, 1829, the school was opened in the log chapel; thirty adults and youth attended, and were divided into two classes. My old friend took charge of the Welsh department, and the young disciple, of the English. The Welsh department was mainly adults, and conducted on the Welsh plan, asking and answering questions, and reciting Scripture from memory. My department, youth from ten to eighteen, was divided into two classes; one using Webster's Spelling-book, the other, the New Testament, three reading out of the same

book, the supply of books in English being very limited.

SECURING THE BOOKS. The subscriptions being paid, amounting to \$6.25, a goodly sum for the times when money was so scarce, I was appointed to go to Gambier, where Prof. Wing, interested in every good word and work, had a small depository of the publications of the American Sunday-school Union, and the American Bible Society. On horseback, with large saddle bags, and a lunch, I traveled forty miles through a sparsely settled country, and reached my destination before sunset. I was kindly received by Mrs. Chase, the professors, and students, pleased to find that I was on such an errand. Prof. Wing, dealt very generously with me, so that my \$6.25 furnished such a supply of books, that my large saddle bags were insufficient to hold them, and a parcel, strapped behind my saddle, was required for their transportation.

On my way home, delighted with my success, at the noon hour, I called at a farmhouse, and asked if I could have my horse fed. "Yes sir," was the pleasant reply, "and you can have something to eat yourself. We always like to see strangers, and talk with them." He inquired into my business in travelling with such bundles. I told him about the

Sunday-school we had established in Radnor, and about the books. He was much interested, and said: "Such a school on Sunday, must be a mighty good thing. I wish we could have one in this settlement." Rested and refreshed, I was ready to continue my journey, and asked for my bill. My kind host replied: "You are very welcome. I wish you could stay longer. When you pass this way, always stop with us; we like such visitors."

At nightfall I reached home, and the next Sunday the new books were introduced into the school. All of my scholars were supplied with the "Bible Reader" and the Testament, and all who could read, took home with them a library book, the demand exhausting the supply. Every book went at once into active service.

Our work prospered, and good men and women became our helpers. John N. Cox and Morgan Williams, were appointed superintendents, and several new teachers secured.

Our record book, made by folding two sheets of foolscap paper, contained the constitution, the list of members, and of scholars. The school was now, in the second month of its existence, well organized, and I continued my class of young people using the English language.

EMPLOYMENT was found in teaching a daily school—a labor I greatly enjoyed. With my blind friend, and true yoke-fellow in evangelistic work, accepting invitations to hold religious meetings in our own and surrounding settlements, on week evenings and Sunday afternoons, we met with good and attentive audiences, and spent the time in singing, prayer, and exhortation. In our humble and informal way, we did the best we could to instruct our hearers, and to persuade them to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, to repent of sin, to lead a true Christian life; and we had the satisfaction of finding awakened souls, inquiring what they must do to be saved, and some expressed their faith in the Saviour, and their decision to serve him and to unite with his people.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY EDUCATION.

THE DEATH OF A YOUNG WOMAN. In my school district lived a family from Pennsylvania, the aged grandmother, a member of the Lutheran church before her immigration west. As I was boarding around, I spent a week in this home. I was invited to engage in family worship, and to converse with a granddaughter, an invalid, on the subject of religion. These duties I was glad to perform. The young woman was very feeble, suffering from consumption. She was deeply concerned about her soul, and her future destiny,—her mind was aroused, and evidently receptive of the truth, but her knowledge of divine things was very limited. I read the Word of God and explained it as best I could, imploring the aid of the Holy Spirit. Light beamed upon her awakened mind, so that she found peace in believing, and expressed her trust in Jesus; and, having thus tasted that the Lord was gracious, she testified of his love, and entreated her unconverted companions to embrace religion and

live godly lives. The last week of my school, the young woman died, rejoicing in Christ, and in her hope of salvation through his atoning blood. I called on the bereaved family to sympathize with them in the time of their sorrow. The aged grandmother, as there was no minister of the gospel in the settlement, invited me to conduct the funeral service. I told her that I was not capable, and had no authority to perform such service. But she insisted, saying: "We don't want to bury the dear child without some religious service. God will help you, and the family will be satisfied."

I was perplexed by this invitation to perform such a serious duty, and hastened for conference with an aged Christian friend, a wise counsellor.

He heard my statement, and said: "Under the circumstances, I think it is your duty to accept the invitation, and do the best you can." I asked for his help to prepare a discourse suitable for the occasion. He took the Welsh Bible from the shelf, and said: "About twenty years ago I heard a sermon in Wales on this text, Amos 4:12, 'Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel.' The preacher showed, that by nature, we were unprepared to meet God in the duties of life, in the hour of death, and at the judgment seat of Christ. Then, he showed what preparation we needed and how to secure it.

Now, you know what the Bible says about sin, and salvation. Tell the people that, and God will help you.”

This conversation was in the Welsh language. I went to my mother's home, a few miles away, and arranged my notes in English. I spent a sleepless and anxious night, fearing lest I was presumptuous in assuming the performance of this duty providentially laid upon me, and in anxiety, lest I should fail in the proper improvement of the solemn occasion.

The funeral was the next day. I found a large number of people at the house and around it. In great weakness and trembling, I entered upon my work. The seats in the house were all taken by the women, and the men stood in front of the door. Standing on the threshold, I read a hymn, which the congregation sang. I then read the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, offered prayer, and delivered my message in the name of the Lord.

After the burial, the aged grandmother invited me to take supper with the family; and, as I was leaving for my home, she thanked me for my services, and gave me an old Spanish coin, a pistareen, the eighth of a dollar, a piece of money current at the time, and known as “a bit.” I gave the coin to my mother for safe keeping, and she preserved it sacredly as a me-

mento of that funeral service; and, now, we have it as an heir-loom in our family, a memorial of my unofficial, but sincere effort to console a bereaved family, and to honor the Master whom I served.

PIONEER LIFE. The way homes were made, and a living secured by the adventurous settlers in the unbroken forests of Central Ohio, is to the present generation a lost art. Their privations, toils, and trials, are worthy of record.

The Government, owning the public land, sold it at \$1.25 an acre, exempt from taxation for five years after it was bought by the hardy pioneer. After selecting and purchasing his land, a log cabin was built for his home, and the work of clearing the forest commenced. This required a strong arm and a courageous heart. When the brush was burnt, and the trunks of the trees cut into logs, by the help of his neighbors they were made into heaps and burnt. Then in the virgin soil among the stumps he would plant corn, potatoes, beans, and pumpkins, and wait patiently for the time of harvest.

Wild game abounded, and with his trusty rifle his table was supplied with choice venison and turkey. When the first year of toil and hardship is passed, his skies brighten,—home comforts increase, his barn is built, and his fields yield plentifully the fruits of the

earth—his home is established and life is enjoyed.

Sickness and Suffering. In the autumn of the year, fever and ague and bilious troubles prevailed among the settlers, and no physicians or drug stores being available, they had to rely on simple home remedies. Suffering from fever and ague, a kind-hearted neighbor skilled in the healing art treated me, using lobelia tea, a decoction of burdock roots; and, as a tonic, dogwood and cherry bark steeped in whisky. These remedies were found at our cabin doors, except the whisky, and we found that thereby our sufferings were mitigated, and a cure effected.

Clothing. By the time our clothing brought from Wales had worn out we had produced flax from which my thrifty and industrious mother, with the help of a neighboring loom, manufactured linen and towcloth; and in a few years our sheep afforded wool, which was carded, spun, and woven into excellent linsey.

A Relic. The flax spinning-wheel my mother used in 1822, which I now have, is an interesting reminder of my own labor in raising the flax, and preparing it for the spinning-wheel, as well as of the toil of a beloved and faithful parent. Before shoes could be obtained, moccasins were used. These were home-made,

or obtained by bartering with the Wyandot Indians from the Sandusky reservation who visited the settlement. My experience in the realities of pioneer life, trained to habits of industry, economy, and self-reliance, has been a great advantage in preparing me for the work of life, and blessing my old age with health and vigor of mind and body.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION. During the summer of 1829, while engaged in my Sunday-school, and exercising my gifts in our religious meetings, looking to God for guidance, and conferring with my mother and trusted friends, I determined to study for the gospel ministry. For some time this matter had occupied my thoughts, and was the subject of earnest prayer ; but the difficulties in the way of obtaining the education required to enter the Presbyterian ministry, seemed insurmountable. Yielding to my clear convictions of duty, and, in the light God shed on my path, my heart was fixed, and to preach the gospel became the one idea of my life.

Granville, Ohio. At the close of my school in August, 1829, I went afoot to Granville, forty miles from my home, to study Latin and Greek under Rev. Jacob Little, D.D., that, if possible, I might enter the freshman class at the Ohio University, Athens, Ohio, in the fall.

Here, I prosecuted my studies with advantage. The preaching of Dr. Little, and fellowship with his people, greatly strengthened my soul in the graces of the Spirit, and Christian work. Here, I first united with a temperance society, and became interested in its operations.

ENTERING COLLEGE. In November, my brother-in-law, John Humphreys, a good man, who almost as a father cared for me, and also cultivated my mother's farm, took me on horseback 140 miles, to Athens, the seat of the Ohio University, where, rather poorly prepared, I entered the freshman class. The president, the venerable Dr. R. G. Wilson, with words of cheer, encouraged me to enter upon my studies. Rev. John Spaulding D.D., pastor of the Presbyterian church, received me with great cordiality, invited me to attend church and the weekly prayer-meeting, and to teach a class of boys in the Sunday-school. Two of my scholars, who were living with their godly parents in Athens, became ministers of the gospel, Rev. E. P. Pratt, D.D., late of Portsmouth, Ohio, and Rev. H. W. Taylor, D.D., now of Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, both of them able ministers, and faithful watchmen on the walls of Zion. Dr. Spaulding was much interested in the students, and especially in their religious welfare. He had remarkable gifts as a

Bible class teacher, and a large number of the students received the benefit of his valuable instruction, and several of them became ministers of the gospel.

A WONDERFUL REVIVAL in the winter of 1830-1831, blessed the churches of Athens. Seventy members of the pastor's Bible class were added to the Presbyterian Church, and an equal number of other converts. This revival in Athens, and the recent death of my beloved and only sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Humphrey, in Radnor, brought special blessings to enrich and strengthen my spiritual life, and in which I now rejoice.

SENT ON A MISSION. Rev. Addison Kingsbury, D.D., now of Marietta, Ohio, and beyond the nineties in the years of his life, was then pastor of the Presbyterian church of Belpre, a village on the Ohio river thirty-five miles from Athens. He was assisting Dr. Spaulding in the revival, and rendering faithful service. That Dr. Kingsbury might continue his labors at Athens, I was invited by my pastor, with the consent of President Wilson, to go to Belpre and read two sermons on the Sabbath. With many misgivings and much fear I consented to go. Furnished with a horse and saddle, I left on Saturday morning, and reached my destination in the evening. Delivering a letter from

Dr. Kingsbury to Deacon Howe, I was well received, and spent a pleasant evening in the family, conversing on religious subjects and the revival at Athens.

In my chamber, I examined the sermons which I was to read. The dry, dogmatic theology they contained, failed to interest my own mind. These sermons were very different from the gospel preaching we enjoyed at Athens where so many souls were convicted of sin, and led to Jesus for deliverance from its guilt and power. In the morning I asked the deacon to examine these discourses, for I was in straits what to do. He did so, and relieved me by saying: "Instead of reading these sermons, if you will tell the congregation as you did us last night about the work of grace in Athens, it will be very acceptable."

A large congregation had assembled, and Deacon Howe explained why Dr. Kingsbury was absent; and, with kind words, introduced the young student to conduct the service of the morning. My simple narrative of the origin, progress, and results of the revival, with illustrations of the awakening and conversion of some of my fellow students, evidently interested my appreciative hearers.

The morning meeting I enjoyed; but I dreaded the second service, as I had no spe-

cial preparation, but the good deacon came to my rescue, and said: "We will help you. I will ask two of the brethren to pray, and you can give us a talk as the Spirit of God may direct." The singing was good, and the prayers fervent, and God gave me utterance to press the claims of Christ, and to persuade my unconverted hearers, now, to accept and enjoy this great salvation. In the evening, a number of people gathered at Deacon Howe's, and we spent its hours in sweet and profitable converse, closing a delightful Sabbath day.

Returning to Athens. Having departed from my instructions and discharged my duty in such an irregular way, I felt troubled in prospect of meeting Dr. Spaulding and accounting for my service. I handed him a letter from Deacon Howe. Having read it, he said, with one of his pleasant smiles: "You did not read the sermons, but the deacon says, the way you filled the appointment was satisfactory, and that the people would like to have you visit Belpre again." Thus approved, I felt relieved of my anxiety, and gratified that my labors were approved.

HELP IN NEED. At the close of my sophomore year, I passed my examination all right, and was enrolled in the junior class; but my finances to meet the expenses of my third year, were very low, and on that account my

continuance at the University doubtful. For two years I had boarded in a first-class house for one dollar a week, and thus far I was out of debt.

I made known my straitened circumstances to my landlady, Mrs. Brice, a kind, Christian woman. She heard my statement, and said: "You have often assisted me when I needed help, and now, if you return to Athens, I will board you for half a dollar a week." These were pleasant and inspiring words; and settled the question of my return.

Vacation. This generous offer prepared me to enjoy my vacation; and my walk of 140 miles in four and a half days I performed without weariness. As I approached my home, a dust-covered traveller, I saw my mother in the yard. Accosting her, she failed to recognize me. Thinking that her boy was far away, and, without information of his coming, we had quite a conversation, before, with clasped hands around my neck, she exclaimed: "My dear boy, how glad I am to see you, and that you look so well!" That evening, the weekly prayer-meeting was held in our house. The greetings of old friends were delightful, and the hour of prayer refreshed my soul.

In a few days, I engaged in teaching school; and, as invitations came to me, I resumed my

labors as a lay evangelist, and devoted my Sabbath mornings to the Sunday-school which we established in 1829, now large and flourishing.

A FATAL DISEASE, called "milk sickness," prevailed in the settlement. As I had time, I visited the sick and dying, ministering to them the consolations of the gospel, and for the relief of their sufferings. On a Sabbath morning, as I was on my way to the Sunday-school, and to hold meeting in the log chapel, I called on a family of religious people and intimate friends. I found the husband very ill with the "milk sickness," and in a critical condition as the physician thought, and his good wife I found weary with serving, and burdened with anxiety. On my return, I called, and found the husband much better and considered out of danger, but his wife was greatly excited, and alarmed about herself. Resuming her usual quiet manner, she said: "In the afternoon, I lay down to rest, and, in my sleep, dreamed of the 13th chapter, and 16th verse in Jeremiah. I found the verse in my Bible and I never had observed it before. I feel that it is a warning from God; for, of late I have declined in my religious life, and soon, my feet will strike against the dark mountains. Pray for me." During the week she was

prostrated by the terrible disease, and died the following Sabbath.

The circumstances of her warning, and sudden death, triumphant and peaceful, deeply impressed the community, and many professors of religion, and some unconverted people were led to give glory unto the Lord their God. I was invited to speak at her funeral, an occasion of profound and solemn interest.

My vacation of three months was very pleasantly spent in teaching school, and doing good as I had the heart and the opportunity.

RETURN TO COLLEGÉ. With the proceeds of school-teaching and the funds my mother provided I returned to Athens, and entered upon my studies in the junior year. This was a profitable year in the prosecution of my education, and I hope, in the development of my Christian character and life.

On the way to Athens, I spent two days in Columbus resting, enjoying the society of Christian friends, and visiting the State charitable and penal institutions. In good health, the weather pleasant, and the road good, in three days I reached my destination. I had a very pleasant home, kind associates, in college and in the town, enjoying my work in the church and Sunday-school. My junior year closing, for satisfactory reasons I asked the faculty

for a dismissal, as a junior, to the Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, which was granted.

I returned home, enjoying my walk of one hundred and forty miles in less than five days. During the year, a frame house had been built, and other improvements made, so that I scarcely recognized my old home, but the old welcome remained the same. I was delighted with the health and cheer of my venerable mother in charge of three motherless grandchildren, yet happy and genial as ever, and ripening for the better land.

I spent nearly three months as I had the previous year teaching school, evangelizing, and in Sunday-school work.

In the midst of these labors, I was embarrassed and discouraged by the knowledge, that some of my friends and brethren were offended at my course, and disapproved of my conduct in holding religious meetings without ecclesiastical authority, holding that I was irregular in my labors, and should desist. No objection was made to the orthodoxy of my teaching, or methods of work; but, simply, that I had no authority, and had not finished my education. Willing to be in subjection to my brethren, and give no offence, I gave up my evangelistic services in school-houses, and homes where I found hearers; but my conscience was ill at

ease, and invitations to hold these meetings continued to reach me. Casting my cares upon the Lord, conferring with prudent and faithful friends, and, loyal to my own convictions of duty, my Christian courage enabled me to hold on my way, telling, as opportunity offered, to my fellow men, the "old, old, story of Jesus and his love."

ENTER MIAMI UNIVERSITY. This was at Oxford, Ohio, one hundred and twenty-five miles from my home, with no public conveyance. A friend, with his family, wife, mother, and three children, was going to Oxford in a one-horse Dearborn wagon, and kindly offered to carry my baggage, (by no means heavy,) and I could exercise my pedestrian gifts.

With my mother's blessing, and \$45, the proceeds of selling a colt and a cow, and \$25, the unexpended balance of the money earned by teaching, I left my home, joined my friend a few miles west of Delaware, deposited my baggage and a well filled basket of provisions in his wagon, and in five days we reached Oxford, where his friends showed me no little kindness.

INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT. To Rev. R. H. Bishop, D.D., I presented my credentials from the faculty at Athens. These he examined, and, in his kind and inspiring way

said: "These are all right, and I am glad to welcome a religious young man; but our rules require in entering an advanced class that the candidate should be on trial for a month. If the trial is satisfactory, you will be enrolled in the senior class of twenty good young men." He also said: "Our term does not open for two weeks. You can employ your time in study, and in becoming acquainted."

I told him that I was a Welshman. He laughed, and said: "Well, well, and I am an old Scotchman. There is a Welsh settlement fourteen miles south of Oxford. They are a good religious people, and have no minister. It will be pleasant for you to visit them."

The next day, with a letter from Dr. Bishop, I walked to the settlement, and was well received. On Sunday, I was invited to lead their religious service conducted in Welsh. The Sunday-school, Welsh and English, was small, and poorly supplied with books. By request, in the evening, I addressed in English a good audience on the Sunday-school and its mission. The few days I spent with these Christ loving people, renewed my spiritual life, and encouraged my heart in the work of the Lord.

RESUMING MY STUDIES. Returning to Oxford, I found the term opened, and over two hundred students in attendance. I paid my

tuition, bought text-books, furnished my wardrobe with needed articles of clothing, and engaged boarding in an excellent house at one dollar a week.

My certificate of church membership I presented to Rev. H. Little, pastor of the Presbyterian church, whose genial, warm-hearted welcome cheered my heart.

My trial month was drawing to a close, and I felt anxious lest I should fail to hold my place in the senior class. We had daily prayers before breakfast in the University chapel, all the students being present. On Saturday morning, when Dr. Bishop read the proceedings of the faculty, the announcement was made that I was admitted a regular senior. With a glad heart, and a good appetite, I went to my breakfast, little dreaming what a collapse I was soon to experience.

A COLLAPSE. My expenditures had been heavy, my funds, except six dollars, had disappeared. I paid the landlord my bill for the month, and had two dollars left. Financial weakness was now my trouble. The boarding house was all right, the fare and my associates were all I could wish; but to stay without money, looked gloomy. I made my financial condition known to the landlord; and, that my mother had a good farm; and, in the spring,

she would have some stock to sell, and he would get his pay. Hesitating a moment, he said: "Some of the students run off, and never pay: so, I have given up the credit system. If you give me good security you may stay." As I was a stranger, this I could not furnish, so I was left with only two dollars, and no place to board. The joyous feelings of the early morning gave way to sadness and perplexity. To a senior, equipped for my work, and happy in my college life, this was a bitter experience.

With a burdened heart, I returned to my room, and sat down overwhelmed in my distress. In my trouble, I thought of God and my mother, and bowed in prayer, but I found no relief. Then, I called in memory, the great and precious promises of God, and my mind rested on the words, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Then, a spirit of supplication filled my soul, and in my distress I called on the name of the Lord, and he heard me. Delivered from unbelief and doubt, my soul was filled with peace and trust, and a delightful confiding submission to the will of God, assured that a way would open for me to continue my studies.

After the storm, I enjoyed a blessed calm: I was no longer tossed on the waves, but on a smooth sea, and a bright sky, a happy, trustful

voyager. I could now study, and prepared my lessons for Monday. Amazed, and thankful for what God had done for me, I went to the afternoon prayer-meeting held by the students in the University chapel. A large number were present, and it was good to be there. A post-graduate, Charles Sturdevant, studying theology under Dr. Bishop, related how, when in great straits for means to prosecute his studies, the Lord, in a way he knew not of, provided for his wants. Leaving the chapel, I walked with him. He was a big-hearted Kentuckian, a lovely Christian, and a kind friend. Knowing that he could sympathize with me, I told him my story of dependence and need.

BACHELOR'S HALL. He gave me words of encouragement and said that he was keeping "bachelor's hall," (boarding himself) and invited me to share his hospitality till Monday, when some way would open to bring me relief. At a small expense, he maintained an establishment of his own, lived comfortably, and enjoyed good health. For our supper we had mush and molasses. To his dinnerless guest, the food was delicious, and enjoyed. On Sunday, we feasted on good bread, cold beef, and ginger tea, attended church and the town Sunday-school in the morning, and in the afternoon; while listening in the University chapel to Prof. W. H.

McGuffey preaching a sermon of great power with an unction from above, I forgot all my troubles, and feasted on the marrow of the gospel, given to us by that prince of preachers, and profound divine.

Monday morning, Brother Sturdevant introduced me to Mr. Charles Spinning, a merchant in Oxford, and an elder in the Presbyterian church. He heard my statement, and said: "I have seen you in our prayer-meeting and Sunday-school. I will be glad to give you credit for what you may require for self-support. I like to help worthy young men."

DAYLIGHT now beamed on the darkness of the night in which I had been enveloped. The goods necessary to keep bachelor's hall were selected, and a small supply of staples to start my new "*modus vivendi*" carried to my room. My log cabin life, helping my mother in the culinary department, was of service now, and I felt much at home in my new environments. In those days, provisions were cheap, corn meal was a bit ($12\frac{1}{2}$ cents) a half bushel, potatoes the same, beef, one and a half cent a pound, choice cuts at that. If I could indulge in the luxuries, Lathrop, the baker, sold a very large loaf of good bread for a fip, ($6\frac{1}{4}$ cents). An old account book, now before me, tells the story of my expenditures during that term. My self-

boarding bill, including the cost of outfit \$2.35, for twenty-one weeks, was \$10, or, without the outfit, \$7.65, not quite thirty-seven cents a week.

During this time, I had good health, and excellent facilities for hard study, and realized that my poverty was a blessing in disguise. In the summer, when I did not need fire in my room, I gave up "bacheloring," though I enjoyed it, and entered a club at half a dollar a week, and found no improvement in the quality, variety, and cooking of our food.

My senior year, in order to sustain my standing in the class, and the review of previous studies for the final examination, demanded hard and constant study; but the final examination successfully passed, was an ample compensation for my anxiety and application during the four years of my college life.

CANDIDATE FOR THE MINISTRY. Advised by my pastor and Dr. Bishop, always my true and faithful friend, and in accord with the cherished purpose of my heart to devote my life to the gospel ministry, and anxious to enter the work as soon as the way was open, I offered myself to the Presbytery of Oxford, in session at Venice, Butler county, Ohio, April 2, 1833. After the usual examination on my personal religious experience, and my object in seeking the ministry, with Jos. G. Monfort and

Thomas F. Thomas, members of the junior class in the University, I was received under the care of Presbytery, and as part of trial, was assigned, "*De Christo*," for a Latin exegesis.

This was a serious and very important step in my life, a new inspiration and incentive to prepare for the great work before me, and for which I thanked God and took courage. Two post-graduates were studying Hebrew under Prof. Armstrong, an enthusiastic linguist, and during the vacation I was his pupil.

GRADUATION. After the commencement exercises in September, 1833, and receiving my diploma, I returned home to Radnor, travelling most of the way, through the kindness of a farmer, in his wagon. There I spent a few weeks, working on the farm, aiding the Sunday-school, and holding religious services with tokens of divine favor.

My finances would not allow me to go East to a theological seminary, but by my economical method of living, I could accept the kind offer of the president and professors at Oxford to give me instruction. So I returned to Oxford, and, with six other graduates and the two post-graduates, entered upon the study of theology under Dr. Bishop; of church history, under Rev. J. W. Scott, D.D., (the honored father-in-law of President Benjamin Harrison, and

with him in the Executive Mansion); under Prof. Armstrong, of homiletics; under Prof. McGuffey, of Greek and Hebrew, a faculty, eminent for scholarship, gifted in teaching, and able preachers of the Word.

STUDYING THEOLOGY. The theological class consisted of Charles Sturdevant, B. F. Morris, Jer. Morrow, John A. Meeks, John Wilson, James and Thomas Turner, the three last from South Carolina, members of the Associate Reformed church. Two of us are still at work, after the lapse of fifty-five years.

Our professors and Pastor Little encouraged us to spend our leisure time in distributing Bibles and religious tracts; and on Sunday, to hold meetings in the school-houses around Oxford, and aid in Sunday-school work.

During the summer, I spent, by invitation, and the approval of my professors, alternate Sabbaths in Paddy's Run, that church being vacant. The Sunday-school was prospering, and a library of books of the American Sunday-school Union, was highly appreciated and useful. My congregation increased, and my labors in Welsh and English interested, and, I hope, instructed my hearers in the knowledge of Divine truth. At the close of the year, the funds furnished by my faithful mother, with the money I received for my services at Paddy's

Run, were expended, and it was necessary for me to seek employment. This I found in the village of Venice, several responsible citizens guaranteeing \$20 per month and my board for teaching. My charge for tuition was three dollars a quarter, double the usual price. I encountered much opposition, and, at first, I had but few scholars. I did my best to interest and instruct the few that attended, and made my school as attractive as possible. My scholars rapidly increased, and soon every seat in the school-house was occupied and I could take no more scholars. At the close of my quarter I had made \$120, a large sum to make by teaching school at that time.

CHURCH WORK. Venice being four miles from Paddy's Run and the church still vacant, I usually spent Saturday and Sabbath at the latter, visiting the families, helping the Sunday-school, now large and interesting, and holding religious services in Welsh and English. The people had a heart to work, and the Lord blessed the church with nineteen applicants for membership. Rev. S. F. Scovel, pastor of the church at Harrison, ten miles away, who had often preached at Paddy's Run, was invited to administer the ordinances, and receive these new members into the church. His labors for

several days were highly appreciated, and resulted in much good.

APPLICATION FOR LICENSURE, was made six months before, but it miscarried. Since my reception under the care of Presbytery, I had attended every meeting, and performed my parts of trial, and my examinations were sustained. Two candidates, who had studied theology two years, were to be licensed. Having performed all the trial parts but the popular sermon, and Dr. Bishop having assigned me a text, and I having prepared the discourse which he examined and approved, I determined to ask for licensure at that meeting. A member of Presbytery opposed, because I had not met the requirements of the Book of Discipline. He asked me how long I had studied theology.

I replied. "From a child, I have studied the Holy Scriptures."

"Young man, you evade my question. When did you graduate?"

"A year ago."

"What have you been doing since?"

"Studying theology under the professors at Oxford."

"Are you in the habit of going around preaching, running before you are sent?"

"Yes, sir, for three or four years I have, as

God helped me, addressed the people that came to hear me on religious subjects."

"Do you take a text and go into the pulpit like a regular minister?"

"If there is a pulpit, I generally enter it, for advantage in delivering my message, and I would read a text as a good starting point."

The good brother, with considerable feeling, then said: "Young man, your course has been disorderly, and you have not met the demands of the book as it regards time. I am therefore opposed to your getting a license," adding, "Indeed brethren, I feel that the young man deserves a censure."

I withdrew my application, and the Presbytery took no action, but had a recess for an hour. Dr. Bishop, with his usual kindness, said to me in his room: "Bear this disappointment cheerfully, and submit to the will of the Presbytery; but, you need not give up your public speaking; only don't go into the pulpit, or announce your text, and next spring you will find the Presbytery ready to grant you a license."

As previously narrated, I went to Venice, spent three happy months in teaching and in gospel labors, honored of God at Paddy's Run, devoting what time I could to theological study and writing sermons.

LICENSED TO PREACH. April 7, 1835, Pres-

bytery met in Oxford, with a full attendance. My application for licensure was renewed, and Dr. Bishop moved that my popular sermon be heard. It was approved, and my old friend who objected six months before, and thought I was disorderly and worthy of censure, moved that Presbytery now proceed to license the young brother. He was very cordial, and bade me God-speed in preaching the gospel and in winning souls to Christ and his church.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OLD HOME AND EARLY WORK.

A VISIT TO WALES. Introduced into the ministry, a field of labor was open for me at Paddy's Run. To qualify myself for preaching in the Welsh language, I determined to visit my native land. A venerable uncle, brother to my mother, promised to defray my expenses. With less than two hundred dollars I started on my journey early in May. I was three days in going from Cincinnati to Wheeling on a steamboat; thence in a stage on the National Road to Baltimore; thence to New York, a tedious and expensive journey, occupying ten days.

The Black Ball liner, "Caledonia," was to sail for Liverpool in two days. I found that my funds were not sufficient to take cabin passage at \$125.

In my perplexity, home-sick and discouraged, I resolved to retrace my way back to Ohio.

MEETING A FRIEND. On the dock, I made the acquaintance of a young Scotchman, returning from an exploring tour in the States, and

being short of money he had taken steerage passage. I found that he was a Presbyterian, intelligent, an experienced traveller, and very companionable. He kindly took me for a partner, and this encouraged me to continue my trip. We bought our steerage tickets for \$25 each, bought our mattrass and bedding, laid in our provisions and cooking utensils, and sent them to the ship. We had a berth near the hatchway, with only a few fellow-passengers; and the outlook for a pleasant voyage was encouraging, and that we would enjoy life on the ocean wave.

Out at Sea. We had fair weather two days, but on the third, in a storm, sea-sickness captured me, and I was nearly a week in my berth. My friend was a brother indeed, and ministered as an angel of mercy while I was a helpless sufferer. On a calm day he almost forced me out of my berth and helped me on deck. This was a curative movement, and I soon recovered. The last half of our thirty days' voyage I really enjoyed, and rendered efficient help in reducing our store of provisions.

On the dock at Liverpool, with real regret, I parted with Thomas Lomax, the young Scotchman, a true friend, a brother beloved in the Lord.

IN A WELSH SUNDAY-SCHOOL. In Liver-

pool, where I remained several days, on Sunday I found the Great Cross Hall Street Welsh chapel. It was the Sunday-school hour. As I entered I was greeted in the language in which I was born, and invited to take a seat in a large class of men, each with his Bible in his hand. The Welsh method of teaching was in full play. Teacher and scholars, with great freedom and knowledge of the Divine Word, were asking and answering questions and expressing their views. The class was evidently made up of men in humble life, artisans and laborers, but they were well instructed in the Word of God.

At the close of the session, which had continued nearly two hours, the teacher asked me what part of Wales I was from, and where I lived in Liverpool.

I replied that I was an American, just landed, from New York.

“I should think you had been in Sunday-schools in that country?”

“Yes, I have, and have shared largely in the benefits it confers.”

“Are you a preacher?”

I showed him my license, and he invited me to go with him to the chapel-house and meet the minister supplying the church. I gladly accepted his kind offer, and was introduced to Rev. William Williams of Wern (his home in

Wales), one of the trio of celebrated Welsh preachers, Christmas Evans, John Elias, and Williams of Wern. He read my credentials and gave me a hearty greeting, saying as he held my hand: "Well, well, a young Welsh preacher from Ohio. God bless you my young friend." He inquired where my parents had lived in Wales.

"In Bala, North Wales."

"Yes, I knew a family there of your name. They went to America many years ago, and I heard that Mr. Chidlaw died soon after they arrived, and I never heard of the family afterwards."

I told him that I was his son and that my mother was alive. He was greatly interested in my statements, and expressed his great pleasure in meeting a Bala boy from America.

WELSH PREACHING. He invited me to preach, but I declined, being anxious to hear him. In the afternoon the chapel was crowded with a grand audience. He preached from the words, John 10: 10, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have *it* more abundantly." His subject was "The mission of Christ." The sermon was a marvellous presentation of the gospel, gushing from his strong and clear intellect, warm heart and eloquent lips. Hundreds were melted into tears, while the

chapel resounded with loud "Amens," and ejaculations of praise, "*gogoniant i Dduw*" (glory to God for the great salvation).

The manner of the distinguished preacher, his melodious well-modulated voice, his power of language and illustrations, his powerful, yet tender appeals to the conscience and heart, still ring in my ears.

After the meeting I was invited to tea at the house where he was entertained. His conversation was savored with grace, full of instruction and encouragement, just what I needed, and on which my soul sweetly feasted. He invited me to preach in the evening, but I begged to be excused. In a very pleasant way he said: "Well, my boy, we expect to hear you, and we will manage it in the way we do with our young preachers. You shall open the service and preach first, and I will follow. Take heart, the Master will help you."

As I sat in the pulpit facing that great audience my soul was faint within me. Observing this he placed his hand on my knee, and in words of tenderness and sympathy said: "I am glad that you feel the gravity of your position and duty as a young preacher. Don't fear! Remember, this congregation will meet you at the judgment seat." These faithful and impressive words calmed my mind and delivered

me from the fear of man, and my message on the triumphs of the gospel, revealing the kingship of Christ, was delivered with freedom. Mr. Williams followed in a sermon of great power, with a repetition of the scenes attending the afternoon service. Such demonstrations are peculiar to the Welsh people when high up on the mount and moved by the Holy Spirit. The society of that man of God, and hearing his sermons, made my sojourn in Liverpool a special privilege, and a great spiritual blessing.

REACHING WALES. Journeying on top of a coach, through a beautiful and well-cultivated country, sixty miles to Welshpool, I went thence, six miles on foot to Mivod, the home of my uncle, where I was heartily welcomed. After resting a few days in pleasant company, and enjoying home life, I was invited to preach, and deliver a temperance address in the village chapel. A preacher from America was an attraction, and temperance was a new subject. The chapel was crowded. Much interest was excited on the subject of total abstinence, and a temperance society was organized, the first in that part of Wales.

BECOMING AN ITINERANT PREACHER. Then it was customary for ministers to make evangelistic tours among the churches. My brethren

arranged a line of appointments for a month, and my uncle furnished a Welsh mountain pony that served me well. I had two appointments each week day, and three on the Sabbath. My congregations were large and interested, and on several occasions quite demonstrative in loud "Amens," and ejaculations of praise and thanksgiving, with an occasional clapping of hands, reminding me of the forty-seventh Psalm, "O clap your hands, all ye people ; shout unto God with the voice of triumph."

On my circuit, I had the company of ministers and laymen that was very agreeable and edifying ; and shared the Christian hospitality, generous and genial, of many families, delighted with the happy religious life of the home where the domestic altar was erected, and the Bible honored. This itinerancy, in the lovely valleys and among the lofty mountains of North Wales, scenery grand and picturesque, was always a source of pleasure ; and the constant use of the vernacular was a great advantage in familiarizing me with it, so that I have retained a knowledge of it, and use it to the present time in my labors among our Welsh immigrants.

The Sunday-school and its Divine text-book, has a warm place in the hearts of the Welsh people. Old and young, master and servants, attend, and together search the Scriptures and

reap the benefit as seen in the type of their earnest, consistent religious lives. The congregation which I addressed in the morning, made up the Sunday-school in the afternoon. The Welsh idea of attendance on the Sunday-school, and in their case it is practical, is that it begins at the cradle, and terminates at the grave.

A Greeting. After an evening meeting in a chapel among the mountains of Caernarvon, an aged disciple grasped my hand, and said: "If you are from America, thank God, you preach the same glorious gospel, that we have in Wales. The Lord help you in your work, and keep you at it very long."

Field Meetings. Having finished my circuit work, I attended the General Assembly of the Calvinistic Methodist church of Wales, at Bala. The ecclesiastical business was chiefly transacted in committees, and for three days we heard their prominent preachers. Six sermons were preached daily, and heard by immense congregations. The pulpit was a wagon, around which, this great audience, people from all parts of the Principality, would stand for hours, delighted hearers of the word.

Rev. John Elias, one of the trio of great Welsh preachers of the period, occupied the morning hour and preached a characteristic dis-

course. He was a man of medium size, and of solemn mien, with a voice of great compass—earnest, and impressive in manner, with a wonderful command of language. His text was Is. 6 : 10, “Make the heart of this people fat,” etc. The sermon was logical, and argumentative; a vindication of Divine sovereignty that would have honored John Calvin. Its delivery elicited but few “Amens.”

In the afternoon another celebrated preacher, Rev. John Jones, of Llanllyfni, appeared in the wagon with over 5000 hearers ready to hear his message. His appearance, genial and dignified, impressed us favorably. He discoursed eloquently, and with power that moved his great and attentive audience, on the text, “And ye will not come to me, that ye might have life,” John 5 : 40. John Elias stood on Sinai amid its gloom and terror; John Jones, on Calvary crimsoned with the blood of the Son of God who died for our sins. With great clearness, he explained Divine sovereignty, and human responsibility, honored God, and encouraged the sinner to come to Christ. The Divine economy, the simple gospel, flowing from his enraptured soul and fervid lips, produced a marvellous effect upon the audience. Such enthusiasm and outbursts of rejoicing, and praise to God who “so loved the world, that

he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," was truly wonderful. After the preaching, the people in groups would stand and unite in singing favorite hymns; and in concert recite passages of Scripture suggested by the sermon, as Is. 53d chapter. In some groups there would be hand clapping and jumping, with shouts of "*Gogoniant i Dduw*" (glory to God,) and "*Diolch byth*" (everlasting thanks). There was no disorder, or confusion; reverence marked it all. It was to me true and sincere, free from cant and sham, produced by the preaching of the gospel. These people, so emotional in their nature, so well instructed in divine things, with their deep religious experience, were honest and truthful in this enthusiastic demonstration. I was informed that it was the most devoted and consistent professors that engaged in what some might consider as extravagant bodily exercise; but, in their case, it was the answer of a good conscience; a testimony of their faith, and love for their Saviour, and delight in his service.

RETURNING HOME. After two months of pleasant sojourning in Wales, enriched in my Christian experience, I returned to my country, my home and service, and entered upon the work of the ministry at Paddy's Run, preaching

in both languages. I found openings in surrounding school districts to establish Sunday-schools, and to preach.

These outside labors made me acquainted with the people, and contributed to the increase of my home congregation. God smiled upon our labors, and twenty converts were added to the church. Encouraged by these tokens of Divine favor, the people had a heart to work. The meeting-house, built of bricks in 1818, was refurnished; rough benches were superceded by comfortable seats, and other improvements made. The Sunday-school was prosperous, and the meetings for religious conference and prayer well attended, developing the talent and piety of our new members, uniting and strengthening the church in building up the cause of Christ in the community.

In January, 1836, I spent a week in Cincinnati, preaching and doing pastoral work among the Welsh immigrants in the city, who were as sheep without a shepherd. Our meetings were held in a private house on Sixth street near Elm. Arrangements were made to establish a Sunday-school and to secure a place of worship, with the prospect of future enlargement.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL MEETING, was held during my visit in the Columbia Street Presbyterian church, Rev. Dr. Thornton A. Mills, pastor. I

was invited to speak on the Sunday-school work in Wales, and referred to the efforts I had made at home since my return. At the close of the meeting I was introduced to B. J. Seward, Esq., agent of the American Sunday-School Union for the Mississippi Valley, who desired to meet me the next day at the Depository, corner of Fifth and Main streets. He proposed that I should enter the service of the society. But this I could not do, as I was employed in another field. He then suggested that I should devote one-fourth of my time in establishing schools in Butler county, and receive \$100, per annum, given by the Sunday-school Missionary Association of the Pearl Street Presbyterian church, New York, of which he was an elder. Returning home, I laid the matter before the church, and the arrangement was consummated.

CHAPTER V.

ORDINATION, MARRIAGE AND MINISTRY. (IN WALES.)

A KIND OFFER. At this time, one of my aged parishioners, Mr. William Gwilym, said to me: "You need books. I have no money, but I will let you have ten acres of good land to plant in corn. You know how to cultivate it, and you will raise from 600 to 700 bushels of corn and can sell it for 15 to 20 cents a bushel and this will help you to get books." While this kind offer was under advisement the American Sunday-School Union came to my help. This was a turning point in my life. God opened another and a better way to replenish my library. Cultivating the cornfield might have been a temptation to worldliness, but this led me to a line of service more congenial and useful.

ORDINATION. At the spring meeting of the Oxford Presbytery in 1836, the Paddy's Run Congregational church by its representative, Deacon David Francis, made application for my ministerial services and ordination. The Pres-

bytery had always favored this church and its members for many years, had preached and administered the ordinances, and now, my ordination was another evidence of its liberality and fostering care, which the church highly appreciated.

May 26th the ordination took place, an event of much interest in the community. Rev. A. B. Gilliland, of Millville, presided, and preached the sermon. Rev. Samuel Smith, of Venice, charged the congregation, and Rev. Sylvester F. Scovel, of Harrison, the pastor. The following Sabbath, Rev. John W. Scott, D.D., my professor at Oxford, assisted at our communion, and in the reception of new members. His preaching and intercourse with the people we all enjoyed.

MARRIAGE. The next week, an important event in my life transpired. I was united in marriage by Dr. Scott, to Miss Hannah, daughter of Morgan and Elizabeth Gwilym, who emigrated from Wales in 1795, and settled in this place when an unbroken forest in 1802, a godly and worthy family.

A small frame house with two rooms and a large garden, I rented for fourteen dollars a year. My father-in-law gave me a good horse, saddle, and bridle, and Mrs. Gwilym gave her daughter a comfortable outfit, which enabled

us to commence housekeeping. And never did kindred hearts begin domestic life with greater pleasure ; our cup was full, the Lord had blessed us with a home, a field of labor, and encouraging prospects at home, and in the regions beyond. A number of new Sunday-schools were established, and preaching places multiplied as this Sunday-school extension advanced, our home congregation increased, and souls were converted.

A USEFUL SUNDAY-SCHOOL. The school I organized in "Green's School-house," Crosby township, Elder Green of the Venice Presbyterian Church, five miles off, becoming superintendent, it was very prosperous. I visited the school monthly, and preached to a good congregation, most of whom seldom heard the gospel, or were interested in religion. Two of the scholars, John and Sarah Wilkins, by attending the Sunday-school and reading the Bible were awakened to a sense of sin, their need of a Saviour, and they inquired what they must do to be saved. I gave them instruction, and encouragement to give themselves first to the Lord, and then to his people, according to his will, and felt very hopeful concerning them. Soon, I heard that John was seriously sick ; at once, I went to his home four miles from my own. The father received me very coolly, but

the mother gave me a hearty welcome, and took me to the room where her suffering son was found. He was glad to see me, asked me to pray for him, and to converse on the subject of religion. He expressed his trust in Jesus, and his consciousness that his sins were pardoned, and his soul was filled with peace through the atoning blood, and the witness of the Holy Spirit.

After this delightful interview with the sufferer, and conversation with the family, I returned home, rejoicing in what I had seen and heard of the grace of God abounding to a poor sinner.

In a few days, the aged father sent for me. As John was near death, and anxious to see me, I hastened to comply with his request. He, weeping, met me at the gate, saying: "John is my best boy, and he is going to die." I found him a great sufferer, but able to converse. He desired to make a profession of religion, to be baptized, to unite with the church, and to receive the Lord's Supper. I hastened home. Two of our deacons, and several of the members, in a two-horse wagon, taking with us the communion service, made our way to the home of the dying disciple.

We held a church meeting, and heard from his dying lips, of what God had done for his

soul, and his earnest wish to be received into the church, and to partake of the sacraments. He was received, and the ordinances administered. Though weak, he was able to tell us, "I am now happy, and ready to die. Jesus Christ remembered me, and now I have remembered him." As Jacob said, awakening from his sleep on the pillow of stone, "This *is* none other but the house of God, and this *is* the gate of heaven," so we could say in this farm-house, and in the chamber of this dying child of God, waiting joyously, to pass from his earthly to his heavenly home. The aged parents, brother, and sisters, in tears, witnessed this solemn scene, heard his testimony and earnest words beseeching them to believe in Christ, to accept his great salvation, and to live for his honor and glory.

In a few days he peacefully departed and entered into rest. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, most of whom were careless and indifferent to the claims of religion. The hour gave me a golden opportunity to reiterate the testimony of John Wilkins, of the power and willingness of Jesus Christ to save to the uttermost all who come to God by him; that religion in the soul, Christ in us the hope of glory, can take away the sting of death, light the dark valley, and minister

an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

A GROVE MEETING. My people expressed a desire to hold a protracted meeting, but our house of worship was not large enough to accommodate the congregation that we expected. Hence, at the farm of Morris Jones, a mile from the chapel, in a pleasant grove, a platform was erected, with tiers of seats in front, boards laid on parallel lines of logs, sufficient to accommodate five hundred people. Our meetings for prayer and preaching continued five days. Rev. Andrew Benton of Mt. Pleasant, was with me, and rendered efficient help; and, best of all, God was with us, quickening his people, and converting precious souls, among them Mrs. Daniel Wilkins and her daughter Sarah. The aged father attended and was impressed by the truth, and interested, but remained undecided. With his wife and daughter, he became a regular attendant on our Sabbath services, and in conversation with him, I found that he was anxious about his soul, and that he would attend our church meeting.

To our great satisfaction, the aged man attended church-meeting, seeking a name and a place among the people of God. Weeping, and in broken language, he related his experience: "My parents in Pennsylvania were

Lutherans. I was baptized, learned the catechism, was confirmed, and took the sacrament when I was a boy of sixteen. I thought that was all there was in religion, till John died. Now I know better. I am a poor sinner, trusting in Jesus Christ as he did, and now, I want to be a true Christian and unite with the church." As a penitent, repenting and believing in Jesus, he was welcomed into the fellowship of the people of God, and received as a member of the household of faith. Sarah witnessed a good profession, and died early, and the aged father only survived a few years, giving credible evidence of genuine conversion, and dying in the faith. The venerable mother lived several years, a happy Christian, useful, and honored, and left this world assured of an inheritance among the saints in light.

HELPING THE PREACHER. On a winter morning a wagon stopped in front of my dwelling, and a voice inquired if the preacher lived there.

I answered in the affirmative.

The man in the wagon said :

"I am working for old man Wilkins, and he sent me up with some provisions for you."

"Very well, I will bring a basket and take them in the house."

Laughing, the man said :

“You can’t get this big chunk of beef, and this bag of flour, and another of potatoes, into any basket I ever saw. I will shoulder them, and bring them in.”

And so he did. We hardly knew how to manage such a quantity of provisions sent by our generous old parishioner. My wife borrowed a tub of her mother, we cut the beef, and salted it, placed the bag of flour in one corner of the kitchen, and the potatoes in another. As this was also our dining-room, and not large, we were quite crowded by such a large supply of the necessaries of life. The inconvenience was a small affair compared with the benefit conferred upon us.

A MISSIONARY TOUR. After two years of successful labor in my own congregation—establishing Union Sunday-schools, and preaching in destitute localities in Butler county—I made a tour in 1838 through Northwestern Ohio, then a new country and sparsely settled and hence an inviting field for missionary labor. On horseback, with my large saddle-bags filled with Testaments and Sunday-school books, on a fine autumnal morning I left my home. After leaving Piqua, Miami county, and the hospitable home of Colonel Johnson, a few miles north, I entered the new settlements with their log cabins and small clearings. Where I could gather a

few families together I would preach, and confer in regard to the organization of a Sunday-school. In most places, for the want of interest and suitable officers and teachers, I found it impracticable. In other places under favorable circumstances a school of from twenty to thirty adults and children could be established.

A Good Opening. In Allen county, where I found a few families, recently from Paddy's Run, beginning life in the woods, I was very cordially welcomed, the first minister they had seen in their settlement. I preached several times in the cabin of Thomas Watkins, (still living, in 1890) and a Sunday-school was organized, conducted chiefly in the Welsh language.

I extended my explorations into Van Wert county, following the latest wave of population that flowed into its borders. In traversing the settlements, I found several religious families, and preached in their cabins to small, but interested audiences. In three settlements, by uniting the religious element, weak as it was in this heterogeneous population, schools were established, and those at Long Prairie and on the Ridge were the first organized in the county.

As I travelled through the country it was arranged that I should spend a Sabbath at the county seat, a town laid out in the forest, with a few log houses, and a hewed log court-house,

not quite finished, serving as a temple of justice and a house of worship. On reaching the town from Long Prairie, accompanied by quite a number of people, we found many horses hitched around the court-house, and people seated on the logs and stumps around it. Being time for service I entered the court-house well filled with people, and found another preacher on the bench ready for duty. I was introduced as a Presbyterian minister, and missionary of the American Sunday-School Union, to Rev. W. Shingledecker, of the United Brethren church. He did not receive me very graciously, and insisted that this was his appointment, and that he must officiate. After this statement, I left the bench, and took my seat in the congregation, occupying a split log bench. One of the friends who came with me to town, went to Brother Shingledecker, and conferred with him. I was called up to the bench, and informed that a compromise had been effected. The hour would be divided. I was to speak first, limited to half an hour. I introduced the service in the usual way, the people singing an old hymn and tune with the spirit of praise and gladness of heart that was inspiring.

I preached a gospel sermon that appeared to interest and hold the attention of my hearers. My clerical brother was an attentive listener,

frequently nodding his head approvingly, and occasionally ejaculating a hearty "Amen." My half hour was up, and my sermon half delivered, but according to agreement I must close. As I paused to deliver the work into his hands, he stood up, and said, earnestly: "Don't stop, go right on and finish." So I continued my discourse to the end.

Our Dinner. A friend from the country invited the preachers to partake of his hospitality, at a basket dinner, under the forest trees standing near the court-house. After dinner, my brother preacher explained matters. He said: "I never heard but one Presbyterian preacher, and he just read his sermon from paper: it was all writ down;" adding, "That kind of preaching don't take in a new country, and I thought you were one of that kind; but when Brother Hill told me that you preached off-hand, and not from paper, I agreed to divide the time, and I was glad to give you all of it." In the afternoon, I addressed the people in the open air (for the court-house would not seat them), on "Early religious training, and the Sunday-school work." At candle-lighting, I preached on the Ridge, at Brother Priddy's, a good religious family; helpers, when I established the Sunday-school in the settlement; and, now, its earnest and faithful supporters. Thus

I spent a month, sowing the good seed on virgin soil. This ended, in four days I reached my home and work.

FRUIT GATHERED. Many years afterwards I was invited to preach the dedication sermon of a Presbyterian meeting-house erected at Middlepoint, a thriving village on the Pittsburg and Ft. Wayne Railroad in Van Wert county, where during my tour in 1838, in a log cabin house, I had established a Union Sunday-school, with Brother Hill, an earnest Christian, for superintendent.

This school, with its Divine text-book, religious literature, and oral instruction, lived and prospered. A church was organized, the word of the Lord preached, and this house of God, neat and beautiful, was erected.

Some years ago I was invited to participate in a County Sunday-school Convention to be held in Van Wert, now a large and flourishing town. The convention was composed of a large number of men and women, devoted friends of the cause, representing the fifty-six Sunday-schools then in the county, where forty-five years before, God honored me and the American Sunday-School Union in planting the first school in the county.

At the close of the Convention, a Mr. Gilliland, a gray-headed man, was introduced to me,

who said: "When I was a boy, you came to our settlement, a missionary. My father sent me and my brother to invite our neighbors to our house to hear you preach. You had a house full of hearers, and that was the first sermon I remember hearing. I am glad that in old age you are still in the good work."

WALES REVISITED. In 1839, while busy, happy and blessed in my pastoral and Sunday-school missionary work, my beloved mother, then over seventy years of age, blessed with health and vigor, received a pressing invitation from her aged brother, my uncle, to visit him in Wales: and, if I would accompany her, he would defray our expenses. She was anxious to go, but that I should go with her seemed impossible. Duty to such a mother, who had done so much for me, and to my church and family, placed me in great perplexity. Seeking Divine guidance, conferring with my church and loved ones, and casting my burden on the Lord, my decision was made: I would go, and return to my home and work as soon as possible.

As the Pearl Street Sunday-school Missionary Society were contributing for my support, I informed them of my purpose, and asked if they would approve. Soon, I received a letter of consent from the secretary, Robert Aikman, Jr., and a kind invitation, when we reached New

York, to make his father's house on William street, our home "till you find a more unsafe one on the deep." I showed this letter, beautiful in chirography, to one of our deacons, who said: "Well, that young man writes like copper-plate. What a grand writing-master he would make!"

That young secretary is now the honored pastor of the Presbyterian church of Madison, N. J., an able and faithful minister, having served God and his church over forty years. His bow abides in strength, and his eye is not dimmed. In May, 1889, when I was a commissioner in the General Assembly at New York, I was invited to spend a Sabbath with him and his beloved people, a privilege I greatly enjoyed, a delightful reminder of our early days, and of the way the Lord had led us.

Our Journey to New York—from Radnor to Sandusky, was in a wagon; thence, on a steamboat to Buffalo, and in a canal-boat to Albany, and on the Hudson river we enjoyed a pleasant voyage to the city, and were well received by our friends.

After spending a few pleasant days in the city, visiting families connected with the Pearl Street church, addressing the Sunday-school, and preaching on the Sabbath, laden with the benefactions of our kind friends, we embarked on

the packet-ship "Columbus," and in twenty days reached Liverpool. The passage was on a stormy sea, and we suffered from the malady incident to such a voyage; but we soon recovered, and enjoyed sea life, beholding the wonders of the deep, and in the companionship of our fellow-voyagers.

A day on the coach brought us to Penlan, (the name of my uncle's farm) and, after an absence of nearly twenty years, the aged brother and sister with joy of heart, met each other, and tears gave expression to the delight they experienced. It was now late in October. To return home in the winter seemed impracticable; so reluctantly, we abandoned our cherished purpose of returning to America soon, and concluded to remain till spring. This arrangement was a sore disappointment. To be absent from my work and my family four or five months, and unemployed, filled my heart with heaviness, and I was in sore trouble.

The quiet life in a Welsh farm-house, with all its cheer and comfort, soon became monotonous, and my anxiety increased, lest I had run away from duty and displeased my heavenly Father, and it became a heavy burden on my heart, and I could find no relief.

One day, my kind uncle said: "Cheer up, and be happy. Come, go with me to Mivod," a

village a mile away. On our way, we met the splendid equipage of Lord Clive, of Powis Castle. My venerable uncle uncovered his head, and bowed gracefully, while his American nephew stood like a statue, gazing on the nobleman in his coach and four. My uncle inquired, "Why did you not take off your hat, and bow to Lord Clive?"

"Why, uncle, his lordship paid no attention to us. In my country civilities are mutual; we are all of the nobility, and equal before the law. My elbow joint stiffened in America, so that it cannot be used in that way." He laughed heartily, and said: "I will have your elbow joint examined by my friend, the surgeon." Reaching the village and the surgeon's office, my coat was removed, and my elbow carefully examined, and the surgeon pronounced it all right. My uncle explained the incident of our meeting Lord Clive, and my failure to pull off my hat, and the reason I gave for my conduct. The surgeon was amused, and said: "I wish every Welshman in our country had the same trouble in his elbow." Both of the old gentlemen were radical in their politics, and greatly enjoyed the joke, and on the strength of it we had a very social tea-drinking.

In a few days, a minister called, and invited me to accompany him to a conference of ministers

in a neighboring village. This kind offer I gladly accepted; it was light in a time of darkness, and a blessed relief to my mental depression. Pleasant fellowship with the brethren, and participating in religious services, revived my fainting heart, and I felt that God had not cast me off.

After the conference, the pastor of the church invited me to remain and assist him in special meetings which he desired to hold. Large congregations waited on God in the sanctuary, and evident tokens of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit were manifest. At the suggestion of the pastor, inquiry meetings were held after preaching, and at the close of four days' services, thirty inquirers professed their faith in Jesus, desired to make a public profession, and to enter the service of God. These labors, and the blessed results, were an uplift to my soul, and I could say, "Unless the Lord *had been* my help, my soul had almost dwelt in silence," Ps. 94: 17. Now, my burden was removed, my spiritual skies were bright, the winter of my discontent was passed, and I could and did rejoice in the summer of God's favor which I once more enjoyed.

A PREACHING TOUR. According to the custom prevailing in Wales, if an approved minister desired to make a preaching tour among

the churches, some ministerial friend would arrange and forward the appointments, and thus prepare the way. This was done for me, and my uncle furnishing a "Merlin," a mountain pony, I entered upon my itinerancy. The friend who made the arrangements for my trip went with me to the first appointment. It was in a country chapel, beautiful for situation among the mountains. The natural scenery filled me with admiration, beholding the works of God. The chapel crowded with hearers that "knew the joyful sound," delighted to hear the gospel, prepared me for the service, and I enjoyed ministering to them in spiritual things. It was the noon hour. With the pastor and my friend, we lunched in "*ty y Capel*" (the chapel-house), where the itinerants were entertained, and in an adjoining stable his horse was fed. After this social hour, my friend left me in charge of the pastor of this church, who accompanied me to my next appointment, ten miles distant.

In this way I had the guidance and company of a brother minister or a deacon all the time, a very pleasant and enjoyable feature of my journey. My appointments were generally in country chapels at noon, and in villages or towns in the evening. The ministers and other brethren with whom I associated, were cordial, and ready to adopt, when indications were favor-

able, the new measure. I had introduced of holding inquiry meetings after preaching. In several places, such opportunities were afforded, and from five to twenty inquirers would present themselves for conversation, prayer, and encouragement to enter upon a religious life.

I found that the pastors and revived church members could carry on the good work thus begun. This encouraged me in preaching and holding these after meetings. My hearers were well taught in Divine truth in the Sunday-school, and by their pastors, and I felt that I was sowing the seed of the Word in good and prepared soil, that these awakened souls would be well cared for, gathered into the fold of Christ, and nurtured for a steadfast, useful and happy Christian life. My appointments allowed me to spend two days in Bala, my native village. I preached twice in the chapel, where my parents worshipped God, and where I was baptized, and received in my early childhood my first religious impressions and loved my Saviour.

LLANUWCHLLYN: A WONDERFUL REVIVAL.
The last Sabbath of 1839 my appointments were at the old chapel of Llanuwchllyn, six miles from Bala. This was one of the largest and oldest Non-conforming churches in Wales. The pastor, Rev. Michael Jones, an able, learned,

and earnest servant of God and his church, had charge of several outlying congregations among the mountains, which also enjoyed the labors of itinerants and lay preachers, but Mr. Jones was their pastor, and administered the ordinances.

This faithful minister was tried by difficulties in his church. For several years there had been serious troubles, the ways of Zion languished, and litigation ensued. In the meantime the pastor continued his faithful labors. Deprived of the old chapel, he cared for the flock, holding meetings in farm-houses, and in the summer in the open air on the hill-sides.

Recently, the civil court decided in his favor: that, with his adherents, a majority of the congregation, they should re-occupy the house of the Lord that their fathers had built. This was the dawn of a better day, discord ceased, and the voice of the "turtle" was again heard in the land. The re-occupancy of the old chapel in October was celebrated by a large gathering of ministers, and two days spent in praise, prayer and preaching. These memorial services awakened a deep religious interest in the congregation, and prepared the way of the Lord to visit, and abundantly to bless his people.

Saturday I spent at the home of the pastor, with his interesting family, and friends that

called on me to talk about their relatives in Ohio, and the kingdom of Christ in America. After dinner, Mr. Jones left to meet his appointments for the Sabbath, leaving me to supply his pulpit.

The Sabbath was a bright and mild winter day and my surroundings were delightful. The chapel stood on the shore of Llyn Tegid, a charming lake, and the lofty peaks of Aran and Arenig mountains overshadowed it. Amid these wonderful works of the God of nature and of redemption, I walked to the sanctuary, trusting in his gracious promises for the aid I so much needed for the services of the day. The forenoon and afternoon meetings passed, but no special interest developed among my hearers crowding the chapel to its full capacity, and I felt depressed and discouraged.

In leaving the chapel, a plain, middle-aged man, a farmer, invited me to tea, saying: "It is not far, and I would like your company." His conversation, seasoned with grace, cheered me, and the burden of his soul in regard to the salvation of sinners was very encouraging and helpful in relieving me of my discouragement.

Introduced to his wife and family, I was escorted into a cozy parlor, with a peat fire on the hearth. After tea, I sat meditating and preparing for the evening meeting, when a young

woman came to the room, and, with diffidence, said :

“I would like to speak to you.”

“Certainly, my young friend, let me hear from you.”

“I am informed that you hold private meetings after preaching, and converse personally with those that attend ;” adding, with evident emotion, “If you will hold such a meeting to-night, many will accept, and come out on the Lord’s side.”

Her unaffected manner, and her message, made a profound impression on my mind. It was a revelation of faithfulness in duty, and interest in the salvation of souls, that filled my soul, and inspired my fainting heart for the evening service.

Another Helper. As I entered the chapel yard, a man desired to speak to me. Frequently people would accost me, to inquire if I knew their relatives in America, or concerning the country. I said to this man, “If you wish to see me, call Monday morning at the parsonage, and I will be glad to talk to you.” He replied, “O, sir, that is not what I want. Here are my two sons, anxious to have a word from you in regard to their personal salvation.” Clasp- ing the hands of these stalwart young men, I gave

them a word of encouragement to trust in Jesus, and to follow him.

With very unusual feelings, subdued and trustful, I entered the crowded chapel. The pulpit steps were occupied, but as I approached they were vacated, and, with a tremor of soul, I found my way to the place where I was to speak in the name of the Lord. The singing indicated a fervor and spirit that I had not observed before, and, during prayer, many earnest "Amens" reached my ears. To my mind and soul, these things had "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees," 2 Sam. 5: 24, and a glimpse of "a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand," 1 Kings, 18: 44.

My discourse was founded on the text, "Give glory to the Lord your God, before he cause darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains, and while ye look for light, he turn it into the shadow of death *and* make *it* gross darkness," Jer. 13: 16. I endeavored to unfold the duty enjoined—the time to discharge it—and an earnest appeal now to accept Christ and confess him before men,—to glorify God as penitents at the cross—sinners saved by grace, and not in the darkness and doom of the impenitent and godless, under the wrath of God forever. A solemn stillness pervaded the audience, and, instead of a public prayer and a hymn

of praise, I said that we would spend five minutes in silent thought and prayer, seeking the convincing and converting power of the Holy Spirit, to fill the chapel and every unconverted heart.

I then took my seat, my soul overwhelmed within me, longing for the manifestation of the power and glory of God in the sanctuary, and in the salvation of precious souls. Before the five minutes of silence had expired, it was broken by the strong cry in the rear of the chapel, "O, Lord, be merciful to me a sinner," followed by outbursts of ejaculatory prayer, and weeping all over the congregation. The valley of dry bones was evidently pervaded by the life-giving Spirit of the God of salvation.

The five minutes had now expired. The house of the Lord was indeed a Bochim, and the place of his feet glorious. I announced that the public service was closed, and that a society, or inquiry meeting would be held, and earnestly invited all who were convinced of their sin and were seeking salvation to remain. I dismissed the congregation with the usual benediction, but no one went out. The tide was evidently rising, manifested in sobs and tears, and the outcry of many for mercy and the forgiveness of sin. Again, I dismissed the audience, but there was no movement for the

doors. I knew not what to do; the place, and the scenes around me were awful, because of the presence of the Lord, coming out of his hiding place of power to magnify his great Name in the bestowment of his love, in the awakening and converting grace so gloriously bestowed. I had never before such an experience of awe, solemnity, and helplessness, and I knew not what to do or say.

On the steps of the pulpit an aged man was seated, and I could reach his shoulder. I secured his attention, and inquired, "Are you a deacon?" He replied that he was. Then, I asked him what to do. With evident emotion, he replied: "The Lord of glory is in his sanctuary, and blessed be his holy name." This reply, gushing (in the grand old Welsh language) from the full heart of this old disciple, revealed that his soul enjoyed the Divine presence, but it afforded no relief for my embarrassment.

With difficulty I made my way down the crowded steps of the pulpit and found another deacon, but he was high up on the mount and wept like a child, and knew not what to do. In the midst of the slain of the Lord, and the joy of salvation welling up in the hearts of his people, I asked some one to offer prayer. This was done, and, while the suppliant was pouring

out his soul before the mercy seat, agonizing in prayer, others cried aloud for mercy, and some, in thanksgiving, loudly praised the Lord. After some time, silence was restored, and I addressed the inquirers. While I was speaking, a man fell on his knees, praying fervently for pardon and peace with God. His prayer intensified the feeling of the people, so that I inquired who he was. I was told that he was a hardened scoffer, the last man in that community who would be expected thus to bow before the Lord, confess his sins, and seek salvation through the crucified one.

When he closed his earnest prayer, sometimes broken and incoherent, but evidently sincere and humble, in the midst of much excitement I requested the people to sing a precious old hymn. This was done with the spirit certainly, and the last verse repeated over and over. At the close of this hallelujah song, there followed an abatement of excitement. I asked all who that night having sought and found the Saviour, and had decided, by the grace of God, to serve him; and all who were seeking salvation, to stand up. One hundred and fifty thus indicated what the Lord had done for them. "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes," Ps. 118: 23.

As I was to leave the next day to meet an

appointment ten miles distant, and feeling anxious to linger a little longer on this battle-field of Zion, and to have personal conversation with these converts and inquirers, I announced a meeting at six o'clock the next morning, and at a late hour the congregation dispersed.

When we reached the home of the pastor, he had just returned from the labors of the day. His daughter, quite excited, told him of our wonderful meeting, and that her brother, sister, and two domestics had remained in the society, and a great many others. The father was amazed, and blessed the name of the Lord for such joyous tidings. After some conversation about the six o'clock meeting, he said: "Your prayer and conference meeting is all right, but it is two hours before daylight. We never had a meeting at such an early hour, and the people will not be there. However, I will go and see; but you go to your chamber and rest."

"Father," said the daughter, "if you had been there last night you would not say so. The people will be there, and we will all go." At five o'clock we were all up, and after our tea and toast, and family worship, we left for the chapel, a mile distant. As we walked, we could see lanterns in all directions, and found the chapel well filled. The cloud that rested on us the night before, was over us still, and

the shower of mercy still descended, watering the garden of the Lord, and refreshing pastor and people. Three hours were spent in prayer and praise, instructing inquirers, encouraging the babes in Christ, and in thanksgiving to God for this gracious visitation.

The way of the Lord had been prepared. For several months, the more spiritual and faithful members of the church had been anxiously concerned about the low state of religion in the church, and the prevailing neglect of religion in the congregation. The recent reunion of the divided church, and the meeting that celebrated its consummation, and the re-occupancy of the chapel, was the dawn of a day of blessing. The young woman, whose message, as a live coal from the altar, glowed in the heart of the preacher, did much to bring the blessing. In the farm-house, there served a true and aged Christian, mighty in faith and prayer, who always believed and said that God would not forget his church, but surely bring deliverance. The faithful and unremitting labors of the pastor, teaching the people and watching for souls through the long years of spiritual declension and strife, now yielded an abundant harvest.

These, and other agencies, were at work, preparing the way for the preacher from

America, who, by a way he knew not, was led to Llanwchllyn, to participate in this wonderful work of grace, and to rejoice in what the Lord did for his people.

Fifty Years Afterwards. In 1889, while attending the World's Sunday-school Convention in London, representing the American Sunday-School Union, I was invited to visit this old battle field of Zion, where, half a century ago, such a glorious victory had been won for Christ and his church. The old chapel had given way for a new and larger structure, the church and Sunday-school were prosperous, and though the old pastor had died, his successor, Rev. David Roberts, supplied his place; the deacons and nearly all of the members of the church had departed, but the cause remained well established, and advancing. At the close of my sermon, the pastor said nearly all of the two hundred and fifty converts in the revival fifty years ago, had emigrated to distant parts of the world, or had fallen asleep in Jesus. A few of them yet remained, and were present, and he would be pleased to have them take the hand of the servant of God now with them, whose labor God had so eminently blessed fifty years ago. In response, several aged men and women greeted me cordially, rejoicing in all that God had done for us.

A DISCOVERY. During our stay in Wales, mother told me that when we emigrated in 1821, a chest full of books was left in the garret of our house. When in Bala and taking tea with an old friend of my parents, I spoke of these books. My father had inherited them from the estate of his uncle, Rev. John Chidlaw, who, from 1752 to 1800, was pastor of the Crooks Street Presbyterian church, Chester, where Rev. Matthew Henry, the celebrated commentator, spent many years of faithful labor. A domestic heard my statement about the books, and said to her mistress that the chest was in the garret of our old house. I went to the house and made inquiries. The loft was examined, and the books found, over a hundred volumes, well preserved, valuable theological and historical works, Latin, Greek, English and Welsh. Among them were a black-letter quarto Bible of 1621, and the Commentaries of John Calvin, translated into English, and printed in London, 1585. These books were carefully packed and safely transported to their destination, a valuable addition to my library and of great service in my studies.

CHAPTER VI.

PIONEER WORK IN OHIO.

RETURNING HOME. On our departure from Wales early in April, 1840, a large body of Congregational ministers gave me a reception at Trefynon (Holywell,) where I was to take a steamer for Liverpool. These kind brethren presented me with an engrossed address in Welsh and English, acknowledging the hand of the Lord in my visit and labors, and commending me to the guidance and loving care of God in all my future life.

From the chapel, where a delightful communion service had been held, a procession of ministers and communicants was formed, together with a choir singing Welsh hymns. We marched to the dock, and standing on the wheel-house, I bid farewell to the throng on the shore.

After a few days in Liverpool, my aged mother with eighty young men and women and a few families, all from Wales, having chartered the second cabin, comfortably furnished, of the ship "Caroline Augusta," we sailed for

New York, had a pleasant passage, and, as nearly all these Welsh people were religious, we had daily religious service, Sunday-school and preaching every Sabbath.

My aged mother enjoyed her visit, and returned safely to her home in Radnor, Ohio, lived a useful, happy life, and peacefully departed July 25, 1851, aged 80 years; and with my honored father, sleeps in Jesus, in the Radnor cemetery, till the day of immortal awakening and the re-union in heaven.

AT HOME AGAIN. Finding my loved ones in health and cheer, and resuming my pastoral work, so kindly welcomed by the church and congregation, harmony and love prevailing, my cup was full; and never was labor for the Master more delightful on my home field, and in the extension and improvement of Sunday-schools and preaching beyond the lines of my church work.

A MISSIONARY JOURNEY. After harvest in 1840, I spent six weeks in North-western and Central Ohio, preaching almost every evening and twice on Sunday, securing congregations the best I could.

During the day, on my trusty horse, I would explore a settlement, call on the settlers in their log houses and clearings, announce preaching, or a Sunday-school address in the school-

house, and invite them to attend. After preaching, if the outlook was hopeful, we would hold a conference on the subject of religion or the organization of a Sunday-school. In Allen and Van Wert counties, where I had previously visited and established schools, I found the good work well sustained and extending.

At Gomer, the Welsh settlement on Pike Run, a church had been gathered, and a log chapel built. Here I preached several sermons, administered the ordinances of the household of faith, received, on profession, eight new members into the church, glad to see the grace of God, "and exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord." During this journey I preached thirty times, besides making Sunday-school and temperance addresses, travelled 430 miles, and returned to my own chosen field and labor, refreshed and strengthened in body and soul.

WORK IN CINCINNATI. In the winter of 1840, I spent a week in the city at the request of the Welsh immigrants, chiefly mechanics, laborers, and domestics, enterprising and industrious. My former labors among them had not been fruitless. They continued their Sunday-school and prayer meetings, and rented a loft over an engine house on Lawrence street for a chapel. On the basis of Christian union, professors of

different denominations united together, organized a church, and elected deacons. Several backsliders renewed their religious lives, and new converts were added to the church. In a subsequent visit, I found that the little flock was growing in grace and in numbers, and that the engine house loft would not seat the congregation. An abandoned house of worship on the same street was for sale. It was a substantial brick building, capable of seating four hundred and well located for their purpose. Through the kindness of Hon. Belamy Storer, who had the house for sale, the purchase was made at \$3500, half down, and the balance on time. At the time, this was a great undertaking, but the religious zeal and liberality of the congregation, receiving some aid from sympathizing Americans, soon discharged the debt. The same building, improved and beautified, is now the pleasant home of the Welsh Congregational church of three hundred members, supporting a good minister, Rev. David Jones, D.D., and contributing to the spread of the gospel at home and abroad.

FAMILY BEREAVEMENT. In the summer of 1841, a dark cloud overshadowed my heart and home. My beloved wife, a true helpmate, and a lovely Christian, died in the triumphs of faith, and was gathered to her fathers. A dear little

daughter survived her a few months; but this lovely flower soon withered, the Lord took her, and left my heart sad and my home desolate.

In the midst of my disappointments and trials God was my "refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," and I realized solace and comfort in my pastoral and Sunday-school missionary labors, and the hand of the Lord was with me.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL MISSIONARY WORK. My labors and experience in behalf of Sunday-school extension in our new settlements, with their heterogeneous population, convinced me of the great need of an agency like the American Sunday-School Union to meet their moral and spiritual necessities. On its undenominational basis, through its missionary operations, Bible-schools could be established and sustained, and a sound religious literature introduced, important and reliable factors in educating the intellect and the heart of the ignorant and the neglected, to know, to love, and to serve God.

This missionary service takes the Sunday-school where it is needed, prepares the way by a thorough canvass of the locality for its organization, and awaking public confidence and interest in its behalf. The way being thus opened, if the people were sufficiently interested, and desired a school, and the officers and

teachers needed for its management and instruction could be found, the missionary was on hand to aid in its organization.

These facts show the wonderful adaptation of the American Sunday-School Union to accomplish successfully its mission in behalf of the youth of our country, otherwise destitute of the opportunities it offers for the study of the Holy Scriptures, and to acquire the Divine knowledge necessary to meet the duties of life, and the rewards of eternity.

THE WORK ILLUSTRATED. In the prosecution of my labors, the difficulties I encountered were largely the indifference of the people, the want of officers and teachers of piety and fitness for the work, and sometimes, opposition from infidelity and sectarian bigotry.

In most of the settlements and new villages, becoming acquainted with the people, preaching the blessed gospel of the Son of God, and addresses on the Sunday-school subject would prepare the way to crystallize the religious element into a union effort to establish a Sunday-school and to secure the appliances and a library necessary for its successful operation.

OPPOSITION OVERRULED. In exploring a neighborhood where I found no church nor Sunday-school, and very few religious people, I met a party of men in a clearing, rolling logs.

I was cordially greeted, and, as I sat in my saddle, I was offered a drink of whiskey, which I pleasantly declined. Then, I told them who I was, and what was my business, and arranged to have a meeting in the school-house that evening. I inquired if I could find a religious man in the settlement. "O yes, Mr. Turner, the shoe-maker, a mile from here, is a mighty good man, and goes for religion."

I found him in his shop, a small log cabin on the road-side, and his dwelling back of it. I told him my object in visiting the settlement, and that I was a preacher. He heard me with astonishment, laid aside his shoe-making tools, and invited me to his house, saying that he was very glad to see me, and to bid me God-speed in my work.

He was an Englishman from Bristol, where he had been a Sunday-school scholar and teacher. After supper, in his humble, but hospitable home, we started for the Cross Roads school-house. I saw Mrs. Turner folding a fork and a tallow candle in a piece of paper. I thought that I understood all the mysteries of log cabin life, but I could not understand why the fork and the candle should go together, unless she was returning the fork which she had borrowed of a neighbor that she expected to meet at the school-house.

With Mrs. Turner, carrying the paper in one hand and a firebrand in the other, and her husband with a Bible, we made our way to the Cross Roads and found a number of people already there. At the school-house door, the good woman lighted the candle, perforated it with the fork, and stuck it in a log near the desk where I was to stand, a satisfactory solution of the fork mystery. The school-house was well filled, and, considering the dim light and the promiscuous audience assembled, we had good order, and respectful attention. After preaching a short gospel sermon, I spoke of the object and methods of the Sunday-school work, and invited remarks by any of my hearers. Mr. Turner spoke very favorably, encouraging his neighbors to have a union Sunday-school established.

A man, quite rough in his appearance, stood up in the dim light, and vigorously opposed my proposition to start a Sunday-school. He earnestly warned the people to beware of the "black coat who was about to humbug them." He said that his father lived in New Jersey when the American Sunday-School Union started; it was supported by British gold to unite Church and State, and that it was managed by priest-craft, adding, "If you have anything to do with this Sunday-school business,

you will rue the day. Keep out of it, and no harm will come."

Another plain looking man said: "I heard this stranger in the clearing this forenoon, and this evening, and I am in favor of having a Sunday-school. I have nine children to send, and although I do not know much about the matter, one thing I do know—if it was not a good thing, the Esquire would not be so dead set against it."

The vote to have a school organized was almost unanimous. Mr. Turner was chosen superintendent, and a small sum was raised for books, which, supplemented by a donation from the Union, provided the appliances, and a library of one hundred volumes worth ten dollars, needed by the school. On Sunday morning a much larger congregation assembled, and, in the open air, I preached on what the Bible teaches concerning man as a sinner, and Jesus Christ as a Saviour. I was much encouraged by the attention of my hearers standing around me or seated on the grass.

After the sermon, I invited all, young and old, that desired to enter the Sunday-school organization, to go to the school-house. About forty, chiefly young people, enlisted in the Sunday-school army under the generalship of the Bristol Sunday-school boy. After prayer

and a hymn of praise, all who could read were supplied with Testaments if they had none. The others were supplied with the Union Primer, the Union Spelling-book (containing choice religious reading). Then, classes were formed as best we could, and teachers placed over them. The want of godly, intelligent, and competent teachers, we generally realized as a great obstacle in our work. After thus arranging the scholars, I taught the Testament class, explaining the text, and asking questions, delighted with the attention and interest of the class, and the way several of them answered questions. The school prospered, and, in a few months, an itinerant preacher was attracted to the settlement. God blessed his labor; a religious society was formed, and continues to this day.

A GENEROUS OLD LADY. In the pursuit of my mission, my explorations resulted in holding a public meeting fairly attended; and, finding several men and women of piety and experience in Sunday-school work in the old settlements willing to unite their efforts, the organization of the school was well and easily accomplished.

An aged woman was greatly interested, but evidently did not understand the Sunday-school

work. With a genial face and winning words she said :

“ I want to help the preacher and the Sunday-school all I can. A cabin is empty on our place, and I have a cow I can spare, so the preacher may get along and live among us.”

I thanked her for her kind and liberal offer, but said that I did not expect to live in the settlement.

“ Well, then, who is to keep things a-going if you go away ? ”

I told her that the superintendent and teachers would do the work, and do it well.

“ I hope so,” was her reply, “ but, I never know’d that any of them could keep school or hold meetings.”

The generous old friend, in due time, found that home talent, with the blessing of God, could keep a Sunday-school and make it a great blessing in the community.

In my missionary journeyings I came to a settlement where the growing prosperity of the inhabitants was indicated in hewed log dwellings, barns, and broader fields ; but I saw no house of worship, and the school-house was a shabby log building, and out of repair. Inquiring at a house about the religious affairs in the neighborhood, the replies were discouraging. As it was the noon hour, the farmer invited me

to have my horse fed, and to eat dinner. I found him very sociable, but not interested in my mission. I inquired if he had religious neighbors.

“Well, stranger, they are scarce; but two miles from here, there is a Methodist, a good man, that can sing hymns and pray at funerals.”

By this time his wife had found a paper she wished me to read. It was a certificate of her church membership in Pennsylvania, ten years before. She mourned over her loss of religious privileges and Christian fellowship, but said: “I am holding on to the Sabbath day, my Bible, and secret prayer.”

She invited me to officiate at the family altar, all the family being present; it was a great pleasure to comply. It was now time for me to make my way to the house of the “good Methodist who could sing hymns and pray.” The husband instructed me how to find his home. The good wife said: “John, you go with him. You can cut through the woods and save a mile.”

“Oh! I am too busy plowing.”

“The boys can do the work. I think you ought to go.”

Like a good husband, he obeyed his wife, and became my guide. We reached our destination

and found our "good Methodist" at work in the field. After a short conversation, during which I told him for what object I was traveling. He inquired:

"Are you a Methodist preacher?"

"No, I am a Presbyterian, but my labors are undenominational. I aim to unite all religious people together, and establish union Sunday-schools, and preach the gospel pure and simple."

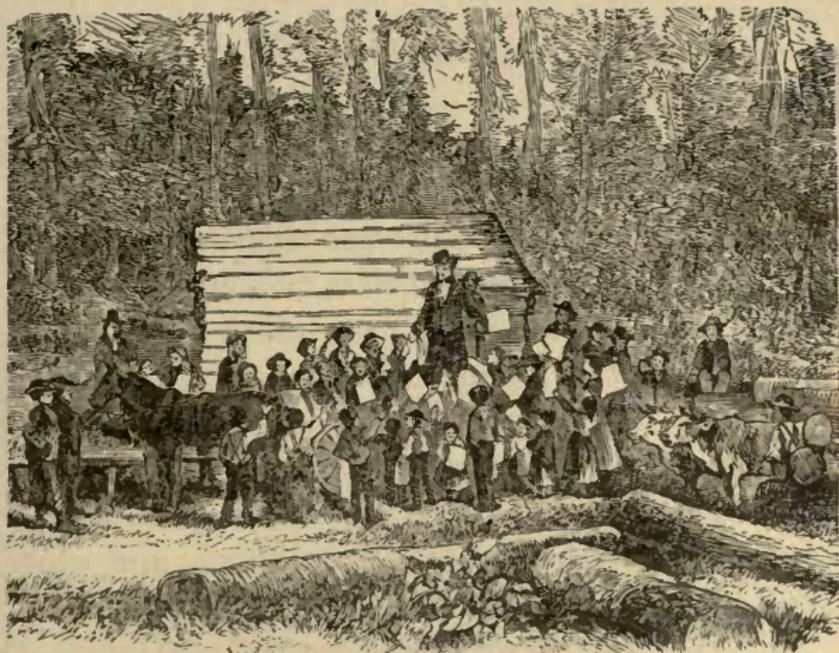
"Well, I am a Methodist, and though we have no class here, I love my church, and want to be true to it. If you get up a Methodist Sunday-school, I will go in for it."

"If the people in this settlement so desire, I will do all I can to help establish such a school. We force no ecclesiastical type on our missionary work, and the people can do as they please."

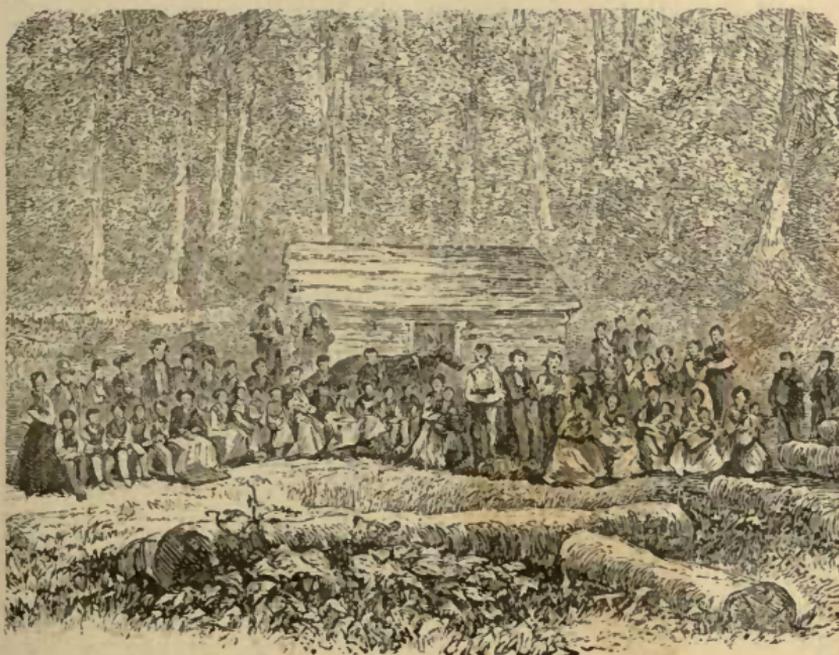
At this point my guide spoke out: "I think it would be better for us all to unite and have a union school at first."

Our Methodist friend said: "I am glad to find that you are in favor of such a good thing as a Sunday-school, and I will not insist on my way, but fall in with this preacher, and help all I can."

A public meeting was held, well attended, and after my address, a unanimous vote settled



Preaching on the Frontier.



Sabbath-school in the Woods.

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in approximately 20 horizontal lines across the page.

the question of organizing a union school, and our Methodist brother was chosen superintendent; the only man in the district that prayed in public. He invited me to his house, as he wanted me to instruct him in the management of the school, and how to teach the Bible.

On Sunday morning, a large crowd assembled at the school-house to hear preaching, and to see the Sunday-school established. My audience, respectful and attentive, more than filled the house, so I stood on the threshold and conducted the service; more than half my hearers standing outside. I stood on a log, and took the names of all who desired to enlist as scholars, and forty-five were enrolled. We then went into the school-house, arranged the classes, and set the school at work. A class of boys using the Union Spelling-book had no teacher. I asked the superintendent to appoint one. He went out where most of the people remained. He came in, and said: "There is a young man seated on the fence, in his shirt sleeves, a red handkerchief around his neck. He don't swear, or drink liquor. Try him."

I went out, put my hand on his knee, and asked him to help us, by teaching that class of boys.

"O sir, I don't belong to meeting, and I am no school-master."

“Do you believe in the Bible, and in Christianity?”

“Yes, indeed, I do, and my old mother is a good Christian.”

“Well, my friend, I know of no reason why you should not be like your mother, a good Christian in heart and life. Come in and help us.”

With a very serious look he said: “I ’ent much that way, but I won’t hang back. I’ll do the best I can.”

This man, a nominal believer in the Bible and in Christianity, the son of a godly mother, was the best material for a Sunday-school teacher available. I was glad to accept his service, and to hope that as a means of grace, it might result in his conversion and Christian character.

The great draw-back on our missionary work in those early times was the want of qualified officers and teachers, men and women of faith, of Bible knowledge, apt to teach, and blessed with continuance in well doing.

Yet, with one man or woman possessing the requisite qualifications, energy and perseverance, a school could be established and sustained in almost any community.

The distribution of the Holy Scriptures, placing them where they will be appreciated and read, is another important part of our mission-

ary work, useful and blessed of God. Enlisting teachers in this educational and religious service has been a blessing to multitudes, both in receiving and imparting spiritual good, and developing their religious life and talent.

When I found a young man with the gift of teaching, holding, and instructing his class, I would become acquainted with him, his habits, avocation, character, his religious experience, and convictions of duty. Satisfied on these matters, I would present for his prayerful consideration the claims of the gospel ministry, if called of God to the sacred and important calling. In this way candidates for the ministry have been found, and encouraged to seek the sacred office. Responding to what they understood as the call of God, and Providence opening the way, they entered a course of education, and devoted their lives to the service of God and his church.

A NEW WORK. In 1842 and 1843, during the winter season, for several reasons my missionary labors were prosecuted with serious disadvantage, and were partially given up. To be useful, and to relieve myself of a financial burden incurred in building a house, I spent three months during each of these winters in teaching a private school. A number of young people in my congregation, and in surrounding neigh-

borhoods, having graduated in their log cabin schools, were anxious to prosecute advanced studies.

With the consent of my church, and granted the use of our chapel, I opened my school, and was well patronized. I had classes in Latin, mathematics, philosophy and literature. I found reviewing my studies of earlier years a pleasure, and of advantage. Some of my scholars entered, and succeeded in professional life—one was heard, as patriot and statesman, in legislative halls—one became, and is now, a distinguished journalist of national reputation—others became successful teachers and enterprising farmers: men and women with a record honorable to themselves, and their old instructor.

OPPOSITION AND ROWDYISM. In my preaching and Sunday-school missionary labors, I scarcely ever encountered opposition, or unpleasant treatment; but, in advocating the cause of temperance, on two occasions the sons of Belial assailed me with weapons of their own selection, but I escaped unharmed.

While I was delivering a temperance address in the Washington Methodist Episcopal chapel, six miles from my own, on a pleasant Sabbath night, before a large and sympathizing audience, in the midst of my discourse, the windows being open, I became the target for a volley of eggs.

I escaped the missiles, but, as the eggs dashed against the opposite wall, the "sun bonnets" of some of my lady hearers were sadly soiled. There followed a great commotion in my congregation; women screamed, and the men rushed out to capture the cowardly assailants, but the evil-doers escaped. Order was soon restored, and we continued the meeting. We united heartily in singing the old and familiar hymn,

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And, shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
"Sure I must fight, if I would reign,
Increase my courage Lord,
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

After this song, rendered with what we sometimes called "arousement," I continued my address with a new-born freedom and enthusiasm. A goodly number signed the pledge, and the friends of law and order in that locality were multiplied and strengthened.

Some time afterwards, a citizen from that neighborhood called on me at my home, and said:

"I understand that I am suspected of being in the gang that threw eggs at you while making a temperance speech in the Washington meeting-house. I want to assure you, Mr.

Chidlaw, I had no hand in it, and I want you to relieve me of being suspected. I don't believe in your style of temperance, but I respect you, and would never engage in such mean business as egging a preacher, or disturbing a congregation."

I accepted his statement, and hoped he would become a temperance man and a follower of Jesus Christ.

On another occasion, while addressing a good audience in a log school-house, in a community where intemperance and drinking habits prevailed, and where, for the want of religious helpers I had failed to organize a Sunday-school, I suffered another attack.

The school-house was lighted with three tallow candles. All was orderly for some time, but when my address was half finished, the candles were extinguished, leaving us in total darkness. Some of the "lewd fellows of the baser sort" scattered through the congregation, simultaneously did this deed of darkness so as to break up our meeting. Some confusion ensued. I entreated my hearers to remain quiet. I could continue my address in the dark, and they could hear.

A friend went to a farm-house near by, and obtained a firebrand, (no matches in those days) and relighted the candles. This opposi-

tion, harmless as it was, helped to turn public sentiment in favor of temperance and its advocate. Our meeting progressed without further opposition, an organization was formed, and thirty-five members secured, and a marked improvement in the habits of the people was the result.

BACKWOODS HOSPITALITY. In my early tours as a missionary of the American Sunday-School Union in the new settlements of Ohio and Indiana, the latch-string of the pioneer home was everywhere and always out. I always approached it with confidence, and seldom failed to receive a cordial welcome, and was greeted kindly when my mission was made known."

"Yes sir, glad to see a preacher, and have him stay with us. We will do the best we can for you and your horse," would be the response.

On an autumnal afternoon, making my way through the woods following a "blazed track" (trees marked in a straight line) from one settlement to another, I came to a clearing with a log house and barn that looked hopeful as a stopping-place for the night. Approaching the house, I saw a man engaged in skinning a wild deer that he had shot. After the usual salutation to which he pleasantly responded, as it was near sunset, I inquired if I could be entertained for the night. He asked if I was hunt-

ing land. "No sir," I replied. "I am a preacher of the gospel, and a Sunday-school missionary looking for work." He left the carcass and went to the house, and soon his wife came to the door, greeted me with a pleasant smile, and said :

"We are not well fixed to keep you, but you are welcome to the best we have."

The husband requested me to dismount, saying :

"If you wait till I finish this job, I will see to your horse," adding, "or, if you like, you can put away the horse. You will find water at the trough by the well; and hay and oats in the barn."

Accustomed to take care of my horse, I promptly attended to the business, and my faithful animal found a good place and plenty of feed. Then I went to the house, a round log building, 18x20 feet, one story, with a small window and a clapboard door hung on wooden hinges. The furniture was quite primitive, but everything neat and clean, and I found a comfortable seat on a splint bottom chair.

The good wife came in with an apron full of corn she had just gathered in the field. Taking down from a peg in one of the logs a large grater, home-made out of a superannuated tin

coffee-pot perforated with holes, she provided meal, and made excellent corn bread, familiarly known as "Johnny cakes," which, with fried venison, and spice-wood tea (an aromatic shrub that grew wild in the woods), made us a delicious supper.

We spent the evening in pleasant and profitable conversation, had family worship, and prepared for retirement. A bed was extemporized for the preacher on the puncheon (hewed slabs) floor of the cabin, which with his saddle blanket, and his saddle bags for his pillow, made a comfortable resting-place for the night, which was spent in refreshing sleep till day dawned next morning.

Our breakfast was a repetition of the good supper the previous evening, with the change of rye coffee for spice-wood tea.

The kind-hearted husband was not a professor of religion, but a firm believer in Christianity, and the Bible on which it is founded. His wife had a certificate of church membership given her when she left the old settlement, and earnestly longed for gospel privileges and fellowship with the people of God.

After family worship and religious conversation, I was ready to continue my journey. My horse in good trim was brought to me at the door. I tendered payment for my accommoda-

tion and cheer, but my generous host said: "No sir, your company and talk have paid up in full. Come again soon. We will be glad to see you, and hope to do better for you."

Amid the toil and some privations incident to these early missionary services, the compensation experienced in the pleasure and the success of the work, the kindness of the people, their ready mind to hear the word, and co-operate in our efforts to accomplish our mission, were very satisfactory and comforting.

ECCLESIASTICAL CHANGE. In the controversies preceding the division of the Presbyterian church in 1837, I avoided taking any active part, devoting my time and energies to my pastorate, and Sunday-school work. My relations to my brethren of the Presbytery and the churches, had always been pleasant, and for my advantage; but in the spring of 1838, following my convictions and sense of duty, I applied to my Presbytery for a regular dismissal to the New School Presbytery of Cincinnati. Instead of the usual letter, the following was granted, showing the spirit and feeling prevalent at the time:

"Rev. B. W. Chidlaw presented an application for a certificate of his moral and Christian character, stating that it was his intention to connect himself with the New School Presbytery of Cincinnati, and giving as his reason his conscientious opposition to the excising and pacification acts

of the General Assemblies of 1837-8, and his unwillingness to continue any longer with the church courts that recognize the constitutionality of said acts.

"Wherefore, it was resolved, that his request be granted; and, that Presbytery hereby express, in addition, their unshaken confidence in, and their sincere and unbroken affection for said brother, with whom they have had such pleasant ministerial and social intercourse in our past connection; and, now, as he is about to separate from us, we hope that our former friendly relations will still remain unbroken: and we pray that the blessing of the great Head of the church will go with him and make him a useful and efficient instrument in the hand of his great Master of building up his cause, and bringing sinners into the kingdom in whatever connection, and wherever he may be called in the Providence of God.

"By order of Presbytery,

"THOMAS E. HUGHES, S. C."

During the third of a century that the church continued divided, I ceased not to associate with, and to enjoy the confidence and brotherly kindness of my brethren of the Oxford Presbytery.

CHAPTER VII.

ANECDOTES OF PIONEER WORK.

MY letter of dismissal was honored when presented to the New School Presbytery of Cincinnati in session in the city, Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D., being moderator. At my request, the next meeting of Presbytery in the autumn was to be held in my church at Paddy's Run, twenty miles in the country. I invited Dr. Beecher to come out the day previous and to preach in the evening. To this he cheerfully responded. As he had never visited the congregation or preached in the neighborhood, his coming would be a great event in the community.

On a delightful afternoon in September the doctor arrived, wearied with the ride, and ready for a rest. In caring for his horse and buggy I found a tin bucket under the seat containing a piece of mutton and some vegetables, covered with a towel. This discovery was a mystery, and a serious perplexity to my wife. The time for supper was approaching, and her preparations were made; but the contents of the tin

bucket, and anxiety regarding the wishes of her venerable guest concerning his food, made her quite nervous. She proposed that I should call him at once, and ascertain what he would like for supper. While we were deliberating, the doctor came from his room, refreshed, and in a very happy mood. With fear and trembling my wife called us to supper. The doctor assured us that the ride and the country air had given him a good appetite, and that he would enjoy his meal in our country home. He spoke of the good bread and butter, the fried chicken was exactly to his taste, and the coffee with such rich cream was superior.

His approving words relieved her anxiety about the supper, but left the contents of the tin bucket still shrouded in mystery. While enjoying his pleasant and inspiring conversation after supper, I asked the doctor what was his pleasure concerning the tin bucket and its contents. Arising to his feet, and clasping his hands, he said :

“Why, brother Chidlaw, that was for Mrs. Beecher’s dinner, and I forgot to leave it at the corner of Sycamore and Seventh streets to be sent to Walnut Hills!”

In the evening a large congregation crowded the meeting-house, and many were standing outside anxious to hear the celebrated preacher.

The doctor was pleased to see such an assembly in and around a country chapel, but said: "I do not feel like preaching. Get another brother to take my place." I said this would not do, as the people expected to hear him, and if he did not preach they would be disappointed.

In those days, tallow candles in tin candlesticks on the walls and on the pulpit, afforded what was, indeed, "a dim religious light" in the house of the Lord. Rev. A. Benton, of College Hill, conducted the opening services in his impressive and inspiring manner. I was in the pulpit with Dr. Beecher, and doing all I could in trimming and snuffing the candles on the pulpit. The light was so dim that the eminent preacher found it difficult to use his manuscript, and on that account he lost much of his usual freedom and power, and was evidently not himself.

On leaving the chapel, old Deacon David Jones came to me and said:

"You made a great mistake to-night in having that aged minister to preach. As Dr. Beecher failed to come you should have asked Mr. Benton to preach."

I told the good deacon that it was Dr. Beecher that preached, but if he would wait till to-morrow, in daylight, when the doctor preached the

opening sermon of the Presbytery, the preacher would be all right, and he would say so.

The sermon he delivered at the opening of Presbytery was on the text. "But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost," 2 Cor. 4: 3. It was a wonderful discourse, and delivered with an unction from above that produced a marked and deep impression on his hearers. The good old deacon was carried away with the sermon and its delivery, and till his death frequently referred to it as a grand vindication of the love of God in the gospel, and his justice in the terrible consequence of neglecting it.

The meeting of Presbytery, the sermons preached, and the social intercourse of the ministers and elders with the people, greatly helped the young pastor, and was a benediction to the church and the community. Then, our ecclesiastical meetings were largely devotional, and for preaching—times of refreshing from the presence of God, and the awakening and conversion of sinners.

RE-ESTABLISHING MY HOME. On the 26th of June, 1842, I was united in marriage by Rev. Horace Bushnell, a venerable and highly esteemed pioneer preacher in the Miami valley, to Miss Rebecca Hughes, youngest daughter of Ezekiel and Mary Hughes, a substantial and religious

family, and among the first settlers of White-water township, Hamilton county, Ohio. Mr. Hughes emigrated from North Wales in 1795, spent a year in Philadelphia, and in 1796, with his cousin Edward Bebb, landed from a flat-boat at Fort Washington (now Cincinnati) in the North-western Territory. In 1801, he bought two sections of land, the first land sold by the Government west of the Miami river. Then, the public domain was sold in sections (640 acres each) at \$1.25 per acre, and as no less quantity could be bought, poor people suffered. General W. H. Harrison was then in Congress from the Territory, and by his efforts, a law was enacted to subdivide the sections into halves, quarters, and eighths, so that men of small means could secure land and homes. This public service rendered by General Harrison was a special advantage to the adventurous and hardy pioneers of those western wilds.

The house of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes was the home of ministers, and a preaching place in early times before meeting-houses were built and churches organized. They, in their lives and character, aided largely in laying the foundations of education, morality, and religion in the community where they lived, and in a good old age, and full of years, were gathered to their fathers, leaving a good name an inher-

itance to their children and the generation following..

My home restored, a kind and faithful companion sharing my trials and labors, in efficient sympathy with me and my work, my pastoral and missionary labors were never so pleasant and apparently fruitful.

A CHANGE OF FIELD. In 1844, after eight years of ministerial service at Paddy's Run, the church was growing in numbers and activity, my salary was increased, and the outlook was encouraging, but I was invited to another and peculiar field. After conference with my people, and prayer to God, I was led to tender my resignation ; which, with expressions of confidence, esteem, and love, my church accepted.

In 1844 the Presbyterian churches of Cleves, Elizabethtown and Berea, two congregations a few miles apart, the former New School, the latter Old School, weary of division, were ready to unite and to invite me to supply their pulpits. This field was attractive, my wife's family resided within its bounds, the prospect of re-uniting the congregations, with enlarged opportunities, and the understanding that I should continue my Sunday-school work, led me to accept the call.

Selling my house, and aided by my father-in-law, I was provided with a comfortable home

midway between the churches. Two brothers, Thomas and Jacob Hunt, wealthy farmers, built a meeting-house in Elizabethtown. Berea Chapel, near my dwelling, built in 1822, was repaired and beautified, and the church edifice in Cleves was improved, showing that the people had a heart to work and to encourage their minister. Love and harmony prevailed, our congregations improved, the Sunday-schools increased in number and interest, and additions were made to the church. In every way the good cause prospered, and the churches were strengthened, so that at the end of the year, it was thought advisable that each congregation should have a pastor.

The American Sunday-School Union desired my entire time, and appointed me superintending missionary for Ohio and Indiana, a position I felt it my duty to accept. Thus, with the best feelings of all concerned, my labors in these congregations terminated; but I continued to reside within their bounds, so that when I would itinerate over my wide field, my family had a safe and comfortable home among their kindred and friends.

NEW DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES. As superintending missionary, I was placed in a broader and more important field, involving grave responsibilities. This was to find mission-

aries, locate them on their fields, and introduce them to their work, show them what it was, and how to do it.

The missionaries employed were ministers or laymen of different denominations, of good repute, experienced in Sunday-school work, intelligent, industrious, and devoted to their mission. Their work embraced the exploration of neglected and destitute places, settlements and villages, where no Sunday-school existed. By visiting families, and holding public meetings, they were to awaken an interest and to crystallize that interest into a union Sunday-school, and to enlist in its support officers and teachers, and to supply it with the necessary appliances and a library. Having as far as possible perfected the organization, their aid was useful in instructing the officers and teachers in the art of teaching, and in the methods of managing the school and in the use of the library.

In addition to this preliminary labor, the faithful missionary will, as soon and as frequently as possible, visit the schools, encouraging teachers and scholars, and by holding public meetings arouse a growing interest in the work, and may succeed in opening the way to establish a school in some adjoining destitute locality. For Sunday-school extension and real usefulness, as well as permanency of work in our average population,

such an agency is indispensable. The Sunday-school is taken where it is needed, the work of establishing it is performed, the interest necessary to sustain it is aroused and set at work. These things, and others that could be mentioned, show the necessity and adaptation of the mission of the American Sunday-School Union to advance the religious education of our youth who are neglected, or superficially taught in the word of God and the way of salvation.

FINDING MISSIONARIES. In travelling over the country I would hear of brethren qualified and ready to enter the service, and engage them. Sometimes, by correspondence, this would be accomplished, but not as satisfactorily as by personal acquaintance.

In the spring of 1849, I found a daily school-teacher, a student from Oberlin College, employed in a district in Colerain township, Hamilton county, Ohio, who had established a Sunday-school in his district, and almost single-handed had sustained it successfully through the autumn and winter. He was through with the winter school, and anxious to find another, for with his earnings he was paying his way through college. He was receiving one dollar a day and boarding around for his service. I explained to him our missionary work, and satisfied with his qualifications and religious char-

acter, he was employed at the same terms, a dollar a day and necessary expenses. I reported to our secretary at Philadelphia, and the young man, Jackson G. Coffing, was commissioned.

I assigned him to Decatur and Bartholomew counties, Indiana. With his experience, zeal, and faithfulness, in seven months he established twenty-five union Sunday-schools. He sold, and donated wherever aid to obtain a library was needed, \$500 worth of our publications, and a large number of Bibles and Testaments, where there was a famine for the word of God among parents and children.

While engaged in this Christian work, the great question of his life's work was settled. He determined to study for the gospel ministry, and entered an advanced class in Marietta College. During his vacations, he labored as a missionary in the Muskingum valley, where he established quite a number of schools, besides doing other work for the Master.

After graduating, he went to the Union Theological Seminary, New York, and was employed by the New York Sunday-School Union in congenial service, for which he was well qualified, in the mission Sunday-schools of the city. Here, his labors, untiring and Christ-like, were greatly blessed in the gathering of neglected and exposed children into the Sun-

day-school fold, and teaching them the truth as it is in Jesus.

A TROPHY. In his labors of love, he was the means of rescuing an orphan waif from the slums of Baxter street, New York ; a little girl, selling candy on the streets, whose home was with an aged and dependent woman, living in a cheerless garret. He interested some good people in her behalf, she was placed in a good home, attended school, the Sunday-school and the sanctuary. Educated and a Christian, Maria Cheeseman was returned to her kindred in England, a lovely, intelligent, and religious young woman. The story of her rescue, "The Candy Girl," is published by the society, a charming biography, illustrating the value of missionary labor among the outcast, friendless, and exposed city waifs.

After graduating at the Union Theological Seminary, Mr. Coffing with his excellent wife, went to Syria, under the American Board of Foreign Missions. In a few years, they, with their co-laborers, had a Sunday-school of over 500 scholars, and a flourishing church at Aintab. In the midst of his abundant and useful labors, while travelling to a missionary-meeting at the foot of Mt. Lebanon, mistaking him for an English tourist, he was killed by a murderous

bandit—a tragic ending of a life God had so greatly blessed and honored.

Thirty years after Brother Coffing had planted the Sunday-school banner in those two counties, I attended a Sunday-school Convention. Memorials of his work were found, and his memory fondly cherished by some of the old people who remembered that servant of God and his work.

Theological students were employed for their vacation, and as far as possible in localities near at hand, or where they were acquainted. Some seasons I would employ ten to fifteen. Most of them would return from their fields bringing their sheaves with them, and benefitted in their personal religious life and experience, testifying that in contact with the people, by public addresses and establishing schools, they acquired knowledge not attainable within the walls of the seminary.

Funds expended in the employment of these young men answered a three-fold purpose: (1) The self-support afforded by their earnings. (2) The personal benefits they realized in the valuable experience gained. And, (3) the establishment of these Bible schools where the ignorant and neglected are participants of spiritual good, taught in the way of truth and

righteousness, and, we hope, many of them becoming wise unto salvation.

STEAMBOAT TRAVELLING. As my territory, from Evansville to Steubenville, was skirted a distance of about 700 miles by the Ohio river, I found steamboat navigation very convenient and sometimes a light tax on my pocket-book. On one of my voyages, the cabin well filled, I found several religious people, and proposed that we should have a religious service after tea. The consent of the captain was secured. A lady at the piano, with a few voices singing a well-known hymn and a familiar tune, called my congregation, and I preached unto them the word of the Lord. My audience increased, the card tables were abandoned, and none of my hearers left me until I had pronounced the benediction. Several thanked me for affording them the opportunity of hearing a gospel sermon, and avowed themselves the disciples of Christ.

The next morning, I called at the office to settle my fare. The clerk said: "Your fare, \$5, was paid last night."

"That, I think, is a mistake, sir, for I am sure I did not pay it."

"It's all right, sir, all right. Your sermon last night paid your fare. We carry such preachers for nothing. No charge, sir."

ANOTHER EXPERIENCE. The custom prevailed on some of our river steamers that if a cabin passenger invaded the lower deck, the quarters of the crew, they would unceremoniously surround him and demand a treat; a bottle of whiskey or the money to buy it. Not thinking of molestation, with some religious tracts for circulation, I made my way down to the lower deck where I found several of the crew seated on benches. I greeted them politely, and was entering on my mission, my hands filled with tracts. At once, they crowded around me, demanding the treat, whiskey or money, or they would tie me to a post; one of them holding a rope in his hand evidently ready for the business. I was in a dilemma. I did not think it right to give money for the purpose they named, and I did not like the looks of that rope.

I spoke to them as gentlemen, and asked that before I was tied to the post they would let me speak five minutes on the subject of temperance. The request was granted, with only one dissenting voice. He "wanted no fooling." I spoke kindly and earnestly on the evils of drinking liquor, but very soon one of them said: "First rate, that is enough, let him go."

"No, gentlemen, I have not finished my five minutes," and so I was allowed my time. I gave

each of them a tract, thanked them for my kind treatment, and went up into the cabin with a new experience.

Soon afterward, a fellow passenger, enraged, threatened vengeance, with a bowie knife in his hand, saying that the deck hands had forced him to give them money to buy liquor. They had tied him to a post and extorted the money before he was released. I went to him, and related my experience an hour or two before. He listened, cooled off, sheathed his bowie knife, and said:

“I will know how to deal with such fellows hereafter; but I must first quit drinking, be a temperance man, and learn how to make a temperance speech.”

BACKWOODS CURRENCY. In the first settlement of Darke and Mercer counties, Ohio, in the absence of money, the hardy pioneers used, as a circulating medium, a home-made currency. The woods abounded in young hickory trees, just the material to make hoop-poles, which they would cut and take to market and barter for store goods, or cash.

In a new settlement, a few miles from Fort Greenville, where General Anthony Wayne in 1795 negotiated a treaty with the Indians, ceding a large area of land to the United States Government, I found several religious families

without a church or a Sunday-school, but very anxious to enjoy gospel privileges and to have a Sunday-school established. The opening for my work was encouraging, and I entered upon it with confidence. In visiting the families during the day I announced a preaching service at their log school-house in the evening. I had a good turn out, my humble sanctuary was crowded, and I knew that my hearers were hungry for the word, glad to hear the gospel from the lips of a stranger. I endeavored to show them that godliness is profitable unto all things, and they gave earnest heed to the word spoken. At the close, we held a conference on the subject of establishing a Sunday-school. The outlook was bright, and a meeting for that purpose was appointed for the next evening.

The following day I spent in becoming better acquainted with the people and their religious needs. I found several of different denominations, and some of none, yet they were willing to unite in the support of a union Sunday-school. Two of the families had been connected with a Sunday-school in the old settlements, and having experience and an interest in the work, they gave me much encouragement.

Our meeting to confer in regard to the establishment of the school was well attended. After my address, a vote was taken, and it was

unanimous that a school should be started and a superintendent elected. I showed samples of the books necessary for the successful operation of the school, and asked for a contribution for their purchase. Knowing their poverty, I said, if they could raise five dollars, the society would donate the balance needed to secure the elementary books and a hundred volume library. The collection was almost a failure, the response was very feeble. While the financial movement was at a stand, I saw two men conversing together earnestly, and one of them came to me, and inquired if I could use hoop-poles. I scarcely understood his question, and asked how hoop-poles could be converted into money.

“I’ll tell you our plan. John, and me, with our boys, can go to the woods, and cut a wagon load, and you can have them to help pay for these books we need, and want to have.”

“But, my good friend, I cannot take them to market in my saddle bag. What will it cost to take them, and how much money will a load of hoop-poles bring?”

“Well, the road is good now, a team can take them to the canal, and return in about three days, and if the load is large, and the hoop-poles good, it will bring, say, four dollars.”

With this information, delighted with the

willing mind of the people, and their anxiety to secure the books, I said: "The American Sunday-School Union will take the will for the deed, and will give the books as a donation."

This announcement was a joyous surprise to these people in their abounding poverty, and they accepted it as a gift, divinely bestowed from a source they knew not of. As the almoner of the benefactions of contributors to the American Sunday-School Union, I always endeavored to be careful and judicious in their bestowment—to help those who did their best to help themselves. In this way, the people were encouraged, and the funds of the society properly applied, a safe investment, yielding a large and sure dividend.

Revisiting. I spent some time in North-western Ohio breaking new ground and looking after the Sunday-schools I had established on previous tours. I found most of the schools holding on and prospering. One had developed into a religious society, housed in a hewed log chapel, and enjoying the ministrations of the gospel. Some were languishing, and needed reviving, and two had "died out," disbanded, proved failures. I made inquiries to ascertain what had become of the Bibles, hymn books, and library belonging to the defunct schools. I was informed that after the schools ceased to

exist the books, in equal shares, were divided among the families that attended the schools. Thus, the dead Sunday-school lived a vigorous life through the Holy Scriptures and a sound Christian literature in the homes, and in the hands of parents and children otherwise largely destitute.

A BOY ON THE WOOD-PILE. In travelling through a new country from one settlement to another, following a poor path, or blazed tracks through the woods, I frequently lost my way, wandering in uncertainty till I would see an improvement, a new home in the forest, or strike a road. On such occasions, I generally found that my trusty horse having his own way would go in a straight line, and take me to a clearing, or a road; but if I handled the reins, his course would be zig-zag, and we would wander in a circle, and make slow headway out of the woods.

By the sagacity of my horse I was glad to see a fence, then a cabin, which I was glad to approach after wandering for hours in the forest. On a wood-pile, in front of a log house, sat a boy reading. Emerging out of the woods, my eyes feasted on the sight, a grand spectacle of civilization in its literary character in the wilds of Ohio. Cheered by the unexpected sight, I rode up to the wood-pile, and greeted

the lad, about fourteen years of age. I inquired the way to a settlement I desired to reach. He answered my question satisfactorily. I thanked him and asked what book he was reading. Without looking for the title, he replied, promptly :

“ ‘ The Bible is True,’ sir.”

“ What do you think of the Bible, my boy ? ”

“ Well sir, I think a heap of the Bible, for it is the book that God gave us.”

“ Where did you get the book you are reading ? ”

“ In our Sunday-school library, sir.”

“ Where is your Sunday-school ? ”

“ Two miles from here, at the cross-roads, where you turn east.”

“ Do you go two miles to a Sunday-school ? ”

“ O, yes sir, and I like to go.”

“ When was your Sunday-school started ? ”

“ Well, sir, about two years ago the Sunday-school missionary came along, and he helped the folks to start it, and Esquire Johnson has kept it a-going ever since.”

“ What do you do in your Sunday-school ? ”

“ Why, we learn verses in the week at home, and say them to our teachers, and we have question books, and we answer questions, and I get a new book every Sunday from the library.”

The book in the hands of that boy, “ The

Bible is True," was published by the American Sunday-School Union. The argument from the fulfillment of prophecy, in simple language, and easily comprehended, is the text of the book. It is just the book, in style, matter, and object that our boys and girls should read that they may know and believe that the Bible "is the book God gave us," and, thus instructed, they may "think a heap of the Bible," and accept it as the only infallible rule of faith and practice.

This incident, showing the value and importance of the Sunday-school, its Divine textbook, oral instruction, its literature, and its elevating influence, cheered my heart, and encouraged me in the prosecution of my missionary labors, though sometimes attended with difficulties and disappointments.

The missionary department of the American Sunday-School Union, as well as the publishing department, meets the condition and needs of the people in early settlements of the West, and, blessed of God, has accomplished a great evangelistic work in their behalf.

SECURING A LIBRARY. On "Seven Mile," a beautiful stream, tributary to the Great Miami river, in Butler county, Ohio, in a small village of the same name, I found a church of "United Brethren in Christ," a small brick meeting

house, with a "circuit rider" preaching once a month, and no Sunday-school. Calling on the citizens at their homes, and finding in the daily school a teacher, religious and interested in Sunday-school work, who would coöperate with me, I was much encouraged. Arrangements were made for a public meeting in behalf of early religious education and the Sunday-school work.

The family that entertained me and my horse, became very much interested in my mission, and burdened me with kindness and attention. The farm was large and fertile, the barn well filled, and the home a two-story hewed log house, and their table loaded with substantials and delicacies. Seldom in my journeying had my lot fallen in such a pleasant place.

At the appointed hour, I found the meeting-house well filled with respectable and well disposed people, waiting to hear my message on the Sunday-school subject. After my discourse, they voted to have a Sunday-school and elected the daily school-teacher superintendent. I had some books on the table, and spoke of the importance of a good supply for the use of the school, and that when they employed a man to work on their farms, they supplied him with the implements of husbandry necessary to work with advantage. The Sunday-school was a field to be

cultivated, and these Bibles, hymn books, question books, are the implements needed, and a suitable supply at the opening of the school would cost \$20.00. In a community so well-to-do, and apparently interested, I had no misgivings as to raising the funds.

I held a subscription paper and pencil ready to take names. The well-to-do farmer whose guest I was, and from whom I expected a good start, after a solemn pause ventured to break the silence, and said: "Put me down for a bit" (the eighth of a dollar). This was a damper and a disappointment. I hesitated to make the record, waiting for a better beginning. A voice came from the crowd, "Put my name down for a dollar." That I did with a flourish, and my host stood up, and said: "Well, if Jacob can give a dollar, I will do the same. Please change my figure." In a few minutes I had \$18 subscribed, and the congregation was "enthused" and delighted at the result of our meeting.

The school was organized, and prospered, and continues to this day. Now, with two other large and flourishing schools in the village, it remains a witness not to despise the day of small things.

A PRESBYTERIAN CAMP-MEETING. In 1846, the Presbytery of Cincinnati (New School) licensed A. A. Vance to preach the gospel. He

spent several years of his young life in active business, serving the Lord at the same time, an elder in the church and superintendent of the Sunday-school, a diligent student of the Bible. Having a good common education, a knowledge of human nature, and being of studious habits, after spending a year in Lane Seminary he applied for licensure. Some members of Presbytery thought that he would better serve God as a layman; others favored his application. He was examined, and performed certain parts of trial which were sustained, and after considerable discussion he was licensed.

The young preacher, anxious for work, did not wait for a formal call. He went out into the highways and hedges, found three feeble churches, almost ready to disband—a very discouraging field—in the hill country a few miles back of Madison, Indiana. With courage and faith, love to Christ and the souls of the perishing, he commenced his work. Visiting from house to house, his good social qualities, savored with grace, made many friends, and his earnest scriptural preaching fed the flock and won souls to the Saviour and his fold.

Yearning for the enlargement of Zion and the salvation of souls scattered over his extended field, in September, 1846, he secured the united efforts of his three churches to hold a camp-meet-

ing. A central grove, convenient for the three churches, was selected, a beautiful spot, overshadowed by forest trees. Some thirty families built log cabins surrounding the area where seats were provided for an audience of five hundred, and on the west side a platform was erected, and the preacher's cabin in the rear. These families brought their beds, cooking utensils, and provisions with them. In the rear of the cabins, fuel being abundant and water convenient, our daily bread was prepared, good farmer's fare, and plenty of it. The camp-ground was lighted with candles attached to the trees, with log fires burning in different places.

These arrangements made, at the appointed day, the people, in wagons, on horseback, and on foot, began to arrive, and before sunset nearly all the cabins were occupied.

Pastor Vance, full of zeal and the spirit of service, was our leader, aided by Rev. Henry Little, agent of the American Home Missionary Society; Rev. A. Carnahan of Dayton, Indiana; Rev. H. Curtis of Madison, and the Sunday-school missionary. After an early supper, the camp shrouded in the mantle of night, and illuminated by the blazing log fires and the tallow candles on the platform, the sound of a tin horn called the people together for a prayer-meeting before the hour for preaching. A

spirit of prayer evidently filled the hearts of the suppliants, beseeching the presence and power of the Holy Spirit in the encampment, and in the souls of all present. Two of the brethren preached practical discourses adapted to our circumstances at the opening of the meeting. They evidently interested and impressed the audience. At the close, the congregation dispersed. Those who lived not far away, went to their homes, the families to their cabins, and the five preachers to their quarters, comfortably furnished, for the rest of the night. This was our home, where we enjoyed social converse, laid out our plans, and received visitors. We were the guests of the families, and fared well.

At five the next morning, the sound of the tin horn aroused us, and at six o'clock we had family worship in the cabin where we breakfasted. Then followed a half hour for prayer and conference held in front of the platform. During the day we had three sermons, doctrinal and practical—the law and the gospel—with earnest appeals to the unconverted to consider their ways, to repent of sin, and accept the Saviour now able and willing to save them. It was soon evident that the Holy Spirit was moving on the hearts of the people, reviving believers, and awakening the impenitent. Meet-

ings for inquirers were held after the preaching, and the opportunity to converse on the subject of religion was at first accepted by a few; but, day by day, the number increased, and converts testified of the power of Jesus Christ to save, and their purpose to confess and to serve him. Meetings of session were held, and applicants for membership, if the way was clear, were received into the church.

On the third day of our services, the communion was celebrated, and thirteen converts confessed Christ and partook of the sealing ordinance. Among these were a father and five children. The godly wife and mother had long prayed and faithfully labored for their conversion. She told one of the preachers the first day of the meeting, that she had in her heart the assurance that God would graciously answer her prayers, and that on this encampment her husband and her children would be saved. God honored her faith and her labors of love in behalf of her family. The new members occupied the seat in front of the platform and the table, to take upon them the vows of the Lord, and to confess Christ before men. It was a touching sight when this wife and mother left her place among the communicants, and took her seat at the side of her husband, two sons, and three daughters, for the first time

with them to commemorate the love of Jesus and his death for them.

In the early days of the meeting, a young woman was awakened, and inquired what she must do to be saved, but her impenitent father placed every obstacle in her way. She continued to seek her personal salvation, and was converted. Her father relented, and, on the last day of the meeting, he met the session, applied for membership, and was received.

During our six days of waiting on the Lord, our congregations were good and orderly. To the "lewd fellows of the baser sort" a Presbyterian camp-meeting offered few attractions; hence, we were not disturbed. This consecrated week, spent on the mount, in the forest of Indiana, was a blessing to us all. Near forty sinners professed their faith and trust in Jesus, three weak churches, a year before on the eve of dissolution, were revived and strengthened, and were rejoicing in bright prospects for the future. As ministers, we enjoyed preaching the gospel, the inquiry meetings, personal intercourse with the people, and especially, our social, brotherly fellowship in our quarters, and walking in the woods, realizing the sweet experience so happily expressed in the hymn :

“Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love !
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

* * * *

“From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free ;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.”

Of these dear brethren, pastor Vance, the true servant of Christ and his church, in two years was called from the work he loved so much to the rest above ; Brother Carnahan, dearly beloved, and highly esteemed for his work's sake, departed many years ago ; Brother Henry Little, the pioneer herald of the cross in Indiana, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, apt, and clear in dividing the word of God, and faithful in proclaiming it, like a shock of corn fully ripe, was more recently welcomed to the heavenly home ; Brother Curtis, with his silver tongue, warm Christian heart, and passion for souls, has also ended his earthly consecrated labors, while the writer, now far down the declivity of life, is still at work, satisfied with the long life God has given him, and cheerfully and hopefully waiting the will of his Lord ; while his co-laborers at the Middle Fork Presbyterian camp-meeting have finished their course, kept the faith, and won the prize.

CHAPTER VIII.

INCIDENTS OF WIDER WORK.

A STEP ONWARD. As Sunday-schools multiplied, and public interest in the work increased, I found it practicable in towns, and sometimes in the country, where we could unite two or more schools to hold a special meeting for worship and instruction. Securing the approval and coöperation of the ministers and officers of the schools, and holding the meeting at an hour not interfering with the other services, we had large audiences of scholars, teachers and friends.

Our object being to interest the youth in the study of the Scriptures, and in the increase of religious knowledge, I never aimed to amuse my hearers, or to excite merriment and laughter. The work on hand was too serious and important to admit of "courting a smile, when I should win a soul." I always endeavored, after selecting a proper subject, in a lively, and, if possible, in an interesting way, to arouse and hold the attention of my youthful hearers, and to feed them with "the sincere milk of the

word," that, thereby, they might grow in grace, and in the knowledge of God, of Christ, and salvation. The "old, old story" told in simple, clear language, illustrated by incidents, graphic, and with a point easily seen and understood, seldom failed to interest my confiding and impressible hearers.

Of this I had an illustration in 1889. Invited to address a large Sunday-school gathering at Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, on the occasion of the dedication of "Clifford Chapel," their beautiful and well arranged Sunday-school home, the superintendent, George Keys Thompson, Esq., a distinguished lawyer and elder in the church, a leader in religious work, in presenting me to the congregation composed of adults and youth, said: "When I was a boy, attending Sunday-school, a Sunday-school missionary addressed us. His talk interested and impressed my young mind, and I have never forgotten some things he said; and, now, my dear scholars, I am going to introduce the same Sunday-school missionary to you."

This unexpected testimony from such a witness, in such encouraging words, cheered and strengthened my soul, and filled it with thanksgiving to God for the privilege and pleasure of being his servant in such a blessed work.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CELEBRATIONS. With the

advance of the Sunday-school cause in the country, especially in agricultural districts, another phase of progress and usefulness was developed in popular gatherings of youth and adults. In the summer, after the harvest was gathered, and farm work was not pressing, arrangements would be made for this gathering of Sunday-schools and their friends. A committee would be appointed, whose duty it was to select some central grove for the place of meeting, prepare the platform and the seats, arrange the singing, and select the speakers.

Generally, from five to twenty schools would unite, from a large area of country, and representing all denominations. At the appointed time, the schools, averaging seventy-five scholars, in decorated farm wagons, drawn by four horses, would arrive at the entrance of the grove. On their arrival, with the national flag and their Sunday-school banners waving, they would be welcomed by the local school, and escorted, singing as they marched, to the seats in front of the platform. When all the schools were assembled and seated, one of them would go to the platform and open the service, singing a favorite hymn, followed by reading a Scripture lesson, and prayer. Another school would then take the platform, and praise God in sacred song, the audience joining in the chorus. With

this introductory service preparing the way, an address on some subject relating to religious education would be delivered, followed by another on some feature in our Sunday-school work, regarding methods of management and teaching, and the use of the library. At the noon hour, the grove carpeted with green sod would suddenly become a vast dining hall. On white table cloths, spread on the green sod, the well filled baskets would be emptied of their contents, and a well prepared and plentiful dinner would be relished.

The grove then presented a lively social scene. Scores of groups, families and invited guests, happy and joyous, beneath majestic trees, was an inspiring scene, the product of our Christian civilization and our Sunday-school work. During this noon hour, sociability had the sway, old friends met each other, and new acquaintances were made, and the young people were free and easy, enjoying themselves in the most decorous and genial manner.

The singing on the platform by one of the schools was our call to re-assemble. Addresses to parents and teachers and the general public were heard, interspersed with soul-stirring songs, rendering our afternoon services interesting and profitable. At its close, there took

place a general hand shaking and hearty good-bye. Then, in their wagons, waving their banners, and with the voice of song, the schools departed, and the crowd soon dispersed. Such a day of relaxation, instruction, and Christian sociability, had a favorable influence on the moral and religious interests of the people and on the advancement of the Sunday-school cause.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTIONS. Another footprint of the onward march of Sunday-school progress and usefulness was indicated in the organization of union county conventions in Ohio and Indiana, as well as all over our broad land. Thirty years ago many of the counties of Ohio were organized, and in excellent working order. Their annual meetings brought together many fellow laborers for prayer and conference, collected reliable statistics, and promoted Christian unity and co-operation in the furtherance of the good work. For the more vigorous and successful prosecution of the work, township organizations were secured, and a system of visitation of the schools introduced with very satisfactory results. It was found that if these county and township organizations were worked in love and with spiritual power, with wisdom and faithfulness, new life and energy would be infused all along the line of

Sunday-school effort to teach the Bible, to save souls and to honor God.

State Organizations. The spirit of union and labor developed in the county and township organizations naturally led to a State Union. The first that I attended, and probably the first in Ohio, was held in Cincinnati. General O. M. Mitchell, the devout astronomer and brave soldier, was president. For two days Smith and Nixon's Hall was crowded, and great interest manifested in its proceedings. Addresses were made by Hon. John A. Foote of Cleveland, Hon. Belamy Storer of Cincinnati, and other earnest and able advocates of the Bible study, and of the Sunday-school as a potent agency in its promotion.

In the early history of these state Sunday-school conventions I was honored with invitations to attend and participate in those of New York, held in Binghamton; Wisconsin, in Racine; Missouri, at Warrensburg; Illinois, at Bloomington; Indiana, at Indianapolis; Massachusetts, at Boston; Kentucky, at Maysville; Michigan, at Detroit, and in the Dominion of Canada, at Montreal and at Kingston.

Attending these conventions, and associating with so many Christ-loving and earnest people, deeply interested and experienced in the Sunday-school work, and in the religious welfare of

youth, was to me a great advantage, broadening my views of the work, and by the interchange of ideas my knowledge was increased, my confidence strengthened, and my zeal quickened. I am a debtor to my co-laborers for a large amount of encouragement, inspiration, and help in missionary labors.

I cherish many and precious memories of these state conventions. At Detroit, Michigan, a large, enthusiastic, and practical meeting, it was my lot at an evening service to be sandwiched in the order of speaking between the distinguished philanthropist, Gerrit Smith, Esq., and the no less distinguished soldier and statesman, Hon. Lewis Cass. Their eloquent and weighty endorsement of Christianity, the Bible and the Bible school, the Sabbath and the sanctuary, thrilled the great congregation with delight and enthusiasm; with courage and strength to do more and better work for Christ and the children, for God and the country.

One of our early conventions in Ohio was held at Columbus, where the Sunday-school host mustered in great numbers. T. P. Handy, Esq., of Cleveland, presided. The subject of Sunday-school literature was thoroughly discussed. Libraries, carefully selected by competent persons, were commended, and their introduction and use recommended. "How to hold

our scholars in regular and continued attendance" was considered, as also the subject of "Sunday-school benevolence; how developed, and to what applied."

The last afternoon was devoted to the children. The schools of the city met in their respective churches, and numbering 3500 scholars, officers and teachers, with waving banners and music, marched to the eastern terrace of the State House, where, surrounded by a large assembly of citizens, after singing and praying, they were addressed by Hon. William Dennison, governor of the State. In "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn" he eloquently and effectively commended the Sunday-school, its literature and hallowed influences, to the confidence, and liberal support of all citizens that loved their country, their God, and their race.

The First National Sunday-school Convention I attended was held in Jaynes' Hall, Philadelphia. Gov. James Pollock presided. Sixteen States were represented by 600 delegates, and two days were spent in prayer, praise and in the earnest discussion of great principles relating to Bible study, Sabbath observance, and the evangelization of the masses. An hour during the second day was given for a children's meeting. George H. Stuart presided.

The immense hall was crowded, and addresses, short and ringing, were delivered by Ralph Wells, Esq., of New York, Rev. S. H. Tyng, Sr., D.D., and Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, of Connecticut, and others. The meeting was a grand success, interesting old and young, and worthy of the great convention under whose auspices it was held.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION marked another era of progress in the Sunday-school work, especially in its extension, and the growing spirit of unity and coöperation in its advancement. The first of these new national conventions was held in Indianapolis, in 1872, when, after considerable discussion, the plan of using uniform lessons was adopted, and provisions made by the appointment of a large and competent committee of ministers and laymen of six different denominations to carry it out. The formulated lessons have been used for many years. Some Bible teachers, earnest and faithful, have found the lessons fragmentary and the continuity of the text broken, a great disadvantage in obtaining a systematic and satisfactory knowledge of the word of God, and that the idea of all our schools having the same lesson would be a great advantage. This is more of a sentiment than reality.

Fifty years ago, the American Sunday-School

Union prepared and published a series of consecutive question books, in which the text was unbroken and its continuity maintained. For many years they were widely used, and found very helpful in the systematic study of the Holy Scriptures.

CALLED EAST. In the spring of 1845, I was invited to attend the twenty-first anniversary of the American Sunday-School Union in Philadelphia, on the 20th of May. On Sunday evening previous, the annual sermon was preached by Rev. Richard Storrs, D.D., of Braintree, Massachusetts. The service was held in the First Presbyterian Church, Washington Square. The pastor, Rev. Albert Barnes, presided. The sermon on the "Reasonableness of early religious training," was appropriate, instructive and eloquent.

The anniversary services were held in "Musical Fund Hall," the spacious auditorium crowded to its full capacity, Hon. Alexander Henry, the venerable president of the society, in the chair. Professor Bird led the singing. Rev. D. M. Reese, D.D., of New York, developed the principles and objects of the society, and made an earnest plea for the extension of its important mission in behalf of our neglected juvenile population. Addresses were also delivered by Rev. Dr. Johns of Baltimore, and Wil-

liam Maxwell, LL.D., president of Hampden Sydney College, Virginia.

This was the first anniversary I had the privilege of attending. My participation was reported, and I take the liberty of transcribing it. "Rev. Mr. Chidlaw, who has been a missionary of the society for many years in the West, with great force and eloquence described the field of his labors, the peculiar appropriateness of the union principle to the present state of the work, and the imperious necessity there is for an enlargement of our efforts. Mr. Chidlaw illustrated his views by some very graphic descriptions of scenes which have passed under his own eye."

In the autumn of 1845, I was invited by the American Sunday-School Union to spend three months in the East. Then, the journey was easy, and performed in less than a week. On my arrival in Philadelphia, I reported at the Depository, and was kindly received by the secretaries and other officials, and delighted with the appearance of our headquarters. The next day, in conference with the secretaries, I was informed, in regard to my mission; to present the object and claims of the society, giving information of its operations, and enlisting material aid in its support. Entering on this new line of service, I felt em-

barrassed and rather discouraged. Receiving further instructions and encouragements, I left for Boston.

On the way, I was to spend a few days in New York, to participate in the anniversary meeting of the Pearl Street Sunday-School Missionary Association—my early supporters and kind helpers in my work from its commencement. To them I owe my introduction to the American Sunday-School Union, and for many years my continuance in its service. My sojourn, sharing the genial hospitality and the society of these esteemed friends, old and young, was very pleasant and helpful.

On the steamer "Cleopatra" we had a boisterous night on the Sound, weathered the storm, and reached Boston in safety. I found my way to the Depository, No. 9, Cornhill, and delivered my letter of introduction to Rev. W. B. Tappan, our agent there. His reception was very cordial, a rift in the cloud that darkened my sky, and a solace for a disturbed mind from which I was suffering—a stranger, unknown, and inexperienced in the work before him. Brother Tappan introduced me to several ministers and laymen engaged in Sunday-school work, but the way to the pulpit and the Sunday-school platform, to present the work and needs of the American Sunday-School Union, I

found a hard road to travel, and I was much discouraged. In my extremity, after repeated failures to obtain a hearing, I was invited to address a Sunday-school meeting in "Spring Lane Chapel" of the Old South Congregational church on a week evening.

I found a fair audience, and told the story of my missionary experience, showing the spiritual necessities of my field, the adaptation and success of our labors to meet those necessities, and appealed for aid. The next day, the pastor, Rev. G. W. Blagden, D. D., called on me at the Depository, invited me to tea, and to lecture in the evening. This was bright sunshine on the hitherto dark landscape in the city of Boston. After my lecture on a gospel theme, the kind pastor said: "I would like you to address my people in Old South church Sunday afternoon, but I do not think that it will be well, then, to apply for a contribution; yet, I hope to secure aid for your work."

In Old South church, beneath the sounding-board, the western missionary was by no means at home in the presence of a Boston congregation; but looking "unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," I delivered my message with unexpected freedom. At the close, Dr. Blagden, who was with me in the pulpit, said: "Though the missionary did not ask for a con-

tribution, the work which he has described makes a strong appeal, and I am sure you are ready to cheer him and aid his cause." In a few minutes the society was enriched in a liberal contribution, and for many years "Old South," now "New Old South," did not, in its benefactions, forget the American Sunday-School Union, and its important mission in behalf of the youth of our country.

This auspicious beginning was followed by similar favors from Drs. Kirk, Stone, Adams, and Rev. Edward Beecher. Invitations to address Sunday-schools and teachers' meetings enlarged my field of labor and aided me in my work. During my two months in Boston, on week evenings I was invited to attend meetings in town and villages outside, where I was greeted by good audiences, and received generous responses through the collection boxes; free-will offerings to the society "that cares for the children."

After all my discouragements and the difficulties encountered, my visit to Boston and vicinity was far from a failure. I made many friends, and my collections far exceeded my expectations. During this visit, through the kindness of friends, I enjoyed the privilege of visiting penal, reformatory, and charitable institutions, affording me much valuable information, and first

interesting me in a line of work congenial, and, I hope, useful for the rest of my life.

THE EAST RE-VISITED. In the spring of 1849, I was invited to attend and to participate in the anniversary meetings of the American Sunday-School Union in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. In Boston, the anniversary was held in Tremont Temple, in the presence of a large and appreciative audience. Gov. Briggs presided, and made the opening address, showing his knowledge of the Sunday-school enterprise and of its mission in behalf of the rising generation. He was followed by Rev. Dr. Goddard of Philadelphia, L. B. Tousley, Esq., the childrens' preacher from Western New York, and the western missionary. The interest in this cultured audience, and the singing, by a choir of 300 scholars, reminded me of some of our enthusiastic grove-meetings at home.

ON THE BOSTON COMMON. On the next day, under the leadership of George R. Sampson, Esq., a grand union Sunday-school celebration was held on the Common. Fifty-five schools participated, in five divisions, assembling in Tremont Temple, Park street church, Mt. Vernon church, Bromfield street church and in a hall, eleven schools at each place. Uniting at a designated place, escorted by a band of music, the procession marched to the platform erected

on the north side of the fountain. It was estimated that twelve thousand scholars were in line, besides an equal number of adults surrounding this grand division in the Sunday-school army, standing a solid phalanx near the platform. After the opening prayer, the scholars, with heart and voice, rendered the hymn,

“ God bless our native land !
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm, and night,” etc.

From the platform, this sea of up-turned faces, bright, happy, and interested, was a most inspiring spectacle, and a severe test of the ability of the two missionaries of the American Sunday-School Union to hold the attention and to interest such an audience.

IN NEW YORK. The New York Sunday-School Union, then a strong and vigorous organization, held its celebration. During the day, a procession of over one hundred schools with twenty thousand scholars and teachers paraded the streets with banners and music, and in divisions marched to several of the large churches and to Castle Garden, where addresses were delivered and refreshments provided. This was a wonderful demonstration of the extent and importance of the Sunday-school work in the city, the faithful and successful labors of its friends, and of the blessing of God.

In the evening the National Society held its anniversary in the historic "Tabernacle," low down in Broadway ; forty years ago the religious centre of the city, if not of the Nation. For many years, the great national organizations in the interest of religion, philanthropy, and patriotism, held their anniversaries within its sacred walls, and on its platform were heard pleading for the right, and the true, the most eminent and eloquent men of the age.

On this occasion, with a crowded house, Rev. Dr. Ferris, whose name and memory are yet fragrant in the metropolis, presiding, three addresses were delivered, and a series of resolutions favoring the mission work of the American Sunday-School Union enthusiastically adopted.

AGAIN IN PHILADELPHIA. At the home of the National Sunday-School Union, the anniversary services for 1851 were interesting and well attended. On the Sunday evening previous, Rev. Dr. Hutton, of New York, preached in the First Presbyterian church an excellent sermon on the power of early religious culture to save our youth, and to bless our country.

On Tuesday evening, in the Music Fund Hall, the anniversary services were held, Hon. Judge Hall, of Delaware, in the chair. The secretary, F. A. Packard, Esq., read an abstract

of the report, showing that 127 missionaries were employed, that 1394 new schools had been established during the year in twenty-three different States and Territories. They distributed by sale and donation \$32,984 worth of religious publications, in communities very destitute of such literature. The income of the society for the year was nearly \$35,000, expended in benevolent work, the publication department being self-supporting. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Pilatte of France, Dr. Tyng of New York, and the western missionary.

Attending these anniversaries, meeting old friends, and making new ones, my heart was strengthened with courage and faith. I was ready to return to my field and resume labor. With increased means to employ missionaries, and to grant, when needed, donations of books to new and poor schools, an advance was made in our work, which God crowned with his blessing.

Helpers in My Work. From 1845 to 1860, my time was divided, generally spending a part of each year in the East in behalf of the American Sunday-School Union, and the rest of the year in the West in missionary and revival work.

My winter labors in the East were made

pleasant and effective largely through the assistance and encouragement of friends. In New York, Rev. R. B. Campfield, the faithful and energetic agent of the society, rendered me invaluable aid. The benefit of his experience and knowledge of the city he freely imparted to me, which I always found beneficial and helpful. From A. P. Halsey, A. R. Wetmore, H. A. Kerr, and especially Robert Carter, men whose hearts God had touched, able and willing to aid a stranger, I derived not only kindness, but real help in time of need. They introduced me to Rev. Drs. McElroy, Adams, Hatfield, DeWitt, Phillips and Hutton, whose confidence, sympathy, and endorsement rendered my labors a pleasure and a success.

In Philadelphia I experienced the same kindness and help from the secretaries, F. W. Porter and F. A. Packard, and the managers and officers of the society. My brethren in the ministry, Revs. Albert Barnes, Thomas Brainard and John Chambers, and others were on my side, and never failed to help the western brother when he applied. Such laymen as Ambrose White, Matthew Newkirk, Abraham Martin and Geo. H. Stuart held up my feeble arms, and cheered my fainting heart.

Now, after the lapse of all these years, all these good and noble men, my efficient and

constant helpers, have died, beloved in the Lord.

In my labors East, it was my good fortune occasionally to be associated with Rev. John McCullagh, Stephen Paxson and R. G. Pardee, true yoke-fellows in all departments of Sunday-school work. In the hills of Kentucky, the prairies of Illinois, in the mission-schools in New York, and in the valleys of Ohio, we were of one heart and of one mind, gathering the neglected lambs into the fold, and instructing them in the truths of the Bible. So, in our going in and coming out in the great cities of the land, we united our efforts to advance the interests of the American Sunday-School Union. They, also, have closed the work they loved and served so well, and entered the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION. My experience in Wales and in my early pastorate, deeply interested me in revival work, and whenever an opportunity offered and my duties in other directions would permit, I would accept the invitations of pastors, or from vacant churches, to assist in holding protracted services, praying for and expecting a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, reviving his people and converting sinners.

In one of my visits to Granville, Ohio, in be-

half of the Sunday-school cause, at the request of the pastor, Rev. Jacob Little, D.D., I remained after the Sabbath to spend a few days with him in special religious services, the beginning of a precious and powerful work of grace, resulting in the hopeful conversion of nearly one hundred souls.

Granville was settled by a colony from a place of the same name in Massachusetts. Before leaving their old home they were constituted a church, a body of believers, covenanting to serve God in the bonds of Christian fellowship. They came in wagons, and were thirteen weeks on the way.

They erected a house of the Lord, and the school-house, both of logs, as soon as they were settled in the unbroken forests of Central Ohio. They prospered in the world, and sustained every good word and work.

On the Sabbath, at the close of our forenoon services in the "White Meeting-house," as the collectors were gathering the usual offering for the American Sunday-School Union, the pastor, at my side in the pulpit, with evident emotion, said: "Brother Chidlaw, look over that gallery filled with young people. Very few of them are converted. Can you stay a few days and help me? I believe God will bless us." I consented, and the pastor announced a protracted

meeting, and made an earnest appeal for the church to prepare the way of the Lord, to remove all stumbling blocks out of the way, and make a new consecration to meet the claims of duty.

The next day several persons who had been at variance, called on the pastor, confessing their sins, and were ready for reconciliation. Others, delinquent in religious duties, with tears besought Divine forgiveness, and some awakened souls inquired what they must do to be saved. The good work progressed. The place of prayer was crowded, the number of inquirers increased day by day, and converts testified of the grace of God, and besought their ungodly associates to seek the Lord while he might be found.

At a conference meeting, a man in middle life, a mechanic, careless, a reputed unbeliever, stood up, trembling, and said: "I am the last man in Granville that you would expect to speak in such a presence. God has aroused my sinful soul. I feel, and know, that I am a wretched sinner. Tell me how my soul can be saved?" Fervent prayers were offered in his behalf, and he was instructed and encouraged, just as he was, a trembling penitent, to believe in Christ, and trust in him to save his soul. The guilty penitent sinner found pardon and

peace, and went his way rejoicing. Over one hundred attended the inquiry meeting, where they were wisely, scripturally, and faithfully instructed, and their difficulties met and removed by the pastor and his helpers in the eldership. Very little excitement attended this blessed work. It was rather marked by deep and solemn thoughtfulness.

My sojourn of ten days in Granville, amidst these revival scenes, associated with the pastor and his people in the delightful work, still lingers in memory, an occasion of thanksgiving to God for what I there enjoyed.

EMPLOYMENT, 1850-1860. During the decade from 1850 to 1860 my labors when in my field consisted in superintending and coöperating with my missionaries, organizing Sunday-schools and supplying them with books, arranging for and participating in township, county, and state Sunday-school conventions, corresponding with contributors to the funds of the society, attending grove-meetings, and preaching the gospel. In 1859 the record of my labors shows that I organized and aided thirty Sunday-schools, preached eighty-four sermons, delivered one hundred and seventy-nine Sunday-school addresses, travelled 11,700 miles, collected \$2872.00; salary \$1000, expenses \$190.25, including one trip to the East and my expenses there.

IN 1855 A DEPOSITORY was established in Cincinnati, where all the publications of the society could be found. This was a great convenience to our missionaries, as well as to the Sunday-schools that wanted to replenish their libraries, or secure our periodicals, and it served as our head-quarters, and a center of Sunday-school work and workers.

The Fourth of July Celebration. For many years we had observed this national day in our Sunday-schools. Sometimes several schools would unite, and celebrate it by a mass meeting in a grove, singing patriotic songs, reading the Declaration of Independence, followed by patriotic and historic addresses. On some occasions, the scholars would declaim selected pieces of a patriotic and religious character, our aim being to educate our youth in the history of our country—the War of the Revolution—the establishment of our Government—and the way God was blessing us as a nation. Thus we sought to implant and cherish in the minds of our youth, the principles of pure patriotism, loyalty to God and to the country.

A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION. In 1855 I was invited to a mixed celebration to be held in a lovely grove near Harrison, Ohio, ten miles from my home. The citizens and the Sunday-schools were to combine, and a large gathering

was expected. Half way between my home and Harrison lived Jonas Frazee, born in 1758 at Westfield, New Jersey, a soldier in the revolutionary army, the last of those noble heroes living in this community. Early in this century he drifted into this region, a dissipated, indolent, godless adventurer. He was always poor, and lived on a small pension. In 1839 he lived in a cabin, a squatter on the estate of General Harrison at North Bend. About that time a revival of religion blessed the community in which he lived, and many turned unto the Lord and united with his people.

This old soldier, who was never known to cherish any regard for Christianity, nor any interest in his own salvation, was induced to attend preaching. Soon he was awakened to a deep sense of his sin, and to feel his need of a Saviour. Receiving the sympathy of religious people, and instruction, with encouragement to embrace Christianity and give his heart to God, believing in Christ and trusting in his atoning blood, the aged wanderer returned from the famine land, found his Father's house and a cordial welcome. In due time, clothed, and in his right mind, he confessed Christ, and became a member of the Presbyterian church of Cleves.

When under conviction and seeking salvation, in conversing with me, he used the language of the

shorter catechism. In expressing his views of sin, he repeated the exact language of the catechism. I inquired how he was brought up in his youth.

“Well, I can tell you. My parents, who lived in Westfield, New Jersey, were Presbyterians; and I had to learn the catechism by heart, and once a month our pastor, Rev. Mr. Woodruff, had all the boys and girls come to the meeting-house and say the catechism. I didn't like it, nor understand much of it, but now it comes up in my mind.” Thus, beneath the rubbish of three-score and ten years of a life of sin, in the time of his need, groping for the light, the Holy Spirit moving his soul, these truths, lodged in his mind, were recalled, understood, and believed. So the old veteran was converted, and in his life gave credible evidence of his genuine conversion, a monument of the abounding grace of God, and the value of early religious instruction.

In arranging for the celebration, knowing the poverty of the old soldier, supporting his infirm wife and an invalid daughter on his small pension of eighty dollars a year, I thought that by going a little out of my way I could take the old veteran with me and ask the congregation for an offering to cheer his heart and help his larder. Calling at the door of his cabin, I was told by his wife that a young man had taken him. Reaching Harrison, I drove him in my

buggy to the grove, a mile from the village, and took him with me to the platform, in front of which a very large congregation of youth and adults had assembled.

After singing patriotic hymns by the six Sunday-schools present, reading the Scripture, and prayer, the Declaration of Independence was read, followed by an address. The audience was becoming restless, and many had left their seats and were in groups talking. My address to the Sunday-schools was to be in the afternoon. Fearing that the audience would not be as large, I asked permission of the chairman to say a few words. The request was granted. I then asked the old soldier to stand up. I gave him my arm, and we paraded the platform. Seeing this movement aroused the audience, and brought the wanderers back to their seats. I then made my appeal, told the story of his soldier life in the revolutionary army, his present poverty, his advanced age, bordering on one hundred years, and that I wanted a generous offering for the old hero, and that, hat in hand, I would pass through the congregation. Voices now came from the crowd, "You speak on. We will pass the hats." They did so, and the hats came to the platform with \$54 placed in the hands of a good man, subject to the order of Mr. Frazee as his necessities should demand.

While dining with him, from a good basket dinner, I inquired if he had received a land warrant for 160 acres, given by the Government to all the old soldiers of the Revolution. He replied that he had not. I then wrote to Hon. T. Scott Harrison, our representative in Congress, (the honored father of President Benjamin Harrison). Mr. Harrison knew the old soldier personally, promptly attended to the matter, and, very soon, a warrant was sent to Mr. Frazee. He was nearly blind, too old and infirm to go West and enter the land; so the warrant, worth \$200, was exchanged for a dwelling house in Miamitown, a village near the cabin where he lived. Thus, in the last years of his life, he lived in his own home, a freeholder. He did not live long in his comfortable house, but died in peace; and, at his request, was buried with military honors in the Berea cemetery. He desired that I should conduct the funeral service.

While the large congregation were gathered around the grave, and ready to disperse, a friend came to me, and said: "One thing more you should do for the old veteran. Ask for money to erect a gravestone over his remains." I did so, and one hundred dollars was secured, and with it a large slab of pure marble with a suitable inscription was placed at the head of his honored grave.

Annually, on Decoration Day, patriotic citizens, old and young, visited Berea cemetery, decorating with beautiful and fragrant flowers the graves of six fallen heroes of the war of the rebellion, two of the war of 1812, laying, with loving hands, their tribute of flowers on the grave of Jonas Frazee, the patriotic soldier of the Revolution, and the servant of God.

COMMISSIONER TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY. I was honored several times by my Presbytery with a seat in our General Assembly while the Presbyterian church was divided—once after the reunion. In 1851 I was appointed by the Assembly in session at Utica, New York, with Rev. Ransom Hawley of Putnamville, Indiana, a veteran in the ministry, to represent the Assembly at the Congregational Association of Massachusetts and Connecticut, the former meeting at Waltham, and the latter at Bridgeport. These large and influential ecclesiastical bodies gave us a most fraternal reception.

Our addresses, when presented, were heard with interest, and our Christian salutations kindly received. The responses showed brotherly sympathy and appreciation of the stand taken by the New School Presbyterian church in its protest against American slavery, intemperance, and Sabbath desecration. They rejoiced in our prosperity and aggressive move-

ments in the work of home and foreign evangelization.

During this visit, we were invited to hold meetings in prominent churches in behalf of the interests of Christianity in the West. Brother Hawley gave his experience as a home missionary and a pioneer preacher in the wilds of Indiana, always delighting his hearers and arousing their interest in his field and work. As it could not well be otherwise, my theme would be the missionary work of the American Sunday-School Union, the basis of its operations, the necessity for its existence, its methods of work and the results, illustrated by facts and incidents in my own experience. These services we greatly enjoyed, and subsequently we found that our labors had not been in vain; for the sympathy, prayers, and contributions of individuals and churches, aided us in our home and Sunday-school missionary labors on our respective fields.

The winter of 1860-1, I spent in the East, raising funds for the support of missionaries, and to secure libraries to meet the demand on my western field. God gave me favor in the eyes of the people, interest was excited in my mission, and generous responses followed my appeals, so that I was greatly strengthened in view of enlargement and success in my work on my return in the spring.

While East, my leisure time was utilized, through the kindness of influential friends, in visiting prisons, juvenile reformatories, and various charitable institutions, deepening my interest and increasing my knowledge of the causes, prevention, and cure of vice, crime, and pauperism, information I found valuable and useful in my subsequent life. The authorities, understanding and appreciating the object of my visits, gave me special attention, and frequently, if it was proper, allowed me to converse personally with the prisoners, and to hold a religious service.

A VISIT TO THE TOMBS. In New York city, on a Sunday morning, accompanied by a gentleman accustomed to holding religious services within its gloomy walls for the benefit of a large and heterogeneous congregation, I was placed in a novel and difficult position. Our chapel was the area enclosed by three tiers of cells. Our hearers stood on the corridor in front of their cells. A few voices united in singing an old, familiar hymn. During prayer by my friend, some of the prisoners were conversing together, irreverent and indifferent. This disorder, in view of the duty awaiting me, was anything but encouraging—it was a real embarrassment.

I was introduced as a missionary from the

West, and for a few moments enjoyed the respectful attention of my peculiar audience; but, soon, they relapsed, and became noisy and indifferent. The novelty of my position, and the disturbing element with which I was contending, so confused me that I told my friend that I could not continue my discourse. He replied: "Tell them how you were lost in the woods, and how a man with a torch helped you out." Leaving my sermon, I followed his advice. This new topic at once secured silence, and gave me their ears. One dark night in the woods, a man with a torch of hickory bark found me, and guided me home. The narrative secured their attention, and I utilized it to impress them with their lost condition, involved in the darkness and guilt of sin. The light of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and the guidance of the Holy Spirit would be sufficient to lead them to a good, useful life, and to a heavenly home. To the close, their attention was unbroken, and some of them appeared deeply interested. Spending an hour in personal conversation with these prisoners, as we met them on the corridors or in their cells, we found seriousness, and, in some cases, anxiety in regard to their spiritual welfare, and a desire to become religious, and lead better lives.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPLAIN IN THE ARMY.

THE WAR CLOUD. On my return home, early in March, 1861, with cheering prospects for our summer work, the state of public affairs sadly interrupted our plans. The fall of Fort Sumter, as the voice of thunder, reached our homes, our churches, and our Sunday-schools, and thousands of our officers, teachers and scholars enthusiastically responded to the call for volunteers to preserve the Union, and to save the life of the nation assailed by armed treason.

Inclination and duty led me to follow these brave patriots, who, to serve God and country, hastened to the tented field, soon to realize the fearful realities of war. On the 26th of April, I made my way, with what reading matter I could gather, to a camp of instruction a few miles north of Cincinnati. The camp was poorly supplied with tents or barracks, but the weather was fine, and the volunteers cheerful and busy, and were drilling and extemporizing quarters.

Captain Erwin, Company E, Guthrie Grays, of Cincinnati, an old friend and a servant of God, invited me to mess with him and hold a religious service in the evening. As the shades of night gathered around us, Captain Erwin invited his company to assemble for a religious meeting. They responded, and with others made a good congregation. Standing reverently on the green sod, several hymns were sung, prayer offered, and an address delivered. The captain asked the audience if they desired another such a meeting. "Yes," was the enthusiastic response. A voice was heard, "Three cheers for Captain Erwin and the preacher." They were given with a will, and we retired for rest, on a bed of straw, to spend a sleepless night in thinking of the impending storm of civil war and its terrible realities.

In the morning I returned to the city, secured hymn books, tracts and Testaments, and in the afternoon went back to the camp. When the troops were unemployed I mingled freely with them, was often greeted as the "Sunday-school Missionary," and the avowal that many were soldiers of the cross, doing service in the Sunday-school army as officers, teachers, or scholars. I found that the distribution of good books and religious tracts was well received and useful.

Knowing that already the Young Men's Christian Association of New York had published a "Soldiers' and Sailors' Hymn Book," and other literature adapted for circulation in the camp, I wrote to the president and soon received 5000 hymn books, and 5000 copies of "Something for the Knapsack," a very useful manual for the soldiers, how to care for their souls and their bodies, to serve God and their country.

Early in May, General McClellan laid out a camp on a beautiful and extended plain, on the Little Miami river, fifteen miles from Cincinnati, where barracks were provided for 10,000 soldiers. Here I found a wide and inviting field, and all the facilities and encouragement I could desire to prosecute my religious work. The generous supply of literature received from New York was soon exhausted, but on application my first supply was duplicated from the same source, and we received large supplies from the American Bible Society, the American Sunday-School Union, and the American Tract Society.

In this densely populated camp, a volunteer chaplain, I found an open and an effectual door for pastoral face to face work, and for preaching to large, intelligent, and appreciative congregations, convened in the open air, to hear

the word, and to honor God. As the ten regiments were organized, several of them had chaplains appointed, who, in love and faith, undertook their important and arduous work, and were faithful in its discharge.

A BIBLE CLASS. One Sunday afternoon, on going my rounds distributing books, I came to the barracks of the "Oberlin Rifles," Captain Shertliff, Seventh Regiment, Colonel J. D. Cox, (afterwards governor of Ohio, and an honored citizen of Cincinnati). Here was a Bible class numbering forty, and half of them were using the Greek Testament. It was a novel and grand sight. I listened to the exercise with profound interest and great delight. These Bible scholars, skilled in the original text, were students from the college and theological seminary at Oberlin, Ohio; Christian warriors, rooted and grounded in the truth, valiant soldiers of the cross, true confessors of Jesus Christ on the tented field as well as in the quiet of their academic shades at Oberlin.

An order from General McClellan secured the building of a large barrack for religious purposes, where we had our head-quarters and reading-room, and a chapel for preaching and Sunday-school. In June, these regiments were ordered to West Virginia, leaving the camp nearly deserted.

In July, two regiments were organized and drilled in this camp, and I was attracted there again. With my experience, and my supply of literature not quite exhausted, I resumed my volunteer labors, and was kindly received by officers and privates. On week evenings we had prayer-meetings, holding a Sunday-school, and preaching twice on Sunday. I found a decided and strong religious element in these regiments, officers and privates in large numbers being the avowed disciples of Christ.

In one of these regiments, the 39th Ohio Infantry, Colonel John Groesbeck of Cincinnati, Company I was composed largely of religious men and officers, members of the Methodist Episcopal church, and one-half of another company were members of the Baptist church at Marietta, Ohio. Early in August, this regiment was ordered to Missouri. At our last service, I had a large audience in the open air, and delivered my message under circumstances of unusual solemnity and interest, commending them to the aid, guidance and protection of the God of the armies of Israel in the great conflict awaiting them, and exhorting them: "Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them: for the Lord thy God, he *it is* that doth go with thee: he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."—Deut. 31 : 6.

On leaving the camp Monday morning, the colonel invited me to his tent, thanked me for my services, and said:

“To complete our regimental organization we need a chaplain. Are you a candidate?”

I replied that I was not.

“We have several, but the expressed wish of a large number of the officers and privates is that you should be our chaplain.”

This was, on my part, entirely unexpected, a real surprise, as I was over fifty years old, and had never expected to enter the army. I told the colonel that I could not decide at once, as it was such a serious and important matter, but I would take it under careful, prayerful consideration, and report the next day. In my pleasant home, with my dear wife and seven children, we talked over the matter, and together bowed at the family altar, and with our struggling hearts we decided that father should accept the appointment. The next day I received my commission as chaplain of the 39th Regiment, Ohio Volunteers, O. V. I., 960 strong, under marching orders for St. Louis, Missouri. Then, the State of Missouri was trembling in the balance between secession and loyalty. The battle of Wilson Creek had been fought, a heavy loss sustained, and the brave patriot hero, General Lyon, had been killed.

The war cloud over the State was dark and ominous of evil times. Under these circumstances we reached the distracted State, and encamped in O'Fallon's grove, near the Fair Grounds, three miles from St. Louis. In a few days barracks were built, and our camp in good order.

WORSHIP AT DRESS PARADE. Enjoying the confidence and respect of my charge, and anxious to establish a daily religious service, after consultation with the officers and many of the privates, it was arranged that at a certain point in the dress parade I should read a portion of Scripture and offer a prayer. In front of the regiment at rest the colonel introduced me, and endorsed the religious service I was to perform. I told my parishioners in blue, that this would be our family worship, reminding us of our homes and loved ones, our duty to our God and country, and our personal homage to the Most High, supplicating his favor and blessing on the army and navy, our President and our Government, and the speedy and effectual suppression of the rebellion.

SYSTEMATIZING MY LABORS. The religious element in my regiment being strong and decided was greatly in my favor, and to this I owe largely my success and pleasure in my labors. We had a Sunday-school of two hundred schol-

ars, a weekly prayer-meeting, and a Christian Brotherhood numbering one hundred and seventy-five: our motto "One in Christ," and one object "to love God and serve our country." For our Sunday and public service, the bugle sounded the church call, and my large and attentive congregation would march to the platform, and in the open air hear my message. In my pastoral visitation in the barracks, I was always well received, and enjoyed religious conversation. With all that was encouraging, I frequently encountered indifference to divine and eternal things, hardness of heart, and spiritual ignorance, but no opposition or disrespect. All my parishioners that desired a Testament and a hymn book were supplied.

Our camp, well appointed in every way, was named "Benton Barracks," and accommodated about 8000 troops under instruction, mostly from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Finding a regiment without a chaplain, after my service Sunday morning, I asked some of the officers if they wished to have a religious service. My offer was accepted. Several of my good singers accompanied me. Arriving within their lines, we saw quite a crowd witnessing a boxing match. The officer provided a wagon and said: "Start singing, and see if that crowd will scatter." My choir at once made a break in the

crowd, and many came to the wagon. Another hymn largely increased my audience, and after prayer, the boxing ceased, and nearly all the crowd became my hearers, giving heed to my teaching concerning their duty to themselves and the country by leading pure, honorable, and godly lives. An officer came to me, and said: "I approve of all you said," and coming into the wagon at my request, he made a most effective address, endorsing with emphasis the words I had spoken. Thus, in a great military encampment, courage and prudence will find work for the Master, and aid and sympathy when least expected.

A CALL TO HEAD-QUARTERS. In obedience to an order from General S. R. Curtis, I reported at once. Ignorant of the object of my visit, I felt quite concerned. General Curtis, (afterwards the hero of Pea Ridge) received me very cordially, and inquired if I was the Sunday-school missionary he had met years ago in Ohio. "Well sir, I am glad to see you, and I have a favor to ask of you. Last Sunday night I sat outside and distinctly heard some one preaching to a crowd of soldiers in the artillery camp, quite a distance from here. I inquired who it was, and was informed that it was the chaplain of the 39th Ohio. Next Thursday is ap-

pointed by President Lincoln as a day of humiliation and prayer in behalf of our country in the time of our need. I wish you to preach in the amphitheater on the fair grounds, and you will have a great audience, as I shall issue a special order that all the troops attend."

I accepted the invitation, and prepared a sermon on these words of Holy Writ: "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin and will heal their land." 2 Chronicles, 7:14.

After showing that we are a people, a nation whose God is the Lord, I considered the text as revealing the conditions of divine deliverance in times of national perils, enumerating the wicked ways from which we must turn—slavery, intemperance, Sabbath desecration, and forgetfulness of God and his law—and to do this by humble confession, penitence and prayer. Then, God will forgive our sins, and heal our land, our army will be victorious, the Union preserved, and the Government sustained. Chaplain Slander, of an Illinois regiment, offered a fervent prayer, and we closed our service, the vast assembly uniting in the following hymn, to the tune of "Old Hundred:"

- “O Lord of Hosts Almighty King,
Behold the sacrifice we bring :
To every arm thy strength impart,
Thy Spirit shed through every heart.
- “Wake in our breasts the living fire,
The holy faith that warmed our sires :
Thy hand hath made our nation free ;
To die for her is serving Thee.
- “Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, and silent foe :
And, when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.
- “God of all nations, Sovereign Lord,
In thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high,
That fills with light our stormy sky.
- “From treason’s rent, from murder’s stain
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea
Join one loud anthem : Praise to Thee.”

This solemn occasion, standing in such a presence, our national life imperilled, our country in the throes of a gigantic rebellion, and the horrors of war staring us in the face, made the delivery of my discourse the most trying and important effort in my life and experience.

ORDERED TO NORTHERN MISSOURI. After five weeks of preparation for active service, nine companies of our regiment were ordered to guard the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad, and to protect the Union people in that part of the State. One company was left with the

regimental property, and I was to remain and look after our sick soldiers in the hospitals, at St. Louis. I found thirty of them in three different hospitals, and ministered to them daily. Two brothers named Barrows, from Athens county, Ohio, died. Both were the friends and followers of Jesus, resigned, and prepared to depart. In two weeks the surviving patients were able to return to our camp, and in a few days we joined the regiment, now divided into two battalions, one at Macon City, and the other at Kansas City, protecting the bridges, capturing bushwhackers, and suppressing rebellion. This breaking up of the regiment was a great hindrance in my labor, but it was necessary to suppress disloyalty, and to secure peace and order in Northern Missouri.

In the early days of December we were ordered to rendezvous at St. Joseph, Missouri, where we united with a force of 1500 men under General Ben Prentiss. Thence we marched to Lexington, and passed through a fine country, sadly desolated and almost depopulated. The Union people had to flee, and as the Secessionists were in the rebel army, we met but few men, only women and children, none of whom suffered any harm, but received good at our hands.

Not expecting such a march, our officers were

not supplied with horses, except the colonel and surgeon. For several days, the weather being pleasant, and the roads good, I enjoyed soldiering on foot with my comrades, and failed not to hold a religious service when we halted for the day and had our evening mess. The soldiers would attend in large numbers, and spend a half hour in singing, prayer, and an address. As we had no tents, and only one baggage wagon for transporting our baggage, we lay out in the open air, a blanket our bed and bedding, and suffered no harm.

THE CHAPLAIN GETS A HORSE. One morning, as we were leaving camp, a Missouri home guard and scout, leading a horse, came to me and said: "Chaplain, it's too hard on a preacher to foot it all day, and hold meeting at night. I have a horse that you can have."

The horse looked as if he had seen service, without a bridle, and a rough old saddle, but I thanked the soldier for his kind offer, and inquired how he could spare his horse, as he was a scout.

"Well, Chaplain, this old horse belongs to the United States. I sold him to the Government and got my pay."

"If you let me have him, what will you do for a horse?"

"Oh, I have a much better one."

“Did you jayhawk him?”

“No, not exactly. A ‘Secesh’ was taken trying to reach the rebel army under Price. I took care of his horse, and he was put under guard. Now, Chaplain, don’t stand on ceremony, but take the horse.”

“What will I do for a bridle?”

“Well, I’ll give you a head stall, and a piece of that rope around your blanket will make a rein.”

Thus equipped, as I was about to mount my steed, an officer congratulated me on my good fortune, but said, after he had examined the saddle:

“Chaplain, you must turn this saddle about,” and he adjusted it to his notion. I mounted, but found a very uncomfortable seat, and had to dismount and restore the saddle as my friend who had furnished the horse had arranged it. Then it was all right. During the forenoon, as I rode along, the soldiers cheered me on my elevation, and I enjoyed the improvement in my style of marching.

At noon our quarter-master, riding a fine horse well equipped, said:

“Chaplain, I am glad to see you on horseback, but I want your horse. Our baggage wagon is fast in a mud hole, and this horse that

I took from a red-hot, abusive 'Secesh,' won't pull a pound, and yours will."

So the exchange was made, greatly to my advantage. I inquired in the evening how matters stood between the quartermaster and the owner of the horse. He replied :

"As in all cases, when I take property for the use of the army, I give a voucher, and the value of the property, and if the owner can prove that he is a Union man, and not an abettor of secession, he will get his pay."

When we ended our march I delivered the horse to our obliging quartermaster, and thanked the Missouri scout for his kindness.

WINTER QUARTERS. One battalion was ordered to Sedalia, and the other to Palmyra, Missouri, where we remained from January 1st to March 1st, when we were ordered to St. Louis, *en-route* south. In Palmyra, with 450 men and officers, and the 3rd Missouri Infantry, with a company of Home Guards, I enjoyed special facilities for my work. A large church building was at my disposal, and I had a good supply of literature. A deserted dwelling was allotted to me, the surgeon and hospital steward, both earnest Christian men, excellent companions. The soldiers were quartered in vacant business houses. Our religious services were held regularly, well attended, and of consider-

able interest. Backsliders were reclaimed and several were converted.

I received from the East 300 volumes of choice books. This was my circulating library, and it was well used. A lady in Buffalo, New York, sent me a large supply of stationery and postage stamps "to encourage your soldiers to write home." This was a thoughtful and appreciated gift, and in two months the occasion of writing over four hundred letters. The Missouri troops and Home Guards shared these benefactions, and were very thankful. Our general hospital had an average of forty patients daily, well cared for. My gospel ministrations these sufferers were delighted to enjoy. Several deaths occurred, and we always gave the brave men a Christian burial, accompanied with military honors.

A Military Commission over which Colonel Groesbeck presided, was held at Palmyra, Missouri, for the trial of bridge burners, bushwhackers, murderers and violators of United States laws. Some were acquitted, and discharged under heavy bonds to keep the peace. Thirteen were sent to St. Louis as prisoners of war, and eight sentenced to be shot.

In regard to the latter I received the following official communication from General Prentiss, commanding the post.

“Chaplain Chidlaw, 39th O. V. I. Sir.—The following eight prisoners,” (giving their names and place of confinement) “have been sentenced to be shot. Your kind offices are invited in their behalf.”

I found them in the guard-house occupying separate cells, and made their personal acquaintance, and conversed freely with those that were interested in religion. Six of them were young men, hardened and reckless; the other two professed to be religious, and to repent of their sins, trusting in Jesus Christ. As the day of doom was approaching, four of the six became concerned about the future life, and gave heed to my instructions, and asked for prayer in their behalf. The day before they were to be shot, a telegram from the War Department announced that President Lincoln had commuted their sentence to life imprisonment in the Illinois State Prison at Alton. The prisoners received this intelligence with quiet joy, and sincere thanks to the President for his clemency.

SICKNESS. In the midst of my labors, cheered and encouraged by evidences of social and religious improvement among the soldiers, my health gave way, my appetite failed, and I suffered great prostration. For a week I was confined to my quarters, under treatment, and kindly nursed. Just as I was so far recovered as to leave my quarters, the regiment was ordered to St. Louis, *en route* for the south,

The order served as a stimulant, and I was able to undertake the journey. Arriving at the city, we were ordered to Camp Benton, our old encampment, but my condition was such that our surgeon thought that I would do well to go to a hotel. The colonel gave me permission, and detailed a soldier to go with me.

AT HOME. I remained in the hotel several days, gradually improving. The regiment left for New Madrid, but I was advised not to leave, the surgeon so directing. Colonel Groesbeck gave me a furlough for forty days, and General Halleck a pass to leave the city; and, on a mattress in the baggage car on the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, I reached North Bend, three miles from my home. Not being expected, as I had not informed my family of my illness, hoping soon to recover, and not wishing to alarm them, no one met me there; but I secured a farm wagon, and reached my loved ones none the worse for my journey.

Under medical treatment and good nursing at home my health gradually improved, so that I could go to Cincinnati and have a consultation with experienced surgeons. I was advised to apply for a renewal of my furlough, which was granted. Suffering relapses and no gain of strength, I was led, with great reluctance, to tender my resignation as chaplain, assigning

the reason. After accepting my resignation, the following communication was sent to me:

“ Head-quarters 39th O. V. I. }
Camp, near Corinth Miss. }
May 14, 1862. }

“On the acceptance of the resignation of Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, Chaplain 39th O. V. I., a committee was appointed to draft a resolution expressing the feelings of the officers, and reported as follows:

“*Resolved*, That we have learned with deep regret, that Mr. Chidlaw has been compelled, from ill-health, to resign the office of chaplain of this regiment; that, while in deference to his wishes we accept the resignation, it is with unfeigned regret that we part with one who has always been faithful in his duties, zealous for the good of the regiment, kind to the sick, useful in all his ministrations, and universally respected and beloved as an officer, a gentleman, and a Christian patriot.’

“ This resolution was unanimously adopted.

“ A. W. Gilbert,
Lieut. Col. Commanding.”

Thus, in the providence of God, in less than a year of service for God and country, as preacher and pastor in that heroic regiment, my labors terminated. That service was a great privilege, enriching my own religious life, broadening my ideas of life, its duties and opportunities, and a revelation of the superlative value of Christianity in its blessings amid the horrors of war.

Home from the War. On July 6, 1865, hearing that my grand old regiment, at least the fragments that remained after the casualties of the hard fought battles in which they had been en-

gaged and the loss of life in hospitals, was encamped near Louisville, Kentucky, to be mustered out, I determined to visit them. The next day I reached their camp, and met a royal reception, officers and privates greeting the old chaplain with a welcome that was enthusiastic and delightful.

After mess with the colonel and other officers, I was invited to officiate as of old at dress parade. Instead of nearly a thousand men in line, they numbered scarcely four hundred battle-scarred heroes. In the evening, a large crowd of the 39th and 27th regiments assembled in front of head-quarters, and I addressed them on the past, and the present bright prospects of our country in whose behalf they had endured hardship as good soldiers and patriotic citizens. At the close, their hearty cheers made the welkin ring. But, as I heard those joyous voices, loud and clear, my heart was filled with emotions of sorrow and sadness at the thought that more than half of the volunteers of 1861 were numbered with the dead, or suffering from disabilities incident to the life of a soldier in active service. Such are the evils and woes of war, from which may God in mercy ever deliver our now great and prosperous nation, whose existence these sacrificed lives helped to save!

CALLED TO THE EAST. When sufficiently re-

covered, I accepted an invitation from the American Sunday-School Union to visit some of the eastern cities in its behalf. My old friends received me with great cordiality, heard my plea, and responded with a cheerful and generous liberality. During six weeks, I preached four times, made thirty-two Sunday-school addresses, and told my experience in the camps and hospitals thirteen times.

At the Depository of the society in Philadelphia, I saw a publication with a sweet and significant title, "The Silent Comforter" and felt at once that it was just the thing to hang up in the hospital wards, that the sufferers might read God's living messages of consolation and grace as they lay on their cots or sat on their camp stools. Friends provided the means, and two hundred copies of the "Silent Comforter" were sent to the United States hospitals at the front and in the rear.

An incident will illustrate the value of such a publication, and its fitness to bring cheer and relief to the sick and dying soldiers in the hospital. In Tennessee, in 1863, in a hospital, I met one of my old soldiers, who referring to the "Silent Comforter" hanging on the wall, said: "Chaplain, when I was sick in an old tobacco warehouse, the only thing to occupy my mind was counting the bricks in the unplastered wall.

Here I can feast my eyes as I look on the 'Silent Comforter,' reading the precious promises of God that fill my soul with peace, and this helps me to get well."

During the war, thousands of the "Silent Comforter," and the "Green Pastures" found their way into our hospitals, instructing and consoling our brave sufferers, shedding light, joy, and peace on troubled and anxious hearts, languishing and burdened. A scriptural text is food for the soul, whether in a palace or a hospital. Sick or well, it is healing and refreshing, light in the hour of darkness, and strength to fainting souls.

CHAPTER X.

SANITARY AND CHRISTIAN COMMISSION WORK.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION. My sojourn in the East improved my health, and I returned home with increased strength and vigor. Early in November, 1862, the United States Sanitary Commission of Cincinnati received information that its humane aid was greatly needed to relieve the sufferings of some 2000 victims of the battle of Perryville, Union and Confederate sick and wounded soldiers. I was invited by the commission to go in a volunteer mission in charge of supplies for the hospitals at Lebanon and Perryville. I accepted the invitation, and left the next day on a steamboat for Louisville, with twenty-eight large boxes, several packages and two barrels, well filled with sanitary goods and supplies for the hospitals, and \$200 for expenses and to purchase any additional supplies that might be needed.

After some delay in loading the car at Louisville with my goods, I reached Lebanon the next day, and was kindly received by Surgeon

McDumont, medical director. A store-room was provided for the goods, and two men were detailed to aid me in the distribution of these supplies. Here I found twelve wards—churches, school-houses, stores and large private dwellings—used for hospitals. After opening the boxes and arranging their contents, woolen and cotton underclothes, shirts, socks, towels, handkerchiefs, dried and canned fruit, jellies, blackberry wine, etc., I invited a surgeon to examine them and instruct me how best to connect the demand and supply. My first visit was to a large church building, where I found seventy patients, on cots, or straw-beds on the floor. The sight of these sufferers was very depressing to me, but the hope of cheering and aiding them came to my relief, and I entered upon the work of inspection. Some were not in need of the good things at our disposal, others needed our ministry in the gospel of clean clothes, and others would be benefited by our delicacies. Noting their wants and the number of their bed, we would return to our store-room, select the articles and deliver them. After my good Samaritan labors, I would hold a religious service, which the sufferers appeared to enjoy.

After spending two busy days supplying these hospitals, we packed the goods left and in

two ambulances we were taken eighteen miles to Perryville. Here Dr. Pierson provided the facilities needed for the prosecution of our mission. This town was near the battle-field, and the severely wounded were here, in ten wards—churches, court-house, stores and dwelling houses—very much crowded, poorly furnished, and in need of the supplies we still had on hand. Following the same method of distribution, our supplies were quite inadequate to meet the pressing wants of these brave sufferers; but, in our emergency, the Cleveland society sent a large supply of goods and delicacies, filling our hearts, so that we continued our visitation and distribution with energy and pleasure.

The Antioch Meeting-house. A hewed log building near the battle-field, had fifty severely wounded men, most of them on straw-beds, and knapsacks for pillows. The goods we brought and the delicacies were not sufficient to meet the wants of these brave sufferers. The under-clothing and shirts, the towels and handkerchiefs were in great demand, and thankfully received. The jellies, fruits, and blackberry wine, we gave to those who needed them the most, as directed by the surgeon. Having exhausted our stock, we promised to send a supply from

Perryville, and that all should share these home gifts for their cheer and healing.

Here I found several of these men brethren in Christ, and while partakers of suffering, they were enjoying the peace of God and the hope of salvation. I read the 23d Psalm and prayed, asking God to grant each sufferer the grace he needed, and a speedy restoration. A young soldier whose leg had been amputated and who had received of our goods, said :

“These clean clothes make me feel good,” and holding in his hand a nice white pocket handkerchief, added: “This will be a great improvement on that dirty rag I have been using so long.”

On my return to Perryville, the goods needed for Antioch were packed and forwarded at once.

United in Death. On our return from Antioch chapel, deeply impressed with what we had witnessed within its log walls, we passed over the battle-field where the carnage had been very great; where a few days before, hundreds of precious lives were offered on the altar of patriotism, and their bodies buried beneath its blood-crimsoned soil, and saw a trench, a long line of graves marked with head boards. Two of these were united by a piece of dove-colored ammunition box, with this inscription in fair and

legible letters: "Blessed *are* the pure in heart; for they shall see God." Evidently a tribute to fallen comrades, an expression of their character and future destiny, a perishable monument to the memory of the pure in heart, who will be held in everlasting remembrance. This simple memorial enchained my eyes, and moved my soul. Save the inscription, all was profound mystery, but the record told of brotherly confidence and love, and of kindred minds in the service of God separated now, but destined to a glorious and eternal reunion.

"I WANT TO BE MUSTERED IN." On the streets of Perryville as I was on my visitation to the hospitals, a soldier accosted me:

"A fellow in the ball-room of the tavern (now a ward of Hospital No. 6), wants to see you."

I found him on a bed of straw we had provided for him the day before, when we supplied him with clean underclothing. He had been severely wounded, was very weak, but cheerful and uncomplaining. I inquired how he felt.

"Oh, Chaplain, I feel much better, and more comfortable since you fixed me so nicely yesterday; but, after your talk about our duty to God, I have been in trouble of mind. I have for years loved Jesus Christ, and trusted in him for my salvation, but I have never confessed

him before men, or united with the church. Now, I want you to muster me in, to baptize me and take me into the church."

I was delighted with his statement and purpose, and so expressed myself to him and his twelve companions in suffering, as with eager interest they had heard his confession. I said to him: "When you are so far recovered that you can go home, you will get a furlough, and it will be a very proper thing for you to confess Christ and unite with his church, and take your place in the ranks, a true and faithful soldier of the cross."

"As soon as I am able, I want to join my regiment, and help put down the rebellion. And now, Chaplain, I want you to baptize me, and muster me into the army of the Lord, that I may fight the fight of faith. I want to live and die a Christian."

"What church do you wish to join?"

"I just want to join the church of Jesus Christ, who died for my sins, and is my Saviour."

I asked him about his knowledge and experience in religious things.

He said: "I always went to Sunday-school, read the Bible, and attended preaching, and often felt that I ought to join the church."

I remembered an apostolical precedent, and

followed it (Acts 8: 37). I asked a nurse, an interested spectator, if he would bring some water. He complied, and brought water in a dingy tin dish. I addressed the new recruit, helpless on his straw-bed, to be true and faithful in his religious life, loyal to his new commander, assured of rations and pay, grace according to his day, and a crown of glory that fadeth not away. The nurse holding the dish, we kneeled at his side, and I baptized him with water, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and gave him the right hand of fellowship, welcoming a poor sinner saved by grace into the Church of Jesus Christ.

I was moved to exhort his comrades to follow his example, "giving themselves first to the Lord, then to his people according to his will." Several of them were in tears, evidently impressed.

As I was passing out, a soldier prostrate on the floor, having suffered the loss of an arm, calling me to his side, said: "I am a deserter. Years ago in Indiana I professed religion, and was a church member, but I broke ranks and deserted into the camp of the enemy, and lived a wicked life. I did wrong, and I feel it. I believe in the Son of God, and trust in him for salvation. Will you muster me in?"

I was deeply impressed with the seriousness

and sincerity of this deserter. On his confession and application, I gave him the right hand of Christian fellowship, and mustered him into the sacramental host, a soldier for life under the blood-stained banner of the cross, commending him, and all that love Christ, to the abounding grace of God "that is able to keep you from falling, and to present *you* faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." Two others in this group of sufferers avowed themselves the followers of the Good Shepherd, and were enjoying the "green pastures" and the "still waters," where he ever leads those that know his voice, and follow him.

This upper chamber, where formerly the lovers of mirth and folly had their dances, now a hospital ward with thirteen brave sufferers on its oaken floor, by reason of the presence of God became a Bethel; and, to some of us, as the gate of heaven. The experience of this hour in a military hospital, amid the dire effects of war, will never be obliterated from memory.

TRAFFICKING. On the streets of Perryville I saw a huckster's wagon loaded with country produce. Examining the load, I found chickens, eggs, butter, fruit and vegetables, offered at fair prices. Having unexpended funds entrusted to me to aid in my relief work among the soldiers sick and wounded, I determined to

invest. A bargain was concluded and the goods delivered in our store-room, to be distributed where most needed. With my two helpers, we soon made the distribution as fair and equal as possible. Chickens for soup, fresh eggs and butter, onions and apples, just the articles the sufferers would relish and enjoy, were placed in the hands of the cooks and prepared for the guests of the Cincinnati Sanitary Commission, at whose expense they (brave and noble sufferers) participated in these good things, that supplemented the usual hospital supplies, and aided the healing of the wounded and the restoration of the sick.

My supplies exhausted, and my mission ended, I returned to Cincinnati and rendered an account of my stewardship. The commission approved of my work, and in view of information of the suffering condition of our sick and wounded soldiers at Bowling Green, Kentucky, and at Nashville, Tennessee, I was requested to volunteer my services in visiting those places and in doing what I could to relieve the sufferers.

After spending two days at home with my family, with H. B. Cist, Esq., a worthy friend and co-laborer in the work of relief, and with a good supply of sanitary stores, we left for Bowling Green. The medical director, in full sympathy with our mission, afforded us every

facility to gain information and afford relief. We found seventeen hospitals, the largest buildings in the town, occupied by 2561 sick and wounded men, besides regimental hospitals in the camps with 500 additional sufferers. We found the hospitals well furnished, and the government supplies abundant, so that supplemented by our "home comforts" the condition of affairs was quite satisfactory. A large portion of these patients belonged to Ohio and Indiana regiments, and as I passed through the hospitals I was frequently recognized as the Sunday-school missionary they had seen and heard at home. This salutation opened the way for a pleasant interview, and, if needed, the bestowment of some of our supplies. In these labors I felt the need of a religious literature for distributions, and I was often asked "for something to read."

Thanksgiving Day occurring while we were here in the midst of the sad and inevitable results of war we found a feeling of interest among the soldiers in the hospitals and camps in regard to its observance. The forenoon I spent among the sick and wounded, and held Thanksgiving service in seven wards, singing hymns, offering prayer and making short addresses on the goodness of God. We found, though our surroundings were depressing, abundant reasons to be

thankful to the Giver of all our blessings. My cheerful tone of address appeared to meet the condition of my hearers, and to secure their interest and approval.

An invitation was sent to the troops encamped around the town to attend an afternoon service in the open air. A large number responded, and I preached on the duty and the reasonableness of observing a day of Thanksgiving. My congregation, in size, interest and attention, would compare favorably with any assembly convened in any house of worship in our broad land.

ON TO NASHVILLE. The advance of the Union army had caused the evacuation of the city by the Confederates. Here we met the usual reception and appreciation of our mission by the military and medical authorities. Though many of our sick and wounded had been sent north, we found in Nashville fourteen hospitals with 3000 patients, and in a better condition than we expected, yet the "home gifts" sent by the Sanitary Commission were very acceptable and useful.

Hospitality. The hotel where I boarded afforded very inferior accommodations both at the table and in the bed-room. As I was walking to a hospital, a familiar voice hailed me, "Brother Chidlaw." It was Captain Landis,

quartermaster of the 69th O. V. I. He invited me to make his quarters my home, and to hold religious services in his camp, a mile from the city. I found camp fare better than the hotel, and in the midst of 900 Ohio soldiers I felt quite at home, and found plenty of work. The captain furnished me a horse and a guide on Sunday morning, that I might visit as many as possible of the fourteen hospitals before noon. My guide was a warm-hearted Christian and a good singer, a Sunday-school teacher at home and a good helper in my services. In eight hospitals we found openings to tell of the sympathy of Jesus and his power to save. In one we found two men, who had died during the night, ready for burial. The steward invited us to hold a funeral service. Here, in the midst of seventy comrades, some of them drawing near the end of life, I preached Jesus and the resurrection—words of hope and comfort. As we were leaving, several of our hearers extended to me their emaciated hands, and, with moistened eye and tremulous voice, told of their faith and trust in the sinner's Friend. Others expressed their deep concern about their souls, anxious to be saved. One, evidently at the brink, soon to die, but in fear and doubt, asked for prayer in his behalf. At a moment like this, when a dying man, yearning for pardon and

peace, is entering the portals of eternity, and passing down the dark valley, when the lights of earth are going out, how precious are the promises of God, and the outstretched arms of an Almighty Saviour to receive the departing spirit entering its eternal home !

A Large Audience. The afternoon was pleasant, and Captain Landis having invited other regiments to participate with his own in our religious worship, we had a very large audience of officers and privates. This great multitude surrounded my wagon pulpit. Our praise service, under a good leader, using the old familiar hymns "Am I a Soldier of the Cross," and "A Charge to Keep I Have," were rendered with the spirit and the understanding. Such an introduction was very helpful, inspiring devotion, and preparing us to deliver and to hear the sermon.

This delightful day closed with a prayer and praise-meeting in the open air with a large attendance. The brethren that led in prayer, or gave their testimony, enjoyed freedom, the light of God's countenance was upon us, and, it was, indeed, good to be there.

In this visitation, I had but a limited supply of literature for distribution, and it was a serious drawback on my labors, for the soldiers greatly needed, and always appreciated any

reading matter we could furnish. In their loneliness, and with nothing to do, a book or a paper would break the monotony of confinement in the hospital, arouse their stagnant minds, impart useful knowledge, and aid in their recovery.

We found in the Army of the Cumberland, both in camp and hospital, a wide and inviting field for the operation of the United States Sanitary Commission in providing for the physical necessities of the sick and wounded. This agency was an important connection between the front and the rear, the home and the hospital, a reinforcement of aid and sympathy that cheered and relieved the brave sufferers.

As far as our time and stores were concerned we had completed our mission at Nashville, but the work of systematic and effective relief was only begun. We assured the surgeons and chaplains we met that the necessities of the sufferers should be made known, and beyond a doubt the heart and resources of the loyal North would speedily and generously respond.

CALLED TO PHILADELPHIA. Returning to Cincinnati, the report of our labors presented to the commission was approved and our fidelity commended. A few days were spent at home, visiting and enjoying the society of loved ones. After what I had seen in the pathway of armies,

home, with its security, quiet, plenty and cheer, had never before appeared such a delight and such a blessing. In response to a call from the American Sunday-School Union, I went to Philadelphia for consultation in regard to our missionary operations, seriously interrupted by the war. I was requested to remain for two months, to present its claims, and to secure means to sustain its missionary work. For January, 1863, it was arranged that I should labor in the city of New York and several of the cities in the interior. February was spent in New England. My congregations were generally large, and responsive to my appeals. While presenting the moral and spiritual needs of our ignorant, destitute, and neglected juvenile population for an education of the intellect and the heart so as to know and serve God, I did not forget the condition and claims of our brave soldiers at the front.

During this journey, occupying nearly three months, I preached fifteen times, made sixty-two Sunday-school and patriotic addresses, and travelled 4200 miles at an expense of \$80. Influential friends, interested in my mission, secured the favor of railroad authorities, and I very seldom had hotel bills, since genial private hospitality awaited me. These deeds of kindness added to my comfort while separated from

loved ones at home. In my darkest days and most trying circumstances I never lost sight of, or lost confidence in the motto of the Father of the faithful, "Jehovah-jireh."

Returning home, I found invitations to attend a state Sunday-school convention and several county meetings for the advancement of the good cause, which needed reviving and strengthening. Camp Dennison, the scene of my first labors in behalf of the soldiers, was now a general hospital, with 1200 patients. Here I found a chaplain and volunteer helpers, faithfully ministering to the physical and spiritual wants of these suffering men. A hospital at home, was, in its appointments, very different from those at the front. No wonder that our disabled soldiers were sent to the North! By request, near the last of March, I went to St. Louis to aid in establishing an auxiliary to the United States Christian Commission, an agency combining the good Samaritan and the true evangelist in labors of love in the army. Two large and enthusiastic meetings were held, funds raised, and an auxiliary organized which became an important and efficient center for the operations of the commission.

A VOYAGE DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI. Again, I was invited by the Cincinnati branch of the United States Sanitary Commission to take

charge of a large quantity of sanitary goods for Ohio and Indiana regiments in General Grant's army near Vicksburg. The stern wheel steamer "Dunlieth," Captain Wilson, was chartered. Our cargo, over 400 boxes and barrels, being on board, April 14th we left port. I had secured a good supply of religious literature from the United States Christian Commission at Philadelphia for distribution in camps and hospitals. We had on board Rev. A. R. Howbert, a Lutheran minister sent by Governor Todd to look after the interest of Ohio troops, Mr. Hofner, an aged and highly esteemed friend of soldiers, and other gentlemen volunteering to aid us in our work. We had daily religious worship on board, and our social intercourse was very pleasant. Examining the invoice, we found that our cargo embraced just what the soldiers, sick or well, needed and would appreciate—home delicacies, goods, and barrels of onions, sour-kraut and potatoes.

Our first landing was at Cairo, Illinois, where a large addition was made to our cargo by the Illinois United States Sanitary Commission, destined for their soldiers in General Grant's army, and our company was increased by the gentlemen in charge of these supplies. On shore we found the Fourteenth Illinois regiment with an active, faithful chaplain. I gave him

some books and papers, which he was glad to receive for the use of his men. On board a United States receiving ship, I found 250 sailors, and gave them words of cheer and a supply of hymn books. In the hospital on the upper deck, I found ten patients, conversed with them, offered a prayer, and suspended a "Silent Comforter" which attracted their attention and afforded them pleasure.

Meeting Gun-boats. I invited the surgeons to visit our boat and inform us of sanitary affairs. I showed our invoice, each box and barrel labeled with their contents. These things were for general distribution. Observing our barrels with vegetables, they said :

"These are the very things we need. We have many cases of scurvy under treatment."

The requisition we gladly honored, and the goods selected were soon on board the boats where they were so much needed. Receiving three hearty cheers from the boats, we continued our voyage to Memphis. Here we delivered a large quantity of our freight in charge of United States officers, to be forwarded to their destination to the regiments encamped and in connection with Memphis as a base of supplies.

An Old Fellow-Chaplain. Rev. John Eaton, of the 27th O. V. I., late United States commissioner of education, and now the President

of Marietta college, Ohio, was at Memphis, placed by General Grant in charge of 20,000 colored people, contraband in war, fugitive slaves within our lines. This was a great and difficult undertaking, and Chaplain Eaton with his God-given endowments of head, hand and heart, was the man to meet the emergency. He located the impoverished and helpless mass in camps, furnished them as far as possible with employment and provided teachers to instruct them in morality and religion, teach them to read and how to earn an honest living.

Visiting the hospitals with 1200 patients, we were delighted to find their sanitary condition excellent, with fair supplies of gifts from home, stationery, delicacies and literature. I suspended several "Silent Comforters" that attracted much attention and at once secured readers.

A CONTRABAND CAMP. As we laid up for the Sabbath, I accepted an offer to visit the camp a few miles below the city, accompanied by Chaplain Eaton. On our way we passed in a lovely grove the camp of a cavalry regiment. A bluecoat hailed me, "Why, Mr. Chidlaw, is this you? I'm very glad to see you. Wont you preach for us?"

I did not recognize the soldier, and inquired who he was.

“Why, I am Ike McLean, that used to work for your brother-in-law.”

I then remembered him, and was quite astonished that he should ask me to preach—a man, who, at home, never went to church, nor was in any way interested in religion. He took us to head-quarters, and Colonel Heath, of the 5th Ohio Cavalry, gave us a cordial welcome and invited me to preach. The church call was sounded, a large audience responded, and from a baggage wagon I delivered a gospel sermon, with an application on loyalty to God and the Government, a soldier's privilege and duty.

This detention made us late at the contraband camp. On the plain we found a large gathering holding a prayer-meeting. An aged, gray-headed colored brother, was engaged in prayer. His language was weak and broken, but his prayer was strong and earnest in confession of sin, and supplication, with thanksgiving. He thanked God “fer de start from Egypt,” and asked God “to take care ob dem in de wilderness, and to see dem all safe in de land ob Canaan.”

We dismounted, and with the two teachers took our seats on the platform. The leader in singing, a fine-looking young man, introduced the service, saying :

“Brudren, its time to begin de meeting. We

will sing de hymn, 'Hark from de toms de doeful sound.'" He repeated the words from memory, line by line, making strange variations from the original, especially in the last verse, which he recited:

"De tall, de wise, de rebel head
Comes down so low as ourn."

The singing, in which nearly all united, was in plantation style, quaint and new, yet impressive and soul-stirring. My talk on Christian duty my hearers evidently enjoyed, and I hope received in love so as to be the true servants of the Lord. One old pilgrim, bowed with age, walked up to the platform, and while I was speaking reached to me her sable hand, saying: "Bless de Lord for Jesus Christ. I want to be his servant for ever." All over the crowd, ejaculations were heard, with ominous signs of a "rousement," but I closed before the outbreak, for I saw that many of my hearers, were, as they say, "shouting happy."

On the up Grade. Many of these people were living together as husband and wife, married slave-fashion, but not united in lawful marriage. When they had been taught the sacredness, obligations, and duties involved in the marriage relation, Brother Fisk, their teacher, ascertaining their wishes to be lawfully married, had sixteen couples ready for the ceremony at

the close of our meeting, As their names were called, the parties walked up to the platform and stood in line in front of us. One man, when his name was called, stood up and said :

“My old woman is sick to-day, and can't turn out. Please excuse us till next Sunday.”

Here stood before us thirty men and women, until now denied lawful marriage, who were instructed in the nature and obligations of the sacred relation into which they were entering. Each couple pledged their love and fidelity till death. During this ceremony, a solemn stillness pervaded the congregation—no excitement or disorder, but good behavior marked the conduct of all the people.

This was a necessary and important step in the uplift of these people to a true social, industrial, and religious life. Here, on the banks of the Mississippi river, the stronghold of slavery, I was permitted, beneath the stars and stripes, to preach the gospel to these poor down-trodden people, and to witness such a marriage ceremony, none to molest, or make us afraid. “This was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.” (Mark 12: 11.)

On Monday we left Memphis for the encampments at Young's Point and Millikin's Bend, the end of our voyage, and where the balance of our cargo was to be discharged and forwarded to

the regiments or hospitals where the goods were directed.

A FLOATING HOSPITAL. Near Young's Point a three-decker steamer, formerly used in transporting cotton, had 750 patients, sick or convalescent. Here I suspended twenty "Silent Comforters," and distributed some literature, dropping words of cheer as I could. In passing through the middle ward in the midst of nearly two hundred sufferers, a patient, very feeble but with distinct utterance, called my name. I approached his cot, and he said: "At home, I used to hear you preach in our church in Delaware, Ohio, and I am glad to see you. Will you pray for me?"

I found that I knew his father, a good man, an elder in the Presbyterian church. A brother had come down to nurse him, and if possible to take him to his good home and beloved parents. As yet he had not succeeded in obtaining his discharge or a furlough. Conferring with the surgeon, I was advised to state his case to General Grant. This heroic soldier and humane gentleman, kindly heard my statement of the case and the opinion of the surgeon, and an order, in the proper way, was secured for his discharge.

The next day, the young sufferer and his brother were on board the "Dunlieth," placed

in a comfortable state-room, his wants supplied, and kindly nursed. At first he revived and was much better, but Albert Cunningham rapidly declined, and before we reached Louisville, he died the death of the righteous, and his brother took his remains for burial in the family graveyard at home.

In this great encampment I found my old friends, K. A. Burnell of Chicago, and William Reynolds of Peoria, Illinois, delegates of the Christian Commission. With them I spent a day and evening in the divisions of Generals Logan and McPherson, in personal conversation, in preaching as opportunity offered to large assemblies, brave soldiers, attentive hearers of the word. These troops were then under marching orders to face and to capture the frowning batteries of an entrenched enemy at Vicksburg.

These two faithful, discreet, and earnest brethren, were doing a good work on those tented fields, sowing beside all waters, knowing that the reaping time would surely come.

At Cincinnati, my report of the distribution of our cargo and labors performed, was accepted and approved by the United States Sanitary Commission, and they thanked me for the service rendered on this voyage, and my trips to Perryville, Kentucky, and Nashville.

A NEW DEPARTURE. Soon after my return from this voyage I was invited by Geo. H. Stuart, Esq., president of the United States Christian Commission, to visit Philadelphia in regard to the work of the commission in Ohio and Indiana. My observation and experience had fully convinced me that an agency combining the sanitary and the religious was needed to meet the physical and spiritual needs of our brave men in camps and in hospitals. On this basis the United States Christian Commission had been founded, uniting all religious denominations in its support. Already, the heart of the nation liberally responded to its appeal for funds, and volunteer delegates were ready to do its work at the front. The United States Government, and officers of the army and the navy, sanctioned and encouraged its humane and Christian mission. By request, with the Rev. Mr. Parvin, an Episcopal minister of precious memory, both of us with commissions as delegates, made a tour through Pennsylvania, filling appointments made for us. We met large and enthusiastic audiences, and our intercourse with the people and public addresses awakened much interest, and secured good contributions for the cause.

THE CINCINNATI AUXILIARY. On my return home from the East, aided by the sympathy

and coöperation of prominent and influential citizens, we entered on the work of organizing an auxiliary society in the city. We found favor in the eyes of the people, and were greatly encouraged. A public meeting was called, General Burnside of the United States Army presided and made a telling address, followed by Rev. A. T. Thompson, the eloquent young pastor of Wesley Chapel, Hon. B. Storer, the just judge and whole-hearted patriot. A box collection of \$500 was taken, the first fruit of interest and generosity in the city.

An auxiliary society was formed, A. E. Chamberlain Esq., president; Rev. J. M. Marley, secretary; Wm. T. Perkins, treasurer, and myself agent at large. Mr. Chamberlain furnished a large and central room for our headquarters, and our business opened lively, funds and stores came in freely, and delegates—ministers and laymen of all denominations—offered their unpaid services, to serve six weeks at the front in various labors in camps and hospitals.

Our First Anniversary was held in Mozart Hall, crowded to its full capacity, A. E. Chamberlain in the chair. Rev. John M. Marley read the report:

Cash received during the year,.....	\$25,887
Delegates sent to the front.....	117
Copies of Scriptures distributed,.....	31,475
Hymn books (Soldiers' and Sailors',).....	40,228

Knapsack books distributed,.....	106,080
Religious weekly papers,.....	693,950
Pages of tracts and magazines,.....	909,615
Reams of writing paper,.....	220
Boxes and barrels of supplies sent,.....	990

After the reading of the report and its adoption, eloquent addresses were made by Rt. Rev. Bishop McIlvaine, Rev. T. M. Eddy, D.D. of Chicago, and Colonel Dudley of the United States Army.

SENT TO THE FRONT. After the battle of Chickamauga, an earnest appeal came to us from our delegates at Chattanooga for supplies and delegates to reinforce the few that were there. Ministers and laymen, volunteers from different parts of the State, promptly responded; and equipped for their work with a blanket, woolen shirt, cap and badge, with a supply of selected stores, thirteen good and true men left for the South. Not having seen service at the front for several months, I was anxious to be of the number, and my brethren at the last moment decided that I should be of the party.

We left Cincinnati September 23rd, on the mail-boat for Louisville, where we received transportation to Chattanooga, and filled our haversacks with provisions to use on the way. I was left with three others at Stevenson, Alabama, where, in a field hospital, we had 1500 sick and wounded soldiers. We found our four

delegates quartered in an old hall on the side of the hill. The upper room was our parlor, dormitory, dining-room and kitchen. The tower story was our store-room, reading-room, and chapel, far better accomodations than we expected. Really our home life was pleasant, and we felt well satisfied.

At the railroad station we had a refreshment-room, a large tent which Colonel Lyon, commanding the post, furnished; and also twenty men for duty day and night, to aid in making coffee and preparing food for the sick and wounded on the trains going north. The government bakery supplied the bread and crackers, with which, supplemented by our jellies, canned fruit, condensed milk, and other good things from home, we could furnish a meal our guests relished and enjoyed. Our helpers would take the food to those who could not leave the car. We generally entertained four or five trains each twenty-four hours. Sometimes I saw men that needed clean clothes. Having a good supply on hand, it afforded me great pleasure to supply them. These weak, hungry, suffering men sharing our hospitality, overflowed with gratitude and thanks to their friends at the North for this ministry of humanity, patriotism and religion in their behalf.

A FIELD HOSPITAL was located on a lovely

plain a short distance from the town. It was laid out in the regulation style, long rows of tents divided into wards, and a line of kitchens in the rear. In each ward we found from fifty to one hundred and fifty cots, with everything in good order, the best hospital arrangements and equipments I had ever seen. The surgeons and the chaplain received us very kindly, and afforded us many facilities to do our work, distributing stores and delicacies, and holding conversation with the patients; and if the way was open, we held religious services. Sometimes we met indifference and no interest, but the large majority were respectful and ready to hear our words of cheer, instruction, and encouragement, and thankfully received any article in the way of delicacy and clothing that we could give them.

Supplies Cut Off. The Confederate cavalry destroyed the railway communication between us and Nashville, our base of supplies, and for a few days we were short of some things, especially stationery and postage stamps, articles in great demand. The road was soon repaired. Our soldiers when they operated in this work of destruction, did it for good. They always heated the rails and twisted them, while the Confederates simply bent them. Our men had only to straighten the rails, and easily

repaired the damage, but the "Yankee twist" was irreparable, with the facilities at hand.

LETTER WRITING. Most of the patients were anxious to write home, and glad to receive our stationery and stamps. Out of our new supply, I filled my basket, and started on a tour of distribution. In a tent I would find five to fifteen men, tell them my errand, and tender the stationery. Some were on the cots, others able to sit on a camp stool. I always carried in my basket pen and ink, and the top of a soap box for a desk. If any were disabled so that they could not write, I would write at their dictation.

One poor fellow, crippled in both arms, requested me to be his amanuensis. I stood at his cot, ready for business, and inquired to whom he desired to write.

"Oh! to Nancy."

Ignorant of his relation to Nancy, I inquired who she was. Smiling, he said :

"She is my wife."

"What do you wish to say to her?"

"Well, tell her, I'm getting along first rate; and ask my brother Tom to see that she has fire-wood, flour, meat, and groceries. I will send money home when I get my pay."

"That is all right, and she will be much pleased. What else shall I write?"

“I guess you may wind up.”

“There is too much blank paper to send home. Can you think of anything else?”

“I believe not.”

“You were wounded in both arms. What if a minie ball had pierced your heart?”

With a very serious look, hesitating a moment, he said:

“I would have been a dead man sure.”

“Who preserved your life in the midst of such danger?”

“It was God that cared for me.”

“Then shall I tell Nancy that you feel that God preserved your life?”

“Yes, yes, indeed, that is what she would like to hear. She belongs to meeting, and is a good Christian.”

Pressing on him and his associates the claims of personal religion, and offering a prayer, I went my way. All in the tent united with him in thanks for the stationery and my visit, inviting me to come again.

A TEA PARTY. On my rounds through the wards of this field hospital, I witnessed many scenes of special interest, some of a very serious character, others quite amusing. I saw, seated on a log, near his tent, a young soldier, feeble and emaciated. I greeted him cheerfully, and inquired about his health.

“ Well, sir, I am trying to get well after a severe spell of typhoid fever.”

“ Where is your home ? ”

“ My folks live in Indiana.”

“ Were you ever sick at home ? ”

“ Yes, sir, I had plenty of fever and ague.”

“ What did your mother give you to eat when you were trying to get well of the fever and ague ? ”

“ She always gave me tea and toast, and it helped me.”

“ Why don't you get tea and toast here and get well ? ”

“ I get it, but it ain't good, and I am so weak. I wish I could just get what my mother used to make. I believe then I would mend right along.”

“ Now, my young friend, I will try and make you a cup of tea and toast like your mother used to give you.” Tears fell from his sunken eyes, and he thanked me heartily. I left my stationery basket in his tent, and went to our store-room and put into my haversack some Oolong tea—the genuine article—some loaf sugar and a can of condensed milk, called at the bakery for a loaf of stale bread, light and sweet, and hastened to one of the hospital kitchens.

There I found a colored man in charge. I asked the privilege of toasting some bread, and

for some hot water to make the tea for a sick soldier.

“Yes, sah, certainly; but, ain't you de minister as preaches every night at de quarters of de commission?”

I replied that I was. He then shook hands with me, telling me, “I love de Lord, and I'm trying to live right. I will do the cooking, and you talk to me about Jesus Christ my Saviour.” I gladly accepted his proposition, and he went to work, sliced the bread and toasted it nicely, moistening it with the condensed milk. The water was soon boiling, and the tea prepared. He loaned me the tea-pot and plate. A soldier helped me to carry the tea and toast. Arriving at the log, the young man had left, and I found him asleep on his cot. When awakened, he was very drowsy. I always carried a towel and a piece of castile soap with me. Securing a bowl of water he enjoyed a good wash that aroused him. Thus refreshed, and seated on his cot, I handed him a piece of toast and a cup of tea. He said at once:

“That tea smells good! Is there milk in it? It tastes just right. Does the Christian Commission keep cows down here?”

He evidently enjoyed the tea and toast, reducing the pile so that I was afraid he would eat too much and do himself harm. I sug-

gested that it would be best not to eat so much at once.

“ Oh, sir, do let me have another piece ? ”

There remained a few slices on the plate, and I asked his fellow-sufferers, eight or ten in number, if any of them would like a slice and some tea. My toast was gone and the tea-pot empty before half of them had a taste.

I replenished my haversack, and secured more bread. The cook soon prepared another supply, and in a short time I returned and all in the tent enjoyed the repast, pronouncing it first rate. Then we were in a good state of mind and body for a short religious service in which we engaged.

COMFORT BAGS. In our store-room we had a large box filled with what the donors at home called “ comfort bags,” made by small girls, and filled with “ nick-nacks,” writing paper and stamped envelopes, pins and needles, tracts, a Testament and a letter written by the sender. These gifts were appreciated in the camps and in the hospitals. The soldiers were always glad to receive them.

I saw a stalwart soldier, who had lost an arm in the battle of Chickamauga, reading the letter he found in his “ comfort bag.” Tears were coursing down his manly cheeks, and with a voice tremulous with emotion, he said : “ This

makes me think of my wife and children at home. How kind in some little girl to write me such a letter, and to send me such a lot of nice and useful things ! ”

These little messengers of aid and sympathy from the rear, came to cheer and strengthen the brave soldier at the front, far from his home and liable to the casualties of war. In this and many other ways did the pure patriotism and the Christian sympathy in the hearts of men, women and children, in a direct and effectual manner reach the soldier enduring hardship and exposed to danger. The little “comfort bag” and its contents, the work and gift of a little girl, told the stout-hearted soldier that he was not forgotten at the home fireside, but fondly remembered and his heroic services appreciated. The “comfort bag” as well as all other gifts from home, carried with it an influence felt and potent to resist evil in the time of temptation, and to be strong in times of weakness. The interest and sympathy of the people in the Union army, expressed in so many ways, was a silent and efficient power of great service in many directions, an acknowledged helpfulness in the great conflict in which the nation was involved.

CHAPTER XI.

BROADER RELIEF AND REFORM WORK.

AN APPOINTMENT. On my arrival at home, I found on my desk a commission from the governor of Ohio, appointing me a trustee of Miami University at Oxford, a State institution where I graduated in 1833. Congress donated the State a township of land (23,040 acres) as an endowment. The original Board of Trustees located the township, one of the best in the State, and leased it and erected buildings, and in 1823 appointed a faculty and graduated the first class in 1827. The university prospered, and has a very honorable history, having graduated large numbers of men prominent in the Church and in the State.

PATRIOTISM AND SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. At Dayton, Ohio, in the State Sunday-school Union at its anniversary in 1863, while the dark cloud of the civil war was hanging over us, and thousands of our officers, teachers and scholars, were at the front fighting the battles of the Union, I introduced the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, our Sunday-schools are so largely represented in the United States army and navy, and our co-laborers now in the service, cheerfully and heroically bearing the burdens of duty, fighting for the flag, and living by the cross:

Resolved, that the Ohio State Sunday-school Union, assembled in convention, extends its cordial greetings and Christian sympathy with our brethren in arms:

Secondly, that we urge upon every Sunday-school at once to open a correspondence with its absent members, to cheer and encourage our loved associates now in the camp, on the deck, or languishing in hospitals:

Thirdly, that we earnestly desire that all the children of our brave soldiers and sailors should be gathered into our Sunday-schools and instructed in Bible truth and duty:

Fourthly, that we would kindly encourage all soldiers who at home drilled in the Sunday-school army, and have studied the heavenly tactics, to fall into line on the tented field, establish a Bible class or Sunday-school for the spiritual benefit of themselves and comrades.

These resolutions were unanimously and enthusiastically passed.

In the afternoon, 2500 Sunday-school scholars and teachers, each bearing a United States flag, marched to the city park, and attentively listened to several patriotic and religious addresses.

MY LAST VISIT TO THE FRONT, was in December, 1864, when with fifteen delegates of the United States Christian Commission we left Cincinnati for Nashville. The recent battles around the city resulting in the defeat of the Confederate army under General Hood, left a very large number of wounded soldiers of both armies in the hospitals. The Christian Commission work was in charge of Rev. E. P. Smith and his estimable wife. A large house,

well furnished and centrally located, was our home, where, advised by Brother Smith, we arranged our work and received instruction. We had good supplies of stores and literature.

I was assigned with Rev. J. B. Little of Indiana to the Cumberland hospital, Dr. Cloak in charge, a kind Christian gentleman, and Rev. Mr. Day, chaplain, a good brother, who gladly accepted our services. The hospital had twelve wards and 800 patients, very many of them severely and dangerously wounded. Such suffering I had never witnessed before. A feeling of sadness and a sense of my helplessness oppressed me, so that I was almost ready to give up and return home.

In my extremity, cast down and discouraged, I asked God to deliver me from this weakness, inspire me with courage and strength, and to give me grace sufficient for my day. The next day, with my associate who was a good singer,* we made our way early to the Cumberland Hospital and found work alleviating suffering and comforting the dying with the consolations of the gospel of the Son of God. In the con-

* In a letter, received from Rev. J. B. Little, now pastor of the Presbyterian church at Davenport, Iowa, April 3, 1890, he writes: "I am the eldest son of your 'yoke fellow' Rev. Henry Little, D.D., of Madison, Indiana. I remember some of your Sabbath-school stories before I thought of the ministry. I recall twenty-four religious services in the twenty-four wards of the Nashville hospitals with you one Sabbath day. You did the preaching and I sang."

valescent ward we held pleasant personal conversation with the heroic, uncomplaining sufferers, distributed religious reading, and had public worship daily. This great hospital, with the sympathy and encouragement of its officers, afforded us a good field for labor. One day, we distributed 700 religious weekly papers in these wards. Often a man would say, looking at the name of the paper, "O yes, this is the paper my parents took at home. I am glad to get it."

The "diet kitchen" established and worked by the United States Christian Commission was of great service in this hospital. The work was in charge of three ladies from Pittsburg, delegates of the Christian Commission. Here, under the instruction of surgeons, nutritious food and delicacies were cooked and served to the patients—just what they needed, and could relish, and so helpful in their healing and restoration to health.

OPPOSITION. During the summer of 1864 I attended and participated in two state Sunday-school conventions, several county meetings, visiting military hospitals in Ohio and Indiana, and making addresses in behalf of the Christian Commission. In my labors I encountered indifference, but very seldom any opposition; popular sentiment was in favor of the interests

I represented, whether patriotic or religious, pleading for the soldier or the children.

One incident I will mention, and copy from the "Delaware Gazette," a leading paper in Central Ohio.

"Rev. Mr. Chidlaw was invited to speak in Middletown (now Prospect) in behalf of the United States Christian Commission for the army and navy. A few disloyalists closed the Methodist meeting-house against the cause of the soldier, and his faithful friend and earnest patriot. A crowd assembled around the locked doors, ready to force them open. Mr. Chidlaw proposed to take a block for his pulpit and speak in the open air. A prominent citizen, said: 'For the credit of our town and this community, the meeting-house doors must be opened.' The key was furnished, and the meeting-house crowded to overflowing. After a rousing speech in support of the Government and the army, a collection was taken for the commission.

"In the box was found a butternut breast-pin, the symbol of disloyalty and copperheadism evidently dropped in by a sympathizer with the rebellion, either as an insult to the speaker or indignity to the soldier; or, we hope, as evidence that he had recanted, and had become a loyal citizen. A few more such meetings would root out disloyalty, and bring all the people to 'rally round the flag boys,' and in practical sympathy with our brave soldiers, our brethren, who gallantly fight our battles, and win the victories which will preserve the Union and save the life of the nation."

THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY of the United States Christian Commission was held in Philadelphia. Fifty representatives of its vigorous and efficient auxiliaries in the loyal States were present. We were invited by the citizens of Philadelphia to a dinner in the Continental Hotel, a very elaborate affair. This to me was an entirely new feature in Christian Commission

affairs, and a bright social sunshine enjoyed by all.

In the evening, the anniversary services were held in the Academy of Music, crowded to its full capacity by a brilliant and patriotic audience. George H. Stuart, Esq., presided, and J. S. Demond, Esq., of Boston, read the summary of the report, showing for the year the cash receipts, \$1,297,755.28, and in stores \$1,169,580.37, a marvellous outpouring of funds and stores to relieve and cheer our brave soldiers on the field or in the hospitals. Philip Phillips, the prince of song, thrilled the audience with "Your Mission" rendered with remarkable effect. Three addresses were delivered, and a telegram from Speaker Colfax, of the House of Representatives, read by President Stuart, announced that the law giving freedom to the slaves had passed. This glorious news occasioned the most rapturous and prolonged applause.

THE CLOSING ANNIVERSARY. The next year at Washington, A. E. Chamberlain, O. N. Bush, Eli Johnson, W. T. Breed, H. T. Miller and myself represented the Cincinnati auxiliary. We had a pleasant journey, and were quartered at the Metropolitan Hotel. On Saturday morning a business session was held, and in the afternoon the delegates 1000 strong, led by Mr.

Stuart, called on President Johnson at the White House, the secretaries of the various departments, and General Grant. These interviews were eminently satisfactory, and greatly enjoyed. Later the delegates from Ohio called on Ex-Governor Dennison and Ex-Governor R. B. Hayes, then in Congress. Both of these distinguished gentlemen always favored the Christian Commission and were our personal friends.

In four years of its operations, the commission had received in cash and supplies \$6,291,107.60, and now accounted for its expenditure for the benefit of our brave soldiers and gallant sailors.

The Public Meeting. On Sunday evening in the hall of the House of Representatives, Vice President Colfax occupied the chair, and made the opening address, patriotic and eloquent. Near him were seated General Grant, Chief Justice S. P. Chase, General Augur, Bishop Simpson and George H. Stuart. Dr. Boynton, chaplain of the House, offered a very appropriate and fervent prayer.

Mr. Stuart sketched the history and work of the commission, sending out 5000 volunteer and unpaid delegates, ministers and laymen of all denominations, to spend each six weeks in camps and hospitals, distributing supplies worth \$3,800,000, literature, stationery, and postage

stamps \$1,050,000, besides erecting chapels and supporting diet kitchens to prepare nourishing and palatable food for the sick and wounded.

Addresses were made by Rev. Herrick Johnson, D.D., Rev. E. P. Smith, Senator Doolittle, and General Augur. A telegram was received from General Meade stating that illness prevented his attendance, and expressing in the most emphatic language his high esteem for the Christian Commission, and for its efficient and timely services during the war.

Vice President Colfax, after reading the telegram, said: "Dr. Johnson has spoken of the work of the commission in the East, we will now listen to one who has seen service in the South and West, Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, of Ohio." This was a complete surprise, and I was much perplexed. Mr. O. N. Bush, Esq., of Cincinnati, sat at my side, and I asked him what I should do.

"Go ahead, and the Lord will help you," was his reply.

With fear and trembling, unheralded and unknown, I made my way through the crowd to the speaker's desk, and was kindly greeted by the chairman and introduced to that grand audience.

Greatly embarrassed at first, I gradually gained self-possession, and my usual freedom

of utterance came to my relief. My experience in varied labors, wearing the badge of the Christian Commission, came to my mind and help. I detailed incidents, illustrating the objects and methods of the commission on battlefields, in camps and hospitals, relieving and cheering the sick and wounded, and consoling the dying. My eye resting on Brother Stuart, I extended my hand, and, rising, he grasped it as oft times before. I said:

“Brother Stuart, we shall not again hold prayer-meeting around camp-fires, or minister to our suffering soldiers sick and dying. Thank God, and our victorious army and navy, that the day of peace has dawned upon us, the rebellion is subdued, the Union is unsevered, and the government lives. Good-bye Brother Stuart, and through you, to the 5000 laymen and ministers who were our fellow laborers, till we reach the camping-ground on high.”

This closing of my extempore speech, bordering on the dramatic, was entirely spontaneous. As water gushing from the fountain, so these words gushed from my excited soul and loosened tongue. My honest pride may be pardoned, if I copy what the “New York Times” said of my unpremeditated effort.

“He thrilled the vast audience with his simple and eloquent illustrations of the noble work done by the United

States Christian Commission in the western armies. His allusion to the closing labors of the commission were so affecting as to melt the audience to tears."

After spending a day in Washington, several of the delegates invited by Mr. Stuart went to Richmond. On the way we witnessed the ravages of war, and the city in its desolation deepened the impression. We visited Libby Prison, ascended to the garret where my friend and Christian brother, Chaplain McCabe and his fellow prisoners celebrated the Fourth of July, 1863. The old flag they surreptitiously hung on the rafters of Libby Prison was to-day proudly floating from the dome of the capitol of Virginia. We visited and were delighted to see 3500 colored youth enjoying educational advantages in the free schools of the city. In a well-kept hospital we found seventy United States soldiers under treatment, with the "Silent Comforter" on the walls and a good supply of literature on the tables. At the request of the surgeon, we held a religious service, the patients interested, thanked us for calling and for the service they enjoyed.

In the evening, we went to a meeting in the African Baptist church, crowded to the doors. We were favored with seats near the pulpit. Dr. Herrick Johnson made an address that moved the audience to a "rousment." Quiet

restored, other short addresses were made. At the close the spirit of song rested upon the congregation, and they lifted up their voices as of many waters in singing the following words:

“O strange brethren have you come to help us?
Give us your own right hand,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.”

Keeping time with a peculiar movement of the body, and swinging their arms, these words were repeated a score of times.

The leader, at the close of the meeting, with clear articulation and peculiar intonations, sang as a soloist these words, the entire congregation joining heartily in the chorus:

“He sets a table before me,
In spite of all my foes.
The light, and truth He gives us
Shall gladden all our days.
Then in His house securely
I'll ever speak His praise.

CHORUS :

Joshua fought the battle of Jericho,
And the walls came tumbling down.”

Hand-shaking and shouting followed this song, and when we left at rather a late hour there was no abatement in the excitement. The colored people evidently enjoyed this method of worship; but more quietness and order, thought and instruction, would serve a better purpose and do more good.

Our Christian Commission work was now finished, and we were mustered out of service, ready for duty on the Sunday-school missionary field, and along other humanitarian and educational lines which Providence might open.

REFORM-SCHOOL WORK. For many years the subject of reforming juvenile delinquents was in my thoughts, and in it I was deeply interested.

In 1866 Governor J. D. Cox of Ohio, appointed me a commissioner of the Ohio Reform Farm School, near Lancaster, Ohio, founded on the family plan in 1856, on a large tract of hilly land. G. E. Howe, Esq., was the acting commissioner residing at the institution, Hon. John A. Foote of Cleveland, and myself advisory commissioners. Ohio was the pioneer in adopting the family, rather than the congregate, system of treating juvenile offenders. The family system provides a safe, good home—the congregate, a prison with massive walls and iron bars.

My associates in the management of the institution were excellent and worthy gentlemen, qualified, and devoted to their duty. Mr. Howe, the pioneer in this new method of reclaiming and educating wayward, vicious, and criminal boys, was also a thorough business man. Mr. Foote was an experienced lawyer, skilled in accounts and finance: both were Christians in

their characters and lives. To be associated with such gentlemen, and a co-laborer in such a work, was an honor and a privilege. From my taste and experience, it was natural for me to be specially interested in the social, intellectual, moral and religious training of our boys from ten to eighteen years of age, of every grade of intellect and shade of character. In 1866 we had five family buildings, two of them of hewed logs, and 238 boys constituting these five households. In 1876 we had nine family buildings of brick, commodious and convenient, and 465 boys. All the boys work on the farm or in shops half of the day, the other half is spent in the school-room. During these ten years great improvements were made, water and gas works were introduced, vineyards and orchards planted, and shop buildings erected.

In reforming these boys, and preparing them for good citizenship—knowing that all true reformation begins in the heart, and works outwardly—adopting Divine revelation for our guide, we taught them to cease to do evil, and learn to do well. The soul must be renewed and delivered from the love, guilt, and power of sin, by faith in Jesus Christ. The boys were instructed in moral and religious truth in their home, their Sunday-school, and in the chapel. Each boy is furnished with a Bible, and helps

to study the Sunday-school lesson in their comfortable family home.

In their home, forty to sixty in a family, they are in the charge of an officer called "Elder Brother," in all regards with proper authority "*in loco parentis*," the head of the family. If he is the right man in the right place, all is well. Knowing that boys in rags, and poorly fed, would not be contented, or respond to our efforts to save them, we provided proper and comfortable clothing, and plenty of good nutritious food. We instructed them in habits of personal cleanliness and good manners. We aimed in their treatment in the family, the school-room, shop and field, and on the playground to secure their respect and confidence. We as far as possible trusted them, and confidence became mutual. This settled them at home, and prevented escapes.

We made the best possible provisions for their industrial training. Consulting their tastes and physical ability, we gave them employment on the farm or in the shops. This made labor pleasant, and, if a boy liked to work, he was on the way to a true reformation on that line. Character built, and habits formed on solid religious principles, enable them to resist temptations, maintain their integrity, and do well for themselves in the battle of life.

The boys are sent, not sentenced, by some court of record. After reading their commitment papers, they are charged with demerit marks from 1500 to 6000, according to the crime for which they are sent. As the boy enters, an account is opened with him as to his conduct in the family, the school-room, and his labor. His discharge will depend on wiping out the demerits, and is therefore in his own hands, and this is a strong motive for a clean record. It takes a boy from a year and a half to four years to work his way out.

When honorably discharged, with a clean record, he receives \$10 and a suit of new clothes, a reward for good conduct and service rendered. After repeated efforts, we failed to secure a law authorizing the employment of an agent to look for homes, locate in homes, and look after them in their homes. As so many of the boys are homeless and friendless, they go out under a great disadvantage. The State should continue an authoritative guardianship over each discharged boy who has no home, till his maturity.

From the best information we believe that seventy-five per cent of our discharged boys do fairly well, and earn an honest living, becoming producers, and not merely consumers. Some, unfortunately, drift into an evil life, or are

drones in society; and of others we must say, as of many a gallant vessel, she left port and was never heard from.

HOW WE GOT A NEW CHAPEL. Many years ago our chapel was a large room in the second story of our dining hall, uncomfortable and poorly ventilated. A committee from the Ohio Legislature were on a visit. That they might meet the boys and talk to them, chapel service was held. The evening was warm and the chapel crowded. One of the members, an earnest Methodist lay preacher, warming up in his discourse, said to me "Brother Chidlaw, can't we get some fresh air? I am suffering."

"No, my good brother, we cannot ventilate. Your dilemma is an evidence that we need a new chapel."

"That is a fact. I will remember this when the appropriation bill is up, and you shall certainly have a new chapel in which the speaker will not suffer for fresh air."

The appropriation of \$12,000 was secured, and a beautiful and well furnished chapel was built, where the Sunday-school is held and where our boys hear the gospel.

A NEW BOY. On a winter morning during my monthly visit, just after our breakfast a sheriff brought a boy from Dayton, Ohio. Delivering his charge and the papers, the officer

departed to make the train. The poor lad, fourteen years of age, was ragged, unwashed and uncouth. He was stolid and sullen, and when I offered to shake hands with him, he made no response, but kept his seat. I told him when people were friendly they shook hands. With this explanation, he arose from his chair, and we had a good time of it. I inquired if he was hungry.

“ Yes, I got no breakfast.”

I went to the kitchen, and the cook gave me a plate with a square meal on it, and a mug of coffee. I took it to the hungry boy, and he soon made a clean sweep of the food and coffee. The officer to take the boy into the lavatory, the barber shop and the clothing-room, was not on hand, so I entertained my young friend, and invited him to go out with me and see his new home. I pointed out the family buildings, skirting the beautiful lawn, the work shops and the conservatory, but he was quite indifferent, and said not a word. He broke the silence, however, by asking :

“ Havn't you a thundering big jail to hold the boys ? ”

“ No, but we have a chamber for reflection, a room where we put boys when they do wrong, that they may think of their evil ways and resolve to do better. Were you ever in jail ? ”

“Yes, lots of times ; in Buffalo, York State ; in Cleveland and Toledo, and I came from the Dayton jail here. If you have no jail, how are you going to hold me here?”

I said, “In the same way we hold over four hundred boys. We will give you a good home, send you to school, and have you work half the day.”

The officer came to us and took the lad in charge, and, as the boys used to say, “he fixed him up.” Examining the register, I found that he was located in the Muskingum family, and I went there. In their school-room, I found fifty-five boys enjoying themselves, reading, writing, studying their Sunday-school lesson, and some amusing themselves with games. I looked for the new boy, but I could not recognize him. I asked the Elder Brother (the officer in charge) to call him up to the desk. A nice, well-dressed youth walked up and I met him, offering him my hand. He took it like an old friend, and we had a good hand-shake. I asked if he knew me.

“Yes sir, but I don't know your name. You are the man that gave me a breakfast this morning.”

“How do you like your new home here?”

“Well, it's a good place, and I am satisfied.”

“As we have no jail, do you think you will run away?”

“No sir, I never had such a chance before, and I am going to stay and do right.”

In one day the State of Ohio changed the confirmed vagrant, jail-bird, filthy and ragged, into a well-clad, contented, and comfortable school boy in a good home, and with the opportunity of attaining an honorable and useful position in life. Such boys are worth saving, and their salvation is possible if the proper means are faithfully employed. The history of the Ohio Reformatory for thirty-four years, affords ample confirmation of the fact.

INCIDENTS. Walking on Third street, Cincinnati, an express wagon driver jumped from his vehicle and accosted me, “Brother Chidlaw, how do you do?” I knew by the hail that he was a reform-school boy (for there, we are all brothers), and gladly responded to his greeting, “How long have you been outside?”

“A little over four years.”

“How are you succeeding since your discharge?”

“I am following the instructions you and others gave me. I work steady, save my earnings, and I shall soon be able to buy and pay for a horse and wagon of my own.”

“How about the Sunday-school and church?”

“Well, I remember your talk about going to Sunday-school and church, and keeping out of saloons and bad company. I don't work on Sunday, and I go to church, but I am not a member yet. I hope to be one. I am living with my mother, and she wants me to live a religious life.”

Spending a Sunday in the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus, after attending the prison Sunday-school, and preaching in the forenoon, I was invited, by a card very beautifully written, to call at a cell, where I would find a friend. I made the call, and found confronting me, clutching the iron bars of the cell door, pale and haggard, one of our reform-school boys. I recognized him at once, and remembered him as one of our brightest boys, especially gifted in penmanship and the use of the crayon. In that line he was a genius, but he was sadly deficient in moral principle and indifferent to religion. I said to him, after words of sympathy and regret at finding him behind iron bars: “C——, you are here for forgery, I suppose.”

“Yes, Brother Chidlaw, you are right. I paid but little attention to your teachings on the subject of morals and religion, and because

of it, I am to spend five years of my life a convict."

I encouraged him to study the Holy Scriptures, to adopt sound moral and religious principles, to trust in Jesus Christ, and lead a true religious life. He appeared interested and penitent, and promised to ponder the path of his feet, and walk in the way of righteousness. The talent which God gave him, and which the State of Ohio developed, for the want of moral principle the unfortunate youth had prostituted, his young life was blighted with the just and inevitable consequence of wrong-doing—the doom of the transgressor.

PENAL AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.
From 1850, while prosecuting my Sunday-school missionary labors over my wide field, and as population increased, I found opportunities of usefulness in visiting county jails and infirmaries. These visits aroused my sympathies with prisoners and paupers, and interested me in their physical and moral condition.

In our county infirmaries, (and we have eighty-eight in Ohio,) where our pauper population have a home, I always found a mixed household, old and young, sane and insane, invalid and healthy, all classes of defectives, the ignorant and degraded, all in one family, and with few exceptions, without religious privi-

leges. The condition of children in most of these infirmaries was deplorable, much neglected in mind, soul, and body. The authorities, understanding the object of my visit, received me kindly, and afforded me opportunities to examine the buildings, converse with the inmates, and hold religious services.

Child life in the average infirmary, was attended with many evils, and the dictates of humanity demanded a separation of the children from the adults, and special care and training. Through the press and public meetings, the subject was agitated, and a law was enacted authorizing the building of "Childrens' Homes;" and now forty counties in Ohio have such homes, where pauper children are properly cared for and educated, and as soon as they are prepared, and an outside home is found, they are discharged, either by adoption or by indenture.

In some county infirmaries Sunday-schools were established and sustained, and also daily schools, where the children received the rudiments of an education, an important step in their preparation for outside life. In a few years great improvements were made in the buildings and management of these institutions.

FINDING AN AGED DISCIPLE. In the county infirmary near Connersville, Indiana, I found an

old and esteemed friend. I had known him for years, travelling through the country in a small wagon, selling notions and books. He was a very religious man, and literally went about doing good. He was quite old, but vigorous and healthy. I had not met him for several years, and I was astonished to meet him an inmate of this infirmary—an honest, industrious, and godly man in the poor-house! He was aged, and feeble physically, but happy and cheerful, glad to see me and to talk as of old on the subject of religion. He told me his story.

“Two years ago, I gave up travelling, and disposed of my team and business. I paid all my debts, and I had very little left, but I trusted God, and relied on his promises. I was then eighty years old, and not able to work. My friends in the church took care of me, paid for my room and board. I had a good place and good friends, but as a Christian, a servant of God, I could not do much work in town, so I voluntarily came to the Infirmary, where, in the family of over fifty men, women and children, I could labor for God, and the souls of the perishing.”

His Christian experience, his natural gifts and religious knowledge fitted him for such work. The superintendent said: “Old Mr. Parker is a saint of the Lord. He is the salt of this

establishment. Everybody respects him and listens to his earnest prayers, and are attentive to his religious teachings. I scarcely know how to get along with my people without him." Until his death, at 85, Brother Parker labored for the Lord and his poor on this chosen field, happy and useful; winning many souls to Christ, consoling the sick and dying, and removing the burden of sorrow from many desolate hearts. His death was a triumph, easy and peaceful, a change from the pauper home for the "many mansions," the poverty of earth for the enduring riches, and of service for the glorious rewards reserved above.

THE STATE PENITENTIARY. I endeavored to visit annually the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, and spend a few days, including the Sabbath, within its walls, welcomed by the warden, chaplain and officers, and favored with doing what I could by personal conversation and preaching the gospel. Forty years ago the prison population was only four or five hundred. On my last visit, in December, 1889, I found a prison population of 1410 men, and 30 women, treated with humanity, under excellent discipline, and enjoying the labors of a faithful chaplain, Rev. J. H. De Bruin. At 8 A. M. the Roman Catholics have a service, and the Protestants hold a Sunday-school. This morn-

ing 500 scholars, in eighteen classes, were taught by Christian men from the churches of Columbus, Christ-loving brethren, for his sake unfolding and impressing divine truth on the intellect and the heart of their scholars. Many of them, led by the Holy Spirit, understand, believe, and accept the truth, and can say, though within prison walls, as did David, (Ps. 18 : 28 :) "For thou wilt light my candle : the LORD my God will enlighten my darkness."

At 9 A. M., the hour for a prayer and conference meeting, nearly five hundred convicts assembled. One of their number opened with an earnest prayer, three others followed, and three gave their experience, the way God was leading them, their temptations and their joys, beseeching an interest in the prayers of their associates. One, to be discharged in a few days by the expiration of his sentence, in broken language told of what God had done for him, and his purpose, by the grace of God, to live an honest and good life, encouraging his fellow prisoners to get ready to go out by becoming truly religious. This meeting, conducted by these brethren in bonds, was to me a blessed preparation for preaching to the great congregation, who, in the spacious chapel, would wait on my ministry.

What an audience was seated before me!

Thirty females in the gallery, and over fourteen hundred males in their prison garb on the ground floor! The singing was congregational, led by an organ and a choir of convicts. In such a presence my soul was overwhelmed within me, but resting on the promise "in that hour," I delivered my message, telling my attentive hearers what our blessed Saviour said as recorded in John 12: 26, that they might follow him, live godly, useful lives, share divine honors now, and reign in life with Christ forever; closing with an application that each one should ask and answer the question: In whose service are you now? If in the slavery of sin, follow Christ, and he will make you free, free indeed. The solemn stillness and attention indicated the spirit of hearing, and the tears that came from many eyes, led me to hope that the Holy Spirit moved on these precious souls.

AN INCIDENT. Several years ago, as I was passing a new building in Cincinnati, a man covered with brick and mortar dust, greeted me, saying:

"I would like to speak with you, sir."

"Certainly, I am always glad to converse with a man that labors as you do."

"I heard you preach in Columbus three times."

“Yes, I frequently preach in that city. In what church did you hear me?”

With a subdued voice, he said: “It was in the penitentiary. I remember one of the texts, the last time I heard you a good while ago. It was ‘Lay hold on eternal life.’ You told us that eternal life was true religion, and how we were to lay hold on it, and be saved by studying the Bible, by prayer, trusting the promises of God, believing in Jesus Christ, and repenting of our sins. That sermon was my start. I read Matthew through the next week. I never cared for the Bible till then. I prayed, and I believe Jesus saved me, and I felt as I never did before. I have good reason to remember that sermon, and to thank God for it.”

“How did you get along in your new life?”

“Well, I made known the state of my mind to our chaplain, and he instructed and encouraged me. I was converted, and ever since God saved me in my prison cell, I have loved and served my Saviour.”

“How have you got along in your religious life since your discharge?”

“Before I went to prison I was dissipated. I learned the bricklaying trade when a youth, and now follow it and have good wages. Liquor and bad companions, landed me in the

state prison for four years, but God made it a blessing for me."

"Have you a family?"

"Only a mother and sister, both real good Christians. We live happy, my earnings support us comfortably, we belong to the church, and enjoy our religious life; and now I desire to thank you for the sermon that awakened my soul and told me how to be saved. I entered the prison an ignorant, hardened, reckless man, but by the grace of God, I left it a new man in Christ Jesus, and to this day God has been my helper."

This unexpected interview, the revelation made, with the appearance, spirit, manner, and words of the man, told me that preaching the gospel within prison walls to hardened, thoughtless convict hearers, the Bible in the cell, and access to the Mercy Seat, may be the power and wisdom of God in the salvation and religious life of the chief of sinners.

CHAPTER XII.

RENEWED SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK.

RESUMING MISSION WORK. The blessed years of peace and prosperity that followed the civil war, were, with their enlarged opportunities, among the busiest of my life, and chiefly devoted to the advancement of the Sunday-school cause—organizing new schools in neglected localities, reviving old schools that were languishing, and distributing our juvenile religious literature. A ten dollar library of one hundred volumes, selected with special reference to the wants and circumstances of our scholars, secured by purchase (a donation, in whole, or in part, as we found the financial ability of the people), served important ends in our schools, new or old, feeble or strong. The library attracted and held our scholars, cultivated a taste for reading, and afforded valuable knowledge otherwise not within the reach of our young people. In the publication and distribution of this pure and elevated literature, the American Sunday-School Union rendered an invaluable service in behalf of our young

people, anticipating the flood of frivolous, vile, and vice-engendering issues of the satanic press. Over the door of every school thus supplied with the Divine Text Book, and such a library, may be inscribed the legend over the entrance of the Eddystone Light-house: "To give light, and to save life."

The resources of the society, and the desire of the Board of Missions to enlarge its operations, made it my duty to employ additional missionaries, locate them on their fields, and coöperate with them as far as possible so as to render their labors pleasant and successful.

During these years, from 1866 to 1870, the progress of the Sunday-school cause was indicated in the organization of "institutes" for the purpose of improving our teachers in the methods of teaching, how to gain and retain the attention of scholars, how to study the lesson, and how to impress its teaching on the intellect and heart so as to secure a clear and systematic knowledge of the truth—a personal Christian experience and a religious life, active and faithful. The institutes, from a small beginning, grew in public favor and importance among all Sunday-school workers, and did much in the elevation of the standard of teaching in our Sunday-schools, and the promotion of Bible knowledge among our scholars. Teachers'

meetings became more general, and were found useful and interesting. County Sunday-school conventions became more general in Ohio and Indiana, and when ministers and laymen, experienced and earnest in Sunday-school work, devoted their time to the convention, public interest became enlisted, good attendance was secured, and the discussion of practical subjects was helpful in the extension and improvement of the work. In these conventions all denominations united, and thus promoted fraternity and Christian unity in gathering the neglected into the Sunday-school fold, and instructing them in the doctrines and duties of Christianity. Our state Sunday-school conventions, well organized and efficient, aided effectively in securing confidence and interest in the good work, enlisting the coöperation of new and active co-laborers securing statistics.

Grove meetings, generally called Sunday-school celebrations, became more general, and with improved arrangements for order and comfort, more useful and popular. By invitation, I participated in such a meeting in a lovely grove near Young America, Warren county, Illinois. In the trains and wagons over 3000 Sunday-school scholars and teachers from all parts of the county came together, and with good order and cheer, enjoyed the

day singing the songs of Zion, hearing addresses, and in genial sociability. This exhibition of the Sunday-school cause in the Prairie State, to the Ohio missionary was inspiring and hopeful, and an incident added to his pleasure.

An Incident. At the noon hour, partaking of a basket dinner, a man accosted me very pleasantly and said:

“When I was a youth in Indiana, our Sunday-school attended a celebration, and you were one of the speakers. You did not take your text from the Bible, but you took two trees, one crooked and gnarled, the other straight and without a knot, and gave us an object lesson. You asked the schools what made the one crooked while the other was straight. A boy answered, ‘I guess a limb fell on the crooked one when it was little.’ You then showed what made boys and girls crooked in their lives, bad and worthless. You hit me a good many times, for bad habits were gaining on me, and I resolved to quit them and to grow up straight. I live ten miles from here. Still I remember your talk years ago, and with my Sunday-school I am delighted to see and to hear you once more.”

THE PRESBYTERIAN NATIONAL CONVENTION. In November, 1867, I attended the great Presbyterian National Convention in Philadel-

phia, composed of 400 delegates, ministers and laymen, representing the Old and New School churches of the North, and held in the interest of "Reunion." For thirty years division had separated these churches, and thereby their interest had greatly suffered. During the civil war, and after the evil of slavery had been removed, a closing of ranks and the healing of difficulties led the way; and responsive to the growing demand for reunion this convention was called.

It was a popular assembly for prayer, interchange of views, and conference on the subject of reunion. The movement was spontaneous, and awakened a deep interest in the churches. At the preliminary meeting held in Dr. T. W. J. Wylie's church on Broad street, near Spruce, George H. Stuart, Esq., presided. Committees were appointed, and arrangements made for subsequent meetings. The tone of this first meeting—the church crowded, the earnest spirit manifested, the brotherly love and harmony that prevailed—gave unmistakable promise that its proceedings would hasten the day when the Presbyterian church, long rent by division, would be a unit in spirit and work for the Master. The first half hour of the next day was to be devotional, and I was invited to lead. A large attendance, fervent prayers, and

interesting remarks made this season of prayer a spiritual blessing, and a preparation for the work of the day.

At the expiration of the half hour, I received a note from the chairman of the committee to nominate permanent officers, asking the continuance of the prayer-meeting for fifteen minutes, when they would be ready to report. After reading the note, I requested some brother to lead in prayer. The response lingered. Just then I caught the eye of Robert Carter of New York, and asked him to pray. He stood up before the Lord, and in scriptural language bewailed and confessed the sin of division, his voice tremulous and penetrating and full of pathos; then, as if relieved of a heavy burden, he pleaded earnestly for the fulfillment of the Saviour's prayer for the unity of his people, and the spread of the gospel at home and abroad.

This prayer was a wonderful out-pouring of a soul endowed with an unction from the Holy One, and its effect on the audience was marvellous, melted into tears and awe-struck in the presence of our prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. The unbroken silence that followed told the impression produced. We were dumb before the Lord whose presence we so fully realized.

The committee reported, and their nomina-

tions were unanimously confirmed. They had failed to agree, and wanted further time. At the last moment, and in a way they knew not, they harmonized during the time when Robert Carter was in prayer, became of one mind, and united in presenting their report. It was said that Rev. Dr. Musgrave, a leader in the Old School, rather indifferent if not opposed to reunion, was so impressed with the prayer of Robert Carter that he became one of its strongest friends and ablest advocates. His advocacy and support added force to the movement, and hastened its consummation.

In the afternoon session, the Rt. Rev. Bishops McIlvaine of Ohio, and Lee of Delaware, delegates from the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal church then in session in Philadelphia, were introduced, and with words of warm Christian greeting and brotherly love encouraged us in the movement for reunion, bidding us God-speed in all our endeavors to save a perishing world. For two days the convention continued in prayer and conference, our minds enlightened and our hearts moved by eloquent and powerful addresses in favor of a reunited church, and when the final vote was taken it was unanimous and enthusiastic. The results of this national convention were widespread, arousing new interest in the movement,

and concentrating Presbyterian action in its favor.

In May of 1869, I was appointed by my Presbytery commissioner to the New School General Assembly, to meet in New York, where the Old School Assembly also met. In both assemblies, the subject of reunion was thoroughly considered, and the terms of union settled. In both assemblies the vote on their adoption was unanimous and enthusiastic.

On my way home in June, I participated in the session of the State Sunday-school Convention at Steubenville, Ohio. The friends were out in force, new subjects relating to Sunday-school work were introduced, eliciting warm but fraternal discussion, and resulting in the adoption of measures to render our state work more efficient in the training of teachers and establishing new Sunday-schools in neglected neighborhoods around our local churches.

My labors at the Ohio Reform-school for boys continued, visiting the institution monthly. We had now 550 boys, in ten families. The daily schools and the Sunday-school were doing a good work in the intellectual and moral education of the boys. Some were, after all our efforts, careless and very hardened, but the great majority made progress in the school-room, studied the Sunday-school lesson,

and many of them committed the text to memory. They would in concert recite the entire text of the lesson, and for a half hour answer promptly and accurately the questions I would ask, showing that they had studied the lesson and understood its teaching.

In travelling through the State, I frequently, at the request of friends, lectured on the Reform-school, for the purpose of informing the people in regard to its objects and methods, and to warn boys drifting into bad habits and an evil life. I often delivered an address on "Bad boys, Why? and What to do with them," developing the causes that produce juvenile delinquency, and the way to rescue and save them.

THE BIBLE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS. In Cincinnati, while the subject of excluding the Bible from the public schools was agitated, a mass meeting of the friends of the Bible and opposed to its exclusion, was held, September 22, 1869, in Pike's Opera House, one of the largest halls in the city. A grand gathering of prominent citizens, awake to the peril of the hour, thronged the hall. Hon. Rufus King presided, and addresses on the value and power of the Bible in our schools, read without note or comment, and the inevitable and disastrous effects of its exclusion were made by W. M.

Ramsey, Esq., Hon. G. R. Sage, and the old Sunday-school missionary. Strong and ringing resolutions condemning the attempt to banish the Bible from our schools were passed, but without the desired effect. The indifference of the avowed friends of the Bible, and the activity of its enemies secured a majority in the School Board, and God's Word was virtually banished from our public schools.

In their hostility to the Bible in our public schools, Romanism and the enemies of the Bible combined their influence and power to bring about the disaster, and now Romanism tells us that our public schools are godless and demoralizing, and that the system should be destroyed. In our Sunday-schools, the Divine Text Book, "God's holy book divine" has a place, and will hold it while truth and righteousness dwell in our land.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNION AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE REUNION AT PITTSBURG. The two Presbyterian General Assemblies while in session in New York, adjourned to meet in the city of Pittsburg in November to consummate the union. The New School Assembly, numbering over two hundred commissioners, Rev. Dr. P. H. Fowler, moderator, met in the Third church. The Old School Assembly convened in the First church, Rev. Dr. M. W. Jacobus, moderator. Each assembly spent the first day in transacting business and completing some details involved in the union. These were satisfactorily adjusted, and on the next day according to the arrangements made a grand and imposing procession, an Old School minister or elder arm in arm with his brother of the New School, marched from one church to the other, the moderators at the head, followed by over five hundred ministers and elders, the echo of their footsteps on the side-walks of Pittsburg telling the world, "We are brethren," and that henceforth, in the Presbyterian

church, "Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim," "Behold, how good and how pleasant *it is* for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Thus united, with the "blessing of the God of peace" resting on its closed ranks, our beloved church, "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might," was equipped for a great and aggressive movement in all departments of evangelistic work, at home and abroad.

THE REUNITED CHURCH. Again I was honored by my brethren with a seat in the General Assembly of 1870 at Philadelphia, ever memorable in the history of the Presbyterian church in the United States. In this city thirty years before the unity of the Presbyterian church was rent, an unhappy event, disastrous to her power and progress, a cloud upon her glory, an evil greatly deplored. To-day, division is a thing of the past. The reunited General Assembly was made up of six hundred commissioners. Rev. Dr. J. T. Backus of Schenectady, New York, was elected moderator by acclamation. At the division, in 1837, the church had 2140 ministers, now it had 4229: then its membership was 220,557, the reunited family, one in Christ, numbered 450,000, a wonderful increase under unfavorable circumstances.

GENIAL HOSPITALITY abounded in the City

of Brotherly Love. The commissioners were royally entertained in private families, enjoying a real home feeling, and the comfort of genuine Christian fellowship. The Presbyterians of Philadelphia gave the General Assembly a magnificent banquet in the Academy of Music. On the front of the first gallery, in letters golden and of immense size, was inscribed, "The church in Philadelphia salutes you." Over three thousand, including other guests, were greeted by this emphatic salutation, and spent an evening never to be forgotten, a real feast for the souls and bodies.

The next day, invited by their friends, the General Assembly went on an excursion to Cape May. Our voyage down the bay, and our sojourn for a day on the shore of Old Ocean, was very enjoyable, and a new thing under the sun to many of us.

In reviewing the reunion movement from its small beginnings to its happy consummation, the prayers offered, and the labor bestowed upon it, the delicate and difficult work of reconstructing our long-divided church, we can truly say, "The Lord hath done great things for us; *whereof* we are glad."

During the sessions of the General Assembly, the forty-sixth anniversary of the American Sunday-School Union was held in the Academy

of Music. The Assembly was invited to attend, and hundreds of its members were present. Vice President Colfax presided. A message was delivered from General Grant, President of the United States, in which the distinguished hero and statesman said: "I was a Sunday-school scholar for many years in Ohio, and I have never forgotten the lessons I there learned." Addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Cheney of Chicago, Dr. McCosh of Princeton, Dr. Arnot of Scotland, and others.

The General Assembly, by invitation, attended a grand temperance meeting in the First church. Geo. H. Stuart, Esq., presided, Robert Carter, Esq., of New York, offered prayer, Rev. J. B. Dunn of Boston, Rev. Dr. Arnot of Scotland, Dr. John Hall of New York, and Dr. Cuyler of Brooklyn delivered eloquent and convincing addresses.

Thus the reunited church expressed its sympathy and interest in the early religious instruction of the neglected masses beyond the lines of our organized churches, and in the great temperance reformation, to save our nation from the untold and fearful evils of intemperance.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL WEDDING. Soon after returning from the Assembly I was invited to the marriage of the Old and New School churches of Oxford, Ohio. A large number of

ministers and elders were present. The marriage contract entered into by the sessions of both churches was considered and approved by the contracting parties, and in the presence of a crowded audience these two churches, so long divided, became the "Presbyterian Church of Oxford," in charge of Rev. A. H. Young, a faithful and honored pastor, and for twenty years the united church has prospered. The uniting of two churches in the same locality, in so many places, has been a blessed fruitage of the reunion of the Presbyterian church.

A CHRISTIAN CONVENTION was called to assemble in Columbus, Ohio, to consider the present state of religion, and to adopt ways and means for its improvement. A large and influential body of ministers and laymen assembled, and practical questions regarding Christian unity, aggressive work, and consecrated personal service were ably discussed by Drs. T. E. Thomas of Dayton, Fairchild of Oberlin, Goodrich of Cleveland, T. A. Reamy, M. D., of Zanesville, and D. L. Moody of Chicago, and others.

At the request of the warden and chaplain of the penitentiary, a delegation was appointed to hold a religious service within its walls on a week day afternoon. We found the prisoners just out of their workshops assembled in the

chapel. H. Thane Miller of Cincinnati led the meeting. For an hour we instructed and encouraged our convict hearers to seek salvation and to lead Christian lives. Brother Miller sang with wonderful effect the "Old, Old, Story." The prisoners were deeply moved, and many were in tears. While thus affected by the truth, and, we hope, moved by the Holy Spirit, Brother Miller asked that all who desired to be saved and to have an interest in our prayers to raise a hand. Hundreds of uplifted hands responded, and fervent prayer was offered in their behalf.

THE NATIONAL PRISON REFORM CONGRESS. In October, 1870, this congress held its annual meeting in Cincinnati. Twenty-two States were represented by three hundred delegates. Governor R. B. Hayes of Ohio, presided, with Governor Baker of Indiana, vice president. In this grave, dignified, and cultured congress, were the leading men and women of our country discussing for several days the subjects of penology and prison reform.

In their presence, it was my privilege, at the request of the committee of arrangements, to prepare and read a paper on the place and power of religious instruction in prisons and reformatories. Instead of apologizing for the introduction of religious instruction, or pre-

senting theories and speculations on the subject, I assumed that convicts were not only transgressors of human, but of Divine laws, sinners before God, and needed peace and pardon in order to be truly reformed; that the gospel of the Son of God, was, when accepted, the power of God unto salvation, to every outcast dead in trespasses and in sin. Facts from my personal knowledge of the religious instruction imparted to adults, as well as juvenile criminals, resulting in their reformation, were my arguments in its favor. My illustrations were the methods adopted in the Ohio Reform-school in imparting religious instruction in the family, the chapel and the Sunday-school. The discussion that followed the reading of the paper, in its drift commended the principles and methods that were presented. This congress did much in arousing the public mind to the prevention of crime, as well as the treatment of the criminal, to the enactment of just and humane laws on the subject of punishment, and the management of prisons and reformatories.

A NEW DECADE. From 1870 to 1880 I spent in Sunday-school missionary labors associated with my fellow missionaries, in attending state, county, and township conventions, holding grove-meetings, preaching to large audiences of young people connected with our

Sunday-schools, and as opportunity offered, visiting penal, reformatory and charitable institutions, glad to find improvement in their management, and the increase of public interest in their welfare and sympathy with their inmates.

The winters I generally spent East laboring for the society, giving information of its operations, and raising funds for its support. These labors were rendered pleasant and successful by the confidence, endorsement, and coöperation of influential ministers and Sunday-school officers interested in my mission. Two of my esteemed fellow-laborers in the West, Rev. John McCullagh of Kentucky, and Stephen Paxson of Illinois, were often my associates, efficient helpers when East, brethren beloved in the Lord, ready for every good word and work. Both have been released from their cherished Sunday-school missionary work, and have entered upon "an inheritance, incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

SEMI-CENTENNIAL. In April, 1879, I was invited to attend the half century memorial of the first Sunday-school I established in 1829 in Radnor, Delaware county, Ohio, the home of my youth, and where are the honored graves of my venerated parents and kindred. The citizens, agriculturists, thrifty and prosperous, and generally religious, descendants of the old

pioneers, made great preparations for commemorating this occasion. We met in the Baptist church, near the spot where the log chapel stood, and where fifty years before the Sunday-school banner was first unfurled. I took with me some relics of that early school, a piece of the old log chapel built in 1817, the early records of the school, and a book, "The Dairyman's Daughter," that belonged to the first library that I bought at Gambier, Ohio. Many years ago I secured these mementos of my first Sunday-school work. These relics are now safely preserved with some documents relating to the school, entrusted to safe hands, in a tin box, to be opened at the centennial in A. D., 1929.

The Roll Call. In the presence of a very large audience, holding the old record in my hand, I called the names of the original scholars and members of the Sunday-school Society, but there was no response. I was the only survivor present. Two of the scholars were alive; one, by reason of infirmity, was not present; another lived at a distance and could not attend. After the roll call, the congregation deeply affected, I delivered an address, with reminiscences of my boyhood pioneer days, our schools, our religious meetings, and a memory picture of the first Sunday-school, its

officers and scholars, three of whom became ministers of the gospel, faithful heralds of the cross, serving God and their generation.

This interesting memorial day filled my soul with mingled emotions. The workmen cease, but the work of God moves on; generations pass away, but true and faithful witnesses remain; strong shoulders are still under the ark of God, and saved souls rejoice in his salvation. The old log chapels had given way to five brick or stone houses of worship, and five Sunday-schools beautified the moral landscape. There never was a saloon in the township, nor a native pauper (one born in the township). A convict had never been the product of this Christian community.

This celebration, continuing two days, the unusual religious interest it excited, made impressions deep and abiding in regard to the importance and value of Christianity and the institutions it originates and fosters—the family, the school and the church.

THE ROBERT RAIKES CENTENARY IN LONDON. After forty-three years of missionary service under the auspices of the American Sunday-School Union, the Board of Managers appointed me to represent the National Society at the Raikes Centenary to be held in London, in June, 1880. With a beloved daughter, a

graduate of the Oxford Western Female Seminary, Oxford, Ohio, an earnest and happy Christian (now and forever with the Lord), leaving care and labor behind, we left New York the 29th of May, and after a pleasant voyage of nine days on the good steamship "Egypt," we reached Liverpool, and the next day we were at the great Metropolis.

Amidst its wonders we spent three weeks in sight-seeing, hearing distinguished preachers in church and chapel, visiting and addressing Sunday-schools, reformatory, humane and charitable institutions with which London abounds, realizing that the eye is never satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing, nevertheless we were delighted and instructed.

The London Sunday-School Union. The oldest organization for the promotion of Sunday-school interests (except the First Day Society of Philadelphia) was founded in 1803. Its building, No. 56, Old Bailey, is a valuable and commodious structure well arranged for the transaction of the large and increasing business within its walls, chiefly the publication and distribution of the excellent juvenile literature it publishes and extensively circulates in Great Britain and its dependencies.

The delegates that responded to the invitation of the London Sunday-school Union

numbered nearly eight hundred ; of these 205 were from the United States, and forty-four from Canada. Over three hundred were foreigners representing fourteen Christian nationalities, and nearly all the evangelical denominations in Christendom, a grand showing of the extent of the Sunday-school cause, and the spirit of Christian unity and coöperation in its support.

Our head-quarters were at the Sunday-school Union building, where we were cordially welcomed and registered. Our first meeting was in the large hall of the Union, for the purpose of introducing the foreign delegates to their English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh fellow-laborers, a most enjoyable occasion. Sir Charles Reed, M. P., the eminent educator and philanthropist, presided, and gave us a hearty Christian welcome to which several brief responses were made. After spending a half hour in hand-shaking and conversation, we were invited to partake of the hospitality of the Union in a social tea which we all enjoyed.

The first public meeting was held in Guildhall, a grand historic building, the Lord Mayor of London in the chair. His address of welcome breathed the spirit of brotherly kindness, and appreciation of, and sympathy with us in the Sunday-school work. He was followed by

the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Hatherley, who said "that he had enjoyed the privilege, the honor and pleasure of being a Sunday-school teacher for forty years." This statement from the heart and lips of a peer of the realm elicited long and hearty applause. The Earl of Aberdeen, Dr. Punshon and Dr. J. H. Vincent, were also heard in short and telling addresses.

This inaugural service was the only meeting in which the Established Church of England participated. For four days we met in the Memorial Hall, Great Faringdon street. The first half hour each day was spent in devotional exercises, interesting and profitable. Well prepared addresses, or papers, were heard, followed with free discussion frequently eliciting ideas of practical value. The London Union provided a noon lunch, palatable and abundant, so that our time was saved and our sociability gratified. This was a great favor and a kindness from the Union which we all appreciated and enjoyed. In the evenings popular meetings were held in Exeter Hall, and other places in London, and addresses mostly by foreign delegates were made to crowded audiences. On Wednesday we had an outing to the Crystal Palace, with a grand concert, 10,000 scholars uniting in a service of sacred song.

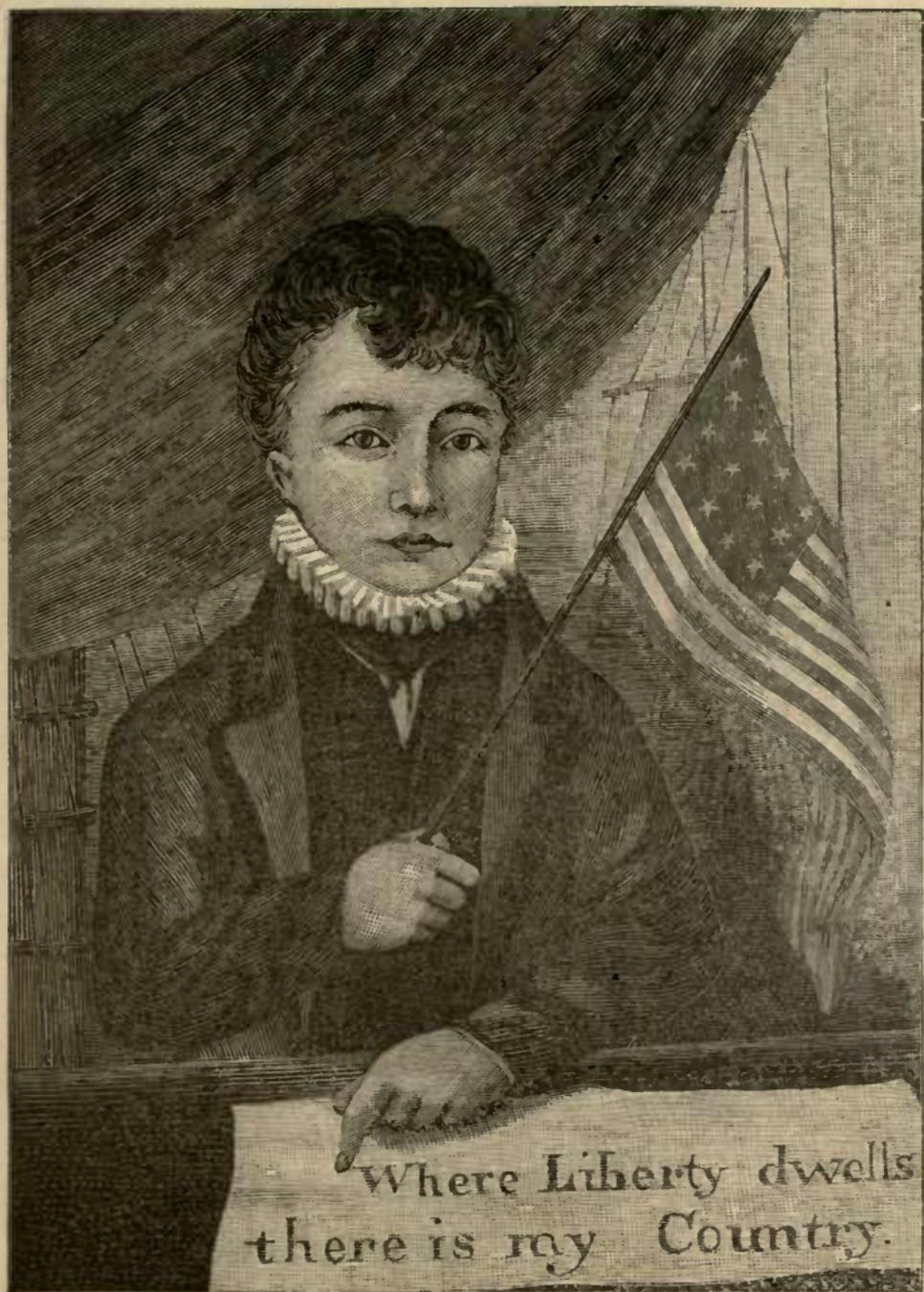
On Friday evening, a communion service was held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, pastor, presiding. The ground floor, seating 2500, was occupied by communicants admitted by ticket, and the galleries crowded with spectators. Mr. Spurgeon was at his best, in reading hymns, prayer and address, his heart glowing with love, and his tongue with burning eloquence. He told the story of Calvary, and the redeeming work of the Crucified One with wonderful effect, a blessed preparation to receive the symbols of his broken body and shed blood. Disciples of our Lord from all parts of the world, uniting in the celebration of the love of Christ and his vicarious sacrifice for sin, made a memorable and soul-inspiring occasion, a manifestation of Christian unity, a foretaste of the communion of saints around the great white throne.

On Saturday, an immense concourse of people gathered on the Victoria Embankment (a prominent location given by Her Majesty for the purpose) to witness the unveiling of a beautiful marble statue of Robert Raikes of Gloucester, erected by the Sunday-schools of England. On the platform stood a world-known and honored Christian nobleman, the Earl of Shaftsbury, who, at the close of his interesting and inspiring address, with an arm trembling with age, pulled

the string and the veil fell from the statue amid the shouts of thousands. This was an enthusiastic and fitting termination of a week of commemorative services in honor of the devout journalist, the Christian philanthropist whom God raised up to be the founder of Sunday-schools for the religious education of unborn millions.

A PICTURE DISCOVERED. When I was nine years old in my quiet home in Wales, an artist took my picture. All that I remember about it is that my mother gave me bread and butter with sugar on it for staying in the house while the artist was at work. I was the only male child in the connection, and an aunt in London, my father's eldest sister, desired the picture taken, and it was sent to her.

My father, a young and enterprising tradesman, left Wales for the United States, and landed in New York in 1794, and there spent four or five years working at his trade. He soon acquired the English language, and became thoroughly Americanized in his views of civil and religious freedom. In 1799 he returned to Wales and married my mother, intending to return to America at once, but circumstances led him to remain in Wales and engage in business. By the death of a brother he inherited a small leasehold near Bala. He found it worn



Where Liberty dwells
there is my Country.

out and unproductive, and before he improved it he commuted the tithe, to pay so much money instead of the tithe in kind. Applying labor and fertilizers, he raised good crops and the tenth became of much greater value than the commutation.

The parish rector sent his tithing-master into my father's fields, and took the tenth of the products in the face of a legal written contract. My father, a Non-conformist, a conscientious dissenter from the Established Church, never attended worship in the church, but was a regular worshipper in the chapel of the Dissenters; yet he was compelled to pay the tithe, and, voluntarily, to support his own pastor. This violation of a written contract by the parish rector, a flagrant and outrageous wrong, my father resisted, and sought justice in the civil court. But the rector gained the case, Cæsar had no justice for the oppressed Dissenter. His American and Christian ideas led him to dispose of his property, and with his wife, daughter, and son, to emigrate to the land of the free.

When I visited Wales in 1835 and in 1839, diligent inquiries were made about that picture, but no clue of its whereabouts could be found. At the close of one of our evening meetings during the centenary week in London, a gentleman came to me and said :

“To-day I saw a placard announcing that you, a delegate from America, were to speak here. My wife is a daughter of your cousin, Morris Roberts in Wales, and she is very anxious to see you.”

The next day, we dined at his pleasant home. In conversation, I spoke of the picture sent to London sixty-one years before. My kinsman, so unexpectedly found, said :

“Why, I have often seen the picture and admired it, and it is now safely held by Mrs. Green, the daughter-in-law of your aunt, to whom the picture was sent sixty-one years ago.”

We soon finished our dinner, and hastened through the streets of London to find the aged custodian of the picture. She gave me a cordial réception, glad to meet a cousin of her late and beloved husband, saying :

“My mother-in-law used to speak often and kindly of her brother that went to America long, long ago, where he died leaving a widow and two children, and that the son became a minister of the gospel. When she died years ago, she gave the picture of her American nephew, a small boy in Wales, to my late husband, charging him to keep it safely, and when he died he left the picture in my care, a sacred treasure, and it is now in my possession.”

She sent a servant up-stairs for the picture

that I might see it. As I held the antique frame, ten by eight inches in size, in my hand, realizing what it was, astonishment and delight filled my soul. My emotions were indescribable. Amazed, my hand trembling, I beheld the face and form of a small boy dressed in a blue jacket and a white frill around his neck, holding in his right hand the United States flag, the glorious red, white and blue, its beautiful folds richly displayed, and the fore finger of his left hand pointing to a legend in English, "Where liberty dwells there is my country." Then I felt profoundly that it was my liberty-loving father expressing on that canvas the love of freedom and a free country, deep down in his own heart, and his desire that his little boy should inherit his spirit and spend his life in that country where liberty dwells.

When, in 1819, that picture was taken, I knew nothing of America, only as the country for apples, and I had no knowledge of the English language. My eyes were enchained to the picture, and my soul absorbed in its significance. My honored father, in his grave since 1821, in his principles and character stood before me, and anew won my warmest love, veneration and honor. For over sixty years it had been sacredly preserved in the family. The aged lady held it as sacred trust, and allowed

me to take it to a photographer, but his work was unsatisfactory. I returned the picture, and left London. I had some correspondence with her, and, before I left Wales, she kindly sent me the picture, with the following letter :

“ I prize the picture very highly for my husband's sake, but I can understand that you, and your children, and theirs, will appreciate and preserve it ; therefore, with my kind regards to you and your daughter, I send it to you with my best wishes that you may have a safe journey to your distant home in America.”

To-day, the picture, beautiful as a work of art, with clear and bright colors, the flag, and the legend, is held as a sacred relic, and admired by my five surviving children, my nineteen grand, and five great-grand children. Its wonderful preservation for so many years, hid away in private residences, and its unexpected discovery, give increasing interest and pleasure in its possession. The lesson it inculcates of the value of family ties, and the power of parental influence on the character and lives of their children, is, by this simple narrative, illustrated and enforced.

DEPUTATION. At the close of the centenary meetings in London, I was invited, with two other foreign delegates, to go to different cities in England and Wales to aid in centenary celebrations. We found the arrangements well made, and the trip very enjoyable. English

hospitality of the most genial kind abounded, and we were always with friends, whose Christian fellowship contributed largely to our comfort and pleasure.

At Gloucester, the native place of the modern Sunday-school, the idea of teaching ignorant and neglected youth on the Lord's day the truths of the Bible, that they might know God and serve him, was made practical. The idea, heaven-born in the soul of Robert Raikes, was a combination of humanity and religion to benefit the rude, thoughtless, and ignorant youth of Gloucester. It is said that his original purpose was threefold: to teach good manners, to give instruction in letters, and, especially, to impress religious truth on the mind and heart of the young.

In that city we remained two days, holding public meetings for prayer, praise, and addresses, laying the corner-stone of the "Robert Raikes Memorial Hall," costing \$35,000, to be used for educational and religious purposes, a worthy tribute to the memory and services of a great and good man, and witnessing a procession of 8000 Sunday-school scholars, teachers and friends, and addressing them in the open air, a field full of people, well-ordered and attentive.

After our four o'clock cup of tea, delicious

and refreshing, our kind host, at our request, became our guide to the house where Mr. Raikes and Mary Davis, his employed help, held the first Sunday-school. We passed the great cathedral. The Sunday-school was not born within its magnificent walls. It is said that as the school increased it found a home in the crypt of the cathedral, and there flourished, Mr. Raikes and his faithful band of hired teachers sustaining it, teaching good manners, letters, and religion.

Entering Catherine street, and looking diagonally, we saw the old house, the lower story of brick, with a door and a window, the upper of conglomerate material with one large window. There the birthplace of the Bible-school stood, just as it did a century ago. We gazed in silence, and with interest, on its unpretending and antiquated front. I inquired of our host if we could not go in. He thought not, as it was a private dwelling. However, I ventured to cross the street, and as I approached the door I saw an old-fashioned knocker. Before reaching my hand to use it, I thought that the hand of Robert Raikes had used it a hundred years ago. In this revery of thought, I let fall the knocker, and, at once, a pleasant lady responded. I told her that I was from

America, and desired to enter the room where Mr. Raikes began his Sunday-school.

“Please come in, sir. Many people, some from your country, have visited our house this summer.”

“May I invite some friends who are on the opposite side of the street?”

“Certainly, sir. Ask them to come.”

I beckoned, and we all followed the kind landlady through the front room, in the rear of which was a narrow stair-way. Ascending, we entered a room occupying the entire second story. Here, one hundred years before, from the hand of faith and love, fell the little seed, that blessed of God, produced a great tree beneath whose branches 20,000,000 of the human race are now receiving religious instruction from an open Bible, and the godly lips of men and women as teachers of the word.

We stood on its uncarpeted oaken floor in silent awe, and profound thought of the man and his work. A lady broke the silence, and said:

“I feel that we should have two prayers, one of thanksgiving for a century of Sunday-school history, and another of supplication for the Divine blessing on the new century.”

Two of us opened our lips, pouring out our hearts in thanksgiving, and in supplication before the Mercy Seat; and we could say, as the patri-

arch did of old, "Surely, the Lord is in this place."

Our stay in Gloucester was exceedingly pleasant and profitable. Our entertainment afforded us an opportunity of witnessing the every-day home life in an intelligent, refined, and religious family in the middle walks of life; and, we must say, such a home is a great blessing to all concerned, a foretaste of the purity, love, and happiness we anticipate in the heavenly home.

From Gloucester we went to Exeter, an old cathedral city, with a castle, and walls falling into decay. Here we spent two days in appropriate commemorative services. A mass meeting of 3000 scholars was held in the castle yard, with singing, addresses, and a tea on a large and bountiful scale, which with good order and cheer the scholars greatly enjoyed. The day meetings for conference and addresses were held in Non-conformist chapels. In the evening we assembled in the spacious and beautiful Victoria Hall. Here each speaker had a resolution which he presented and supported. One of these was offered by Bishop Temple, then of Exeter, now of London, and sustained in a very practical and effective address.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SERIES OF CELEBRATIONS.

DEPARTURE FOR WALES. After our deputation work was finished in England, on a very lovely day we left Exeter, several of our friends accompanying us to the station, where we booked for Llangollen. During the day, we passed some of the garden spots of old England, well-cultivated farms and thriving villages. At Shrewsbury, an old, antiquated city, we were delayed several hours which we employed in sight-seeing, well reconciled to the detention. In the evening we reached our destination, and found comfortable quarters in the "Hand" hotel, a good specimen of Welsh hostelry.

Here, once more in my native land, I was prospered in my way, rejoicing in the favor and goodness of God. We lingered several pleasant hours in and around this quaint old Welsh town, admiring the beauty of the vale of Llangollen. At noon we left for Dolgelley, a distance of forty miles up the valley of the Dee, skirting the shore of Llyn Tegid (Bala lake)

and the base of the Aran and Arenig range of mountains, and after this pleasant experience of railroad travelling in the Principality, we reached the pleasant home of my kinsman, John Chidlaw Roberts, and his estimable wife, to find a cordial welcome from the only relative I had in the land of my fathers, and the home of my childhood.

In this old town, with its narrow, crooked streets, under the shadow of Cadair Idris, the next to the highest mountain in Wales, where we found the ruins of the Parliament House of the heroic liberty-loving Christian, Owen Glyn-dwr, the decayed walls of Kenirev Abbey, the Torrent and Precipice walks, an old parish church, two English and five Non-conformist chapels, our time was pleasantly and profitably employed, enjoying the grandest natural scenery in the Principality.

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF WALES held its annual conference in Cwrn Rhondda, South Wales, a locality celebrated for its extensive coal mines. As a representative of the American Sunday-School Union, a Welsh-American who could use in public address the grand old vernacular, I was very well received by this large and influential body of four hundred ministers and laymen. Three days were devoted to the reading of well-prepared papers,

and in preaching orthodox, eloquent, and instructive sermons to crowded and enthusiastic congregations.

One afternoon, Rev. T. Rees, D. D., of Swansea, author with Rev. John Thomas, D. D., of an elaborate history of Non-conformity in Wales, introduced me to the conference, but his introduction was until the last moment a perplexity. He said: "In gathering material for my history, I had occasion to ask the favor from the Archbishop of Canterbury to examine some old records in the archives of the Lambeth Palace library in London. The favor was granted, and in my examination I found that John and Arthur Chidlaw of the town of Llanfyllin, were fined forty-two shillings for allowing their domicile to be used as a conventicle. And now, I have the pleasure of introducing a lineal descendant of those stanch old Non-conformists of Huguenot origin, refugees from Brittany in France when the Edict of Nantes was revoked."

This revelation was an embarrassment, a real confusion in my mind, but I delivered my address as best I could. As I sat down, the chairman came to me and said:

"Another large chapel near by is crowded with people that want to hear you, and here is a minister who will take you there."

With considerable crowding we got out of

the chapel, and my second address was well received by my attentive hearers. In Wales, the subject of Sunday-schools never fails to interest the people, and this was much in my favor.

The information given by Dr. Rees in regard to my ancestors, led me to visit places and to examine old records. I found that Rev. John Chidlaw (my father's uncle) had been pastor of the Crook's street chapel, Chester, from 1751 to his death in 1800. Rev. Matthew Henry, the celebrated commentator, was a predecessor of my great uncle. Near the front door, in the church-yard, I found his grave, with this inscription on a slab of granite now broken in three pieces:

"REV. JOHN CHIDLAW,
DIED, APRIL 18, 1800,
Aged 76 years."

The janitor showed me two solid silver goblets used in the communion service with this inscription:

"THE LEGACY of MRS. MARY BEVAN,
IN 1745,
TO THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
AT CROOK'S STREET, CHESTER."

The church is now Unitarian, has a large endowment, and supports an alms-house for aged and impoverished people, that stands in

the church-yard ; but the congregation is small, and the church feeble. I called on the pastor, a very pleasant gentleman, rather discouraged in his pastorate.

LABORS IN WALES. Accepting invitations to preach in the Welsh language, and to participate in Sunday-school centenary memorial services, kept me employed for nearly two months, delighted with the people with whom I was associated, the interest taken in our meetings, and the opportunities for usefulness that I enjoyed.

At Denbigh, a large town in the vale of Clwyd, the garden spot of Wales, the centenary was enthusiastically observed. As all of the Non-conforming population united, the Sunday-school host was out in its strength. The rich and poor, old and young, master and servant, attended the chapel Sunday-school, so they formed in a grand line, a detachment of 3000 teachers and scholars and with banners and song they paraded the streets and halted at the "Y Groes" (the cross) on a public square, formed in compact order, sang two Welsh hymns, and listened to several short addresses. Then the crowd dispersed in seven divisions to as many halls and chapels, where they were refreshed with tea, a bara breth (tea and fruit bread), the usual Welsh menu for such occa-

sions, abundant and delicious. I visited several of these tea parties, and I never witnessed the social element of the Sunday-school work more happily developed and enjoyed.

In a large hall, when tea was over, perfect order prevailing, I thought the crowd was in temper and tune, ready for a Welsh Sunday-school song. At my request, a favorite and well-known hymn was rendered with all the fervor and sweet melody of these Welsh hearts and voices inspired by the love of Christ, the Bible and the Bible school. The last verse was repeated over and over again, and the excitement bordered on what in the days of western camp-meetings, pure and simple, we used to call "rousements," yet there was no confusion or disorder, but a high tide of religious emotions in full flow.

In the procession I observed a large class of laboring men, most of them in middle life. On inquiry, I found that it was a Bible class seventy strong, gathered into one of the schools, taught and held by a young woman of intelligence, apt to teach, and consecrated to her chosen work of Bible teaching, helping these men heavenward.

During my sojourn in the land of chapels, Bibles, Sunday-schools, Sabbath observance, and a pure literature (no infidel or immoral

publications have ever been published in the Welsh language) the power and elevating moral and social influence of Christianity on family life was everywhere seen and felt.

On a summer day, as I was walking on the highway, I saw a flow of clear pure water gushing out of a ledge of rocks. I desired to enjoy the limpid beverage, but could not reach it. On the road side, in front of a cottage, were a group of children. I asked the eldest if she would let me have a cup. In her pure Welsh, with a sweet voice, she said :

“ Yes, sir. Please take a chair in the house, and I will bring you some water.”

I did so, and seeing a rather dilapidated Bible on a table, I took it in my hand. Just then, the little girl brought me the water, and passed on. Soon she returned with a large and well bound Bible, and said, holding the Bible :

“ Sir, this is our best Bible. The one you hold is mother’s every-day Bible.”

This is just what is needed in all our homes, cottage or palace, “ Mother’s every-day Bible,” to bless, purify, and elevate domestic life, to save our children, and to secure and perpetuate morality and religion in the world.

HOME AGAIN. Early in September, 1880, refreshed in body and mind, and enriched in Christian experience, we left our kind friends

in Wales, had a prosperous voyage, pleasant companions, and a safe return to our country, home, and work. In New York, I had a very pleasant interview with Mr. E. S. Jaffray, a prominent merchant of that city, who for many years had sustained my Sunday-school mission, whose confidence and liberality cheered my heart and strengthened my hands in my missionary work, and still in word and deed he bids me "God-speed" as the servant of God.

Under these circumstances, though the burden of years was resting lightly on me, I resumed my old lines of work as missionary of the American Sunday-School Union, serving the State as trustee of Miami University and of the Reform-school for Boys, and doing what I could in behalf of criminals, paupers, old and young, the outcast and the fallen. Often disappointed and discouraged in these labors, and almost fainting in the way by my failures, my confidence in God and in my fellow-men has never utterly failed. My investment of time, heart, and hand, for Christ's sake, in the cause of sin-burdened, ignorant, hardened, and degraded humanity, has paid. A boy or girl rescued from an evil life, a pauper aided to relieve himself of pauperism, and a criminal becoming a law-abiding, honest man, a good

citizen, are dividends of higher value than gold or silver, rejoicing the heart and honoring God.

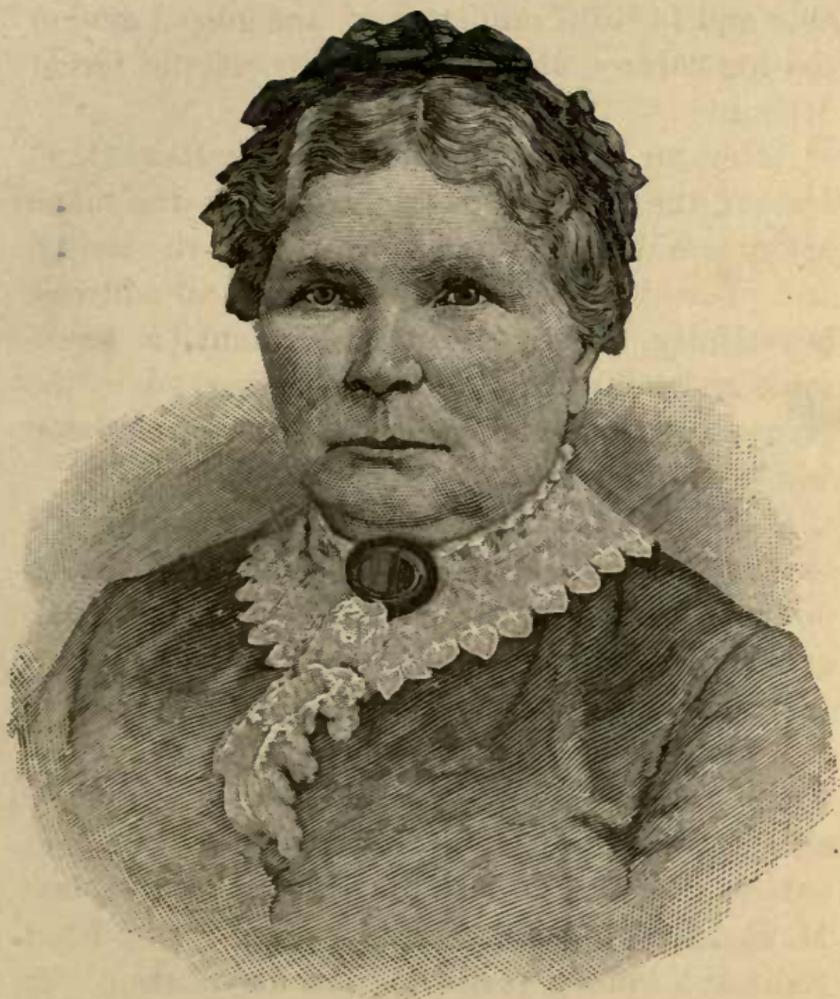
MY ORDINATION REMEMBERED. The lapse of half a century did not erase from memory the name and services of a young pastor in the congregation where he was ordained in 1836. The descendants of the godly pioneers of Paddy's Run, among whom I labored in the gospel for six years in connection with my Sunday-school missionary service, invited me in May, 1886, to a memorial meeting commemorating my ordination fifty years before. My Sunday-school boys and girls and their children were the strong men and women whose shoulders bore the ark of God, faithfully bearing the heat and burden of the day. Death had swept away all but two of the then members of the church.

The services were held in the new, spacious, and beautiful house of the Lord, decorated with lovely and fragrant flowers, and crowded with an intelligent and sympathetic audience. One ex-pastor, Rev. Ellis Howell of Riley, and several neighboring ministers of different denominations were present. I read an historical sketch of the church organized with four members in 1803, and biographical notices of my predecessors, Rev. John W. Browne, Rev. Thomas Thomas, Rev. Rees Lloyd, and Rev.

Thomas Roberts, pioneer heralds of the cross, able and faithful ministers of the gospel among the log cabin homes in the valley of the Great Miami.

After an interesting address by Rev. D. F. Davies, the present pastor, honoring the memory of the departed and encouraging the living, and presenting the old pastor with an address, beautifully engrossed on parchment, a handsome and bountiful collation was served in the grove, a feast replete with old-time friendship and sociability.

A FAMILY CELEBRATION. On reaching the seventy-fifth mile-stone in the journey of life, in our pleasant home my beloved wife, as usual, commemorated my birthday. In addition to the gathering of our own children and grandchildren, her goodness of heart and sympathy with children, secured the presence of the boys and girls of the "Children's Home" in Cincinnati to share with us the festivities of the day. M. E. Ingalls, Esq., president of the Big Four Railway, kindly furnished transportation for forty children and their attendants. At our station, eighteen miles out, farm wagons and carriages met our guests, and the ride of a mile was greatly enjoyed. Entering our grove, carpeted with green sod and overshadowed by old forest trees, these little folks full of life and



R. H. Chidlaw

glee, scrambled out of the wagons, and as one of them said "pitched in for fun." Soon one of them found some sleigh bells. Throwing the strap over his shoulders, and calling lustily for followers, he started on a run. The larger children fell in line, and, with shouts, made several rounds, merry as crickets, a hopeful beginning for a good time in their outing.

After partaking of country bread and butter, with plenty of pure rich milk, they amused themselves in plays and games. I took some of the larger boys to a field, where harvesting was going on. One of them, holding several heads of wheat in his hands, said to his comrade: "Johnnie, this is what bread is made of."

"No," said Johnnie, "you cannot fool me. How can bread be made out of that hairy kind of stuff?"

Incredulous Johnnie appealed to me, if it was so. The boys gathered around me, attentive listeners, while I explained the threshing, grinding and baking. Satisfied with the information given, they watched the self-binder with new interest.

At noon, the children were called to dinner. A long table was extemporized in the grove, the boys on one side and the girls on the other. After repeating in concert the 23rd Psalm and the Lord's Prayer, they with a good appetite

and a cheerful heart, partook of chicken pot-pie, cold ham, vegetables, and the *et ceteras*. Their manners would have honored any dining-room in the land. Before leaving, at the close of the day so pleasantly spent, they were treated to lemonade, cake and ice-cream, homemade. When in the wagons, ready to leave, they gave with a will three hearty cheers for Mrs. Chidlaw, and left us, singing one of their favorite songs. To us, the day was filled with pleasure, and we were sure that our guests, homeless and dependent, so well cared for at the "Childrens' Home," and their kind attendants were equally delighted with the day spent in the country, its novelties and amusements.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY.
In June, 1886, the State Sunday-school Convention was held in Troy, a large and beautiful town in the Miami valley, Rev. J. A. P. McGaw, D.D., of Toledo, presiding. Nearly all the counties in the State were represented. The report, read by the secretary, Rev. C. N. Pond of Oberlin, showed the good results in uniting and concentrating the Sunday-school forces in the State.

In the afternoon of the second day, I was invited to a seat on the platform, and, to my surprise, the president announced, "that the first hour would be devoted to a golden anni-

versary, commemorating fifty years of Sunday-school missionary service in Ohio and Indiana by the venerable servant of God now at my side." Then, in behalf of the convention, he presented me with the following engrossed address, signed by over two hundred active, faithful and successful Sunday-school officers, teachers, and friends all over the State.

"DEAR BROTHER AND FRIEND:—As delegates to the Ohio State Sunday-school Union Convention, representing all parts of our great Commonwealth, we cannot suffer the half century of work which Divine Providence has permitted you to do among us, to close without giving expression to our appreciation and esteem.

"As the representative of the American Sunday-School Union, you largely laid the foundations of the Sunday-school work of our State, amid the dangers, and privations of frontier life. The monuments of your early sacrifices and labors stand in every portion of the State. In almost every county in Ohio your voice has been heard, pleading for the children, and not pleading in vain.

"We come, therefore, to express our appreciation of all these arduous labors, to thank you for the beneficial influences they have brought into our own lives, and to assure you of our high esteem and kindly affection. We congratulate you, that you have lived long enough to see the tearful time of sowing give place to a glad and an abundant harvest.

"We congratulate you, that the generation of children whom you loved, and for whom you labored, are to-day crowding about you, speaking your name in cadence of affection; and what is better, taking up the work you begun, and realizing for you ambitions whose realization no single life can compass.

"We congratulate you, that labors and years have not brought weariness, but perennial freshness and power.

"We hope, that the Indian summer of your life may be bright and golden, and made happy by the contemplation of the many sheaves you have brought into the Master's garner. We cherish the hope, that you may be permitted

long to remain among us, to counsel and to inspire. Should not many of us look upon your face any more upon earth, we trust to see you in the eternal youthfulness of the celestial body that awaits you.

“Accept this tribute of respect, admiration and love we bring you to-day, representing as we do, not only ourselves, but the great army of Sunday-school workers in the State of Ohio.”

At a later hour the adults retired, the Sunday-school scholars of Troy marched into the church with glad hearts, banners, and song. Again I was called to the platform to address the juvenile throng. As I sat down fifty young girls dressed in white came to the platform, bearing significant and lovely floral offerings, 1836-1886, a Bible, and a crown, which they gracefully presented to the old missionary, and in concert recited an original poem written for the occasion.

An old comrade in arms, Surgeon O. O. Nixon, M. D., of the 39th O. V. I., now editor of the “Chicago Inter-Ocean,” refers to this occasion, and writes:

“The venerable Dr. B. W. Chidlaw, of Cleves, Ohio, at the late State Sunday-school Convention held in Troy, Ohio, was presented with floral offerings by the youth of Troy, and a memorial address by the convention in commemoration of fifty years of Sunday-school missionary work in the State, laboring for the American Sunday-School Union. Dr. Chidlaw was chaplain of the Thirty-Ninth Ohio during the war, and was one of the active and patriotic men who exerted a large influence in moulding public sentiment. Few men have more faithfully and modestly and heroically filled a larger place. To all the old soldiers of his command, he is their ideal man.”

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF OHIO. At the end of the first century of the history of our great and prosperous State, on the State Fair Grounds near Columbus, extensive buildings were erected, and special preparations made for the centennial celebration. Ohio, in her agricultural and mineral resources—in the enterprise, industry and skill of her citizens—in art and science—in education and religion—made an imposing display. Days were appointed for special gatherings and services. Among these was the Sunday-school day, recognizing the institution as an important factor in the educational, moral, and religious welfare of society. Invited by the committee of arrangements, I was present on that day, and delivered an address on the past, present, and future of the Sunday-school in Ohio.

The Coliseum, with a seating capacity of 4000, was crowded with representatives of the 700,000 teachers and scholars in the State, besides the thousands of people the building could not accommodate. This great outpouring of adults and youth, pervaded by a patriotic and religious spirit, so enthusiastic, the singing and praying and addresses made the Sunday-school day notable and long to be remembered.

FLOOD IN THE OHIO VALLEY. In 1883, for ten days an unprecedented flood swept through

the Ohio valley, and its devastation was felt by a hundred thousand sufferers in the loss of property, but as far as known not a human life was lost. I reached my home on the last train before the railroad became impassible, and was water-bound for nearly two weeks. We suffered no loss, but much inconvenience for the want of communication with the outside world. During the flood the weather was unusually mild, "The Lord sat on the flood," and the people compelled to flee from their homes were mercifully preserved in their exposure from death.

As soon as the water subsided and I could reach Cincinnati, I made my way afoot, on horse-back, and in a boat, from North Bend to the city, a distance of fifteen miles. The work of ruin was fearful. The sufferers were laboring people, living in shanties. These were crushed by driftwood or washed away, and their occupants were sheltering as best they could with those who, on ground above the flood, had not been driven from their homes.

At the request of the Relief Committee in Cincinnati, I volunteered to examine the condition of the sufferers along the Ohio from Delhi to the Gravel Pit, a distance of ten miles, and those who suffered from the back-water of the Ohio river. At once, amid mud and debris,

I performed the duty and reported. I was then invited to be the almoner of their relief, instructed to afford such aid in money as would enable the sufferers to re-occupy their damaged or destroyed dwellings—to help them to help themselves.

On the side of a hill, in sight of his shattered house, sad and disconsolate, I found an honest industrious man that I had known for years. A carpenter was with me. We carefully examined the wreck, and he thought \$45 would repair the damage. I asked the man what he could do to help himself.

“I have no money and no work. I am very bad off.”

I contracted with the carpenter to do the work, and when satisfactorily finished he would be paid. Another man, his wife and children, whose shanty had been demolished, and parts of it carried away, was in straits and discouraged. He was a reliable man, but very poor. He said:

“I paid twenty dollars for my shanty a few months ago, and now it will take fifteen dollars at least to fix it so that we can live in it. I have no money to buy boards and nails, and at present I have no work. If I had boards and nails I could soon fix it up.”

I handed him fifteen dollars, and a more sur-

prised and grateful man I never saw, and his poor wife wept for joy, thankful to the Relief Committee for the help thus unexpectedly received. In three days, carefully examining the condition of thirty-five families, I afforded according to my best judgment such relief as met their present necessities.

A steamboat sent with a valuable cargo of provisions, groceries, clothing, shoes and bedding by the United States Government was timely, and afforded greatly needed aid all along the destructive pathway of the flood.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, SUNDAY-SCHOOL MISSIONARY CONVENTION. F. G. Ensign of Chicago, the efficient and successful missionary superintendent for the American Sunday-School Union in the North-west, invited me as an old fellow-laborer to attend a missionary convention to be held at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Nov. 4, 1886. Thirty missionaries in the North-west district were in attendance, and a large number of prominent and active Sunday-school workers from different parts of that great field. Gov. Merrill of Iowa, presided, a Christian statesman and philanthropist, and a special friend of the Sunday-school cause.

It was highly gratifying to meet these co-laborers, fresh from their work amid the sod houses of Nebraska and the dug-outs of Dakota,

the prairies of Kansas and the pineries of Michigan. Popular addresses were delivered to large congregations by Rev. Dr. Goodwin of Chicago, Rev. G. H. Griffin of Springfield, Massachusetts, Thomas Cochran, Esq., of St. Paul, Minnesota, and other able advocates of the mission of the American Sunday-School Union for the Christian education and evangelization of the heterogeneous and destitute population of the North-west.

The most of our time for four days was spent in conference with special reference to the extension and permanency of our work in establishing and sustaining schools. One session of four hours was devoted to the relation of personal experience, how we entered the missionary service and our methods of work. This was a royal feast of "fat things, a feast of wine on the lees, of fat things full of marrow." The experience of these brethren reminded me of my own among the log cabins of Ohio and Indiana half a century ago. One of these brethren, Rev. G. P. Williams, of Bismarck, Dakota, in relating his experience, said :

"I was brought up in Ohio, near Marietta. My parents were religious, and concerned for the salvation of their children. I attended and delighted in our Sunday-school, was converted in early life, and united with the church. I

worked with my father with no settled purpose respecting the use I would make of my life. A strange minister preached in our church a sermon in behalf of the American Sunday-School Union, describing its missionary work, and the great need of Sunday-schools all over the country. My mind became prayerfully interested in this missionary work. I entered on a course of education, and in due time became a missionary. That strange preacher was our veteran fellow-laborer, Brother Chidlaw."

I heard this statement with thanksgiving to God for the honor conferred upon me, in lodging the claims of Christian duty in the mind and heart of my youthful hearer; and now, to greet him a successful and devoted Sunday-school missionary in the wilds of Dakota. Our convention socially and religiously, was of great advantage to all its members; and we separated, our hearts warmed and encouraged, our spiritual life invigorated and our zeal inspired to do more and better work for the Master.

CHAPTER XV.

ABOUNDING IN LABORS.

THE VALLEY CAMP. Near Pittsburg was the place where the delegates of the Christian Commission and army chaplains held their tenth reunion, July, 1887. Geo. H. Stuart presided with his usual affability and efficiency. Our ranks were thinning out and were so scattered, that the attendance was small; but the public services were well attended by interested visitors. A Confederate chaplain was present, an earnest Christian and gifted in speech. His society and addresses did us all good.

One day, in addressing an audience on the part taken by the women as ministering angels in our hospitals, I described the diet kitchen at Nashville, where I found several ladies from Pittsburg, at work preparing and distributing nutritious food and delicacies among the sick and wounded soldiers. At the close of my address a gentleman came to the platform, and said:

“One of those ladies who served God and

her country in the diet kitchens at Nashville, is present and desires to shake hands with the old chaplain, her fellow-laborer in the Cumberland Hospital." I was delighted to be introduced to Miss Morehead, a noble Christian lady, a genuine sister of charity, patriotic and self sacrificing in her labors of love.

DEATH IN THE FAMILY. September 14th, 1886, suddenly, and to us very unexpectedly, our dear daughter, Mary Irene, wife of Charles A. Wood, Esq., departed this life. Her "sun went down while it is yet day." A graduate of the Western Female Seminary, Oxford, Ohio, brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and an early convert, her life from childhood was hid with Christ, in God, and faithfully devoted to his service. In the relation of daughter, sister, wife and friend, she was filial, devoted, true, and kind. Her life was a continued sunshine of domestic happiness, cheer and usefulness.

The Womans' Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Cleves Presbyterian church, in regard to her character and life, passed the following :

"*Resolved*, that we deem it due to the memory of Mrs. Mary Chidlaw Wood, and as a record of the valuable service she rendered to the cause of missions, to make known in this public manner the appreciation of the society of her efficient service as our secretary since the society

was organized ; and for the many valuable papers she prepared and read at our meetings ; and that we extend to her bereaved husband, and to the members of her father's house, our sympathy and prayers."

She possessed a literary and a poetic taste, which she assiduously cultivated for her own benefit and that of others.

A dear friend lost by death, a sweet and promising child five years of age, Edna Pearl H., for her consolation of the bereaved mother she wrote the following lines. They were read with wonderful pathos at her funeral by Rev. D. F. Davis. Then the sweet poetry had become a reality to the now sainted writer.

"NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE."

"In that fair celestial city,
Whose streets are of purest gold,
Where sorrow never enters,
Whose glories are untold ;

"There angels bright were gathering
Jewels most precious, and rare,
A crown with their gems adorning,
For the King of kings to wear.

"One jewel, now was lacking,
A pearl most pure and bright
Worthy to adorn his crown, and shine
In heaven's vast halls of light.

"So, a white-winged heavenly messenger
Down to our earth takes flight ;
And, he finds a pearl of beauty
Purer than morning's light.

“ He gathers the pearl in his bosom,
Cloud curtains are drawn aside ;
And he bears thy ‘ Pearl ’ to heaven
Through sunset gates open’d wide.

“ O heart overburdened with sorrow,
With grief to the earth bowed down,
Leave thy ‘ Pearl ’ in the Saviour’s keeping
Lent, to adorn his crown.”

DEATH INVADES THE HOME. In the spring of 1888, evidence of failing health excited alarm in regard to my beloved wife, and soon our apprehensions culminated in the conviction that she was suffering from a fatal malady. Aware of her condition, she was resigned to the will of God—a patient, uncomplaining sufferer. She enjoyed the best medical treatment, kind and faithful nursing ; but, all of no avail, her days on earth were soon to be numbered, and her precious life would close in death. Always in good health, vigorous, cheerful and happy, we could with difficulty realize that she was passing the dark valley, to leave her earthly for her heavenly home.

At the age of sixty-two years she died peacefully, July 3, 1888. For forty and six years she had been my true and loving wife, the joy of my heart, and the light of my home. All that a husband could desire in happy companionship, sympathy and helpfulness, he realized in her character, life, and conversation. To me

her death was an irreparable loss ; but to her an eternal gain.

The "Cincinnati Commercial Gazette" of the 4th had this memorial :

"The death of Mrs. Rebecca Hughes Chidlaw, wife of Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, at her pleasant home near Cleves, made a profound impression on that community where she was born and always resided. She possessed many of the virtues which adorn female character and secure a noble and useful life. The heart of her husband safely trusted in her. She made the world better by her unselfish life and devotion to the wants and interests of humanity. Her religious life commenced in her youth, and for fifty years she honored her profession, exemplified the spirit and teachings of her Saviour, and died triumphantly in the faith. She left her aged and sorrow-stricken husband, her children and children's children, the inheritance of a good name and a useful, honored life."

Revs. Street, Davies and Carson, dear brethren in the Lord, conducted the funeral service ; and six of our grandsons were the pall-bearers that carried the remains of their venerated grandmother to the Berea cemetery, and with loving hands laid her to rest with her three children and her honored parents, brothers and sisters, till the day of immortal awakening.

While the empty chair at home, and the new-made grave at Berea told of my great loss, and burdened my heart with grief, God mercifully came to my relief. The numerous letters of condolence from friends all over the country, the loving ministrations of my children and neighbors, and resuming my usual labors

cheered my heart and alleviated my sorrow. These were a rift in the cloud, and the sunshine of divine favor brightened my sky, and, in his light, I saw light, and could say, "it is the Lord." I kissed the rod, and rejoiced in tribulation, thankful for the support and comfort that sustained me.

OLD OCEAN VISITED. To us who suffer from malaria, and need rest, an escape from the Miami valley to the coast of New Jersey during the heated term is a great blessing as well as pleasant recreation. At Asbury Park, inhaling pure oxygen, fanned by the ocean breezes, and lulled to sleep by the music of its waves, we found health and rest. Swimming in smooth water beyond the breakers, rocked in the cradle of the deep, I greatly enjoyed, quartered pleasantly in the "Curlew House" where God was honored, and the guests met daily around the family altar, in sweet Christian fellowship, soul and body were refreshed and cheered.

PREACHING TO SOLDIERS. While entering and enjoying my new surroundings at Asbury Park, I was invited to hold divine service in Camp Green, at Sea Girt. The preparation of a sermon gave me employment that I found very pleasant, reviving many and interesting memories of my chaplainship in the 39th O. V. I.

On Saturday afternoon I reported for duty. Colonel Cooper, of the 5th N. J. National Guards, received me with the warm-hearted greeting of a soldier, and I was assigned quarters in the chaplain's tent. Pleasantly domiciled in my well-furnished and comfortable quarters I felt much at home. Messing with the officers brought me in contact with Christian gentlemen of high character. On my cot I rested well till the reveille Sunday morning. The quartermaster had a programme published with three hymns and responsive scriptural reading.

At 11 A. M. the church call was sounded, and my congregation soon assembled on the parade ground, each soldier with his camp stool and printed programme. The audience was large and seated in a hollow square presenting an inspiring scene to the eye and heart of the old chaplain. Gov. Green, Generals Perine and Sewell with their staff officers were on my left and a large number of visitors on my right. My pulpit was extemporized by the drummer boys placing two drums, one on the other, and covering them with an india rubber blanket. Our singing was led by the regimental band, the soldiers joining heartily.

My sermon was founded on the text "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own

inheritance." Ps. 33: 12. Our closing hymn, "Guide me O thou great Jehovah," was rendered with fervor and voice that expressed the tone of religious feeling pervading the congregation, worshipping God beneath the canopy of his own heavens in a great military encampment. I was delighted to find so many of these soldiers and officers brethren in Christ, his avowed followers with their banners on the outer wall on the tented field.

A WIGWAM MEETING. Lest, while resting at the park I should rust, I was privileged to attend a county Sunday-school convention near Jamesburg. A lovely grove and an immense wigwam surrounded by tents was our Bethel, and it was crowded. Pastor Everett was our leader, and he was equal to the occasion. Several addresses were delivered with good singing, and followed with a plentiful dinner. The leader gave the crowd an hour and a half for what he called "visiting." From the general hand-shaking that followed and the lively conversations, these Jersey people were all friends, and very friendly, and the convention a good place to enjoy such a social feast.

At the close of these enjoyable services, rather wearied with the work and excitement of the day, I was invited to visit and spend the night at the New Jersey Reform-school for

Boys, a few miles away. With the superintendent, Mr. Osterman, his subordinates and his 300 boys, I was quite at home. We had chapel service in the evening and a serenade by the band before I retired.

This school is located on a good, large farm, well cultivated. It is on the family plan; a home, and not a prison. The buildings are good and well arranged. The time of the boys is divided between labor, study and recreation, and a nice bed for eight hours of sleep. They are well fed, comfortably clothed, and under good wholesome discipline. This institution, so well managed, with its educational, reformatory and religious agencies faithfully employed, is an honor and a blessing to the state that supports it.

THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY. At the spring meeting of the Cincinnati Presbytery I was chosen one of its commissioners to the Assembly to meet in New York, May 16, 1889. For this token of the confidence and kindness of my sixty-five ministerial brethren and the elders I felt truly grateful. The assembly numbered 500 commissioners. We were in session nearly two weeks, and transacted with despatch and harmony a large amount of important ecclesiastical business.

Two subjects were prominent, the Board of

Publication and the revision of the standards. These subjects elicited a lively, fraternal and protracted discussion, and the end is not yet. Our social intercourse at the hotels where we were entertained by the way, and in the vestibule of the church was very cordial and genial. A seat in such an assembly, and fellowship with such brethren, is a red letter-day in the life of a gospel minister to be cherished with pleasure when toiling on his own field far, far away.

HOSPITALITY. The Presbyterians of New York, with their recognized liberality and kindness, gave the Assembly a grand reception in the Metropolitan Opera House. The addresses and the collation, a royal feast, occupied three hours spent on the high places of Christian sociability. Eliot F. Shepherd, Esq., a prominent citizen well known for his liberality and good deeds, invited the Assembly to an excursion on the steamer "Sirius." About 1000 members of the Assembly and their friends, a very happy and sociable crowd were on board. We steamed up the Hudson several miles, delighted with the scenery. Entering the harbor of New York, charmed with the sights on sea and shore, we made our course for the "Bruen Home" for aged ministers and their wives at Perth Amboy, where we spent an hour

with twenty-five aged and worthy friends, comfortable and cheerful, waiting for the rest that remaineth for the people of God. As we started for Sandy Hook, we were served with a very handsome lunch, and as the sea air had been a good appetizer, the repast was greatly enjoyed.

The lower bay was enveloped in a dense fog, and to many who had never seen Old Ocean, it was a real disappointment. Cautiously steaming in the fog, we slowly made our way to port, delighted with our excursion.

THE PIOUS PILGRIMAGE. On the platform of the Assembly, Rev. Dr. Crosby, in his inimitable way, tendered the invitation of the faculty of the Theological Seminary to visit Princeton, which he felicitously called "the Westminster Abbey of Presbyterians." At the appointed place and hour, eight hundred members of the Assembly and invited friends met, boarded a special train, and in good time reached Princeton. Here we were at once invited to a splendid lunch elegantly served. We marched to Marquand Hall, and were addressed by President Patton, Rev. W. C. Roberts, D.D., moderator of the Assembly, and others. Then we visited the buildings, looked into the library, rambled in the beautiful grounds, listened to the songs and cheers of

the college students, and made our way to our Westminster Abbey, the blue sky for its magnificent dome, and beneath its green sod, in peaceful slumbers, rest the honored fathers of the Presbyterian church, and patriots that laid the foundations of our independence and nationality. On this sacred spot we stood in silence, and with fresh courage renewed our vows to serve God, our country and our race.

A DIVERSION. Returning to New York, I turned aside at Newark to spend the Sabbath at Madison, New Jersey, with Rev. Dr. Robert Aikman, the esteemed pastor of the Presbyterian church, who was the secretary of the Pearl street, New York, Presbyterian church, Sunday-school Missionary Society, and my correspondent in 1836, fifty-three years before, when I entered the missionary service of the American Sunday-School Union in Ohio. In his pleasant home with his kind family we spent Saturday evening, reviewing the way the Lord had led us and the blessed work he gave us to do, a good preparation for the Sabbath and its duties.

In the forenoon, I preached in the old sanctuary of the fathers, a venerable and spacious edifice, where generations had been taught the knowledge of God, and rendered divine worship in the beauty of holiness. In the afternoon I

addressed the large and interesting Sunday-school assembled in the new Webb memorial chapel, erected at a cost of \$40,000 by one of his parishioners as a memorial of an only son, a very promising young man, a member of the Sunday-school and of the church, whose early death the community sincerely deplored. My address in the evening was a retrospect of my fifty-three years on my western missionary field. This closed a delightful day spent with the young secretary of 1836, now "in a good old age," having been over forty years in gospel work, beloved and useful in his large and influential congregation. Long may his bow abide in strength and his church grow and prosper.

WEST POINT. Appointed on the Board of Visitors by President Harrison, at the dissolution of the General Assembly, May 29, I went to West Point to enter upon my new and untried duties, not without misgivings as to the performance of my duties in such a position. On reporting for duty I was cordially received by the superintendent, General T. G. Parke, and other officers. The Board consisted of General Lew. Wallace of Crawfordsville, Indiana; Rev. A. E. Edwards, D.D., of Chicago; Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, D.D., of Cleves, Ohio; Prof. L. Brown of Reno, Kansas; Dr. N. S. Lincoln of Washington, D. C.; Prof. C. M.

Pinkerton of Perry, Iowa; Captain Charles King, United States Army (retired); Hon. C. K. Davis, United States Senator, Minnesota; Hon. John W. Daniels, United States Senator, Virginia; Hon. S. M. Robertson, Member of Congress, Louisiana; Hon. G. W. Steele, Member of Congress, Indiana, and Hon. S. S. Yoder, Member of Congress, Ohio.

General Lew. Wallace was chosen to preside, and Rev. A. E. Edwards, D.D., secretary. With such gentlemen I felt quite at home, and with confidence entered upon the duties involved in the appointment. For several days our time was largely occupied in attending examinations in the various departments of study, delighted with the proficiency of the cadets, the skill and faithfulness of the professors. The tests were severe, but always fair. During our stay of nearly two weeks Lieutenants Dodd and Hodges, appointed by General Parke, rendered us valuable service, courteous and thoughtful, which greatly facilitated our labors, and made our visit very pleasant.

Being on two sub-committees, "Discipline, and instruction" and "Cadet supply and expenditures," my time was fully occupied. Daily, in the afternoon, we witnessed military exercises by the cadets, infantry, artillery and cavalry drills, and battalion parades. In our

hotel we had a large room where we frequently met for consultation and to hear the reports of the various committees. Our report when completed by Dr. Edwards was presented to Congress, with several important recommendations, as we thought, for the benefit of the academy.

The Sabbath day is well observed. Public worship is held in the chapel, conducted by the chaplain, and fairly attended. More than fifty years ago, when Rt. Rev. Bishop McIlvaine was chaplain, a prayer-meeting conducted by the cadets was established, and is continued to this day. I attended on a week-day evening, and found in the Dialectic Hall nearly fifty cadets, one of their own number leading the meeting, and others engaging in oral prayer and remarks. By request, two of our Board of Visitors made short addresses, commending their faithfulness in religious duties, and exhorting them "to cleave unto the Lord with full purpose of heart."

The Young Men's Christian Association numbers 125 of the 250 cadets now at the academy. They have a reading-room well supplied with secular and religious papers. West Point, with its military academy, beautiful natural scenery and historic associations, is a charming place, and our sojourn there will be long cherished and remembered.

THE WORLD'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION. Delegated by the American Sunday-School Union, and my daughter by the Ohio State Association, on the 13th of June, 1889, we embarked on the steamship "Nebraska" bound for Glasgow. We had fair weather, smooth sea, and a very pleasant voyage of ten days. We spent a week in reaching London from Glasgow, made the tour of the Trosachs, charmed with the lakes and mountains of Scotland. In Edinburg we visited the Castle, National Museum, Holyrood Palace, and John Knox's house.

We spent a day in the city of York, the ecclesiastical center of Great Britain; saw its magnificent cathedral, ancient monuments, crypt, stalls, and famous window. On the city wall, built in 1280, we had a fine view of the city and its beautiful environs, and a pleasant walk that prepared us for our tea and our rest at the Station hotel, a hostelry complete and comfortable in all of its appointments. We reached London rather refreshed by our journey, found our lodgings in a private hotel, and on Sunday heard the distinguished pastors of the Metropolitan Tabernacle and the City Temple, besides visiting two Sunday-schools and addressing them.

On Monday the roll of foreign delegates had

358 names enrolled from the United States; 69 from Canada, and 439 from other foreign lands and the United Kingdom, a total of 866 Sunday-school workers; met, not in the interest of commerce, of science, or curiosity, but of Bible teaching and the advancement of Christianity all over the world. That evening, the Lord Mayor of London tendered us a reception in the Mansion House. The great Egyptian room was crowded with delegates. John Edward Tresidder, Esq., the senior secretary of the London Sunday-school Union, called me out of the crowd, and in a private room introduced me to his Lordship as the oldest delegate from the United States, fifty-three years a Sunday-school missionary. His honor received me cordially, and inquired how old I was. I replied that I was just entering my seventy-ninth year. Rather astonished, he said: "How well you are preserved! If I attain your age, and have your vigor, I shall be very thankful to God."

Such words falling from the lips of the chief magistrate of London fell very pleasantly on my ears and cheered my heart. Tuesday morning the convention assembled in the Memorial Hall, Hon. B. F. Belsey of London in the chair. After uniting in a hymn of praise, I was invited to the platform to offer prayer. Addresses

were made by a delegate from France, Dr. John Hall of New York, and Dr. Cuyler of Brooklyn. For the want of room our subsequent sessions were held in the City Temple, High Holborn. The ground floor was occupied by the delegates, and the extensive galleries by visitors. The first half hour each day was spent in prayer and praise.

In looking over the assembled delegates, one in Christ, the unity of believers all over Christendom was an idea that thrilled my soul, and the evidence of the extent of the Sunday-school cause and its influence on the circulation and study of the Bible was an inspiring power full of encouragement. Among the nobility that participated in our meetings Lord Kinnard, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, and Count Bernstorff of Germany were often seen and heard from the platform. Ladies from the United States were frequently heard, commanding the hearing and securing the applause of the audience; while our American brethren, lay and clerical, were often heard in stirring talks on practical subjects.

Delegates from Continental Europe that could use the English language, brought cheering intelligence of the extension and success of the work of teaching the Bible. From India, China, Australia and Cape Colony, business men

and returned missionaries brought glad tidings from afar of the progress and usefulness of Sunday-schools. The delegate from India made a strong appeal for help to plant Sunday-schools in that distant land. In response the salary of of a missionary for three years was pledged.

THE FOURTH OF JULY. On our glorious natal day the services of the convention closed at an early hour, and three hundred American citizens, with a number of our English friends, took tea together beneath the folds of the old flag—the red, white and blue. The American feeling, though in a foreign land, found a warm and eloquent expression in the extempore speeches of that warm-hearted American Irishman bishop of the Fifth avenue church in New York, the princely merchant that devises many ways for liberal deeds for Christ and his church in Chicago, and the good man that writes such good articles as he sits under the catalpa in Brooklyn. These red-hot patriotic speeches made up the lack of fire-works and the roar of artillery. I can safely say for all present we had a gloriously good time and enjoyed it.

ANOTHER ENTERTAINMENT. The next feast we enjoyed was a public breakfast in Exeter Hall provided by George Williams, Esq., a wealthy merchant, the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, a leader and a

strong helper in every good work in the Metropolis and the regions beyond. The menu was more like a regular dinner than a breakfast, and the speeches were certainly worthy of being classified with the best "*post prandial*" performances.

On Saturday afternoon, at the invitation of the Earl of Aberdeen, the members of the convention and a host of friends left London on a special train for Dollis Hill, his country palace, twelve miles out. The noble Christian family, parents and children, beneath a majestic tree in the park, gave us a royal welcome, and in a large pavilion we shared their elegant and generous hospitality. Then came music, Scotch bagpipes and a band of boys from a neighboring orphanage, extempore speeches, rambles over the extensive and lovely park, and a safe return to London, delighted with our outing.

After the convention, we spent two weeks in London, visiting prisons, hospitals, the Bridge of Hope, Ratcliff's Highway, where the fallen and outcast find an open door to a life of purity and godliness, and where the work of rescuing the perishing is so highly blessed. I only preached once in London, in the Fetter Lane Welsh chapel where the services are conducted in the old vernacular. The congregation was large, made up of emigrants from Wales. The

pastor, Rev. O. Evans, D.D., is doing a good work, and the church enjoys prosperity. This church had recently purchased a large and substantial chapel near King's Cross, that originally cost \$80,000, for less than half that amount, and expected soon to occupy it improved and beautified at an additional cost of \$6000. I understood that the Non-conforming Welsh churches in London, thirteen in number, have good congregations and excellent pastors, and a healthy spiritual condition.

Our visit to London ended, I accepted an invitation to take a trip through England on my way to Wales. We first went to Ashford, Kent, sixty miles from London. The ride through the country, the sight of hop-fields and strawberry plantations, men and women hay harvesting, with the fresh air made the trip delightful. On our arrival, we were escorted to a real nice English home, and hospitably treated. The town has a beautiful cemetery, large railroad shops, fine chapels, an Established church, and thrifty, moral and religious population of fifteen thousand inhabitants. On Sunday the Ashford Sunday-school Union held its anniversary. The first meeting was held in the Corn Exchange, a mass gathering of adults. In the same place in the afternoon, eight Sunday-schools assembled, a large, orderly and

attentive congregation, and two addresses were delivered. In the evening, the largest chapel in town was well filled with adults and youths, who heard a discourse on Sunday-schools in America. The next day, we visited the ancient city of Canterbury, passed our time in the cathedral with its treasures of sacred antiquities, the shrine of Thomas à Becket and the crypt chapel where the French Huguenots two hundred years ago held divine worship, and where a small remnant of their descendants still offer their devotions, and worship the God of their fathers.

We also spent a Sabbath in Birmingham a great manufacturing city with a population of 400,000. I visited and addressed the Sunday-school in Carr-Lane chapel, where Rev. John Angell James, the author of "The Anxious Inquirer Directed to Christ," so long and successfully labored. "The James Memorial Chapel" in the new part of the city, is the home of a strong and flourishing church. Here I saw a Bible class of 150 mechanics and laborers, a grand and inspiring sight. This city has been, and to some extent continues the stronghold of Unitarianism, but its power and influence is waning.

From Birmingham we went to the old city of Chester, and spent a Sabbath participating

in the anniversary services of the Chester Sunday-school Union, large and enthusiastic meetings. Thence we went to Wales, the objective point of my travel. At Dolgelly, though my esteemed cousin had died, his widow and son received us kindly, and their pleasant home was our center of movements during our stay in the Principality. Feeling the need of rest, I did not engage in ministerial work as on my former visit. I would make short tours at pleasure, address Sunday-schools, and preach in Welsh occasionally. The tithe agitation is a distracting element; the encroachment of the English language and English fashions, and, I regret to say, a low state of religion in the churches, seriously affected the interests of Christianity; yet, I saw no special evidence of demoralization among the people, or defection from the religious faith of their godly ancestors among the ministers.

I attended, by invitation, the annual meeting of the Welsh Congregational Union, attended by 500 lay and clerical delegates. It was held at Bethesda, a populous town in the center of the great slate quarries of Cænarvonshire. I was entertained at the pleasant and Christian home of W. Pritchard, manager of the Lord Penryn slate quarries. A visit to this great bee-hive of industry, where 2500 men and

boys are employed on the side of a towering mountain, a new and novel sight, afforded me great pleasure. With a gentleman from Australia, I aided at a mass Sunday-school meeting, heard several grand gospel sermons and excellent papers on matters pertaining to the present circumstances of the denomination, and its relation to the Government and the working men.

This is one of the strongest and most influential Non-conforming denominations in Wales. The statistics for 1888 show 1151 chapels, 1028 churches, 624 pastors, 310 lay preachers, 125,000 church members, 120,000 Sunday-school scholars, a college, and two theological seminaries. The Established Church of England in Wales is an alien church. Disestablishment is everywhere in the air, in the valleys, and on the mountains, in towns and in the country, and is surely to come to pass, a result that will certainly be favorable to the interests and progress of true Christianity in the church and in the chapel.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND. Her majesty, on her visit to Wales, attracted great attention. Her presence in Bala, my native place, attracted me with thousands of her loyal subjects among the mountains of North Wales. The quiet old town was astir as never before, nor

were the streets ever crowded with such throngs of people. From a platform in front of a dwelling I enjoyed a good view of Queen Victoria and other members of the royal family. She looked well, and was plainly dressed in black. Seated with Beatrice at her side in an open and magnificent carriage, she politely bowed her head and waved her hand as she passed through the dense mass of her Welsh subjects. The royal cortege stood at a platform crowded with dignitaries of the Church and State, where her majesty was presented with a splendid painting of Welsh scenery by a native artist, which she graciously received, with thanks. A sturdy Welshman, at my side said :

“All this, is very well, only she did not speak in the Welsh language.”

Mottoes in both languages abounded; no cheers were heard, but plenty of Welsh singing, and a more orderly and respectful crowd could nowhere be found. I saw no drunkenness, and heard no profanity during the day, nor did I witness any disorder.

After a pleasant and restful sojourn of a month in Wales, we left for Glasgow, to embark on the “Nebraska” the sixth of September. We found on board fifty-one of the two hundred and thirteen who were our fellow-

passengers from New York last June. We met as old friends, glad to see each other, and as we were on our chairs on the deck, we passed pleasant hours telling our experience as tourists in foreign lands, comparing notes, to ascertain who had the best of it. Some tall stories were related, a medley of experiences, pleasant and unpleasant; but, upon the whole, none of us had reason to complain, except of ourselves, and the mistakes we made.

STORMY VOYAGE. Our voyage home was very different from the outward one. The third day out, we encountered a storm that continued three days. The second day out, a cabin passenger died. His wife found him dead in his berth. Our surgeon said he died of acute pneumonia. The body was removed to the morgue, and prepared for burial, wrapped in canvas, with heavy weights at the feet, with an English flag around it. Thus prepared for its ocean grave, the body was placed on a board, one end resting on a trestle, the other on the side of the ship. A large number of passengers assembled on the stern deck to witness the solemnity of a funeral at sea. The captain read the Episcopal burial service, and two sailors lifted the end of the board, and our fellow-passenger passed into his undug grave in the great deep. During the last part of the

funeral service, the ship was stopped, and in every respect the occasion was solemn and impressive.

The Gathering Storm. Soon after the funeral, the sky was overhung with massive dark clouds, and the wind howled as a requiem over the unmarked grave of our fellow-passenger. Through the night, I felt, as I lay sleepless in my berth, that indeed the tempest was on us, our great ship tossing and pitching at an unusual rate.

In the morning, at day dawn, I left my state-room, and by making the best use of my sea legs, and clutching everything available, I made the deck, and saw the mighty ocean lashed into fury by the breath of the storm. The sight was awe-inspiring and sublime. The waves were like huge sheets of foam as they dashed against the struggling vessel rushing through the angry billows. God above us, a competent and faithful captain on the bridge, and our ship strong as iron, removed all sense of danger, as, for three days, we battled with the warring elements.

The return of calm weather and a smooth sea wrought wonders, state-rooms were abandoned, chairs and wraps in demand, seats at the table occupied, and once more sea life was an enjoyment. With a few others, old men, I kept out of my state-room during the day, and never

failed to appear at the table, but owing to the commotion among the dishes, we ate our food under difficulties and in discomfort.

Icebergs. A change in temperature heralded that we were in the neighborhood of icebergs. Soon word came from the bridge that they were in sight. All were now on the look-out for these wanderers from their Arctic homes. One immense berg with two lofty towers, white like snow, basking in the sunshine, stood on our starboard about a mile distant, drifting southward. Several smaller bergs accompanied this huge mass of ice, and together presented a grand and novel sight. The view, so distinct and satisfactory, of these icebergs, broke the monotony of the voyage, and afforded fruitful themes for discussion—many theories but few facts. As we had been greatly delighted to see these strangers from the North Polar regions, we were pleased when they disappeared beneath a clear sky.

The ninth day out, a pilot boarded us—land in sight! Yes, the land we love. Doctors and custom-house officers came aboard. A clean bill of health, and our baggage passed and chalked, we reached our dock, and were met by a kind friend with a carriage to take us to his hospitable home in New York. After a short rest, we journeyed west, and reached our home

and loved ones in safety. At the twilight hour, I visited the Berea cemetery, where rests in peace my beloved wife and three children, beneath the green sod and lovely flowers, until the reunion not far hence, when "them, which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him" and he has said "where I am, there shall also my servant be."

AT WORK AGAIN. Called to perform the marriage ceremony of a young couple in Radnor, my old and early home, I remained over the Sabbath, addressed three Sunday-schools, administered the Lord's supper, and in the evening preached a sermon to a crowded audience of young people. Sixty years ago I united with that Church, then worshipping in a log chapel, not one of its then members now living. Alone, I remained of that body of Christ, "which is the church," Col. 1: 24. In the adjoining graveyard on marble and granite, I read the honored names of the godly men and women who were my associates and helpers in the service of God. During this visit, from what I saw and heard, my confidence in the prosperity and perpetuity of the church of Christ was greatly strengthened and my soul was spiritually blessed.

THE STATE INSTITUTIONS VISITED. During the late autumn, the weather being pleasant

and my health good, I spent nearly a month visiting and in Christian labors in several of these institutions.

In the penitentiary at Columbus, with its prison population of 1410 males and 30 females, I, as usual, spent a Sabbath welcomed by the chaplain, Rev. J. H. De Bruen. The prison Sunday-school had 500 scholars. At the prayer-meeting I found nearly as many; and, at the morning service, when all meet in the spacious chapel (one of the best audience rooms for public speaking in the country) I had the pleasure of preaching, of telling these brethren in bonds, of the freedom with which Christ makes his people free. The prison is evidently well managed. Its net income, from the labor of prisoners was \$13,899 last year, and what is better, special efforts are made to educate the illiterate. The enrollment in the prison-school last year was 497, and these efforts are appreciated and improved by the prisoners. Moral and religious agencies are also employed to reform, and save these transgressors.

During the ensuing week, I spent three days at the "Girl's Industrial Home" near Delaware, Ohio, where I found 300 juvenile delinquents, divided into seven families, each in charge of a matron, house-keeper, and teacher. In many respects these are model homes. The girls are

well taught in domestic duties, go to school half of each day, and are under good moral and religious instruction and influence. Through the kindness of the superintendent I visited all these families, and their daily schools, and preached twice in the chapel. The Sunday-school work I found well sustained, and received a subscription for 300 copies of the Lesson Help, published by the American Sunday-School Union.

The next Sabbath I spent with the 608 boys at the "Industrial School," a new name for the Reform School, near Lancaster. I led the Sunday-school, the boys recited from memory the lesson text, promptly and accurately answered all the questions I asked, and I was greatly delighted with the continued interest and faithfulness manifested in the Sunday-school work. As usual my juvenile hearers were attentive and interested in the chapel services and, I hope, heard the gospel to profit thereby. On Monday, I visited all the ten families and the daily schools, cheered by all that I saw. In the evening, the boys assembled in the chapel, and I told them the story of my travels abroad during the past summer. The superintendent, Hon. D. M. Barrett, authorized me to order from the American Sunday-School Union, 600 copies of our Quarterly for the use of the boys

in studying the lesson. The Sunday-school is here cherished and used with great advantage in the moral and religious instruction of these early wanderers into evil ways, and in reclaiming them to walk in the paths of virtue and religion.

In the Cincinnati House of Refuge I found 350 inmates, most of them quite young, but in need of the advantages of a safe home and good instruction. Here the Sunday-school flourishes. The children are encouraged to commit the scriptures to memory, and to study the text. When there on a Sabbath, I addressed the Sunday-school and preached, delighted with the attention and interest of my juvenile hearers.

I also spent a Sabbath at the City Work House, a penal institution. The only religious service is in the morning. I preached to the prisoners, four hundred males and a hundred females, victims of the saloons and slums of the city. The sight of my congregation was depressing. Some were attentive, many I failed to reach, my words falling on their ears as snowflakes on the rock, and I was discouraged.

Having gone the rounds of my Ohio field, I extended my voluntary labors into Indiana. I had the pleasure of spending a few days with Professor T. J. Charlton, superintendent of the "Indiana Reform School" at Plainfield, near

Indianapolis, and his 500 Hoosier boys. This school is founded and managed on the family and not the congregate plan, and in all respects it is a successful reformatory. Professor Charlton, educated at West Point, is a good disciplinarian. He controls these neglected and self-willed boys by the law of kindness backed with power and authority. Understanding this, these boys are easily and effectually controlled, the first step in their reformation. The industrial, educational, and religious training of these boys is just what they need; and, when appreciated, seldom fails to prepare them for a good, useful life outside. A Sabbath spent here in the Sunday-school and chapel service was a privilege and a pleasure. The superintendent ordered 500 copies of a lesson Quarterly for the use of the Sunday-school.

In the city of Indianapolis, the state has a "reformatory for girls, and a prison for women," the first institution of the kind in our country, an honor to the State, and a blessing to criminal women, and vicious, wayward and incorrigible girls. I spent a Sabbath here. The institution is successfully managed by a board of three ladies—intelligent, efficient, humane and Christian women. The two departments are entirely separate, the adults and the juveniles have no intercourse together, the only place they meet

being in the chapel. I found 62 women convicts—8 of them life prisoners—and 150 girls from nine to seventeen years old. In the morning I attended and addressed the girls' band meeting. One of their number led, and several offered prayer and gave their testimony. By request of the matron, I led the Sunday-school in the women's prison. Our lesson was on the subject of temperance. My scholars were very attentive and answered questions freely. At the close they were asked how many of them had been made criminals by strong drink. Eleven of them responded by standing up, showing that liquor was their ruin.

In the afternoon the women and girls came, neatly clad and with becoming reverence, to the chapel. The girls came first, and occupied the front seats, and the women last, and retired first, so they did not see each other. The girls recited in concert from memory a scripture lesson, and all united in singing, and with attention heard my discourse.

In the evening I preached a sermon in behalf of the American Sunday-School Union in the First Presbyterian church, Rev. Dr. Haines, pastor, and received a generous response to aid our missionary cause. I was glad to be informed that General Harrison and his estimable wife were members of this church, and that

the President was for many years an elder, discharging faithfully the duties of that responsible office in the church of Christ.

These labors brought me to the end of 1889; a time for reflection. I considered the way the Lord had led me, and found abundant occasion to bless and praise his Holy Name. My life spent so largely and happily with children and young people has kept me young in heart, and, I hope, helped me to grow old gracefully, a contented, satisfied old man, happy in the eventide of his lengthened earthly pilgrimage, assured of another and better life beyond.

Having in my possession in diaries for over forty years—in clippings from secular and religious papers preserved in scrap books—a large supply of data, I have spent much of my time since the first of January, 1890, in writing this story of my life. In doing this I have enjoyed the pleasure of living my busy life over again, and hope that this story of my labors will not be in vain, but for the honor of God and the encouragement of young people early to enter the Christian life, to obtain an education, and to make the most of life in serving God and their generation.

CHAPTER XVI.

CLOSING LABORS.

AFTER spending a few days in Philadelphia enjoying the hospitality and society of the officers of the American Sunday-School Union, and visiting places of interest in the city, preaching twice on the Sabbath and addressing two Sunday-schools, I left for the Lackawanna Valley to attend a Sunday-school convention at Scranton, held in the interest of the Welsh Sunday-schools of that flourishing city and neighboring villages, inhabited largely by Welsh miners and their families, devoted friends of the Bible, the Sunday-school, and the church. The convention lasted two days and was well attended. Papers on practical subjects were read, and addresses were delivered in Welsh and English, followed by free discussion. Pastors and laymen participated and rendered valuable instruction in regard to the extension and improvement of Bible study and practical Christianity.

At the present time these Welsh people are in a transition state. The children, instructed

in the public schools, are becoming Americanized in language and are losing their vernacular; hence the necessity and importance of supplying them with the means of grace in the English language. In this exigency the Sunday-school, and preaching in the English language are imperatively needed to hold the young people to the altars of religion, and is essential to maintain the Christian principles of their godly parents, and, indeed, the existence of the churches organized and sustained by the Welsh pioneers in the Lackawanna valley.

In this extensive mining region there are now over fifty Welsh churches, Congregationalist, Baptist, and Calvinistic Methodists (Presbyterian in creed and church polity) about equally divided. In some congregations the pastor is able to preach in both languages. With an English department in the Sunday-school the young people are held and grow up in Christ and in his service. Where the religious privileges are in Welsh only, the youth suffer a serious loss and their spiritual interests are largely sacrificed.

To remedy this evil the churches are acting wisely, and in many places special efforts are made to secure preaching and Sunday-school instruction in the English language; and, in several instances, congregations have been gath-

ered, chapels built, and flourishing churches organized; and thus the descendants of the old Welsh families are Americanized under the best type of our social and religious life, and become good and loyal citizens, and established in the church and service of God.

We have in our country over five hundred Welsh churches, sound in the faith, serving the Lord Christ. These, in regard to language, are in a transition state. When the grand old vernacular ceases to be the language of the fire-side, it must eventually cease to be the language of the sanctuary; hence the duty and necessity of supplying the young people at this critical period with gospel privileges in the language they understand and can use in their religious lives.

SIXTY-SIX YEARS WERE COMMEMORATED by an anniversary of the American Sunday-School Union, May 11, 1890, held in the First Presbyterian church, Trenton, N. J. The venerated house of the Lord was well filled with an intelligent and appreciative audience. Rev. John Hall, D.D., pastor emeritus, though over eighty years old, standing erect, with a vigorous intellect, a warm heart and a clear voice delivered an address of welcome. In his early life Dr. Hall was secretary of the society at Philadelphia, and editor of its early publications. His

address glowed with words of kindness and interesting reminiscences. Rev. C. H. Richards, D.D., of Philadelphia, delivered an eloquent and appropriate address. Rev. J. M. Crowell, D.D., of Philadelphia, secretary of missions, reported, that during the year over ninety-seven missionaries had established 1685 new schools, with 7353 teachers and 59,432 scholars; also visited and aided 1852 schools previously organized, with 12,788 teachers and 120,792 scholars, and distributed 16,115 Bibles and Testaments.

AN INTERESTING DOCUMENT. The aged pioneer Sunday-school missionary, holding in his hand his first commission, signed by John Hall, secretary, and Alexander Henry, Esq., president of the American Sunday-School Union, issued from Philadelphia, February 12, 1836, made an address. After the lapse of fifty-four years of service, one, an honored and faithful pastor, the other a Sunday-school missionary in the west, were permitted to greet each other, a delightful and unusual coincidence greatly enjoyed.

In the Depository of the society in Philadelphia, by examining old letters, I found my first introduction to the American Sunday-School Union which I copy.

“CINCINNATI, JANUARY 29, 1836.

“Our Board have concluded to employ the Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, upon the very strong recommendation of Rev. Thomas Brainerd, Robert Boal, Esq., Rev. Henry Little and A. W. Corey, Esq. Mr. Chidlaw resides at Paddy’s Run, Butler County, Ohio. He is a warm and active friend of Sunday-schools. He proposes to give us one-fourth of his time to work in Butler County, Ohio. He leaves it with our Board to pay him what they think best.

“B. J. SEWARD, Agt.”

I also found the following in a letter from A. W. Corey, dated Cincinnati, November 16, 1836.”

“A Sunday-school celebration (probably the first held in the city) nearly all the schools turned out filling the Wesley Chapel, on Fifth Street. Rev. Mr. Chidlaw, one of our missionaries, addressed the children in a very happy manner. His address abounded in interesting incidents and gave great satisfaction. Scarce an eye was turned from him till he had finished his address. Rev. M. Schon, of the M. E. Church, followed in an able address to parents.

“A. W. COREY, Agt.”

Resting. On my way home I spent nine days at Saratoga, N. Y., an interested visitor to the Presbyterian General Assembly then in session. Meeting many brethren, beloved in the Lord, cheered by Christian fellowship, and attending the Assembly, my time was profitably and happily spent, soul and body strengthened and refreshed. On the street, or in the vestibule of the church, I was frequently and kindly greeted by members of the Assembly as the Sunday-school missionary they had heard in their Sun-

day-school days, glad to find him flourishing in his advanced life and still at work. A stranger, with genuine western cordiality, greeted me on the pavement. It was the Rev. Henry B. Gage, of the Los Angeles Presbytery, California. After referring to an interesting meeting we held when he was a student at the South Salem Presbyterian Academy and its influence on his personal religious life, he said: "I want to tell you what may be to you unknown, but, I am sure, the information will cheer and encourage your heart in the work of the Lord. My sister-in-law, Miss Cort, who has been for fifteen years a faithful and successful missionary in Siam, always referred her conversion under God to your preaching when she was a student at the Glendale Female College, Ohio. I will inform her of our meeting, and she will be glad to hear from you." Such unexpected and blessed intelligence filled my soul with thanksgiving to God, for the honor and privilege of preaching the gospel, and winning souls to Christ and his service. After spending a few days resting at my pleasant home and with loved ones, and participating in the memorial services of Decoration Day at Cleves, I look forward to other labors at the Ohio State Sunday-school Convention at Venice, Ohio, where I taught school fifty-six years ago.

This brings my story to an end. Life has yet many charms and opportunities for serving God and his Church, and hitherto the Lord has brought me still in his loving hand. I will cheerfully and hopefully rest and trust till the shadows of earth shall be changed for the sunlight of Eternity, and my heavenly home is reached to be forever with the Lord.

CLEVES, O., JUNE, 1890.



University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

JAN 05 1990

ILL HDC

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 099 420 2

