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LOOKING BACK
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*Yours in Christ Jesus,
N. R. Johnston.*

1898

Anti-Slavery

LOOKING BACK FROM THE
SUNSET LAND

OR

PEOPLE WORTH KNOWING.



BY

REV. N. R. JOHNSTON.



OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.
1898.

TO MY WIFE

who has ever been my loving and faithful companion and indispensable co-worker in all life's toils, my wise counselor in times of doubt, my tender sympathizer in time of trouble, and who has lightened many of my burdens that I could not have borne alone, this book is most affectionately dedicated by

The Author.

PREFACE.

HORACE GREELEY said that "no man should die without planting a tree or writing a book." I have planted many a tree and I have written much in various forms; why should I not write a book also? The only apology I feel like making is that it has in it so much about myself. But if I had not written it the book would never have been written. If any apology is due to the reading public for the issue of such a volume at all, I have more than one. I owe it to others as well as myself to explain or account for several occurrences in my life as known to the church—events that were not understood then and that yet remain unaccounted for. And then I desire to leave on record a narrative of events that otherwise would be unknown to my survivors, and to leave behind me a testimony in behalf of truths which, however much neglected or despised, are the very truths of God. In no other way can I now be of use to my children and theirs some of whom would know nothing of events recorded herein unless told to them by the writer.

It is due to the reader to know that this volume was written when life's shadows were lengthening out rapidly. The first manuscripts were sketched hastily with the pencil on Chinese paper during the winter of 1896 and '97 when the writer was in his 77th year and in feeble health. Well did he know that the sands of life were running nearly out. As the time was short no days nor even hours could be lost; and hence the entire work was done in haste as well as in the midst of many other labors all the time pressing their claims. The writer hopes therefore that the literary reader will be lenient in his criticisms of the book. It was written not so much to please the lovers of literature as to benefit the friends of truth who will survive the writer.

PORTRAITS.

N. R. JOHNSTON	Frontispiece	
DR. J. R. WILLSON	Facing page	65
DR. R. J. DODDS	“ “	189
WM. LLOYD GARRISON	“ “	200
REV. SAMUEL MAY	“ “	204
REV. J. M. ARMOUR	“ “	209
DR. R. G. MCNIECE	“ “	240
WENDELL PHILLIPS	“ “	257
DR. S. O. WYLIE	“ “	277
CORPORAL DIVOLL	“ “	368
DR. R. A. BROWNE	“ “	392
DR. J. R. W. SLOANE	“ “	26
DR. OTIS GIBSON	“ “	480
DR. A. M. MILLIGAN	“ “	492
REV. GEO. M. ELLIOTT	“ “	516
DR. DAVID METHENY	“ “	617
WM. STILL	“ “	568
REV. JEE GAM	“ “	592
REV. CHAN HON FAN	“ “	598

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER.	Page-
I. Foreshadowings and Ancestry	9
II. Early Education	22
III. A New Home in the West	28
IV. At the University	38
V. Two Years of a Teacher's Life	57
VI. Theological Studies	63
VII. Summer Vacation	72
VIII. The Third Year and Fellow-students	77
IX. Response to Freedom's Call	86
X. Fourth Year of Theological Study	100
XI. Licensure and Evangelistic Work	103.
XII. The Fugitive Slave Law and the Underground Railroad	113
XIII. The Licentiate's Work and Jottings	132
XIV. Home Again. Old Field Revisited Afflictions and Trials of Faith	150
XV. The Field. The Decision. The Ordination	155
XVI. The Flock and the Shepherd's Work	162
XVII. The Field Widens	175
XVIII. In Sorrow and in Straits	185
XIX. Church Work	192
XX. Work for the Slave	199
XXI. Under the Father's Rod	206
XXII. Busy Days	212
XXIII. Work at Home and in the Courts	222
XXIV. Eventful Days	236
XXV. The Winter Is Past. Joyous Spring Comes	247
XXVI. Wendell Phillips. Anniversaries	257
XXVII. The Trumpet Blown. To Arms!	265
XXVIII. Unexpected Call to Special Duties	275
XXIX. "They That Go Down to the Sea in Ships"	282
XXX. Among the "Contrabands"	288
XXXI. The Spelling-book, the Bible, the Sword	296
XXXII. A Little Vacation. Fort Pulaski Taken	309

XXXIII.	“What Was Slavery, Uncle Tom?”	316
XXXIV.	Homeward Bound. Pastoral Duties Resumed	325
XXXV.	Trials of Faith. Home Duties	333
XXXVI.	War Problems	342
XXXVII.	Bloody Scenes. Pastoral Life. National Reform	355
XXXVIII.	Sad Events and Dark Shadows	367
XXXIX.	In Sad Straits and Sadder Partings	376
XL.	A New Home and a New Work	381
XLI.	Pleasant Recollections	396
XLII.	Our New Field of Labor	408
XLIII.	Geneva’s Old Bell Rings Again	415
XLIV.	In the Home Mission Field.	429
XLV.	Missionary Work among the Chinese in California	446
XLVI.	Yo Semite Valley.	461
XLVII.	Mission Work and a Missionary Tour	469
XLVIII.	Lights and Shadows	484
XLIX.	In Memoriam	491
L.	Home Work Resumed	497
LI.	Southern Missions Visited	507
LII.	Selma and Beaufort	515
LIII.	The Synod of 1889. Important Questions	526
LIV.	White Ribboners and Sabbath Workers	532
LV.	From Ocean to Ocean	536
LVI.	In Philadelphia as a Journalist	546
LVII.	A Family Reunion	561
LVIII.	New Home for <i>Our Banner</i>	572
LIX.	Our Pacific Home Again	580
LX.	Missionaries Sail for China. Days of Gladness	591
LXI.	A Chapter of Epistolary Gems	600
LXII.	Nearing the Sunset	616

LOOKING BACK FROM THE SUNSET LAND

OR

PEOPLE WORTH KNOWING.

CHAPTER I.

FORESHADOWINGS AND ANCESTRY.

ON the inner walls of our cottage home hang two old pictures and fine specimens of Scottish art, a Covenanter Conventicle and the battle of Drumclog. On other walls hang three life-size pictures of distinguished men, James Renwick Willson, William Lloyd Garrison, and John Brown. The first was my theological professor, a genuine Covenanter and zealous abolitionist. The second, as all know, was the worthy leader in the great anti-slavery struggle; and the third was the old abolitionist whom the Virginia slaveholders hung at Charlestown and "whose soul is still marching on." On another wall hangs a smaller picture, a portrait of the great anti-slavery orator, Wendell Phillips. And over there hangs an ideal picture of Mrs. Stowe's great hero, Uncle Tom, and beside him the little angel Eva saying to him, "What was slavery, Uncle Tom?" And yet another, a fine oil painting of an old castle, the artist being a Chinese young man, a Christian convert and now a merchant in San Francisco. Now if all these pictures be only

a slight index of the character of the writer, or if they even slightly foreshadow the character of this volume, the reader's fears may be excited already, and so perhaps he had better close the book and read no more lest afterward he may not know when to stop.

A few years ago when in conversation with a daughter of old John Brown I unwisely asked her if on any occasion she had ever felt ashamed that her father died on the gallows. With an almost indignant expression she immediately replied, "Never, never for one moment!" And why should any descendant of the now honored martyr to freedom be ashamed?

Pride of ancestry may not be commendable, yet I confess that as a Covenanter I always shared my father's pleasure if not pride when I heard him tell our friends that we were lineal descendants of Sir Archibald Johnston, or Lord War-riston, whom the enemies of civil and religious liberty in Scotland hung in Edinburg. Of such the world was not worthy.

In the new world there are now multitudes of the descendants of Sir Archibald Johnston who cherish his martyr memory as sacred. Away back in the early years of the American Colonies three young brothers, all Presbyterians, came from Scotland and settled in eastern Pennsylvania. Their names were Samuel, Nathan, and Archibald Johnston. They were descendants of the martyr, but of what generation is not known now. Down through all the succeeding generations these three names have been retained. The name of my father's grandfather was Nathan; his father's name, Samuel; one of his brother's, Archibald. Thus it is probable that they all wished to cherish as sacred the memory of their martyred ancestor; nor will it ever be forgotten so long as Christian men and women do not lose sight of the Covenanter's "old blue banner."

My father, Nathan Johnston, was born near Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, in 1775. Though brought up on the farm with his father he subsequently became a tanner. In 1801 he was married to Mary Black, the daughter of James Black, an elder in the Presbyterian Church. She was born in York County, Pennsylvania, in January, 1782. When she was about twelve years of age the family removed to Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. She rode the entire distance over the mountains on horseback. They settled on a farm on a part of which the town of Blairsville is built and now in Indiana County. It was in this new home that the happy couple were married when she was nineteen years of age. After their marriage they resided at Armagh, Pennsylvania. Here, after the birth of their first child they united with the Presbyterian Church. Probably in the spring of 1805 Grandfather Black and family and my father with his small family removed to eastern Ohio, at that time almost an unbroken wilderness. They bought unimproved and adjoining lands in what is now Harrison County. They began by cutting away the forest trees and building small log cabins for present use. After some years, when sufficient lands were cleared out, my father planted a large orchard, opened a tan yard and built a good-sized "hewed log house." Here I was born October 8, 1820, the youngest of a family of eight children, seven sons and one daughter. The three first sons were John Black, Samuel Power, and James Stewart. The three next sons all died in infancy. The seventh child was a daughter, Mary Jane; and the youngest son, Nathan Robinson. The first name was for my father, the second in honor of a much beloved uncle, Robert Robinson, who married my mother's sister; and my parents all their lives called me Robinson, the n being silent.

It is not designed to make these pages a genealogy or a history of either ancestors or descendants, yet as the writer

is the only surviving member of his father's family it is due to those who may read these pages in coming years that the thread of the narrative be broken for a little and that a few items of tradition or unwritten history be given here.

My great-grandfather, Nathan Johnston, and his wife, Elizabeth Power, were killed by the Indians in the time of the old French war in Pennsylvania, and under these circumstances. Many of the settlers had taken refuge in a fort at or near the present site of Shippensburg; but sometimes when the danger seemed to be slight some of them visited their new farms to look after their stock or growing crops.

Taking his wife and seven children he went to his farm, seven miles distant, to care for his growing corn and stock. Fearing that they might be attacked by the Indians in the night, the parents put the children to bed in the haymow in the barn, while they themselves slept in the house. One morning before sunrise the children were startled by the crack of two rifle shots almost at the same moment. Samuel, the oldest boy, hastily looking out between the logs of the barn, saw his mother near the house fall dead, and saw the Indian run and scalp her. What had been done by the other gun he did not know then. The mother was thought to have been shot while in the act of holding a ewe sheep that her lamb might suck. As soon as the Indians had fled, the boy being too much frightened to risk the danger of going to the house, left the other children concealed in the barn, and fled to the fort to report to the inmates. When some of these went to the place, they found the dead body of the husband and father in a grove not far from the house, and in the kneeling posture beside the trunk of a fallen tree. Evidently he had been shot while engaged in morning secret prayer.

His son Samuel probably never forgave the Indians their bloody deed, but may have always cherished the spirit of

revenge. As the hostilities between the whites and Indians continued a long time, on one occasion he had an opportunity to kill an Indian. A company of the warriors had invaded the country at night, killed some of the people, and carried away much booty. The next day a company of the whites, mostly farmers, armed themselves, got on the trail of the fleeing Indians, and late in the night came upon them when fast asleep around their camp-fire on low ground. According to previous arrangements the whites quietly took their position on higher ground and almost surrounding the camp-fire and the sleeping warriors. Each man took aim at his picked Indian. At the signal given by the captain they all fired at the same moment. The Indians who were not killed seized their blankets, guns, etc., and in flight attempted to escape. One of them was met face to face by my grandfather, Samuel Johnston. A hand-to-hand fight ensued. The Indian, who would not be taken prisoner, was killed.

The victor became possessor of the spoils, and brought home all worth possessing. My father fell heir to the Indian's powder horn and shot pouch. They were beautiful specimens of art, and I had expected to inherit them, but they were given to his grandson, Nathan M. Johnston, who bore my father's name. I found them in his possession long years after the death of the donor. I tried to be reconciled when I considered that they were only relics of war, of cruel and revengeful war against a race as noble by nature as the noblest savages, and who, if Christians had dealt justly and kindly with them, offering them the gospel of the Prince of Peace instead of the revengeful sword, might have been partakers with us of the blessings of salvation. Indeed, with honorable exceptions the history of the aborigines of our country is but the history of wrongs endured by the redmen—wrongs inflicted by both government and people

who profess to believe in the Golden Rule as well as in the gospel of peace.

Until several years after all their children were born and baptized my parents continued in the membership of the Presbyterian Church. My three brothers also were members of the Beechspring Presbyterian Church, Reverend James Rea pastor. Before these years the denomination in the United States had used the Psalms of the Bible in worship. As in the Beechspring church many were opposed to the introduction of "Watt's Psalms" or hymns of any kind, these were introduced gradually and cautiously. Bible songs were used during both forenoon and afternoon services until after the second sermon, when a hymn or one of "Watt's Psalms" was sung. After a while only hymns were sung. The change was the occasion of no little opposition. Some of the families never gave up the Bible Psalms in family worship.

A little incident which I remember of hearing my father tell may amuse the reader. When the hymns were first introduced, books were very scarce as well as very costly. The pastor was almost the only one who had a copy of the hymn-book; so the lines had to be read that the people might sing. My father was the precentor. He stood in the pulpit and used the minister's book when reading out the lines. One day he came to a verse from which one or two lines were lost. The precentor turned around to the pastor and called his attention to the omission and asked what he should do. "Oh, just make a line and read it!" He did so, read it out as if it were in the book, and the people sang it, supposing it to be part of Dr. Watt's poetry.

About this time the question of slavery began to agitate the churches. The question was twofold—whether chattel slavery was a sin "per se" or not, and whether slaveholders should be admitted to church-membership or retained in

her fellowship. At this time the whole Presbyterian Church in both the north and the south, all one body as yet, fellowshiped slaveholders. Very few saw any impropriety in it. Even the pulpits justified it. Not a few ministers in the Presbyterian Church apologized for it or defended it by the Bible. In the south many ministers held slaves, few if any objecting to it. Nathan Johnston was one of the few early abolitionists and soon became so dissatisfied with his church because of her position on slavery that he became restless and was thinking of withdrawing from her fellowship. It is probable that his friends thought to allure him into politics, for previously they had nominated him on the Whig ticket for the State Legislature. At the election his competitor, a Democrat, was chosen by a majority of one. This occurred probably before I was born, or when I was only a child. I never knew of it until I was a young man; and I have often regretted that when I had the opportunity I did not talk with my father about it. And I have sometimes thought that if the majority of one had been in favor of the Whig candidate and my father had gone into the Legislature, he never would have become a Covenanter. Civil office and political dissent are not twin brothers. That one ballot seemed like a lot determining the future of the unsuccessful candidate. "The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

About this time a few Covenanters settled in the neighborhood and agitated the question of slavery and the duty of withdrawal from a slaveholding church and from an anti-Christian government whose Constitution was full of pro-slavery compromises. How much influence the early Covenanter settlers had upon the mind of Nathan Johnston and his wife and three sons is not known to the writer, who at that time was only a small child, but most probably they had much. Whether or not, we find this anti-slavery Pres-

byterian attending the Covenanter "society meetings," as the prayer-meetings were called. Meanwhile it is probable the family had been attending occasional preaching by Covenanter ministers sent as supplies to the praying society; and perhaps this had helped to swell the tide of influences leading to a change in their church relations.

The next time we hear of Nathan Johnston is when on a two days' journey on foot to attend a communion in one of the Covenanter congregations in the vicinity of Pittsburg. Here he was received into the fellowship of the Reformed Presbyterian Church which had never opened her doors to slaveholders, and whose members would not swear oaths of allegiance to the Constitution or Government, nor accept of office or the ballot in a political society that disregarded the rights of God and trampled upon the rights of man. It could not have been very long after this change that my two oldest brothers, John Black and Samuel Power, followed the example of my father and united with the Covenanter Church. My mother, however, and her third son, James Stewart, were slow to give up the hymns and to leave the mother church, and did not for some time, but after a while, becoming so imbued with anti-slavery and Covenanter truths they gladly joined the ranks of the abolitionists and political dissenters. For the entire family the change must have been a severe ordeal. Almost all the family connections on both sides of the house, from grandparents down, were Presbyterians. Most of them were men and women of warm piety and great worth. Devoted to the church of their fathers, they grieved at the departure of loved children and grandchildren. These, however, could not forget the words of the Master, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me."

These events all occurred during the years of my early childhood. I had no knowledge of them afterwards except

as I learned them from my parents and brothers. And though I was baptized in the Presbyterian Church, yet after childhood all the home influences tended to take me into the Reformed Presbyterian Church. About as far back as I can remember, the Greenfield congregation was organized, my father being one of the elders. Soon afterwards he traveled east and canvassed some of the city congregations for funds to help to build a good brick church. My first pastor was Rev. William Sloane. He was installed probably when I was about nine years of age. He was a profound theologian and a good man, but I think I feared him more than I loved him, for as I now remember him he lacked the power to please boys; yet the fault may have been all my own. In later years, however, Father Sloane became very dear to me. But more of this farther on. My father was a delegate to the Synod of 1833 in Philadelphia at the time of the "New-Light division," as it was afterwards called. Much as he loved some of the brethren who went into that defection he had no sympathy with the sentiments or actions of those who practically abandoned the testimony of the church and went into the government and into politics. At that time I was only twelve years of age, but well do I remember how the congregation was agitated and how my father's mind was engrossed in the question on which the church was divided. I often heard him describe the scenes that occurred in the old Cherry Street church when the actual separation took place; and probably these things had much to do in causing my early prejudice against the "New Lights;" and I am not sure that I ever got rid of it.

I can not close this chapter without saying more about those who loved me and to whom I owe so much. Chief among these of course were my father and mother. I know they were not perfect, but just as well do I know that few sons are blessed with better parents. My father had only

an ordinary education, but he was a great reader and a man of far more than ordinary intelligence. As a father he was faithful. Compared with my mother, however, I can remember him as almost stern in government and severe in discipline. She was peculiarly amiable in disposition and mild and gentle in discipline. He taught me theology; she taught me to pray. He taught me my duty, and urged me to do right; her mother's love and her beautiful example were an inspiration to me. His word was law; probably her known wish was a stronger incentive to loving obedience. He loved me, I know, and he used to call me his "little Benjamin," but he knew my faults better than I knew my own, and he seemed so much greater and better than I that my love to him was more like reverence and fear to displease. Yet I know that I loved him. Well do I remember that in my boyhood I rarely ever was happier than when he took me with him when he went a-fishing. I was proud of my father, and I thought it quite an honor to be his sole companion when we two, father and I, went ambling down our beautiful Brush Run. And many a good lesson was taught me in those happy hours—happy hours of boyhood long past but never forgotten even in gray hairs.

I should have said before this that my father was a great lover of music, and probably he was regarded in early life as a good musician. This is indicated by the fact that he was so long the leader in the congregational singing. I remember his voice as clear and melodious. He often sang in his sleep. In the night I was occasionally awakened by his singing. The words could not be distinguished. He never sang the tune more than once; and it was not any tune I had ever heard before, and my mother said she had never heard it before. It resembled a church tune and was exceedingly beautiful. I think the voice and tones and expression were clearer and sweeter than when he was awake.

Sometimes when in a still hour of the night I was waked out of sleep by the singing, it seemed as music by some angel voice, and I was sorry that it ceased so soon. In the morning he had no recollection of his singing, nor of any dream connected with the music. Only One knew where was the spirit of the singer. In early life he was a violinist and excelled on the instrument. I do not know at what time of life or why he ceased to play, but as long back as I can remember he had no violin of his own in the house. When I heard him play, it was when a neighbor or friend would bring an instrument to him and ask him to play. He seemed familiar with it. I was always charmed almost to an ecstasy when I listened. To this day it seems as though I have never heard such exquisite music. But then I was a boy and my father was the player. Since his death, now fifty years ago, I have often wondered why he ceased to play, and what had become of his old violin. When I could have learned I did not think to ask, and now no one survives to tell me. Yet I have tried to account for it. From my first recollection he always seemed to be a man of a sad heart. Financial reverses, sore family afflictions, severe sickness, from which he did not expect to recover, subsequent feeble health, troubles in the church, and other causes, must have greatly changed his mode of life. When two of his sons wished to go to college, he made distribution of his little property, and, giving the farm into the charge of the second son, he spent his remaining years in retirement except when he attended church courts or visited friends. Most of his time was spent in reading. During his last years he read all through the "Comprehensive Commentary," Matthew Henry and Scott's notes. I can not doubt that all through those years the divine Spirit was preparing him for the higher life into which he was permitted to enter in his seventieth year.

But what shall I say of my mother? Her love to me was so tender and sweet I always wanted to be with her and learn from her lips and receive her benediction. When I now look back upon her character and mode of life, she seems to me as perfection or an angel of mercy through whom from God I received all the good he could bestow upon one so incapable of appreciating or receiving his precious gifts. I know that to me she was one of God's choicest blessings. I can not love him sufficiently for giving me such a mother. Under God her influence in molding my character was all-powerful. If it had not been for her there were many temptations I never could have resisted. And all through my life until she passed beyond the veil which hid her from my mortal vision, her prayers were a benediction to me and mine.

Next to this mother, affectionate mention must be made of my sister. I had but one; I never wanted another. It always seemed as though I had no love to share with another. Being nearly three years older, in my childhood she was my teacher, my example, my guardian angel, my idol. We played together, we worked together, we hunted eggs together, and we gathered apples together. When I began to go to the old log schoolhouse, nearly two miles away, she led me by the hand or waited on me when I lagged behind. At noon when the children ate lunch under the shade trees, she gave me my share and the best out of the little dinner basket. If at play or at any time I got hurt, my sister was my surgeon. If I cried, Mary Jane would say, "Don't cry, Robinson, it will soon get well." I am not sure, but I think I never refused to do what she told me to do. She was to me an angel of light. In her I saw nothing but perfection. And as long as I was a minor at home, as far as I now remember, this sisterly influence over me never weakened. And I leave on record my testimony

that under God and my parents I owe more to her for early religious and formative influences than to all others all through life. God pity the boy that has no such sister.

I have no remembrance of my brothers until after they were young men. The youngest of the three, James S., was over fourteen years my senior. The first I remember of him and the oldest, John B., was when they were students at college. Samuel P., the second, was the farmer at home. The first I can remember of him was when I was eight years old, when he brought home his beautiful young wife, Ellen Thompson. On subsequent pages I will have occasion to speak of these good brothers again. All these, father and mother and brothers and sister, and all their life companions, have passed on before, saved as I hope by the blood of the Lamb, while of my father's family, only wife and I remain to mourn their loss. Is the hope of a joyful family reunion in the Father's house the privilege of one who hopes he can say, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God" !

CHAPTER II.

EARLY EDUCATION.

DOES the character of an education depend upon whether the schoolhouse is made of bricks or of logs? If it does, mine must be peculiar, for all the years of my common-school training were in a log schoolhouse. The first was nearly two miles from home. My sister was my guide and guardian. In Ohio in those days there were only six months public school in the year, three months in winter and three in summer. If more were desired, the parents would employ a teacher for what was called a "subscription school."

In winter the schools were crowded, many of the scholars being adult young men and young women who cou'd not attend in the summer. The facilities were very limited, and often the teachers inferior. In the old schoolhouse I received about all that was ever taught, a superficial and limited knowledge of reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, and a little of English grammar. A scholar that had "ciphered" through the book—and only one was used—and who could "parse" a little, was ready to graduate from the log-cabin school. None but men ever taught in winter; in summer, sometimes a woman. My first teacher was a young woman who taught a summer "subscription school." My sister took me with her, probably more for company than with the expectation that I would learn much. Here I learned my alphabet at least. It was pasted on one side of a wooden paddle, *a la mode*. About the only thing I can remember of my teacher is when at noon playtime I got a

thorn in my foot, my sister ran and brought her to take it out. She set me up on a stump near by and pulled out the thorn. Among the teachers well remembered was a Methodist local preacher. Most of the families in the district were either Covenanters or Presbyterians. According to the custom of the times, it was his duty to hear the Shorter Catechism recited once a week by all the children who had learned or were learning it. On Friday or Saturday afternoons if we wished we were allowed to go out and lie upon the grass or sit in the shade and study the catechism, and then in the school we all sat in a line and answered the questions asked by the teacher. Whether our good Methodist preacher believed in the doctrine of the divine decrees or of election I do not know, but, whether Armenian or Calvinist, he had to ask the questions and see that they were answered properly. The school directors all believed in the Catechism, and they were the paymasters. But what holy horrors there would be in this year of grace, 1897, if teachers in our public schools were required to hear the pupils recite the old Westminster formula! In those early years the Bible was used almost everywhere as a text-book for reading classes. The advanced scholars read in the Old Testament; the younger, in the New. We stood in a line and read each one a verse. My recollection is that in the Old Testament the Psalms and the prophets were read generally; in the New, the evangelists and the Acts of the Apostles more than other parts. To the reading of the Bible I think no one ever objected. Like geography or any other study, it came as a matter of course. Indeed, in all that part of the country there were no Roman Catholics, and I think few, if any, unbelievers in the Bible as the Word of God. The teachers were, presumably, all members of some of the evangelical churches; not many of them, however, knew how to govern their schools without the use

of the rattan or the ferule. Some of them kept a rod in the hand or under the arm much of the time, to have it ready for use any moment. Sometimes it was used with great severity. Fortunate was the boy who escaped without a whipping. I must have been a favored pupil or a very good boy, for the only time I can remember of being punished was when I courted the rod. A boy had in some way displeased the master. He either had no rod or wished a larger one. Many of the boys thought the punishment would be unjust. Thomas Ford and I were sent out to bring in a rod. He climbed into a beech tree and cut a long and slender branch, measuring probably eight or ten feet. When it was trimmed up I carried it to the master, handing to him the large end, while the other was still outside the open door. This was our way of expressing our disapproval of the threatened punishment. The master was angry. Using his pocket-knife he cut the unwieldy rod into two pieces, threw out the larger part, and with the other gave each of us two or three heavy strokes. Probably we deserved it, but as it was what we expected, and as we knew we had the sympathy of the other boys, we tried not to wince, and we went to our seats thinking ourselves heroes.

If I may digress a little I will say that even in those days I saw a little of the evil of depending upon the rattan for school government, and I am glad to be able to say that years afterwards, during a vacation in the Theological Seminary, I taught in that same old schoolhouse and governed the school, I think successfully, without the use of the rod. I may not deny the right of the teacher to use corporal punishment if he use it properly, but I would advise him to suspect his fitness to be a teacher if he can not govern without the rattan or the ferule.

If any reader had a similar experience he will excuse me for alluding to the difficulties under which I began the study

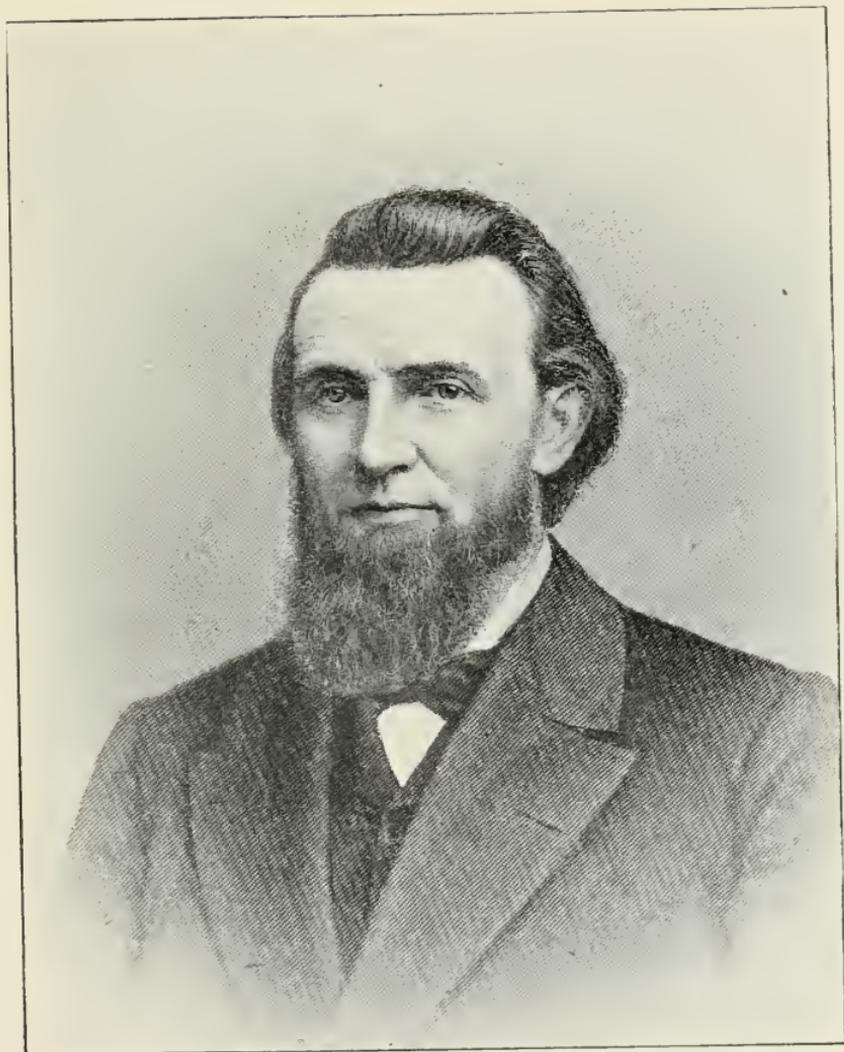
of Latin. It was some time in the winter of 1830 and 1831, when I was a little over ten years of age. My brother J. B. was then in Pittsburgh with a few others studying theology with old Dr. John Black. He and another student, John Wallace, were also teaching a select school for boys. As he was keeping house, probably he or my parents wished me to be with him and to be helpful in his family. My father went with me in our midwinter journey to Pittsburgh. Here I went to school with the two theologians and studied the common English branches. Probably my brother wished me to be a preacher some day; and so he put me at the Latin grammar which I was expected to study morning and evening and recite to him at home. I do not know how much of the grammar I mastered, if any at all, but I remember that after a while my teacher had me trying to read in his old *Historia Sacra*. With the coming of spring I became homesick; I wanted to see my mother. The session of theological study being closed, I think Thos. Sproull and several others were licensed by the Pittsburgh Presbytery. My brother Samuel being there on a visit at the time, I returned home with him, and the Latin grammar was left behind, and its *Amo*, *Amas*, *Amat*, etc., all forgotten.

A summer or two afterwards, when I was eleven or twelve years of age, I again took a few lessons in Latin grammar, this time with my pastor, Rev. William Sloane. I suppose I made little progress, however. I not only walked about three miles to recite to him at his home, but was attending the common school at the old log house about half way between the two homes. And as the boy of the Latin grammar had no brains to spare, nor any classmate, nor a very merry teacher, it is quite probable that he was more interested in the schoolhouse exercises or on the playground. And it is not very probable that his Latin teacher would report to the boy's parents that some day he would be a likely candidate

for the Latin chair in some university. This much I remember, however, that at the close of that term of school, work on the farm and in the tan-yard was resumed, and Latin paradigms all forgotten until six or seven years afterwards, and elsewhere. Little knowledge of the Latin had been acquired, but memory, a mental faculty of the greatest importance, had been educated somewhat.

It was probably the next winter or summer after my private lessons to my pastor that he taught a term or two in the public school, or perhaps a subscription school, a fact which indicates that his salary was insufficient. Some of his oldest children attended the school, among whom was the second son, Renwick, afterwards Rev. J. R. W. Sloane, D. D., and now among the celestials. It was during these years, while his father was my pastor, that between Renwick Sloane and Robinson Johnston grew up a friendship, and, at least on the part of the latter, a warm affection which never died out but grew into the still stronger principle or grace of brotherly love which continued until his Master released him from his labors on earth. His oldest brother, John M. Sloane, of Oakdale, Illinois, was the oldest of the family, and is now the only survivor. Of Renwick Sloane we will hear more after a while.

The first school at which I remember to have been fond of study and began to see the importance of education, was at New Richmond, Ohio, to which town my parents moved for the time, partly, I suppose, that my sister and I might attend the school. It was a private academy taught by Rev. J. C. Tidball, a Presbyterian minister, without charge. His assistant was his younger brother, David. Except primary algebra, all my studies were common English branches. In these I recited to the assistant, a superior teacher; and though I was only a boy of fourteen or fifteen years, I then formed for David Tidball an attachment that in after years



J. R. W. SLOANE, D. D.

CHAPTER III.

A NEW HOME IN THE WEST.

NEAR the time of our return to the old home on Brush Run—it was in the autumn of 1836—my brother James, then living in Logan County, Ohio, visited his family friends, bringing with him his newly married wife, Mary Hyndman. During their visit it was arranged that I should go as soon as practicable to live with him. He was then engaged in merchandising in a “country store” in the village of New Richland, near one of the head streams of the Miami River. It was within the bounds of Miami Congregation of which my brother, John B., was pastor. Whether my parents and my brother James then intended me to become a business man, I do not know; nor do I remember that I had any well-defined purpose of my own, but whatever may have been their design God had other purposes, as subsequent events showed. Having returned to our old farm home, preparations were made for my departure to western Ohio. But before I write further of it I must linger to see what I was about to leave behind. Here was my birth-place. Here were my early childhood associations; and, still better, all that made it to me sweet home. The farm life, with its work among the animals and in the woods and fields and meadows, did much to shape my mode of thought and my character. Like much of the country around, the farm itself was beautiful. The little stream, called Brush Run, with its several branches, ran through its entire length. The valley was wide, and on the meadows

had been left to grow a large number of sugar maple trees, which every spring were a source of both pleasure and profit. This little valley with its rich soil and abundant crops of hay and corn, was bordered by hillside grain fields and pastures and forests, the whole making a picture of such beauty that it left its deep impression upon my memory. The brooklets flowing into the larger stream, the hills, the forests, the whole landscape, than which, as memory has it painted, none beheld since was more beautiful, must have done much to cause that imperishable love of the country and admiration of landscape and mountain scenery that has possessed me all through my life, and has been the source of my highest terrestrial enjoyments. It is God-given; and I can not suppress the hope that it will ever be a source of delight in the "better country," whose rivers and trees and mountains will be illumed by the Sun of Righteousness.

But the time came when I must leave home. My father gave me good advice and prayed for the blessing of God upon me. My sister kissed me good-by and cried. My mother embraced me and kissed me, and wept as she said, "God bless you, my Robinson." In bitterness of heart I tore myself away and hurried off to my long journey. I walked alone from the house to the stage road, a mile or two distant, crying nearly all the way. Though I had consented to go and had desired to go, such was my love to those left behind that it seemed cruel that I must be separated from my mother when I knew not what was before me.

The journey had been mapped out for me by my father. It was made partly by stage and partly on foot. There were no railroads in the country then. I had no baggage but what I could carry in my hand. The first Sabbath was spent in Salt Creek Reformed Presbyterian congregation, old Rev. Robert Wallace pastor; the second was in

Columbus, the capital, with my cousin, Dr. William Awl, superintendent of the lunatic asylum, the only one in the state then. During the days I remained in the city, and by the kindness of my cousins—Mrs. Awl was a niece of my mother—I was so entertained by new things that my grief from having to leave home was much assuaged. Dr. Awl took me through the asylum several times. With him I visited the Legislature. He took me to see a new orrery, or planetarium, and probably the largest ever constructed. It gave me my first clear conception of the vastness and the glory of the astronomical world. At that time Ohio had no blind asylum. Dr. Howe, of the Boston asylum, at the invitation of the friends of the blind, had brought several of the inmates of his institution to Columbus to influence the Legislature to make appropriations for an Ohio blind asylum. By the kindness of my friends I was present when the blind from Boston gave illustrations of what marvelous attainments could be made by this unfortunate class. I was intensely interested, and thought then that if it were possible I would gladly devote my life to the instruction of the blind.

On Monday I started again on my journey, and during two days I walked fifty-five miles to Bellefontaine, and on to Richland, where, with sore feet and weary limbs, I was welcomed by my brother James and his young wife. A new life was before me.

With the change in my home came the change of associations, new temptations and new responsibilities. I was yet only a boy of sixteen. I still needed a mother's love, a father's control, and a sister's help and care, all which had been left behind at the old home. But my brother was to me as a father. His wife was kind, and made my new home pleasant. But the want of a sister I felt keenly. Except my two brothers and their families, all the people,

old and young, were strangers to me; and to homesickness I was not a stranger. And, though the postage of a letter back to the loved ones from whom I was far separated was then eighteen and three-fourths cents, many letters passed to and from the old home. Gradually I became reconciled to my lot.

The village in which my brother lived was within the bounds of Miami congregation, of which my oldest brother was pastor. The house of worship was about two miles distant and near a post-office and little country store, where the village of Northwood afterwards grew up, and became the location of Geneva College. The church building, which was about half a mile from the store, was a hewed-log house scarcely large enough to hold the members of the church. When adherents and others came, the house was overcrowded. At communion seasons, when many people from the country around attended, the services were necessarily held in the Beach grove adjacent, and near to which is now the old cemetery. In a few years a large brick church was built by the old log house. This new house was soon well filled by a large and growing congregation.

It was in the old log house that I heard the truth of the gospel preached with such power and pathos that, by the gracious Spirit of God, my stubborn will was subdued and my heart won to Him whose salvation I had been tempted to neglect. Whether it was under my mother's influence in my boyhood or at the later period when the Word preached so persuaded me that I joyfully gave myself to Him who has become all my salvation and all my desire, I am not sure; but this I know, that during the three short years in which I heard the gospel in that old log church, a great change of mind or of heart, if not of both, was experienced. During the protracted services of the first communion season

after I was received into church-fellowship my emotions, both of fear and of joy, as well as the depths of my heart, were moved as never before. Whether it was the saving work of the divine Spirit I can only hope. It was at this time, or soon afterwards, that a desire to preach the gospel began to be strong. What God's purpose was I could not know, nor had the time come for me to decide the question.

I continued as a clerk in my brother's store and as a help to him in his business and work until the early winter of 1837 when I joined a private class of six or seven students in Latin, my brother J. B. being the teacher. During the few months of study I boarded with his family. They lived in a log cabin and on a little farm about a half mile from the church where we met to recite. And here I must testify to the great worth of his wife, Mrs. Sarah Johnston, *nee* Bruce. She was a woman of wonderful energy, as well as eminent piety. To her industry and economy the pastor of Miami congregation was greatly indebted. They were poor, but by her assistance and frugality he was able to attend to pastoral duties without anxiety about domestic matters. While I was a boarder in the family she was to me almost as kind as a mother. With the return of spring the Latin class was scattered, all of them being sons of farmers within the bounds of the congregation. I returned to the store and family of my brother James. About mid-summer I was taken down with a fearful and long-continued fever such as was common in that new and malarious country. The physician was of the old school, or allopathic class, about the only kind known then. After the first two or three weeks I became reduced so low that my friends did not expect my recovery. Two others of the same school were called in as consulting physicians, and waited upon me for two or three weeks, during which time the patient became greatly emaciated and seemed to be hanging between life

and death. But it was the will of the All-merciful Father that his child should recover. After about seven or eight weeks I began to convalesce and finally returned, though very slowly, to something like former health. It may seem out of place here for me to say so, but I can not refrain from recording the fact that such great quantities of allopathic medicines were given to the patient, and such free and frequent use of the lancet made, that it often seemed almost marvelous that the doctors did not kill me outright. Even then, especially after I began to recover and could recall the kind of treatment I had received, I greatly doubted the wisdom of their practise; and not many years afterwards, and after careful study of the laws of health, and after impartial comparison of the different systems of medical practise, I lost confidence in every other except the hygienic. More than this I may not write here except to say that after that long sickness I never enjoyed good health. During my protracted sickness I was greatly favored by the presence and help of my sister who had come to visit her brothers. She was my faithful and tender and constant nurse. Her presence and sympathy were a great comfort to me. As soon as I was sufficiently recovered, I accompanied her on her return home. As at the time there were no railroads in Ohio, we traveled by stage two nights and one day. At Morristown, Belmont County, we stopped to visit our old teachers, formerly of New Richmond, Rev. J. C. Tidball and his brother David. The former was at this time a supply in the Presbyterian Church of Morristown. As formerly, he was yet a zealous abolitionist. In our conversation the evening we spent with him he narrated the following incidents, illustrating how the pulpits of the slave-holding churches were chained and their pastors muzzled. A few years before, he was a pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Ohio. In the prosecution of his ministerial work he occa-

sionally bore testimony against slavery. The people were not satisfied with his testimony. One day a committee waited upon him, informing him that his preaching on the subject of slavery was not acceptable to the congregation and that they requested him to desist from it. He heard the committee courteously and they departed. After a while he preached, as formerly, a clear-cut, anti-slavery discourse. Another church meeting was held and another committee appointed which waited upon him and informed him that the church had authorized them to say that he must not preach any more on the subject of slavery or they would be compelled to have the pastoral relation dissolved. The pastor arose in the presence of the committee and said: "Gentlemen, please go back to your brethren and say to them for me that before I promise to preach no more against slavery they may all go to the devil."

I remained at home until late autumn, when I returned to Logan County and resumed the study of Latin. Before late spring we had read three or four of the *Æneids* of Virgil.

Again I returned to the store and remained at business and work with my brother through the summer and early autumn. Sometime during the summer my faith was tried. As my brother had taught me to keep his books, and as I was supposed to have acquired some business habits, a flattering offer was made to me through my brother by a man who contemplated opening a store in a town in the same county. He had the necessary capital but he knew nothing about the business and could not keep books. And so he wished a partner in business. After several conversations with my brother, he authorized him to confer with me and offer to me the position of an equal partner, he to furnish all the capital. It was a trial of my faith. He was a Covenanter, in the possession of considerable money, and a clever Irish bachelor. Here was what seemed to be a good oppor-

tunity to go into a profitable business, and perhaps acquire some wealth after a while. But if I would accept the offer I would have to abandon my studies and the thought of being a theological student. I do not know that I made it a subject of special prayer, but I know that I was not long in making a decision. Without much delay I thankfully declined the offer, and I never regretted my decision. Subsequently I have often thought how different would have been my whole course of life if I had accepted the tempting offer and given my mind and heart to business. But He who chooses for us our lot had ordered it to be otherwise. He had something better in store for me. The hope of it led to the decision He caused me to make.

The three years spent in Logan County, prior to my entering college, were, in some respects, formative years. I should have had better society. The population was greatly mixed. Some of the early settlers were illiterate and uncultivated, as well as irreligious. Too many of the Covenanters who first removed thither, and were associated with that class, were harmed by the contact and learned their ways. Those who had enjoyed greater advantages and who made a higher profession should have been educators of the others instead of being "conformed to the world." I needed refined and elevating companions. I was not prepared to be a reformer among the rude and uncultivated. It is easier to fall to the low level of such than to lift them up to a higher moral plane, either by the power of religious influences or good example. I know that I was culpable, and I know that too many of the youth of the church loved the pleasures of the world. Their lives were not marked by that spirituality which becomes the disciples of the divine Master. Religion is refining. All Covenanters should have been models.

As early as 1837 that part of Logan County was new.

The farms were small and few. The roads were mostly through the unbroken forests, and with little or no cultivation. The dwellings were nearly all log houses, some only small cabins. The people traveled on horseback or in farm wagons. Buggies or carriages were almost unknown. As for railroads, there were none in the entire state. Telegraph lines were not introduced until some time after railroads were built. Such was the society and such the condition of the country and the environments of the Covenanter congregation in which I resided and where I prepared for college. The central and southern parts of the county were much better improved, but the Covenanter settlements near the northern boundary were nearly the last to be opened up, and, farther north, several whole counties were nearly an unbroken forest.

It was during these years in the little town of New Richland that the first movement was made towards the establishment of a literary institution to be under Covenanter influence. This movement, which finally resulted in the founding of Geneva College at Northwood, originated with brother J. S. Johnston. After two or three small meetings were held for consultation and with the intention of locating the college at Richland, some leading citizens of Bellefontaine who had heard of the movement asked for a meeting at which they might be heard in favor of locating the college at the county seat. Subsequent meetings were held and vigorous efforts made in behalf of Bellefontaine, but nothing substantial was done, and the movement ceased for a while. When it was renewed it was led by Rev. J. B. Johnston, and in favor of Northwood as the location, but "Geneva Hall," the first name, was not founded until nearly ten years afterwards. The history of Geneva College since that time was published by Rev. W. M. Glasgow in 1888 and subsequently to its removal to Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania.

It was during these years that I formed the acquaintance of my subsequent college mate, John French. He was the son of Elder John French, a member of Miami church session. He was my senior by nearly five years, and had made considerable progress in the study of Latin and algebra, and some in Greek also, prior to his joining the Latin class taught by the pastor. We read Virgil together, and this opened the way to an intimate acquaintance that gradually grew into a warm friendship. He was intellectual, cheerful, a lover of wit and repartee, of hopeful piety, and, withal, an intelligent Covenanter. It was to my advantage that subsequently we became fellow-students in college, and that we lodged and boarded together. In the summer of 1839 we determined to enter Miami University at the beginning of the next college year.

Several times during the early summer I had met a young and beautiful Christian girl, residing in Bellefontaine. In the later months the acquaintance ripened into something more than friendship. And so it happened that when the time came for the two students to leave home to enter their chosen university, it was more difficult for the younger than the older to depart. If the risible faculties of the reader are excited by this confession of one who was then only in his teens, and if said reader ever had such an experience in his early life, he will be willing to wait a little for fuller information.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE UNIVERSITY.

IN the autumn of 1839 the two Covenanter students took the stage-coach at Bellefontaine on their way to Oxford as candidates for the freshman class in Miami University. At West Liberty where the first change of stage horses was made we weighed ourselves on a pair of scales standing on the sidewalk. The exact weight of each was one hundred and forty pounds. From Dayton to Hamilton we traveled in a canal boat, then by stage to Oxford. The Troy coach was filled with students under way to the university. Those who had been there before were all members of the same literary society, the "Union Literary," and so powerfully did they electioneer that we all afterwards united with it and always were glad that we had done so.

Mr. French and I rented a large room in the "old wing." We had an open fireplace in which we burned wood, and we furnished our own room and kept "bachelors' hall." That open fireplace was a health institution, and our frugal and hygienic diet was so promotive of health that we had no doctor's bills to pay. Each was cook every alternate week; each was ambitious to excel the other in the art of cookery; and which was entitled to the prize was ever an unsettled dispute. Once upon a time, however, when we had a roast goose for an exceptional feast, my rival, who was the cook that week, did not remind me of his superiority, for the bird of the web-foot, whose age was not known when bought, lasted us nearly a week.

We occupied that same room during the whole college year, and it gives me pleasure to be able to record the fact that every morning and evening we united in Scripture reading and prayer as in family worship at home.

Except in the department of Latin I was not prepared for admission to the freshman class. In Greek and in mathematics I was five months in "candidate classes" under the special instruction of the Head Master of the academic department. During those months I knew nothing but hard study. When the spring vacation came, and when on our way home we stopped again at the same stage station, and again weighed ourselves on the same scales, Mr. French had gained five pounds, I had lost five. He never weighed less, I never weighed more.

During the second half of our college year we were members of an eating club of twenty students. They were all Christian young men, or of Christian faith and demeanor, of the same literary society, but of several different churches. By this method of boarding we had more time for study, and our expenses were far less than if we had been at an ordinary boarding-house. And as I had very little money with which to carry me through my college course, I had to study economy all the while.

Miami University was one of the two state institutions. It was partly endowed by the rents obtained from a township of land owned by the state. Members of the faculty were elected by the board of trustees, and these were appointed by the State Legislature. Thus the control, the management, and the character of the institution, were liable to be influenced by party politics. As to denomination, it was largely under Presbyterian influence. During my year there President Bishop and the professors were all Presbyterians, some Old School and some New, except Professor McCracken of the chair of higher mathematics.

He was of the Associate Reformed Church. Whether out of courtesy to him and to the psalm-singing students, of whom there were many, or whether it was because President Bishop, who formerly had been a member of the Associate Reformed Church, retained much of his love of the "old psalms," I do not know; but this I well remember that in the morning chapel services the psalms were often sung and none so frequently as the second part of the 119th. "By what means shall a young man learn," etc. In this service most of the students took part. During the entire chapel service the deportment of the students was grave as well as gentlemanly. I never saw an act of irreverence or disorder. Indeed, it would not have been permitted for a moment. From the time they entered the chapel until they rose and passed out class by class, their demeanor was as grave and quiet as if they were in divine service on Sabbath. Now after the lapse of fifty-six years it is not probable that this can be said of many colleges. The young men of the colleges then were not the young Americans of to-day.

On Sabbath morning at nine o'clock, as on other days, all the students assembled for chapel services; and, as on other days, they all went to the class-rooms to recite their Bible lessons to the members of the faculty. President Bishop taught the senior class. Our freshman class recited to Professor John Scott, professor of the chair of natural sciences. He was a New School Presbyterian minister and a very fine Bible teacher as well as an exceedingly amiable man. He was a favorite among the students. During that year he so won my affections that I never ceased to love him though I never met him but two or three times afterwards until in his old age I called upon him in the White House in Washington where he made his home with his daughter, the wife of President Harrison. Many years had passed since we had met in Ohio, and he

was now partially blind, so that he could not know me by sight, yet after he learned who his visitor was he seemed like a loving father to a long-absent son. His recollection of his students of fifty years ago was very vivid. When Dr. John Scott passed from the White House to a mansion in the Father's house, great loss was sustained by the family and President, and probably by the nation also.

In the year 1840, about twenty years before the War of the Rebellion, the anti-slavery agitation was increasing rapidly. The Covenanters, the Friends, and the Garrisonians were the early agitators. Neither the Covenanter church nor the society of Friends would receive slaveholders into their fellowship; and neither Covenanters nor Garrisonians would vote or hold office under the pro-slavery Constitution. On the subject of slavery, or the right to buy and sell and exchange human beings as chattels, there was no difference between the two great parties, the Whig and the Democratic. But among some of the people and some of the churches that fellowshiped slaveholders there had already begun no little agitation. Some pulpits were "disturbers of the peace of our Zion." Some anti-slavery papers were witnesses against what Wesley had called the "sum of all villainies." And some lecturers as anti-slavery prophets were beginning to leaven the public mind with the hatred of oppression. Miami University was not free from this agitation. When it began is not known now, but in 1840 it was rapidly increasing. Many of the students were from the south. The members of the faculty were nearly all Presbyterians, but a majority of them were New School and were less in sympathy with slaveholders than were the Old School men. The Board of Trustees was composed largely of pro-slavery men. Like the Presbyterian Church, especially the Old School, they were disturbed at the growing anti-slavery sentiment and often in fear lest the university might lose its southern

students if the anti-slavery agitation should continue to grow. Prominent among the anti-slavery members of the faculty was Dr. Bishop. He was a New School man, and he was a subscriber of *The Philanthropist*, an anti-slavery weekly edited in Cincinnati by that prince of editors, Dr. Gamaliel Bailey. With the increase of the investigation and discussion the lines of division between the students and the professors and the Board of Trustees became more and more distinctly defined. In our Union Literary Society were a few students who were known even by the southern students to be abolitionists, prominent among whom were the Covenanter students. But the opposition to the agitation of the subject of slavery developed itself in an effort to get rid of the anti-slavery president. Even many of the students were drawn into the opposition. Before the close of the academic year a petition was circulated among the students asking the Board for the election of a new president, though tacitly for the removal of President Bishop. The principal reason urged was his alleged inability because of age, though he was by no means an old man. The result of this growing opposition to the anti-slavery sentiment was that at the first meeting of the Board after the Commencement, Dr. George Junkin, of Kentucky, was elected president. He was the man who had been the leader of the opposition to Dr. Albert Barnes in the great trial which resulted in the division of the Presbyterian Church into Old School and New School. Strange as it may seem, the fact remains that in the ranks of the Old School were the greatest number of pro-slavery men, and in the New School the greatest number of anti-slavery. And this difference characterized the two Schools until in after years the re-union occurred.

The removal of Dr. Bishop and the election of the Southern Old School pro-slavery president was the beginning of the

revolutionizing of Miami University. From that day the glory of "old Miami" began to fade away, until, after the War of the Rebellion, it was suspended for a time and did not regain its former standing among literary institutions until a few years ago when the causes of its former troubles had all passed away into history.

This my first year in college was in some ways an important formative year. I was brought into contact with all kinds of students and with scholarly professors both of whom had much to do with the shaping of my mind. To my loss I was almost wholly deprived of Covenanter society. Mr. French and I often walked on Sabbath mornings four miles to a small prayer-meeting ("society") at the house of Elder Robinson in Beechwood's congregation, then without a pastor, and occasionally, when there was a supply of preaching, six miles to the church. But during all the other days of the week we were in the company of students and professors, who with slight exceptions, knew little or nothing of Covenanters. Except in our literary society and in occasional intercourse with students, we had no favorable opportunity to propagate our principles. Our professors soon learned that we were Covenanters, but they never troubled us about our peculiar belief, and with only a few of the students did we ever have any controversy. We were there for study, and we were both ambitious to lead our classes. Yet occasionally we had opportunity to defend our Covenanter faith and practise, and I think neither of us was ever ashamed of them. With very few of the southern students did we ever have conversations about slavery, but often with northern students, members of pro-slavery churches. With one of the seniors, a Kentuckian and a Presbyterian, I became intimately acquainted; indeed, we were warm friends. At graduation he was twenty years of age. His father, now deceased, had been a slaveholder. To a large number of

slaves the son would fall heir when he came to majority. During his university course at Oxford he had become an Abolitionist in sentiment. After Commencement when we both were leaving for our homes, we traveled together to Cincinnati and during the journey he told me that, whatever would be the consequences, it was his purpose to emancipate every slave the very day he would become twenty-one. At Cincinnati I went with him to his Ohio River steamer, which would take him part way home. We parted sadly, and yet I was joyful in the hope that in due time he would loose the bonds of those who would shortly become by law his chattels. It showed that not all the worthy young men of that day were north of Mason and Dixon's line.

I must not forget to say that when our freshman year was closed, John French, my fellow-student and dearly beloved brother in Christ, bade me good-by, he to go to his home in Logan County, and I to mine in Harrison County, as he started first and left me behind, I wept in heart. I was lonely and far from home and seemed almost friendless. Yet when we parted we expected to meet at college again at the opening of the next year. We both left our books and furniture, intending to occupy the same room on our return. But God had ordered it otherwise. Probably I would have returned to my brothers at Logan County if my sister at the old home had not written me that she expected to be married during my vacation, and that she was anxious for me to be at home at the time. Accordingly, following the dictates of love to parents and sister, at Cincinnati I took an Ohio River steamer to Steubenville, and in due time was back at Brush Run and in the old brick home with father and mother and sister. Whatever of trouble or sorrow I had endured was now almost forgotten. A long vacation was before me; sister was shortly to be married, and then I would return to Oxford to take up my sophomore studies with dear Mr. French.

Weeks passed and sister's marriage was postponed. If I would return to college at the opening of the year I could not be at her wedding. Money to go to college was scarce if at all obtainable. My mother wished me not to go back but to remain at home for a while and then enter Franklin College at New Athens, only fifteen miles away. Her love, her pleas, my desire to be at sister's marriage, and the scarcity of money, all kept me at home for the time.

After a while sister was married to Dr. John Carter, of Bloomingdale, a well-educated and skilful physician of the old school, of Presbyterian education, and a Free Mason though not a lodge attender. After a while, through the influence of his Covenanter wife, he changed his creed and abandoned Masonry and gradually became a zealous Covenanter and a foe to the lodge.

That I might make a little money for present and future needs, I engaged to teach school in a country district adjacent to that in which I had received my own primary education. The wages promised were \$18 per month. The schoolhouse was only about two miles distant, so that I could board at home. My walk was mostly through the woods lying between the farms on the right and left. My love for the forest, always strong, increased. The opportunity for meditation was favorable. Health was promoted. The house was a first-class log cabin. The school was large. The scholars' ages ranged from six up to twenty or more. The young men and young women, "boys and girls," had studied the common-school branches more or less every winter for years, and some of them had "ciphered" through the arithmetic several times and knew more about the text-book than did the teacher. But as he had been at college and had studied algebra and geometry, he was supposed to be able to teach the best of the scholars. It was quite probable, however, that at home the teacher spent more time than

any of his scholars "working out" the difficult arithmetical problems in the text-book he had not seen before. But the teaching was not so difficult as the governing. In this I was not prepared; and I know now that I made many a blunder of which I was ashamed afterwards. But my first term of country school-teaching must have been regarded as at least a partial success, for I was employed to teach a second. At its expiration I immediately left home for New Athens to resume my college course.

Franklin College was one of the oldest in the state. New Athens, a village in Harrison County, was in a community largely Presbyterian. Of Associate and Associate Reformed Churches there were several in the county. Probably the most influential man in the founding of the college was Rev. John Walker, pastor of an Associate Church in the vicinity of the town. The members of the faculty from the first were nearly all members of some of the Presbyterian Churches. During the early years of the institution the president was a Presbyterian. John Armstrong, professor of mathematics, and eminent in his profession, was a Covenanter. The "Seceder" influence, however, was, no doubt, the strongest. Rev. John Walker, the leading spirit in the Board of Trustees, was a very earnest Abolitionist; and in the entire community anti-slavery principles had leavened society to some extent. The majority of the Board of Trustees were Abolitionists. Soon after I entered college, Rev. Dr. Edwin H. Nevin was elected president. He was a Presbyterian, an outspoken anti-slavery man, and an eloquent public speaker. As the question of slavery was now agitating the college circles, Dr. Nevin was most probably elected president more for his anti-slavery principles and his eloquence than for his scholarship. Rev. Andrew T. Black, first professor of languages, was a Seceder and an abolitionist. Prof. Geo. K. Jenkins, of the department of

mathematics, was an orthodox Friend (Quaker), and, of course, anti-slavery. One of the tutors, or assistant professor, was a Seceder and presumably anti-slavery; another was a Presbyterian and conservative. Nearly all the students were mature young men, and the majority of them were Presbyterians and Methodists; a large minority were Seceders and Associate Reformed. During my stay I was the only Covenanter.

All the years of my college life in Franklin I was obliged to study strict economy, and in finances and for the want of money I was deprived of many things necessary to health and comfort as well as education. Most of the time I boarded with Mrs. Moody, an excellent Christian woman who kept three other boarders, all Christian young men. During a large part of the junior year, however, I roomed alone and kept "bachelor's hall." This had two advantages: it was more economic, and it was favorable to close study and private devotion. During that junior college year I think I accomplished more in my studies than in any other. The larger half was done at night. New Athens had no gas works. Kerosene oil had not yet been discovered. For much of my student's lore I am indebted to the historical tallow candle. Snuffers were an indispensable institution. Mine were my mother's gift when leaving home for college. My first-born daughter has fallen heir to them. To such a luxury as the tallow candle, and the whole light of it for one student! college boys of to-day are strangers. And let not these boast of "midnight oil," for "there were giants in those days," the days of the dipped tallow candle. And the candlestick, too; it must not be forgotten. To this day bright visions of the old brass candlestick rise up in the chambers of memory with hallowed associations.

During my college life at Franklin my Sabbath privileges were limited. In the town there was no psalm-singing

church. I was fifteen miles from home where my pastor preached only on alternate Sabbaths. There was no public conveyance between the two places; and so I had my choice to be an "occasional hearer," or to remain in my room and spend the day in reading, or to walk home to spend my Sabbaths with those who loved me, and in the old church of the Covenanters. Without any attempt to justify myself I only record the fact that I compromised between the three. I rarely attended preaching in the town. Many of my Sabbaths I spent alone, but I never studied any college lessons. Only religious books were read. They were obtained mostly from the library of my literary society. Among those remembered were the volumes of Neal's "History of the Puritans." Many of my Sabbaths were spent at home. Love drew me there. The desire to worship in the old church with father and mother, sister and brother, and those whose faith I believed to be scriptural, had much to do with my going so far for Sabbath services. Asking leave of absence from my Monday A. M. recitations, my custom was to walk home on Saturday P. M., my road leading through Cadiz, the county seat of Harrison County. In those days a walk of fifteen miles was easy. To fatigue, the student footman was almost a stranger. When Monday morning came my mother gave me an early breakfast and hurried me off in time to be at my boarding-house for dinner. These long and frequent walks might have been avoided if the student had not loved home or the Covenanter Church, or if he had been favored with plenty of money to hire a livery stable conveyance; but they gave him many outings and consequent rest from close study, and they were so health-promoting that he had no need of a gymnasium and rarely need of athletics of any kind except frequent and short walks in the adjacent grove. Indeed, Franklin had no gymnasium, and probably healthier and more muscular

students were to be found in no college in the whole country.

In the junior year all the students of the class gave what were called the junior orations. Their delivery gave occasion for the students' first appearance in public. Every orator selected his own subject. Mine was John Quincy Adams. It was a eulogy upon the anti-slavery ex-president as the distinguished advocate of the right of petition. For years while he was in Congress most of the petitions that went up from all parts of the north, asking for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, were sent to Mr. Adams, and he always presented them. For this the southern members hated him. When he presented a petition asking for the dissolution of the Union between the north and the slave-holding states, the House of Representatives voted to expel him. He went back home as an exile because of his claim that the people's right of petition must be recognized and guarded. His constituents promptly sent him back again to his seat in the House where he continued an honored and active member until the day and hour of his death.

To the ordinary college student his literary society is of great benefit. In Franklin there were only two, the Philosophical and the Jeffersonian. These were not secret societies, but the rivalry—their desire to excel in the literary exercises of both—ran so high that the doors of both were ordinarily closed against each other; and, except members of the faculty, no person was allowed to enter unless by vote of the society. The spirit of rivalry arose to its greatest height before the annual contests, and after the contestors had been chosen each society made great efforts to conceal from the rival society who the contestors were. Ordinarily these were not known by any of the other society until they appeared on the stage the evening of the contest. As a member of the "Philo" Society I sup-

pose I was a partisan, and I labored hard during all my college course to excel in the society's exercises. These consisted in declamations, essays, debates, and orations. The greatest honor was awarded to the student who was the most regular in attendance and who was the most punctual in performing his well-prepared literary exercises. I know I was ambitious to excel, and I confess that I sought literary honor. Several times it was bestowed, and especially when in my senior year I was chosen to be the orator to represent the "Philos." It came about in this way: At the first election I was chosen to be the debater. According to custom the question had been selected by the Philo Society, and then the choice of sides was the privilege of the Jeffersonian Society. The question involved not only moral principle but also the civil duties of a political citizen. The other society chose, as I thought, the side on which the truth lay. I could not have debated in favor of the side that fell to me to advocate; and in this opinion my society did not agree with me. I positively declined to debate in favor of a proposition I did not believe. The difficulty was the greater because the question involved moral principle in civil relations. I was honorably excused and another debater was elected. Subsequently I was chosen to give the oration. My subject selected was, "Proper Moral and Religious Principles Essential to the Welfare of the Nation," or words to that effect. In the preparation of the oration I labored hard. When the two orators appeared on the rostrum my rival proved to be William Brown, very tall, and considerably older than I. His theme was, "The Statesman's Influence." The oration was good, very good, and very well delivered. His style of oratory was popular. But the tree bore more flowers than fruit. The style was so ornamental that good critics would call it bombastic. Perhaps this had much influence upon the judges of the

contest who awarded the honor to the Philo student, four thus voting and the fifth dividing the honor between the two contestants. Of course the Philo contestor did not dislike the decision. Indeed, he can not deny that he was lifted up with pride. Perhaps it would have been better for him if he had lost the honor, for what is more dangerous than pride? and what is more beautiful than humility? In their decision as to the merits of all the exercises the judges awarded three honors to the Philos, viz., the declamation, the oration, and the debate, and one to the Jeffersonians, namely, the essay. After the decision of the judges had been announced, and while the Philos and their friends were giving great applause, my rival love of my own society was so strong, and my joy so unconcealable, that I instinctively and heartily joined in the applause. My fellow-students saw my thoughtless lack of modesty and laughed at me, and rightly. And yet I almost forgot the unspoken reprimand when, after we came out of the church where the contest was, some of the rejoicing Philos seized me and carried me on their shoulders to my boarding-house. How much I slept that night I do not now remember, but in my pride I suppose I forgot the words of the wise man, "Be of a humble spirit with the lowly."

During my junior year I became intimately acquainted with a fellow-student, William Robinson, a senior, to whose memory I owe more than I can express. He was a Presbyterian of manifest piety, intellectual, modest, and gentlemanly in deportment. As my acquaintance with him grew into intimacy it gradually ripened into a friendship and unspoken affection that has been lifelong. I think it was mutual; and I hope it will be undying. After more than half a century I can not remember what led to our first intimate acquaintance; and it would hardly be expected, for we were not of the same college class, nor of the same church.

But I remember this, that he was poor; that for a time we both boarded ourselves, each in his own room in different parts of the village; that, owing to some irregularity in his studies, he recited one term in my class in Homer's Iliad. And after we both had thoroughly studied our daily lessons, we met in one of our rooms and read the lesson together to see if in our own judgment we had translated it accurately. We had no "ponies" in those days. I never saw one or knew that there were such books until long after I had left college. Having thus studied our Homer we believed that we were ready for the recitation room.

Mr. Robinson graduated in 1842. It was his desire to study theology, but he was too poor. Being straightened in finances it was his purpose to teach school for a while. He thought of going into the south for this purpose, and he tried to persuade me to join him, but as I had one more year in college and could not go then if at all, his plans were modified. Partly that we might be together a little longer, and partly in the hope that we could make a little money in our time of need, before his graduation we planned a lecturing tour. President Nevin had recently given astronomical lectures in college, using the magic lantern and appropriate diagrams for help. He wanted to sell them, and we bought them. A genius of my acquaintance had invented a new kind of electrical machine that he wished men of science to see. So we arranged to spend our vacation in a lecturing tour on astronomy and electricity. He may have known more of both sciences than I did, but I am now sure that I did not know how little I knew of either. "A little learning is a dangerous thing." Beginning at Amsterdam, Jefferson County, Ohio, the residence of my uncle David Johnston, and next night at Carrollton, where we were met by Rev. Mr. Robinson, pastor of a Presbyterian Church and brother of my friend, we traveled

in a kind of semi-circular route, stopping at the larger towns. The graduate lectured one evening and the other was door-keeper and received the entrance moneys. Next night the junior lectured and the graduate was doorkeeper. The quality of the lectures and how many crowded houses we had may easily be guessed. Our last lectures were at Dresden on the Muskingum River. Our aggregate expenses had exceeded our receipts. On leaving our hotel the next morning we had not money sufficient to take us down to Zanesville. We pawned our trunk and departed. At Zanesville, or Putnam on the west side of the river, I borrowed five dollars from Rev. John Wallace and redeemed the trunk. Mr. Robinson found a friend in West Zanesville through whose influence he obtained a school and so remained to teach. Meditating upon the vicissitudes of student life and the folly of two unknown collegians hoping to make money by scientific lectures to unscientific people in obscure towns, I took the stage to New Athens to resume my studies. Whether I was exalted or humbled may easily be supposed; and the reader can as easily guess that the "strapped" student did not wish to be interrogated as to his success in his lecturing tour. Nevertheless, it was not all loss; and I never regretted that I had such an opportunity to be so long with my beloved friend. I never saw him again. After teaching a year in Zanesville, and hoping that after graduation I would go with him into the south to teach awhile, he departed alone. He went to Fulton, Hickman County, Kentucky, married, became a father, and at last word was living, a happy old man. It is pleasant to hope that we shall meet again in unfading youth in the Father's house.*

*Since the above was written I have received a letter from his daughter that her father had departed this life.

Franklin College could not escape from the influences of the anti-slavery agitation now growing rapidly all over the north. A majority of her students were Abolitionists more or less outspoken. Every member of the faculty was anti-slavery the president a zealous and fearless antagonist of slavery whether tolerated in the church or fostered by the government. In the literary societies the question was discussed freely. The outspoken pro-slavery students were few in number. The conservatives and the apologizers for slavery were outnumbered when debates involved the questions of freedom. The Board of Trustees could not escape from the growing agitation. The pro-slavery members and those who saw that the college was in danger of becoming a hot-bed of abolition excitement, feared that the peace of "our church" would be disturbed. As the college was in debt, the leading pro slavery member of the board, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, took advantage of the claim to get rid of the obnoxious Abolitionists. By law he secured a claim against the institution and put the property up at auction. The pro-slavery party bought it at sheriff's sale. A new Board of Trustees was organized; a new faculty was elected; and the new rival institution was dubbed "Providence College." Few students came; and before the pro-slavery college was ready to walk alone it died of starvation and was buried without honors. We never learned whether the funeral services were conducted according to Masonic rites or Christian; nor did we ever hear whether or not the defenders of the cherished "patriarchal institution" erected on the grave a monument "sacred to the memory of Providence College."

To show how most of the students felt, and to follow the order of time, it should have been written sooner that the first Saturday after the college buildings were sold, and to

carry out their resolutions the evening before, the students of both literary societies, with their own hands, emptied both halls of all the property,—furniture, libraries, and cabinets, and had all carted away to new rooms or halls made ready to receive them. The people of the town, whether Abolitionists or pro-slavery, were excited spectators, some of them helping the students. To the pro-slavery party it was an unexpected and almost death blow. On the next Monday morning recitations began in the Presbyterian Church and adjacent rooms. Franklin College survived and Providence College soon died, as if a prophecy of the great events nearer at hand than even the friends of the slave could foresee. The old bell that remained with the old building soon became silent. On the new bell, cast for the new edifice, was the memorable command, “Proclaim liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof,” forshadowing the coming glad day of the Lord when the chains of nearly four millions of chattel slaves were broken by the proclamation of emancipation when the blood of the Civil War was flowing like rivers.

Prior to and during the years of my college life co-education in the literary institutions of the country was almost unknown. A very few, like Oberlin, admitted female students. Franklin had none. If no young women applied for admission it was not so much because of opposition to co-education as because it had not been the custom. As in female seminaries young men were not admitted, and are excluded yet and wisely, so in most of the colleges young ladies were not desired. In subsequent years a gradual change came and co-education now is not the exception but the rule. Whether this change has advanced the cause of higher education and should be continued must depend much upon whether or not there is in the faculty parental authority. With good rules rightly enforced co-education may be proper, otherwise it is believed to be an evil.

The graduates of 1843 were few—only seven. The standing of the Covenanter student in the class may have been indicated by the fact that to him was awarded what was called the “first honor,” viz., the Greek Oration at the Commencement. But one thing is certain, the honored graduate would have preferred to translate the whole of Demosthenes de Corona rather than to prepare and deliver that Greek Oration to which almost none gave attention except his Greek professor.

Thus closed my college years. They were too short. This I did not know then as well as subsequently. And here I record my advice to all Christian students, viz., that in pursuing college studies they hasten slowly. Too often, if not generally, the scholarship of graduates is much lower than it should be. Study to excel, not for the sake of excelling but for the sake of what is gained in order to excel. The course of study may not be insufficient, but the evil is that too few master it.

On bidding good-by to my fellow graduates I parted with a class of noble young men whom I had learned to love. Five of them became students of theology and useful pastors. Except the writer they have all passed over to the other side.

CHAPTER V.

TWO YEARS OF A TEACHER'S LIFE.

It had long been my desire to become a student of theology and to preach the Gospel of Christ, and I would have entered the seminary the next session after leaving college if I had not been destitute of the necessary funds. Besides, in my wish to continue in and graduate with my class of 1843 I had incurred debt to my good landlady who kindly agreed to wait with me for the payment. Hoping to be able to make some money by teaching, through the kindness of my former teacher and friend, David Tidball, then a teacher in St. Clairsville, Ohio, a door was opened for me in that town. There was no school in the place except the public schools. In the late autumn of 1843 I hired a room, issued a circular and advertised in the papers that at such a date I would open the St. Clairsville High School. On the first day only thirteen students were enrolled. I was almost a total stranger in the old and aristocratic town; and had it not been for my friend Tidball and his brother, Rev. J. C. Tidball, then studying law, I might have opened a school without scholars. I persevered, however, and before the end of the first term the number had increased so as to need a larger room. I rented a hall on Main street, divided it into two parts by a movable partition, employed a young lady assistant teacher, and opened the second term with a large increase of students. At the opening of the second year another class-room and a second assistant teacher were necessary. As there were several classes in the higher

branches and college studies which the assistants could not teach, and as some of these studies, as botany, and "Geography of the Heavens" (Burritt's), had not been in my college course, I was obliged to study hard to be able to teach my too numerous classes. Many a midnight hour found me yet at study to be ready to hear my next day's recitations. And though my energies were too severely taxed and my health endangered, yet at the end of two years my store of knowledge, or what we call education, was increased and I better prepared to enter the Theological Seminary.

Though my debt had been canceled and a High School built up that had the favor of the friends of education, it could hardly be called a paying institution. Low tuition fees, high boarding bills, high rents, teachers' salaries, and many incidentals had prevented me from accumulating as much as I had hoped. But as a good school had been established I could easily have been persuaded to remain if there had not been strong inducements to the contrary. Not until afterwards did I see or feel the hand that led me.

During those two years in St. Clairsville I was almost unavoidably thrown into fashionable society. I came into contact with the educated and refined, but in the gay circle God was forgotten, and religion, even though many were church-members and all church-goers, was ignored. The pleasurable took the place of the profitable, and often in the social party the silly play or the promiscuous dance was introduced. No doubt I enjoyed the society of the intelligent and refined, but often after having spent an evening in such a manner when I retired to my own room I was unhappy in the belief that precious time had been lost if not also spent sinfully. I found that others were of the same mind, and the result was the formation of a select literary society whose members agreed to decline all invitations to the fashionable parties. Every week we had a most enjoy-

able and profitable evening spent in literary exercises. Though this was done more for our own profit than to reform society, yet after a while the mere pleasure-seeking social parties almost ceased to be. In after years many a time I silently exclaimed, O! the follies of youth! And how long-suffering the patience of our heavenly Father towards his sinful children!

During these years I suffered much loss for want of the society of brethren in the church. I was far away from a Covenanter Congregation. In the town there was not another Covenanter. I generally attended either the Associate Reformed Church or the Presbyterian. Probably I was often induced to go to the latter because of the influence of my friend Tidball and because many of the students in the High School were from Presbyterian families. At one time the superintendent of the Sabbath school pressed me into service as a teacher of a class of boys of about sixteen years. But I soon became discouraged at their lack of study and their ungovernable habits, and gave up the class and attended the school no more. Besides, I had soon discovered that a Presbyterian Sabbath-school was a poor place for a Covenanter young man to be. Soon after this I was waited upon by a committee of young people, mostly teachers in the Sabbath school, who invited me to teach a class of such in the afternoon and independent of the school. I was glad to do so. We studied the Epistle to the Hebrews I think most diligently. And this was my first pleasant experience as a teacher of Bible lessons.

About this time occurred an incident that after explanation may be recorded here because of its connection with the temperance reform. During the months preceding and especially in the St. Clairsville Lyceum I had formed a somewhat intimate acquaintance with a young lawyer, a Quaker, and a very active friend of the temperance reform.

At that time in the Ohio Legislature there was a bill pending with reference to the liquor traffic. It was not as radical as that afterwards passed by the Legislature of Maine, but it was similar, as it was prohibitory in its aim and tendency. A public meeting had been called in the town of Belmont, a few miles distant, and my young friend, the Quaker lawyer, was invited to give one of the addresses and to bring a second speaker with him to give the other. He asked me to go with him. Never before had I an opportunity to make a temperance speech, and so I embraced this. I knew I was not master of the subject but I determined to do the best I could. It was to be my maiden temperance speech. To a full house I argued in favor of the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic by civil enactment. I remember even yet an argument which I used in answer to the objection that the people are not prepared for such advanced legislation, viz., that the existence of a state law and its proper and faithful enforcement are educators, and partly because the majority of the ordinary citizens not skilled in the principles of law look no higher for the standard of right than the existence of an enforced Civil Code. Both the speeches were in favor of the positive and immediate prohibition of the liquor traffic; and though this was in the year 1844 or 1845, more than half a century ago, I think my sentiments in favor of prohibition have never been more radical than these expressed in that "maiden speech."

Early in the month of January, 1845, learning that my father was in feeble health I visited home and found him quite sick. He evidently thought it was his last sickness, for before I left home to return to my post of labor he called me to his bedside and gave me most earnest and affectionate advice and all about my religious duties. A week or two afterwards a messenger came from home to St. Clairs-

ville to inform me that my father was not expected to live long and hastened me home. Dismissing the school and procuring a horse and saddle I rode nearly all night. It was a dark and cold winter night. I reached home before daylight but not until after my father's eyes were closed in death. My now widowed mother met me and embraced me, a fatherless son, and took me to the death-chamber. In sorrow such as I had never known before we stood and wept together. Bitter were the tears shed as there came to me the recollection of how often I had sinned against the loving and faithful father whom God had now taken from me to himself. More than ever I loved him, and more than ever I loved and clung to my mother. In sorrow unknown before I rode with her to the burial in the old graveyard at the Beechspring Presbyterian Church where were the graves of Grandmother and Grandfather Black. Turning away from the newly-made grave and kissing my mother good-by, I hastened back to my work praying that my heavenly Father would not only comfort and sustain her but make her son more worthy of such parents.

Some time during my second year in the High School I formed the acquaintance of a Franklin College student from New Concord, Ohio, to whom afterwards as a theological student I became attached. It came about in this way. He had not entered college until after my departure, but while I was teaching in St. Clairsville I was invited to address the Philo literary society. The address was given before a mixed assembly in the Presbyterian Church. As I came down from the rostrum I was introduced to the student, William F. George, a Covenanter. Though he was not a member of my college society, we were bound by a stronger tie, the bond of church brotherhood; and yet I confess I would have been glad if he had been a Philo, for from the first nearly all the Covenanter students had been

members of that society. At that meeting, however, neither of us knew what was before us; we knew only this, that we were brothers in the church, and that probably we might some day be fellow-students in the seminary.

CHAPTER VI.

THEOLOGICAL STUDIES.

AT the R. P. Synod of May, 1845, the theological seminary was removed from Allegheny, Pa., to Cincinnati, Ohio. I think that my brother J. B. Johnston had feared that I might abandon my purpose of studying theology and make teaching my profession, for after the action of Synod he opened a correspondence with me urging me to leave the St. Clairsville school and enter the seminary when it would be opened in its new location and under the professorship of old Dr. J. R. Willson. I yielded to his persuasions, and as soon as convenient arranged for entering the seminary.

At the close of the summer session I resigned the charge of the institution. Whatever time I had to spare I spent at home with my mother and sister. Then according to previous arrangements I met Mr. George at Wheeling, Va., where we took an Ohio steamer for Cincinnati. On arrival at the Queen City we took boarding with the family of Mr. Moses Glasgow, a carpenter and a member of the little Covenanter congregation. We were roommates and classmates only for a few months. His health failed so that he was compelled to leave the seminary for the time; and thus I was left without a roommate.

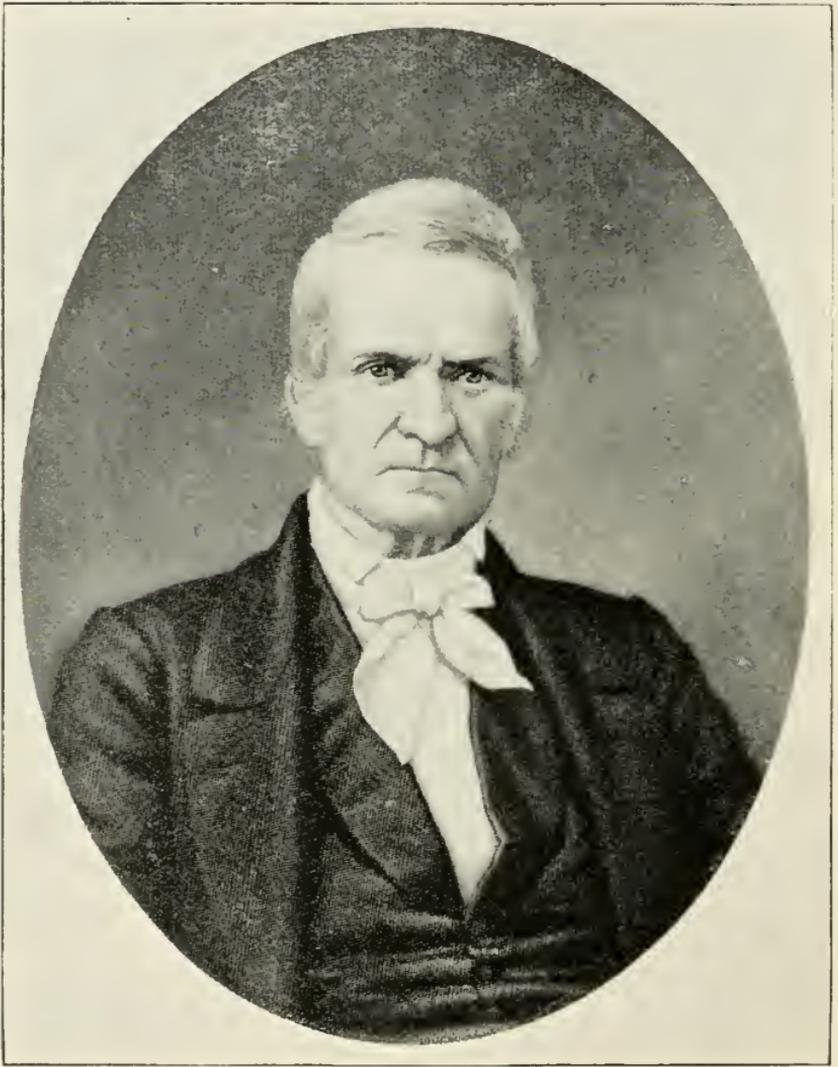
As there was no seminary building, students met for lectures and recitations in a hall rented by the little congregation for public worship. Dr. Willson was the sole professor and teacher except that sometimes he employed a tutor in Hebrew; and as the congregation had no pastor he

preached on Sabbaths. Subsequently he was appointed stated supply or installed as pastor.

Dr. J. R. Willson was regarded throughout the church as the greatest preacher in the denomination, a superior scholar, and an excellent teacher. As to the last I was not capable of judging, but my first impression was unfavorable especially as to Hebrew. Most of the freshmen students were ignorant of the language. For our text-book our professor gave us copies of his manuscript Hebrew grammar and for the first few months we had no other. We submitted to his mode of teaching but we did it under silent protest. And as he was greatly opposed to the Masoretic points, we spent our first session in the study of the language without the points. At the beginning of the second session we began to use Gesenius' grammar and to learn the points. We had to unlearn what we had learned before, and the whole system of pronunciation, as every Hebrew scholar knows, had to be changed. The consequence was that I never thoroughly mastered the language, or never was able to read it fluently.

Our text-book in theology was Turretin, in Latin. Of this our professor was master. The Latin text was easy and pure, good Latin but not classical. To study the great French theologian was a pleasure and to recite to such a teacher was a delight. And during all the four years of the seminary, no text-book in didactic theology was used except Turretin's Latin volumes. This continued in the seminary until during the professorship of Dr. J. R. W. Sloane when it was exchanged for Hodge. A while after the change, in private conversation with Dr. Sloane I asked why Turretin was dropped. "Simply because so many of the students could not read it," was the learned doctor's reply. Did he do injustice to the students?

As a pulpit orator Dr. Willson had few if any superiors. Large of frame, muscular but not corpulent, with large



J. R. WILLSON, D. D.

brain, well-cut features, piercing eyes, good lungs and sonorous voice, full vocabulary and freedom of utterance, he prepossessed his hearers before he had finished his introduction. And then he had so much of the majestic in his form and countenance, such a clear and full perception of the great fact and truths of the atonement, such an appreciation of the glory and the beauty of the atoning Mediator, and withal such a towering imagination and so much of unction and pathos in his utterances, his sermons had immense power to persuade. As a logician he was only ordinary; as Rhetoric he was master. His closing paragraphs were ordinarily the most sublime or powerful; and to him might have been applied what Burke said of another: "His enthusiasm kindles as he advances; and when he arrives at his peroration, it is in full blaze." As his God-given oratorical powers were used with seeming unconsciousness when in his discourses he dwelt upon the themes of the cross or the kingdom of Christ, the hearer, if interested in those themes, would become so enthused as to be oblivious of all else and afterwards awake as from a dream. Such at least was the influence felt by the writer when he heard Dr. Willson before he passed out of his prime. Those who did not hear him until in his declining years may have thought that his greatness as a preacher had been overestimated. And yet he did not always preach great discourses. Occasionally he fell below his ordinary sermons. Sometimes his hearers would be disappointed. Great men are not always great.

On entering the seminary, except Wm. F. George and John C. Boyd with whom I had some acquaintance at Miami University, all the students were total strangers to me. Nearly all of them had been in the seminary in Allegheny some two or three years and so were in advance of me in the studies. To recite with them in the same studies and the same lessons was quite an ordeal. Freshmen in the

same class with seniors was unlike what had been in college. But as we had only one professor it seemed to be necessary except in Hebrew studies. After the first year, however, I was put into the same class with the advanced students.

Early in the session a students' debating club was organized in which theology and allied subjects were discussed. In that arena swords were often measured, and occasionally a Damascus blade was broken. Here as well as in the regular recitations and in the weekly prayer-meetings acquaintances were formed and in some cases warm attachments, even brotherly loves that became golden cords never to be broken.

At the close of my first year's study I returned to the old homestead and spent three months in teaching public school in my old native district. I boarded with the family of my brother Samuel P. who now occupied the old brick house. Several of my cousins, adults, and from the families of three uncles, two from a distance, attended the school that summer. They helped to make it exceedingly pleasant. Cousin Margaret L. Johnston, of Amsterdam, Ohio, was the star of the group of cousins. They all studied some of the higher branches.

As much of my time as I could spare I spent at intersessional reading and study. Rev. James Love was the pastor of the congregation and preached in that branch of his charge every alternate Sabbath. My love to him as a good man and most faithful servant of Christ grew with the passing months, and to this day I think of him as one of the best men I ever knew. He served his generation beloved by all and is now among the celestials. He was my third and last pastor, and as a pastor the most beloved.

With the return of autumn I returned to the seminary to pursue the studies of my second year. I boarded with the students' well-known friend, Mrs. Murphy, and was favored

in having A. M. Milligan as my roommate. It was his fourth year in the seminary and he was expecting licensure in the spring. I was his senior by a year or so but his advantages in early life had been far superior; and as his father had taught him Hebrew from boyhood he was qualified to be my teacher in that study, and from him I received much help. During the previous winter session we had become quite well acquainted but not intimately. I can not now recall what led to our being roommates at the same boarding-house, but I know that it was so ordered, and I can understand it now better than I did then. I hope the benefit was mutual. I am sure I needed his help, and I knew that he was not all that he should have been and might have been under the tutelage of his parents. But during the six months we were together our acquaintance grew into friendship, then warm attachment, then love like that of David and Jonathan. We were not blind to each others' faults, but we knew that we loved one another and had confidence in each other as brothers in Christ, as we hoped. My estimate of Dr. Milligan, as written after his death, is found in the minutes of the R. P. Synod of that year (1885) and in the memorial volume published after his death.

As I now remember him when a student he was large, muscular, healthy, athletic, of ruddy and cheerful countenance, and black and piercing eye. He was a pleasant and cheerful companion, a lover of mirth and frolic, of strong will, and born to be a leader rather than a follower, a master and not a servant. If I had not been, in comparison with him, small and of delicate structure, and if I had been as fond of athletics as he, we might have had many a scuffle and contest for the mastery; but he was too manly to tackle one so below his match, though sometimes in his glee he would pick me up in his arms and carry me around the room as if

to show his strength. But sometimes we were like boys together, and I remember my boyish vanity when in our early morning walks for health I was not afraid of being left behind. We studied until late at night, and then at the clatter of our alarm clock we rose at five in the morning, resumed our studies until daylight and then went out to take our morning walk of nearly a mile and back. We walked as fast as we could, and if either excelled it was not the athlete whose legs had to carry the most muscle. We were now ready for family prayers and breakfast and more study. As to health, during all the time in which we were companions I think I never knew Mr. Milligan to be even slightly unwell. He enjoyed perfect health.

Many who read these lines may know that in subsequent years Dr. Milligan was generally regarded as a great pulpit orator, and in some respects he was. In extemporaneous speaking or unstudied or unwritten discourses he excelled probably all his co-temporaries. He was a born orator. He had a rich vocabulary at his command. Sometimes and on some themes there was in his mode of thought, his utterances, and his manner of delivery something that fascinated or enthused his hearers. For this and other reasons the people of his own charge, especially in Pittsburgh where he ministered so long, would not have exchanged their pastor for any other. And yet a student of theology of 1898 must not suppose that his eloquence was all bestowed without study or effort. As a student he was ambitious to excel as a speaker. Sometimes this was too apparent in his student's discourses in the seminary. But perhaps without this effort and this ambition he never could have been the great preacher and the useful pastor he was. God-given talents must not be hid in a napkin.

A few weeks after the close of the seminary Mr. Milligan departed for his home to prepare for licensure by his Presby-

tery. It was his first license, for in those days theological students were not licensed to preach until after they had been in the seminary four years. As students we parted in sadness to meet no more in that relation ; but on these pages we will hear of him again.

During the session of the seminary now closed I formed intimate acquaintance with several fellow-students whose brotherly friendship I have greatly prized all my life. Special mention must be made of two of them, Charles L. Williams of New York and R. J. Dodds of Western Pennsylvania. Student Williams was a colored young man, and a son of a Mr. Williams of Coldenham, N. Y., who in his early life was a slave in that state before the act of emancipation. There were quite a number of sons two of whom are still living in the city of New York. These are intelligent and earnest Covenanters. Charles had received part of his academic education under the instruction of Dr. Willson in Allegheny, Pa., of whom he was a great favorite. He was tall and straight and handsome, tolerably dark in complexion, gentlemanly in his bearing and very companionable. After a few months' acquaintance I became much attached to him and always liked to be with him. In those days, "the dark days of slavery," it required some courage and disregard of reproach to receive a negro on equality. In Cincinnati, just across the river from Kentucky, there was much of the proslavery spirit and prejudice against colored people. When walking on the streets with Mr. Williams, going to and from the seminary, sometimes arm in arm with him, for I loved him, I was often insulted by men or boys who would laugh aloud, or cry out "Nigger lover!" or "Chalk in de eye." I usually passed along as though I did not hear their harmless insults, but I always felt sorry for Mr. Williams. He was a man of a sensitive nature, though he seemed to be oblivious to the wrongs done to him ; but he

knew that he was an object of that cruel hate peculiar to those who had the caste feeling, a prejudice against color that was born of slavery. Even some of the students of theology did not care to be seen walking with the colored student; and yet he was not only very gentlemanly in his demeanor but what people call a fine-looking young man. Prejudice against color! To the writer it always seemed not only cruel and mean but also unaccountable. And here I leave my record that, as far as I can remember, from my early life and on through all these years I was a stranger to the feeling. To God be all the praise, for he gave me anti-slavery parents and these gave me anti-slavery books to read; and I so early was trained in an anti-slavery school that I can not remember when I became an Abolitionist.

During this the first and only session of Mr. Williams, theological studies, a sad accident occurred that so affected his subsequent life I record it here.

One evening on his way home quite late from prayer-meeting or lecture, as he was passing down street he came up to some men who were leading or forcing a negro down street towards the Ohio river and, as Mr. Williams believed, to take him over to Kentucky; but whether he was a fugitive slave or a kidnapped man, Mr. Williams did not know. Under the impression that they were kidnappers, and being much excited, he went up to the men and asked them who that man was and by what right they were forcing him away. Seeing that he was a colored man, they answered him roughly and ordered him to go away. Under still greater excitement he repeated his question and demanded that their victim should be released. Again and with an oath he was ordered away and told to "go and mind his own business." Seeing that he could effect nothing, and resolving to hasten to find a policeman, he hurried to turn off the street at the first corner towards his boarding-house.

He had not passed more than a rod or two when a man from behind, following him stealthily, struck him on the back of the head with a brick, and hastily ran back. Mr. Williams was felled to the sidewalk and lay semi-unconscious until some colored men from a barber shop near by carried him to his boarding-house and sent for a surgeon. On examination it was found that the skull was fractured. He lay in a very critical condition for a week or two and then began to convalesce. Several weeks passed before he was able to rise from his bed and walk out. As it was now late in the session, he did not return to his studies. After a while he had slight attacks of epilepsy and his health became impaired. His physician advised him to avoid close study. Following the advice in the hope of returning health, and being poor, he taught school for a while; but he never regained health. Subsequently he returned to New York, where he was a member of the second Reformed Presbyterian Church. He became a victim of consumption and finally died as he had lived, a devoted Christian and a genuine Covenanter. Charles L. Williams was the first colored student in our theological seminary, and many years passed before there was another. His removal from the seminary, his subsequent afflictions, and his death made a dark page in the history of the seminary. To some of us it seemed that if he had been spared to finish his studies and to be licensed to preach he might have been of great use in some gospel or anti-slavery field. Such a man was greatly needed. The millions in bonds needed both freedom and the gospel. It seemed then as though any two of us students could have been spared rather than the genial colored man who wished to devote his life to the work of Him who came to proclaim liberty to the captive. But He whose time to break the yoke of bondage had not yet come saw fit to remove our beloved friend to the land of health, and it was ours to learn submission to the will of the Master.

CHAPTER VII.

SUMMER VACATION.

NEEDING funds with which to continue at seminary studies the next year, and following providential indications, I determined to remain in or near Cincinnati and spend the summer in teaching. Through the kindness of a friend I was introduced to the secretary of the directors of a vacant school near Carthage, a town about seven miles north of the city. To this man belonged the duty of employing a teacher. Prior to my meeting him my friend had recommended me and had told him of my qualifications. At my first interview with him he said he was ready to make a contract with me to teach the school the next term. I asked him how he knew I was qualified or was a suitable person. He promptly answered: "Just as Napoleon knew how to choose his officers, by the shape and length of the noses. Yours is a sufficient recommendation." I accepted the compliment and the agreement was closed in writing.

I received my teacher's certificate from Professor Ray of Woodward college, the author of the popular mathematical text-books. Professor Ray was a graduate of my Alma Mater and when in college was a student under the distinguished Covenanter Professor of Mathematics, John Armstrong. Subsequently I had a better acquaintance with him and was indebted to him for several kindnesses in the department of mathematics. He was a man of culture and of piety and a member of the Presbyterian Church.

During that summer vacation I taught two terms of public

school in the same district, boarding part of the time in the country and part in the town of Carthage and in each place with a Christian ("Campbellite") family. But I lodged with them during only the secular days of the week. On Saturdays I walked into the city, lodged at my former boarding-house, Mrs. Murphy's, attended the Covenanter Church, and then walked back to my school early Monday morning.

During this summer two fellow theological students, Levi Purvis and R. J. Dodds, were teaching in country schools not far distant. And during those summer months Mr. Dodds and I were often and much together. In the evenings or on Saturdays he came over to my boarding-house and we rambled together or read and talked together, and often walked into the city together. Our former acquaintance grew into intimacy and warm friendship. Many a sweet hour did we spend together; many subjects of greater or less importance were discussed, and though we did not know or think of it then, we were laying the foundation of a mutual love that ever continued to grow and that is as deathless as the soul.

Sometime during this summer and at a great outdoor public meeting at Carthage I heard Ohio's great orator, Gov. Thomas Corwin, when he was discussing the national questions which afterwards led to the formation of the Republican party. In the audience and a very attentive hearer was a greater man, viz., Salmon P. Chase. He was at that time a prominent member of the Cincinnati bar and had won the favor of anti-slavery men by his successful advocacy of the cause of a negro whose freedom was at stake. At this time he was active in the interests of the liberty party. He and Mr. Corwin were acquainted and the speaker watched Mr. Chase closely, knowing that the latter was in advance of him on questions involved in the discussion. I was standing near to Mr. Chase and often noticed how

attentive he was and how his emotions were stirred at times, and I imagined that he would have been greatly pleased to have had an opportunity to speak.

This was the first time I had had a good opportunity to see Mr. Chase; though I did not know his future I studied his character as well as I could then. He was large of frame and muscular but not corpulent. He had a large head, blue eyes, fine features, open and pleasant countenance, and every index of a great man. In subsequent years his state and the nation both showed their appreciation of the excellency of his character.

During this summer I had time for much profitable reading and made some progress in intersessional studies. After the close of the second term of school I attended the fall meeting of Lakes Presbytery under whose care I had been taken at the first. This meeting was held at Garrison, Ind., church, Rev. Josiah Dodds pastor. According to appointment I was expected to attend and preach a sermon as a "specimen of improvement" in theological studies. The distance from Cincinnati was a long day's journey by carriage. There were no railroads in that part of the country. My going was on this wise. As Rev. William Willson, pastor of the "Newlight" Covenanter congregation in Cincinnati, and his elder also were going to a meeting of their presbytery in the same place and about the same time (a strange coincidence) my professor and I arranged to join with them in hiring a two-horse carriage for the journey. Being a farmer's son I had the honor of being the driver for the party. Being only a student and the driver, it was but fit that in the conversation by the way, whatever the subject, I should be a silent listener. Both ministers and elder proved to be very pleasant and profitable companions, and I enjoyed the journey greatly. At that meeting our traveling companion, Rev. William Willson, applied to the "Old

Light" presbytery to be received as a member. His examination was not satisfactory. He was adjudged to be not sound in the distinctive doctrines of the church as to Civil Government and the duty of dissent therefrom when not properly constituted; and so he was not received. In this result my old professor was evidently disappointed, for he had used his influence to bring over the "New Light" pastor to our side of the church, and I thought then that the younger had not told the older the exact state of his mind as to the points of difference. Whether the N. S. pastor hoped to take his people with him into our church I do not know, but though the pastors long since passed away from their earthly labors both Covenanter congregations continue separate until this day.

The morning after the adjournment of presbytery our quartet of co-travelers started home by a road that led through Connersville, the county seat of Fayette County, Ind., where resided my friends, Mr. David Patterson and family, who had formerly lived in Bellefontaine, Ohio. I had not seen them for more than seven years; and as one member of the family had been specially dear to me, I could not pass through that town without stopping. Having arrived in the town I gave the reins to the elder in the carriage, and informing the trio of presbyters that I would stop over until the next day, I bade them good-by and hunted up my old friends. Among the first to meet and welcome me was Eliza to whom, though not named, allusion was made on a previous page. And I now owe it to her memory and to her surviving friends and to my own, to stop here a moment to say that Eliza was the third daughter of Elder Patterson, the two older being married and gone. I had met her and formed acquaintance when the family resided at Bellefontaine and when she was only a girl of "sweet sixteen." This acquaintance was renewed during the year before I entered

college and grew into friendship and finally into affection that proved to be imperishable. During the spring of 1841 in the vacation of my freshman year, I spent with her what leisure time I had, but being far away never had an opportunity to see her again until after more than seven years and at the time and place above mentioned. During these years she had a severe and long-continued attack of bilious fever followed by the fever and ague so common then, and during which she was subjected to the practise of the vicious system of drug medication by an old school physician, the "family physician," presumed to know all science and to be too honest to deceive his patients. The result was permanently impaired health. When I met her at Connersville, however, her health was sufficiently restored to permit her to be a teacher in the public school. After tarrying until next day, and having learned that during all the years of separation our mutual friendship had remained unchanged, I bade her good-by and took the stage and returned to Cincinnati to resume studies in the seminary.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE THIRD YEAR AND FELLOW-STUDENTS.

THE third session and my last in Cincinnati was one of hard study. My domestic arrangements were changed. I united with students French and Armour in hiring lodging-rooms in the house occupied by Mr. Chas. Williams now trying to teach. He needed help and we helped him a little by renting two rooms which we furnished. We took our meals at my old boarding-house, Mrs. Murphy's, about a mile distant. Thus when we ate our three meals every day, we walked about six miles every day, and this besides our walk to and from our recitations and lectures. We had no need of a gymnasium; and for football or baseball games there was neither time nor need. Books, lectures, lessons, sermons, religious duties, sleep, and those walks, all left no time for play nor for even reading the daily papers. These even in the "Queen City" were not as bad as the ordinary daily papers of this day; the "Sunday paper" as yet was not known. And yet our professor saw fit to apologize for the reading of them. One cold winter morning when to be kind to him while in feeble health the students went to his residence to recite some of our lessons, two or three of us were a few minutes too early. On entering the room we found him sitting at his open grate reading the morning news. Laying the paper down and turning to receive us he said: "Good-morning, gentlemen. You have caught me reading the morning paper again. Well, I have to read the papers to

know what the devil is doing so that I may know how to pray."

This anecdote illustrates the character of this great and good man. And with all his excellencies he had his infirmities which we tried not to notice but to forget. On some questions of public importance he was very conservative or non-progressive; but this was overbalanced by his radical and advanced views on others of greater importance. Memory recalls an illustration. In common with many good men of that time he was very much opposed to women lecturing or speaking on the public platform. But he was such a friend of the slave and so hated all that kept him in bonds that when Stephen S. Foster of Massachusetts, and Abby Kelley, of national reputation, afterwards Mrs. Foster, came to Cincinnati to hold Garrisonian anti-slavery meetings, Dr. Willson forgot his prejudices against women speaking in public. For nearly a week they held nightly meetings in one of the largest audience rooms in the city, the "Millerite Tabernacle." Mr. Foster was one of the most radical and earnest and fiery of the early anti-slavery prophets. They called him "The Hornet." Abby Kelley was one of the ablest and most eloquent of the Abolitionists. Pure in her style, rhetorical, and sometimes pathetic, she was a powerful advocate of freedom. Like Mr. Foster, she was irresistible in her logic, proving the pro-slavery character of the United States constitution and the guilt of all who voted or held office under it. The argument and the conclusion to which she endeavored to bring her hearers were the same as were commonly used by the Old School Covenanters. Great audiences attended the lectures. Dr. Willson and his family, and generally the students also, attended. One evening while Abby Kelley was speaking or as soon as she was done, a man in the audience and a well-known citizen was so influenced with the sentiments of the lecturer

that he rose to his feet, held high up a large copy of the constitution and said: "I reject it, I despise it, I spit upon it, I trample upon it," and with the last words he threw it down upon the floor and trampled upon it. His rash action created manifest excitement in the audience, but no disturbance followed.

Sometime during these meetings Dr. Willson invited the lecturers to dine or take tea with his family, probably at two different times; and we all knew that he was greatly delighted with the work done by these Garrisonian speakers. And so, one morning when three or four of the students went to the class-room a little early, and after he had spoken warmly in approbation of the truths uttered the night before, with much hesitancy if not in fear I said to him: "But, Doctor, I thought you were opposed to women speaking on the public platform. How does it come that you are carried away by Abby Kelley's speeches?" Rising from his chair and looking at me in silence for a few moments he replied slowly but forcibly: "Gentlemen, when men *can* speak but will not speak for the slave, then I say, *let woman speak*, and *God bless her!*" The last part of the sentence was spoken with emphasis and with manifest deep emotion.

During this my third session of the seminary student R. J. Dodds boarded not far from our lodging-place. He was an occasional if not a frequent visitor to our rooms; and he was always welcome not only because we all loved him but because he was exceedingly cheerful and companionable. He had rare conversational powers and abounded in mirth and repartee. Whether he had more brain power than the rest of us, or because he had been at theological studies longer, I do not know, but he did not seem to need as much hard study as some of us, and as he roomed alone and yet loved company he was often in our room. And though at that time I did not see the evil of the tobacco habit nor

the sinfulness of the vice as I did afterwards, yet even then his temptations would have annoyed me if he had not been so pleasant and mirthful when offering them. He generally used a cob pipe of his own make. Sometimes he would bring in two newly-made pipes and filling them with prepared tobacco he would jocosely say to me: "Come now, Johnston, let us have a nice smoke," and with the words offer me one of the pipes. Probably he expected me to decline the offer, as I always did; but as Mr. French did not object to the use of the weed the extra pipe was generally passed over to him. I had this consolation, however, that Mr. Armour also was an abstainer and could not be induced to follow the example of even such beloved chums. The abstainers still survive; and I think that if those who continued to use the poisonous narcotic were here now to speak to the living, especially to the young, they would affectionately persuade and warn and testify saying, "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

John M. Armour was a student from Illinois Presbytery and a graduate of Geneva College. Prior to his entering the theological seminary we had no acquaintance, but we soon found him to be all that we could desire as a fellow-student and room-mate. He was not only intellectual and fond of study and a close thinker, but he was modest and amiable and companionable and withal a model of purity and integrity. It was not long until he found a warm place in my affections.

About the close of the session I was taken down with an attack of fever which prevented me from being present at the closing exercises and from giving with the others my prepared discourse. Before I had recovered most of the students had departed to their homes. After the close of the session and being left alone, Mrs. Murphy, always the students' friend, invited me to make my home for the time

at her house. I did so and received medical advice from her son, Dr. John Murphy, afterwards professor in the Ohio Medical College. As my health continued feeble, and as my funds were exhausted, I was ready to follow the advice of Dr. Murphy which was that I should not think of teaching during the vacation but get a horse and saddle and spend some months in travel. To make this practicable he introduced me to John D. Thorpe, a book-seller in the city in charge of the Presbyterian Book Rooms, and the publisher of the *Presbyterian of the West*, a religious weekly journal. Mr. Thorpe offered to give me the agency of the paper in a part of the state and a fair percentage upon collections and new subscribers. My brother J. B., of Northwood, kindly offered me the use of his horse and saddle for the purpose of my proposed canvass. After visiting my brothers in Logan County, and getting ready for my new business, I mounted the saddle and started out into the field as a collector and canvasser. Following the direction of Mr. Thorpe, my work took me among Presbyterians in the congregations of central Ohio. My traveling expenses were not light, and as the families that I had to see were generally in the country and often far apart, I spent about three months in the canvass with almost no pecuniary profit though my health steadily improved. I did not tire of the saddle but rather enjoyed it. My associations were almost wholly with Presbyterians, and I often lodged with hospitable families some of whom were intelligent and genuine Christians whose society I greatly enjoyed. Most of my Sabbaths were spent at Presbyterian Churches and I heard many a good sermon by Old School Presbyterian pastors, and occasionally I had good opportunities to advocate Covenanter truths and to make pleas for the slave. Though the kind of life I lived during those months of canvassing was not of choice yet on the whole I did not regret that they

were thus spent. I learned much of the character of Christian professors and not a little of the condition of the Presbyterian Church. By the blessing of God upon horseback riding as the means in part, my health was restored and I was better prepared for the work that the Master was about to give me to do.

Before the close of my canvass I spent three consecutive Sabbaths in Covenanter congregations, viz., Sandusky, Rev. J. C. Boyd, pastor; Utica, Rev. A. McFarland, pastor, and New Concord, vacant. When traveling in this vicinity my beautiful bay mare that had carried me so faithfully and so long, stumbled and almost fell. This was followed by lameness that I feared would be permanent. As soon as I could I took the animal to a Covenanter farmer and put her out to pasture and to rest.

At this time my former fellow-student and good friend, William F. George, was professor of Greek in Muskingum College at New Concord. Since we had parted at Cincinnati he had taken a good wife and now was happy in his new home as well as honored in his professorship. While I waited there and enjoyed their hospitality, the stockholders of the New Concord *Free Press*, an anti-slavery paper, were prospecting for a new editor, as Matthew Hull, the editor and proprietor of the *Clarion of Freedom*, had sold the paper to the said stockholders and intended soon to depart to enter the lecturing field. Some of the new owners of the paper were Covenanters and I suppose wished a Covenanter editor. Professor George, though not one of the stockholders, was deeply interested in the paper. And before I departed he interviewed me to ascertain whether his theological student friend, and now the sun-burnt collector, could be had for editor. The thought of having charge of an anti-slavery paper, however new to me, was not unpleasant, but doubts about my fitness for the work, and the

thought of abandoning theological studies even for a time, caused me to hesitate and to avoid definite reply.

Obliged to give up my agency and to leave my lame horse in pasture, I took stage and hurried home not only to see my mother and other friends again, but to have opportunity to prepare the trials for licensure that had been assigned by Presbytery. They were what at that time were called an 'Exercise and Additions' and a Latin essay on 'What Is anti-Christ?'

As all my books had been left behind, and that I might have access to the library of my old college professor, A. M. Black, I went to New Athens and spent about a month in study. To help me financially as well as by giving me free access to his library, he gave to me his class in Virgil. For teaching it he paid to me what met my boarding bill. This was another evidence of Professor Black's kindly feeling towards me the only Covenanter student in any of his classes while I was in college. That dear man to whom I owe so much as a teacher holds a large place in my affections.

During my visit at home or while at New Athens I received a letter from the secretary of the stockholders of the New Concord *Free Press* informing me that I had been elected the editor. What reply was made I do not remember, but I know that on my way to Presbytery at Utica I stopped at New Concord and made arrangements to take charge of the paper after my return from Presbytery or as soon as Mr. Hull would retire. What led me to this decision I have forgotten, but I remember that I was strongly persuaded by my anti-slavery and Covenanter friends at New Concord, and I think I had the approbation of my mother and brother and sister at home. It could not have been money, for the paper was not a "paying concern," and I had no promise of any pay except the income of the paper, viz. the subscriptions and a few advertisements. At that

time the anti-slavery excitement was becoming intense all over the country and as strong in Ohio probably as in any other state. The Liberty party had become the Free Soil party. Among the anti-slavery people the questions were: Shall new slave states be admitted into the Union? and may slavery be introduced into any of the new territories belonging to the United States? In the fall of 1848 General Zachary Taylor, a southern slave-holder, was the presidential nominee of the Whig party, and Martin Van Buren was nominated by the Free Soil party. At the same time the Garrisonian Abolitionists were intensely active by means of the press, public lectures, and conventions, in their advocacy of the duty of immediate emancipation and of separation from the pro-slavery government under the pro-slavery Constitution. The agitation was increasing rapidly. The only Garrisonian organ published in Ohio was the *Anti-Slavery Bugle* printed at Salem and edited by Oliver Johnson. The *Clarion of Freedom* had been edited in the interest of the Liberty party. As the paper had now come into the ownership of Covenanters mostly, they intended it to be free from party politics and to be the advocate of anti-slavery truth as held by Covenanters in common with Garrisonian Abolitionists. To have such an opportunity to plead for the slave and at the same time advocate the duty of dissent from the pro-slavery government, was a strong incentive to suspend my theological studies at least for a time. And so after weighing the matter well and a good while, and having asked for divine direction, I accepted the position offered and promised to take charge of the paper after my return from Presbytery.

I can not remember now what was the subject of my "Exercise and Additions" nor how it was received, but I do not forget Rev. A. McFarland's criticism upon the Latin dissertation. He was the chairman of the committee into

whose hands it had been put for examination. Among other things he reported that the essay was a splendid piece of Latin composition and almost perfect in its etymology, but in its syntactical structure or collocation it was "miserable." Notwithstanding the fact that Presbytery voted approval and acceptance of my "trial pieces" for licensure and so passed me up among the "fourth year students," I was not satisfied, and as often before I was greatly depressed in the fear that I could never preach the gospel; and I remember that sometimes I was strongly tempted to abandon theological studies.

CHAPTER IX.

RESPONSE TO FREEDOM'S CALL.

AFTER Presbytery I made a hurried visit to my brothers in Logan County, gathered up my books and effects left there during my horseback ride, and returned to New Concord to take charge of the paper. In doing this I knew that I was assuming responsibilities which I was not prepared to meet. I knew little about a publisher's work and not much about an editor's; but I had resolved to make the effort in reliance upon the Spirit of God. And yet there were so many inducements to work, and so all-important were the questions involved in the anti-slavery conflict now growing more and more crucial, I would have been ashamed of myself if I had not entered into the work with a zeal becoming one who had heard the appeal of the slave—"Am I not a man and brother?" We took boarding with a good Quaker woman, Mrs. Berry, sister-in-law of William E. Lukens, more philanthropist than Christian, and a merchant doing business in the same house. He was of Quaker ancestors but had drifted away from the old Orthodox faith; yet he was a very earnest Abolitionist, more Garrisonian than political. The only other boarder with Mrs. Berry was David Paul, a young student attending Muskingum college, a rising institution under the control principally of the Reformed or psalm-singing churches. At this time the three principal professors were President David A. Wallace, of the Associate Reformed Church, Professor William F. George, Reformed Presbyterian, and Professor Irvine,

Associate (Seceder). The leading member of the board of trustees was Rev. Benjamin Waddle, pastor of the Associate Reformed congregation and resident in New Concord.

The Covenanters of New Concord and vicinity were members of Salt Creek congregation, old father Robert Wallace pastor. He was the father of Rev. James Wallace and Rev. John Wallace, the stepfather of Rev. J. L. McCartney, and the grandfather of Rev. S. R. Wallace late of Brooklyn, N. Y. The congregation was divided into three branches, New Concord being in the north branch. The house of worship was about a mile from the town and there pastor Wallace preached only every fourth Sabbath. On the other Sabbaths most of the members met in prayer-meetings at private houses.

In those days, as ever since the Westminster Assembly, it was the law and practise in the Covenanter Church to read on three several Sabbaths the bans of marriage after the public religious services. Had the reader of these lines been in the New Concord church on the second or third Sabbath of November, 1848, he would have heard after the benediction the following notice read by the precentor, viz. "Marriage is intended between N. R. Johnston of New Concord and Miss Eliza A. Patterson of Connersville, Ind." And then if the same listener had seen the New Concord *Free Press* of November 28 he would have read the following notice under the head of "Hymeneal," viz. "Married on the 16th inst., Mr. N. R. Johnston," etc. as above. This notice will recall to the reader what is recorded on a previous page.

David Patterson was an elder in the Old School Presbyterian Church. His wife, *nee* Ann McCracken, and all the family were Presbyterians. Mr. Patterson especially was familiar with the doctrines and practises of the Covenanter Church, and so far from being prejudiced against them

under favorable circumstances would have been a Covenanter. So long as the family lived in Bellefontaine, Ohio, they mingled much with Covenanter society and often heard Covenanter preaching, and the oldest daughter was married to the son of a Covenanter. After my visit at Connersville the autumn of the previous year, our correspondence by letter was renewed and during the year the questions of the Covenanter Creed and practise were much discussed and books on distinctive principles were read and studied. The result was that at the first opportunity soon after our marriage Eliza united with the Reformed Presbyterian Church during a communion in Salt Creek congregation.

On my journey from New Concord to Connersville I stopped in Cincinnati to visit my old professor and my fellow-students. He expressed his regret that I was not in the seminary but congratulated me upon my having such an opportunity to disseminate anti-slavery and kindred truths. He said that the *New Concord Free Press* was the first weekly paper ever edited by a Covenanter; and jocosely added that the second number was the best of all. In that number I had reprinted his late tract on "Wicked Rulers." It came out just about the time of the election of General Zachary Taylor a slaveholder.

After the marriage festivities at Connersville, and the Sabbath over, we made our wedding tour through Cincinnati, up the Ohio River to Steubenville and to Bloomingdale, Ohio, where we visited my mother and the other friends. After Sabbath we hurried on to New Concord to my post of duty. Now I had a helper and life was less lonely and work more joyous. Did the wise man need inspiration to be able to write: "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord?"

Furnishing our own rooms in the house of the good Quaker lady with whom we boarded, I made our private

parlor the editor's sanctum. The printing office was only a few doors distant. Busy were the days of the winter and spring months of my new and responsible position. To the work of the paper were added some others that I might not lose my interest in theology.

In Muskingum College the three leading professors were students of theology. They and the young editor organized a theological club or lyceum in which we read essays and skeletons or homilies and debated questions germane to our position and purpose. We had a good time and profitable; and though of different churches our love to each other grew and continued through life. President Wallace became eminent as a pastor in East Boston, Massachusetts, and then as president of Monmouth College. After having finished his studies, Professor Irvine was sent as a missionary to Oregon and spent a long and honored life as pastor of a United Presbyterian congregation at Albany of that state. Of Professor George we will hear more on subsequent pages. All these have passed away from earth's labors to the heavenly rest and glory.

During the late autumn of 1848 I had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, long a member of Congress from North Ohio. During all his time in Congress, from 1838 to 1859, except a short interregnum, he was a prominent anti-slavery champion. In this respect he may be ranked with John Q. Adams, Charles Sumner, and Thaddeus Stevens. "In 1842 he introduced resolutions justifying the slaves of the Creole, who captured that vessel on her way from Virginia to New Orleans, and carried her into Nassau where their right of freedom was recognized by the British authorities." His action caused such great excitement in the House that he withdrew his resolutions; nevertheless he was formally censured by Congress. This induced him to resign. But his anti-slavery constituents

would not permit him to remain at home. They reelected him and he continued in Congress until 1859.

It was in 1848 and shortly after Mr. Giddings had left the Whig party and joined the "Free Soilers" that he came to New Concord to give an address in behalf of freedom. Some of us met him on his arrival to conduct him to the meeting. It had rained recently and the streets were muddy. At the first crossing he said: "I see you have plenty of *free soil* here." He knew that he was in the center of a large community of Abolitionists. The incident was characteristic of the man—cheerful but not trivial, full of vivacity and vigor but not egotistic. His speech was far above mediocrity, clear, abounding with important facts spoken with an earnestness that carried conviction in the minds of the applauding audience.

Ohio never sent a truer man to Washington. After Congress had passed censure upon Mr. Giddings, James Russell Lowell wrote to him among other lines the following:

"And thou shalt aye be honorably known,
As one who bravely used his tongue and pen,
As best befits a freeman,—even for those
To whom our law's unblushing front denies
A right to plead against the lifelong woes
Which are the negro's glimpse of Freedom's skies."

For attainments in general knowledge useful in subsequent life my year at New Concord was better than any previous. By correspondence, by the reading of exchanges, and by contact with Christians and Reformers, my mind was led into new channels of thought and my love of the truth and the right increased and intensified. On the exchange list were the *Ohio Anti-slavery Bugle* and the *North Star* of Rochester, N. Y., edited by Frederick Douglass. In the *Free Press* was an editorial under the head of "Errors in Logic" in which it was shown that some of the Aboli-

tionists had been led into opposition to Christianity, as understood by the Evangelicals, by the fact that many Christian ministers were defenders of slavery and that most of the large Christian denominations fellowshiped slaveholders and were identified with the government under a pro-slavery Constitution. Even the mind of Mr. Garrison himself had become so soured against the churches that he seemed to be alienated against if not opposed to some of the fundamental Christian doctrines. The error consisted in not clearly distinguishing between pure religion and its professed adherents—between the true coin and its counterfeit. The fact was that the pro-slavery character of so many ministers and so many churches led some of the Abolitionists into partial if not real infidelity. If not, some infidels used the character of the churches as an argument against Christianity and a justification of their non-acceptance of it. In reply to the *Free Press* the *Bugle* had an ably written article under the head of "Cobwebs." The editor, Oliver Johnson, though a most excellent man, earnest Abolitionist, and able writer, undertook to brush away all that we had written under "Errors in Logic." He himself was so far from being Evangelical in his religious belief that he was really although not professedly a foe to Evangelical Christianity. Indeed, immense wrong was done to religion by the pro-slavery churches and ministers. They were called "The Bulwark of American Slavery," and Henry C. Wright wrote a book calling them "The Den of Thieves." And it can never be forgotten that to their shame the Christian(?) slaveholders of the United States did not cease to buy and sell unoffending men, women and children until after the war and the emancipation act set free their captives. As with God all things are possible, we may hope that many of them were led to repentance and were saved by the blood of the Lamb.

My first acquaintance with Frederick Douglass was on paper when he was editor at Rochester. After he obtained his freedom up until about the time that the *Free Press* came under my charge he was a Garrisonian Abolitionist, *i. e.* he believed the Federal Constitution to be a pro-slavery compact and consequently that no Abolitionist could rightly swear to support it or vote under it. The Garrisonians were called "Comeouters" because they came out of the government or ceased to be in any way identified with it. Covenanters differed from them in this, that these had never been in the government and so could not come out. Mr. Douglass changed his position and maintained it in his *North Star*, arguing like Gerrit Smith, William Goodell and others, that the Constitution was an anti-slavery document and that it empowered Congress to abolish slavery. This strange and most untenable position, as it was maintained by Mr. Douglass, was confronted in the *Free Press* and its fallacy shown in as kind words as the editor could use. It led to some controversy between the two papers. Then some years afterwards, at one of the anniversaries of the National Anti-slavery Society held in New York, President William Lloyd Garrison in the chair, Mr. Douglass engaged in the discussion of one of the resolutions and defended his change of position. Two Vermont Covenanter ministers were present, one the pastor of Craftsbury congregation and the other the pastor of Topsham. Strange to say, without any forethought or previous plans, it fell to the lot of the two Covenanters to antagonize Mr. Douglass' new theory. The Garrisonians applauded, and, being largely in the majority, when the vote was taken on the resolution it was adopted almost unanimously. Mr. Douglass was too much of a gentleman to show any ill feeling, and never afterwards did he allude to it. My estimate of the man, not noticing his faults, appeared in the public daily *Press* soon after his death in Washington City.

During the anti-slavery struggle the churches most deeply involved in the sin of fellowshiping slaveholders were the Old School Presbyterians, the Methodist, the Baptist, and the Episcopal. They all had a large membership in the south and the northern members generally approved of their brethren in the south holding slaves. In none of these four churches was there any statute law prohibiting the sin. Moreover, when any of the anti-slavery members agitated the question and testified against slaveholding they were denounced as "disturbers of the peace of Zion." This agitation in the Presbyterian Church and in the Methodist increased until from each there were many withdrawals and the number sufficient to constitute new denominations. The Presbyterians, most of whom were in eastern Ohio and western Pennsylvania, organized a presbytery in 1847 called the Free Presbytery of Mahoning. This and the Presbytery of Ripley, Ohio, united and formed the Free Presbyterian Synod. In the former, Rev. Arthur B. Bradford and Rev. Joseph Gordon were active and leading members. As the organ of this anti-slavery Presbyterian Church a weekly paper, the *Free Presbyterian*, edited by Rev. Gordon and published at Mercer, Pennsylvania, was inaugurated in the year 1850. Some years afterwards it was merged in the *Christian Press* of Cincinnati.

To illustrate the spirit of the times and the influences that led to the organization of the Free Presbyterian Church the following may be recorded. Joseph Gordon, when a licentiate in the Old School Presbyterian Church and when occupying the chair of mathematics in Franklin College, was called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church in New Athens. This occurred after the action of the General Assembly at Cincinnati in 1845 in which, after hearing memorials asking some anti-slavery deliverance by the assembly, it was declared that "domestic slavery under the

circumstances in which it is found in the southern portion of our country is no bar to Christian communion." Professor Gordon had written one or two letters which were published in the *Cadiz Liberty Advocate* in which in strong and severe terms he condemned the action of the assembly. In the St. Clairsville Presbytery the call of the New Athens congregation was accepted, and after his examination for ordination had been approved and everything was ready for the ordination, a member informed the court that the candidate had publicly written language about the action of the General Assembly that should be known by Presbytery. A committee was appointed to examine the published letters and report on their character, etc. The committee reported a series of resolutions condemning Mr. Gordon and depriving him of his license to preach. After fruitless efforts to have Presbytery rescind its action, the congregation withdrew from the church, the pastor elect asked ordination of Ripley Presbytery of the Free Church, and this was followed by the congregation going over into the same. Subsequently he and the congregation were connected with the Mahoning Presbytery of the Free Church.

After the war and emancipation when Presbyterians could hold slaves no more, the Free Church gradually diminished by the members going back into the mother church or into the New School branch; and finally the Synod and the Presbyteries were dissolved. The anti-slavery Presbyterians who had come out of a pro-slavery church now fell back into the same church whose members had lost their property but who, neither church nor old master, had repented of the sin. But the people of this generation either forget or approve of the deed. The War of the Rebellion which resulted in freedom to the millions was a leveler; and to-day few members of the great reunited Presbyterian Church of the north know that there ever was a "Free

Presbyterian Church." Even the Presbyterian Christian Endeavorers of to-day hardly know that ever there were two churches, Old School and New School; and if it were not for the Presbyterian Church of the South that still refuses to unite with the Church of the North, they would hardly know how slow old slaveholders are to repent of their enslaving their brothers and sisters in the church.

In the Methodist Church similar causes led to similar effects. Some of the anti-slavery Methodists of the north were so dissatisfied with the toleration of slavery and the fellowship of slaveholders in all the southern states that they seceded and organized the *Wesleyan Methodist Church*. They were generally called "The Wesleyans." They were great agitators. They disturbed the peace of the mother church from which they obtained recruits. Like the Free Presbyterians they fought a good fight; and, like the same, most of them went back into the mother church shortly after the Lord of hosts by the bloody sword had broken the oppression's yoke so that neither Methodist nor other slave-owner could any longer compel his fellow-man to grind in the prison-house or stand upon the auction block.

These two little anti-slavery churches were two brave companies in the Army of Freedom. They were two bands of witnesses for human rights and for a free church. They hastened the day when God set free the captives. It would have been for the honor of others, as the great Baptist Church or the Episcopalians, if from these there had been seceders sufficient to organize anti-slavery churches. But emancipation came without their aid, and they as well as the freemen share with others the blessings of the jubilee which followed the blowing of the trumpet throughout all the land. Let God have all the glory.

Besides the great questions involved in the anti-slavery conflict the Concord *Free Press* endeavored to be a leader of

thought in other reforms. In its advocacy of total abstinence and in the fight against the legalized liquor traffic it knew no compromise; and by its opposition to the secret lodge system it gained the disfavor of the Sons of Temperance to whom our columns had been given for the defense of that secret order. The paper was a *Free Press*.

The editor wrote occasionally in favor of "female physicians," or the right of women to study and practise medicine. A highly-educated old-school practitioner in the town, and a professor in the college, came out in a series of articles against the reform. He would permit no woman, however well qualified, to practise medicine according to any system or "pathy;" and in this he voiced the popular sentiment. Against this narrow sentiment and in defense of woman the editor freely used the columns of the paper. At that time there were almost no women physicians in the whole country. No woman could enter as a student in any medical college, nor was there a woman's medical school in all the land. Perhaps the writer will now be tolerated in saying that at that time, nearly half a century ago, his convictions in favor of this right of woman were as strong as now when all fair-minded people award the right to woman. Let reformers who are almost alone be encouraged to speak boldly for the right.

Will the reader tolerate the writer in speaking as freely about the different systems of medical practise? I am constrained to record it here that during the year I had charge of the *Press* my opinion as to their relative worth or merit underwent an entire change. From my own experience with allopathic physicians during two attacks of sickness in fever, from my own observation, and from what I learned of treatment given to my friend before our marriage, I became so persuaded that there is something radically erroneous in the theory as well as the practise of the old-school doctors,

I was ready to adopt some other, not to say any other, that I believed to be better. On the exchange list was Dr. R. T. Trall's monthly journal of health, an able advocate of the hygienic system. During the year I read it as well as other exchanges as much as my time would permit. Gradually I accepted the truths of the hygienic system, renounced the errors and fallacies of every system of drug medication, and denounced especially all alcoholic medication, not only because it leads to drunkenness but also because of the harm done to the patient. Having become satisfied that neither in sickness nor in health is it proper to take poison into the stomach, even poison called medicine—that the God of nature has furnished all necessary medicines, and that “*Vis Naturæ*” is the all-powerful healer whether with or without prayer, from that day to this during nearly half a century I have conscientiously and totally eschewed all drug medicines and have never tasted a drop or a grain of poison even though called medicine. By the blessing of God during all this half century, though never enjoying perfect health, I never have been so sick as to call in a physician. Nor do I complain of cross-bearing when I here record that during all these years some of my friends, and some who were not my friends, whatever of good they may have seen in me, because of my peculiar opinions as to hygiene and dietetics ever regarded me as “too crotchety” if not an outright “crank.” Well! What of it? If I who after the doctor had drugged me almost to death never enjoyed a year of good health, had a mortal fear of the lance and the pills and the powders and the drops and the alcoholic tonic, and if I choose to eschew swine's flesh and the fiery condiments and coffee and tea, why could not my friends see that I would rather be called “crotchety” or even a “crank” than to have the pleasure of lying upon a sick bed and the luxury of paying doctor bills?

That we might be more retired and enjoy the advantages of country life, and that I might have a health-imparting walk every morning and evening, when the spring time came we took boarding with a Covenanter family, Mr. and Mrs. Wylie, living about a mile and a half in the country. Mrs. Wylie was a sister of student J. L. McCartney afterwards pastor and professor at Northwood. We greatly enjoyed our country life and our home in such an excellent family, kind, intelligent, and pious. Would that the church were full of such. Part of my daily walk to and fro was by a path through the native forest. This added much to my enjoyment. The quiet, the solitude, the beauty of the woods! Yes, "the groves were God's first temples."

During the latter part of the summer or early autumn some of my friends, notably my brother J. B. and my old fellow-student, A. M. Milligan, who seemed to fear that I might be inclined to continue editor and not return to the theological seminary, wrote to me several times urging me to resume my studies, insisting that as I had set my face towards the ministry I should not remain connected with the *Press* after the expiration of my year. I can not forget the conflict through which I passed. I always had suffered through the fear that I never could attain to much usefulness in the ministry. I greatly feared that through lack of memory and vocabulary and of almost everything that is requisite to what people call a good speaker, I could never be an acceptable preacher or successful minister. And on the other hand I saw the great need of witnesses and workers in the cause of truth and right; and I knew the influence of the *Press* for good. God knew best; and I tried to follow the leadings of his providence. Not unmindful of the advice of my friends, I opened a correspondence with Mr. Matthew Wilkin, a teacher and an elder in the Greenfield congregation, to whom I offered the paper. It resulted in the trans-

fer of it into his hands; and the name was changed to *The True Witness*.

Thus sped my year as a witness for freedom and in testimony against a system and a constitution and government and people that made merchandise of one-seventh of all the people of the land and having no apology but that they were black. As

"They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak,"

so I thanked the God of the poor that he called me to speak for the slave and to plead with the people to break every yoke. And if in any measure He used the influence of the *Free Press* to hasten the day when liberty was proclaimed throughout all the land, I do not regret that I gave a year's time and hard work to the cause. It was a school in which I was better prepared for the duties to which my Master called me afterwards. Within two years the infamous fugitive-slave law was passed, and in less than half a generation the slaveholders hung John Brown and raised the flag of rebellion.

CHAPTER X.

FOURTH YEAR OF THEOLOGICAL STUDY.

By the action of the last Synod and the board of superintendents the theological seminary was removed from Cincinnati to Northwood. This change was made partly in the interest of Geneva College and largely for the sake of the Seminary. Rev. J. M. Willson, pastor of the First Philadelphia congregation, had been chosen president of the college with the expectation that he could teach also in the seminary during its sessions. Mr. Wilkin relieved me of the paper in time for me to be present at the opening of the seminary.

I left New Concord with reluctance and not without sadness. We had many friends there. I think that both the Covenanters and the friends of reform would have been glad if we had remained. Perhaps if the paper had been remunerative or even paid its own expenses we would. But after using all possible economy and paying all dues, not a dollar of surplus remained. It could hardly have been otherwise as the paper was the organ of an unpopular cause, had a small subscription list, and had no revenue except from the subscribers and from a few advertisements. And so when we reached Northwood our funds were almost exhausted. I remembered the saying of the old professor that "it is no sin to be poor but it is very inconvenient." Perhaps it was best for us that we were poor. By the unexpected kindness of a friend to poor students we were able to rent a room in an old log cabin and to furnish it so that we could remain in it through the five months of the session. It served the

purpose of kitchen, dining-room, parlor, bedroom and study. No king or queen ever lived more happily. Our fuel did not cost much. I bought beech logs hauled from the forest and cut our own stove-wood. I had no need of a gymnasium. The axe was better than dumb-bells.

It was my last session in the seminary. I had entered with the determination to make it one of hard study and hoping that the last would be the best of the four; and I had expected it to be the most pleasant of all. But the old Adversary had been laying his most malicious plans to destroy the seminary. He took advantage of the weaknesses of both men and women, and in an evil hour brought ruin. If the events of that session of the seminary had not been recorded upon the pages of history I would hope that they might pass into oblivion. All that I need to say here is that within a month or two troubles arose between the professor and the students that resulted in the withdrawal from his administration of eleven of the sixteen students. Our reasons of withdrawal were written and addressed to the professor and laid upon his table in the class-room, after which we retired. This was followed by our formal suspension by the act of Dr. Willson. In sorrow of heart and in the hope that reconciliation might be made, and that we might continue our studies as closely as possible meanwhile, we chose two of our members to hear the class lessons, and these after a week or two exchanged with other chosen two. In this way we were able as best we could to finish the principal studies arranged for the session. The greatest labor was bestowed upon Hebrew and Turritin's Theology. Our greatest loss was in not having the lectures of the professor. A while after the withdrawal the eleven issued a circular letter to the ministers of the church, in which we made our defense. Not long afterwards the eleven, after fasting and prayer, engaged in an act of solemn covenanting

in a bond that had been prepared with great care. It was a time of heart-searching and sorrow, and we all thought that it was also a time of revival. The bond, written and subscribed on paper only, never was made public until in the year 1895 or 1896 when it was published, but without authority, in the *Christian Nation*. At this writing only six of the eleven are living; and of these only four are now in the Reformed Presbyterian Church. Of the five students who remained with the professor only two continued their studies and were licensed; and only one of these continued in the church until his death, viz. Rev. Dr. McDonald.

At the close of the session and at the meeting of the Board of Superintendents the professor preferred charges against the eleven. In the trial we defended ourselves as well as we could; and without either party being censured some kind of compromise was made, and amid tears and handshaking the sad scenes of the session closed. Many years passed before the wounds were healed. The first to manifest his forgiveness to me (I can not speak for the others) was my dear old professor whom I loved all through the troubles and to the end. Through the mercy of God our Saviour, whom he served so well, I hope to sit with him at the feet of our divine Teacher in the Church of the Redeemed.

CHAPTER XI.

LICENSURE AND EVANGELISTIC WORK.

THE time of the spring meeting of Presbytery was now near at hand, and it was expected that I would be prepared for licensure. As the time drew nearer I was greatly depressed in fear that I could not stand the examination or that I was unfit to preach the gospel. My friend and brother, John French, who was shortly to be ordained and installed as pastor of Cedar Lake congregation and to whom I had expressed my fears, encouraged me and assured me that Presbytery would no doubt license me. I was influenced by his advice and appeared for examination and gave my final "trial pieces." These were a lecture on Hebrews 6: 1-6, and a sermon on the text, "By grace ye are saved." The former being a very difficult passage was carefully studied and was given extempore *i. e.* neither read nor memorized. In the discussion I argued that in the verses is a description of the sin against the Holy Ghost, or the unpardonable sin; but the lecture was too lengthy, and when about two-thirds of it had been given a member arose and said he was satisfied with what he had heard and thought Presbytery did not need to hear the whole of the lecture. Meanwhile I sat down to wait to see what Presbytery would do, and I confess that I felt a little unconcerned for I thought that they should not have given me a passage so difficult. Rev. J. C. Boyd arose and said: "No, Mr. Moderator, we have the time, and I wish to hear that lecture *all through*." The moderator turning to me said, "Go on." I went at it

again but "cut it as short" as I could. My sermon was written and memorized and was only about fifteen or twenty minutes in length. That was the last sermon I ever memorized and delivered verbatim.

The examination had been "sustained," and now "the pieces of trial" for licensure were approved. The crucial time was past and I was greatly relieved. I am sure that no member of Presbytery could know through what fears and anxieties I had been passing. All being ready, Presbytery proceeded according to their usual form to license me to preach the gospel. Licensed? Licensed to preach? To preach what? The gospel of the Son of God. None but the Searcher of the heart could know with what fears and trembling hesitation I accepted the license. I could not be sure that the divine Master gave me license, and I was overwhelmed with the thought of "who is sufficient for these things?" And yet I suppose that at the time I felt authorized to attempt the work because I had no better way to judge the mind of Christ than by the voice of his church. The licensure occurred in April, 1850.

And now the time had come when the little dual family in the Northwood log cabin must be separated. Disposing of our few articles of household goods, Eliza prepared to make a long visit with the old folks at home and I prepared to depart to fill appointments. A few of these were in Lakes Presbytery, the two first Sabbaths being at Macedon, Ohio, where was only a mission station. Thence I went to Beechwoods and to Garrison to preach two Sabbaths for the pastor, Rev. Josiah Dodds. As the latter was not far from Connersville, Father Patterson's residence, Eliza rode with me to church. This was the first time after my licensure that she had the opportunity to hear her husband preach. My next appointments were in Cincinnati where I remained probably three or four Sabbaths, and then by the order of Synod I went into the Presbytery of Illinois.

On the Fourth of July, 1850, when cholera was raging in Cincinnati, I took an Ohio steamer bound to St. Louis. I was glad to get out of the city on account of the cholera and because the hot season had already begun. Soon after I had gone aboard the boat a man and wife took passage for St. Louis. The man was sick and it was soon ascertained that his disease was cholera. Afterward his wife also was attacked. They had no friends on the steamer. The physician could find none to act as nurse. A young man with whom I had become slightly acquainted and I agreed to care for the sick man and told the physician that we would. Following the doctor's directions we watched with him, gave him his medicines, rubbed him when he had cramps, and did all we could for him, one of us being with him all the time night and day. While with him and indeed all the time I had little or no fear of the disease. My compassion for the man in his sufferings disarmed my fears. He was very anxious about his sick wife whom he could not see as she lay in a separate room. Before our steamer reached Evansville, Indiana, where I had to leave it, the sick man had passed through the worst stages of the awful disease and the doctor said he would recover. I learned afterwards that his wife died on board the steamer and was buried in the sand near the river at Cairo, Illinois.

Landing at Evansville I went to the hotel at which my friend, William T. Acheson, licentiate, had died of cholera a short time before. He had taken passage on an Ohio steamer on his way to Princeton where he had appointments to preach. He was taken sick on board the steamer, left it at Evansville, found his way to a hotel, and wrote to one of the elders at Princeton. Two of them came and took care of him until his death. They buried the body in the Evansville cemetery. I loved William T. Acheson. He was the son of my father's friend, Elder William Acheson of the

First Reformed Presbyterian congregation of New York, a man of rare excellence as well as a faithful Covenanter. I formed the acquaintance of the son after his licensure and saw him to be a young man of brilliant mind and superior scholarship and of lovely character. When I stood at his newly-made grave I could not suppress the reflection: When such young men are so much needed and so promising, why does the Master who teaches us to "pray the Lord of the harvest that he will send more laborers into the harvest," remove one hence when his usefulness is only beginning?

Having fulfilled my appointments at Princeton I hastened on to St. Louis and thence to Hickory Grove congregation in Iowa, now called Sharon. The sacrament of the supper had been administered the Sabbath before by Rev. James Wallace assisted by licentiate James M. McDonald. On the Monday following, Mr. Wallace had moderated in a call which resulted in the choice of Mr. McDonald. At that time the congregation was young, not numerous in membership, and without any house of worship. The communion had been held in a hickory grove, whence the first name of the congregation. While I was there the services were part of the time in the grove and part in the barn of Elder William McIlhinny. This was the first Covenanter congregation organized west of the Mississippi River. It soon increased rapidly, mostly by immigration, until it became a large church and has ever since continued to have the largest membership west of the river.

While in the bounds I preached on week days at several distant schoolhouses at places where afterwards congregations were organized, as at Linn Grove where was the residence of my warm friend, Elder Robert Brown. On the Monday evening after the last Sabbath spent at Hickory Grove I preached in the Presbyterian Church in Burlington, Iowa, where were a few Covenanters. At that time cholera

was raging in the town, not yet a city. Six deaths occurred the day before.

My work in Iowa being done I came by boat down to St. Louis where I preached again and as before in a private dwelling. The number of Covenanters was small and they had no house of worship. My lodging-place was in the family of Mrs. Armour, the widowed mother of my friend John M. Armour. It was in the heated season, the nights very hot, and the people of the city in fear of the cholera now increasing daily. I was glad when my appointments were all fulfilled.

In those days there were no railroads anywhere in that part of the great Mississippi valley, and I had my choice to return home by the river route or by stage through Illinois and Indiana. Because of the prevalence of cholera on the river steamers I preferred to travel by stage.

In our coach leaving St. Louis Monday morning was a young Catholic priest or student on his way to the Catholic seminary of Notre Dame, Indiana. He was in mortal fear of the cholera. At the first place for changing horses he went into the bar of the hotel to get his glass of liquor. After a few hours' travel and coming to another hotel with its bar, our student companion was again about to get his dram when I remonstrated and tried to persuade him not to go. He persisted and urged as his excuse that brandy or whisky was a preventive of cholera. In the afternoon of the day he was attacked with symptoms of the disease, and having medicine in his packet he took doses of it but grew worse rather than better. Becoming alarmed, on our arrival at a large county town he left the coach to inquire if there was a Catholic priest in the town. Learning that there was he bade me good-by and stopped. I never heard of him afterwards; but I had the satisfaction of remembering that in my travel with him I had labored to show

him the errors of Romanism and the sin of using strong drink. I think he learned by experience that the use of liquor did not ward off disease. He was a pleasant and rather intelligent young man. I felt kindly towards him, and I could not leave him behind without a mental prayer for his recovery and a desire that he might somehow escape from the awful influences of Roman teachers. More to be pitied than blamed are those who under the training of Catholic mothers and Roman priests never learn a better religion.

Traveling day and night through the prairies of Illinois and the comparatively new state of Indiana, and tired of my long stage ride, I was glad to reach Connersville and rest in the home of Father Patterson with the loved one from whom I had been so long separated.

After a somewhat protracted rest I was off again to fulfil appointments in Lakes Presbytery. At the fall meeting I was sent first to Southfield, Mich., and afterwards to Cincinnati.

My journey to the former took me from Sandusky, Ohio, by lake steamer to Detroit, Mich. This was the first time I had seen Lake Erie and my first experience in travel on a large body of water. It was autumn, the weather was stormy; and I had my first experience in seasickness. From Detroit to Birmingham was a new railroad whose rails were of wrought iron and flat and spiked down upon timbers extending lengthwise. There were occasional "snake heads," *i. e.* the ends of the rails so bent that sometimes they would turn up and enter a car and endanger the passengers. The travel was so slow that the people were complaining. One of the dissatisfied, who said he lived somewhere near the road, told of one of his neighbors who had had some quarrel with the railroad company and who studied how he might annoy it. To show how small and

insufficient were the engines and trains he said that one day as a train was passing up a steep grade the farmer hissed his big bulldog upon the train, whereupon the animal ran out and seized the engine and held it tight until he stopped the train. Whether the narrator expected his hearers to believe the story did not appear. That was more than forty-five years ago. In railroad travel a wonderful change has come.

Southfield congregation was now without a pastor because of the late resignation of Rev. James Neill. From what causes I do not now remember but the fact I have not forgotten that the congregation was not in as peaceful condition as was desirable. Having fulfilled my appointments I returned to Ohio. At Detroit while waiting for a steamer I lodged at a hotel. The time was not lost. Henry Bibb, a fugitive slave, was then residing in Winsor on the Canada side opposite Detroit. I had formed his acquaintance previously when he was on a lecturing tour in Ohio. Calling at his residence where he was safe under the British flag,

“Beneath whose folds no slave could breathe,”

I found a colored woman who, with some other fugitives, had the night before arrived safe from the land of bondage. And yet such had been her fear of the bloodhounds that when she saw me, a stranger, she was so afraid that Mr. Bibb could allay her fears only by assuring her that his visitor was a friend of the slave. Her narrative, like that of most of the fugitives, was one of sorrow. For a verification of this let the doubting read William Still's great book, “The Underground Railroad.”

At this time Henry Bibb was editing and publishing in Detroit an anti-slavery paper, *The Voice of Freedom*. He accompanied me back to the city and to his office where he gave me a card of invitation to a levee of the colored people that evening at the Methodist Church at which Father Henson was to be. There were in the city at that

time two Scotch girls, Covenanters and members of the Southfield congregation. They were milliners or dress-makers; their names I have forgotten. Telling Mr. Bibb of them, he requested me to take them with me to the levee. I did so. In the large assembly of colored people there were no white persons except the three Covenanters. The young ladies were intelligent and cultured, but though they were no doubt friends of the negroes they had never been at such a meeting before and "felt shy" of the colored people. I felt a little mischievous and planned so as to test their caste feeling or prejudice against color; and, accordingly, by the help of Mr. Bibb they were introduced to several young gentlemen of manifest refinement, while I, an Abolitionist and a married man, was "at home" with the "ladies of color" to whom I had been introduced. So my young friends with great difficulty had to conquer their prejudices, and ere long they were walking arm in arm with the young men in the promenade. They saw that I enjoyed the joke at their expense; but afterwards I jocosely assured them that I would not tell on them in Detroit. Nor was it difficult to keep my promise for I knew no one in the city, and left it the morning of the second day never to return.

At that levee the most honored guest was "Father Benson," a somewhat aged Methodist minister of great influence among his people. He was the man after whom Mrs. Stowe modeled her "Uncle Tom." When the large company went to the hall to partake of the feast prepared, and after all had taken their positions and were standing at the table, Father Benson, at the head of the table, "asked the blessing." It was in the form of a verse of poetry, long meter, and sung by the people around the table to the tune of Old Hundred, he "giving out the lines," two by two, and starting the tune. The singing was such as only colored people can give.

On a previous page I should have recorded the fact that while tarrying in Southfield congregation I formed the acquaintance of some most excellent Covenanter families of whom I have only pleasant memories but few of whom I ever met again. Probably it was the last Sabbath I was there that I preached four times—twice at the usual hours at the church, then in the late afternoon at a schoolhouse somewhere between Southfield and Pontiac, and then in the evening in the Presbyterian Church of that town. This service had been arranged by Mr. McCarroll who resided in the place.

After bidding good-by to the good Covenanter Scotch girls in Detroit, and buying a copy of Henry Bibb's "Narrative of a Fugitive Slave," a very interesting book, I went aboard the lake steamer bound for Sandusky. Here I entered the train for Bellecenter. I busied myself reading my new book; and just as I was reading the last page the whistle blew and soon the conductor cried out, "Bellecenter." Here, as many a time before, I was happy in the home of my brother James S. Johnston.

Where my next appointments were I do not now remember, probably at Walnut Creek, a mission station near Columbus, and another near Xenia in whose vicinity were several families of Covenanters. Among these I have a grateful recollection of Elder Foster, the honored father of the three Foster brothers all now active pastors of congregations as well as earnest "Testimony Bearers." I remember however that Presbytery had appointed me "stated supply" in Cincinnati during most of the winter. I was glad of this arrangement as for some time I had purposed to take special lessons in Hebrew with some superior Jewish teacher the first opportunity I could have.

According to previous arrangements I was met here by my wife, and we were soon comfortably boarded in the home

of my friend Hugh Glasgow, brother of Elder Moses Glasgow and uncle of Rev. W. M. Glasgow the present pastor of Beaver Falls congregation.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW AND THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

WHILE tarrying in Cincinnati two incidents occurred which are here placed on record to illustrate the character of the times. In both of them fugitive slaves were concerned, and my interest in both was intensified because the fugitive-slave law of 1850 had been enacted recently by Congress. Notwithstanding the fact that this law was in accordance with the United States Constitution, Article 4, sec. 2, which required the people of the northern states to deliver up to their masters all slaves escaping for their freedom, no law ever passed by Congress created so much excitement or called out so much indignation on the part of the friends of the slave. With the growth of anti-slavery sentiments in the north the number of fugitives increased, for many of the slaves had heard—it was told to them by some bird of the air—not only that they had friends in the north but that in Canada they were safe under the British flag. The southerners saw that among the anti-slavery people of the northern states the United States Constitution was a dead letter. The law of God expressly declared, “Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee ;” but the Constitution says: “No person, held to service or labor in one state under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service

or labor may be due." (Article 4, sec. 2, third clause.) Abolitionists had consciences and believed that it is better to obey God than man—better to obey the divine law than human even if this is a constitution. And so the slaveholders found that oftentimes the Constitution was only a rope of sand and therefore they asked for and demanded a congressional law in the execution of which they would not be so liable to lose their property. They demanded it; they threatened to go out of the Union if it were not given. The south was contending for the right to take their slaves into the territories and new states. The Whigs of the north objected to this. The contest was growing hotter and hotter. The troubles in Kansas were an illustration of it. And so, to appease the south, the politicians of the north, led by Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, gave them the fugitive slave law and so saved the Union. The law was passed by Congress in the summer of 1850 and approved by President Fillmore September 18, following.

Among the members of the Cincinnati congregation was Mr. John L. McFetridge whose residence or place of business was in Covington on the Kentucky side of the river. One Sabbath, I think at the interval between the two church services, Mr. McFetridge came to me to inform me that in Covington there were five or six slaves who had been brought in from the interior and were kept there by the owner for the time until he could find a purchaser or a slave-trader to buy them for the southern market. The slaves were living in dread of being sold for the southern market where they would most likely be bought for the rice or cotton or sugar plantations on which much of the restless labor is performed under the overseer's whip. To escape from bondage and get to Canada was the great desire of the slaves. At Mr. McFetridge's place of business he became acquainted with one of the men, Patterson Randall, a husband and father.

In reply to Mr. McFetridge's questions he told who and what he was. Then after he had learned to have confidence in Mr. McFetridge as a friend of the slave, he told how he longed to get away from slavery and escape to a free country. Mr. McFetridge, however, could do little for him. Being an employe, a clerk and bookkeeper in an extensive lumber yard, to whose proprietor the owner of the slaves had hired out his "boy" Randall until he could find a buyer, the bookkeeper did not dare to be known as friendly to the slave. So at an hour when he could not be seen he told Mr. Randall that he would find a friend in Cincinnati who would help him and the others across the river to go to Canada. Accordingly my friend, on the Sabbath above mentioned, asked me to come across to Covington and he would devise for me an opportunity to have a meeting with Randall. On Monday I went over and after waiting awhile I succeeded in having an unseen interview with Randall in which I told him what to do and I would see that he and his friends would all be taken over the river at a specified time and place. The time set was Wednesday or Thursday night, I think. But before the time came Mr. McFetridge brought me word that the slaves could not safely attempt to escape before Sabbath night. Meanwhile I laid the whole matter before three well-known friends of freedom, viz. Hugh Glasgow, my host (than whom no truer friend of the slave ever walked the streets of Cincinnati), a leading colored business man, and that noble and well-known friend of human rights, Friend Levi Coffin, a Quaker whose life was devoted to the cause of the slave.

Carrying out the plan as I had given it to Mr. Randall, when Sabbath night came—it was a bright moonlight night when the people were on the streets—Mr. Glasgow and his Quaker friend went to the river away down below the business part of the wharf and hired a skiff, rowed over to the Kentucky shore, and fastened the boat to a timber raft where

I had promised to have the skiff left for them. But there were no fugitives there. To avoid suspicion the two rescuers walked up into the town and, to and fro until finally they saw the expected five hurrying towards the boat and then entering and rowing across. Then going up to a ferry-boat the rescuers crossed over to look after the boat. Meanwhile my colored friend and I had gone down to the wharf where we expected the fugitives to land, and there waited for their coming. We had not long to wait, for soon we saw the coming skiff and Randall at the oars rowing as for dear life and liberty. We had selected a good place to land and he rowed to us, and all came ashore. No one was near enough to see who the people were.

Tying up the boat that our friends who had taken it over at first might return and take it to its owner, our company walked up one of the principal thoroughfares towards the place where arrangements had been made for the hiding away of the fugitives. We the rescuers led and the rescued followed, two and two, at such a distance that no suspicion would be excited. And probably we would have been successful if some policemen, in those times always watching for such prey, had not noticed that one or two of the colored people, at least the wife and mother, was carrying a small bundle of clothes tied up in a cotton handkerchief slave fashion. The policemen followed at a short distance and noticed into what house the fugitives entered. Then one or two of the policemen walked back and forward on the pavement as if to see whether the colored people would remain. Our fears were so excited that my colored friend went out by the back door and alley and hastened to the residence of another anti-slavery family to ask protection for the fugitives. Soon they were quietly hurried away to the new hiding-place. Fearing lest there might be an attempt to rescue the fugitives, the proprietors of the house procured

a closed carriage and in the night drove them out about seven miles to the first station on the "underground railroad" and returned the same night. Anxious to know if all was well, on Monday morning Mr. Glasgow and I hired a horse and buggy and rode out to the hiding-place of the fugitives. Riding up to the front gate, Mr. Glasgow sent me in to make inquiry, for we were not certain yet that we were at the proper place. The young lady who admitted me into the house and heard my inquiries, somewhat cautiously worded, was even more cautious in reply and was almost reticent. She evidently feared that possibly I might be a "man hunter" and she took care not to betray those who had fled to her for protection. Her conduct only convinced me that the slaves were there. Politely asking me to be seated until she would call her father in, soon a farmer, worthy of such a daughter, entered. I plainly made known my errand and told him who we were. He saw at once that I was an Abolitionist and told me to ask my friend in. After hearing our narrative the gentleman rose and said, "Come with me." We followed. He took us out to his double corn-crib, a wagon shed being between and a closed trap down overhead. Then he brought a ladder, stood it up to the trap door and rapped on it saying, "Mr. Randall, here are some friends who want to see you." The door was lifted. "Follow me," said the man as he went up. When I entered I was welcomed and greeted most kindly and joyfully. As Mr. Glasgow had not seen them before, I had the pleasure of introducing him to the party. It consisted of Mr. Randall, wife and two children, and another man whose name I have forgotten. He and his wife had been owned by different masters. Having no hope of securing her freedom then, he had fled in company with Randall when he had the opportunity.

Perhaps the reader will be curious to know how the slaves

got away from their owners. They were Methodists or attended a Methodist Church while they were in Covington; and they wished or permitted their slaves to attend the colored church. It was Sabbath evening and church-time. The master and mistress having probably no suspicion whatever of the plans their chattels personnel were laying to get on the highway to liberty, left them at home supposing they would go to church. As soon as all the whites were gone, Mrs. Randall took her bundle of clothing out at the back door and threw it over into the back alley. Then going out the front way as if going to church, and getting her bundle, they all passed slowly along the street but not going towards the river. When out of the view of those who might suspect anything wrong they turned and went to the place appointed for the departure of the boat. The next morning while the fugitives were resting in the "loft" of the corn-cribs of the station agent, the master and his posse were in Cincinnati in search of the lost property. The result the reader may easily see. The fleeing fugitives knew the north star; they knew that it pointed the way to Canada, and their friends did not cease to aid until they were in a land where there were neither bloodhounds nor auction block for the sale of men, women, and children.

Only a few months had passed since the fugitive slave law had been enacted by Congress. But Ohio and the northern states generally, after the adoption of the Constitution, had been the legal hunting-grounds of the southern masters. Now that the nation had said that all who would not obey the Constitution but would lend aid to escaping slaves must be punished with the severest penalties, the masters to whom the United States marshals had to be the officers and aids in catching and returning fugitives, became more haughty and defiant than before. On the other hand there was less sympathy with masters who lost their property; and the north

became more and more ashamed. The conflict became, as William H. Seward had described it, more and more "irrepressible," while the cries of the poor became more audible to the good people of the north until they became ashamed and longed for an opportunity to break their "covenant with death" and their "agreement with hell." In a short decade it came; and after the War of the Rebellion had become more than a play at arms Congress repealed the fugitive slave law. This was a prophetic forerunner of the speedily approaching Proclamation of Universal Emancipation.

During the winter I formed a fuller acquaintance with Friend Levi Coffin. He was one of the most ardent and benevolent Abolitionists I ever knew, and withal apparently a man of quiet piety. He was a Friend but of which branch of the society I do not now remember. His business was merchandise in free-labor goods. He bought and sold only the products of free labor, believing that the purchase of the products of slave labor was aiding and abetting slaveholding. If all the people of the north who believed slavery to be a sin had always acted in the same manner cotton would not have been king so long and the whole system would have gone down much sooner.

It was in the latter part of the winter that at the house of Levi Coffin I met Seth Conklin, of Philadelphia, who was on his way to Alabama to attempt the rescue of four slaves, the wife, two sons and a daughter of Peter Still who had been a slave in Alabama, but who after long effort had purchased his own freedom. He was a brother of Mr. William Still, the eminent colored man of Philadelpia and the author of that great book, "The Underground Railroad."

Peter Still and his brother Levin had been kidnapped from New Jersey and sold into southern bondage when they were small boys. Their mother never had heard of them afterwards and finally in her old age had given up all hope of ever

seeing them. When Peter obtained his freedom he formed the idea of the possibility of finding his mother in New Jersey or somewhere, and he resolved to make the effort. Coming to Philadelphia and making persevering search he finally found his mother neither of whom knew each other, but finally by circumstances that both remembered became certain that they were mother and son.

After consulting with his friends Peter Still determined to secure the liberty of his family if it were possible. A man, Seth Concklin, was found who was willing to go to Alabama and make effort to bring away the family from the house of bondage. He was a laboring man, a boatman of some kind in Philadelphia; and his plan of rescue was by means of a skiff on the Tennessee and Ohio Rivers. To insure success it was necessary for Peter Still to return to Alabama to lay the plans all before his family so that they could cooperate with Seth Concklin when he would go to help them away. Accordingly the free husband and father went back and by prudent caution had interviews with his wife, Vina, and informed her of all the plans and what she would need to do so as to meet Seth Concklin and be sure that he was the friend from Philadelphia.

Peter Still now returned to Philadelphia and told to Seth Concklin all that had been agreed upon. Soon Concklin was on his way to Florence, Ala. Stopping with Levi Coffin to get help in his plans, and especially to find some family not far from the Ohio River to which he might safely bring the fugitives and thence start them on their way to Canada, the good Quaker came to my lodgings to ask me to go to see Concklin and give him help. He supposed I would know some Covenanters in Southern Indiana or Southern Illinois who could be depended upon to protect the fugitives on their arrival. I went and learned from Concklin his plans. All I could do was to tell him of Princeton congregation and

those in Randolph County, Ill., both of which were farther from the river than desirable. After we parted he went to Southern Indiana but could find only one family nearer than the Princeton Covenanters. The result of his efforts appears from a few lines of a letter written by him to William Still of Philadelphia before he left the neighborhood. They are as follows: "After I arrive at the mouth of the Tennessee River, I will go up the Ohio seventy-five miles to the mouth of the Wabash, then up the Wabash forty-four miles to New Harmony, where I shall go ashore by night, and go thirteen miles east, to Charles Grier, a farmer (colored man), who will entertain us, and next night convey us sixteen miles to David Stormont's near Princeton, who will take the command and I be released." David Stormont was a Covenanter farmer living probably about four or five miles west of the town. That letter was dated at Princeton, Feb. 18, 1851. But neither Levi Coffin nor I had any knowledge of the letter nor of Concklin until about the first of April, and under the following circumstances. In fulfilment of Presbyterial appointments I was at Princeton preaching two or three Sabbaths the latter part of March and the first of April. Early in the week before my last Sabbath there, Mr. David Stormont came to my lodging-place (Elder Robert Stormont's) and told me that Seth Concklin and the four escaped slaves were at his house having recently arrived safely from Alabama. Of course I accepted Mr. Stormont's invitation to ride with him to see his guests. They all were well though tired and sleepy, and all were anxious about their safety as they knew that though they were now in a free state they were not free from the danger of being captured and taken back to slavery again. They had arrived the night before, having been conducted by the colored man, Charles Grier. Mr. Concklin gave me a warm welcome and was somewhat cheerful.

With the others I soon became acquainted, though the two sons and the young daughter were reserved and diffident having had no other school than the slave plantation. Mrs. Still, "Aunt Vina," was quite free in conversation. She was manifestly a woman of great natural ability and of rare common sense. I spent the day and the evening with the fugitives and their rescuer and from them learned the whole story of their flight and journey. To me it was intensely thrilling, and I am sure it would be the same to the reader if I could give it at length and with all its incidents as narrated by the fugitives. All I can do is to give the merest outline as told to me so that the reader may know how the escape was effected.

At Cincinnati Mr. Concklin bought a large skiff and took it with him on board an Ohio steamer and afterwards up the Tennessee River to Florence, Alabama, not far from the plantation on which the slaves were. Here under the assumed name of Miller he busied himself in inquiring for work and representing that he was a miller, as he once had been, he tried to explain to the inquisitive why he had brought a skiff with him. In his meanderings he went to the plantation and to the shoe-shop by the wayside where one of the slaves was the cobbler for the others. Concklin needed some shoe mending done and thus he had an opportunity and *without suspicion* to obtain desirable information as to localities, for the time was near when, according to the appointment that had been made by Peter Still and his wife, he must go to visit her in the night. When the hour came Concklin was there "sharp." After waiting a while in the tolerably dark night, a colored woman approached quietly accompanied by one of her sons, (no doubt) timidly. In subdued voices they spoke to each other. How could "Aunt Vina" know that this man was the very man that her husband had sent from Philadelphia to conduct

her and her children out of the house of bondage? I will tell the reader, but in my own words, as she told me that afternoon at the house of David Stormont. She said: "When my husband was about to leave me to go back to Philadelphia, I took off the cotton cape I had on and gave it to him. It had a hole in one corner. I said, 'Give that cape to the man that is to come for us and tell him to bring it back to me, and when I get the cape and find the hole in it I'll be sure that he is the right man.'" And as she told me this incident she went to her bundle of clothes and brought the cape and said to me: "See there, sir; there is the hole," showing it to me; and then she added: "Then I knew all was right and I was glad."

Their interview was necessarily brief. Concklin told the woman what to do and when to bring the children to join him in the boat. They came at the appointed time and place and were soon rowing down the Tennessee River. When daylight came and when they saw people on the shore who might suspect they were fugitives, these lay down in the boat so that they could not be seen from the land. At one place some men on shore shouted to the boatman to stop. He did not obey the order but rowed on the more stoutly. The fellows on shore then fired guns at the boat, but the God of the oppressed preserved those in the skiff from harm. Passing out into the Ohio and thereon up to the mouth of the Wabash, they rowed up this stream to New Harmony and then carried out their plan as written in the letter to William Still as quoted on a preceding page.

The night that I lodged at Mr. Stormont's Mr. Coucklin and I slept in the same room and conversed until a late hour about things in which we both were interested, and we were not forgetful that the house might be surrounded any hour of the night by a posse of pursuers of fugitive slaves.

That was probably the last time that Seth Coucklin ever

slept on an ordinary bed. The next day duty called me away and I bade good-by to the fugitives and their faithful friend and guide. Shortly afterwards they all were on the highway towards Canada.

What happened after their departure from Mr. Stormont's was not known except from some unreliable reports from published telegrams and from Seth Concklin's letter to David Stormont written after Concklin had been lodged in prison. Probably the reader may understand the situation at this time if I here copy a brief extract from a letter I wrote from Evansville, Ind., to William Still of Philadelphia under the date of March, 31, 1851.*

"I think it was twenty-three miles above Vincennes, Indiana, where they were seized by a party of men and lodged in jail. Telegraphic despatches were sent all through the south. I have since learned that the marshal of Evansville received a despatch from Tuscumbia to look out for them. By some means he and the master, so says report, went to Vincennes and claimed the fugitives, chained Mr. Concklin and hurried all off. As soon as he was cast into prison Mr. Concklin wrote to David Stormont at Princeton to find bail. As soon as he received the letter and could get away, two of us were about setting off to render all possible aid, when we were told they all had passed south a few hours before through Princeton, Mr. Concklin in chains. What kind of process was had, if any, I know not. I immediately came down to this place, and learned that they had been put on a steamboat at 3 P. M. I did not arrive until 6. Now all hopes of their recovery are gone."

After the letter from which this is extracted was written, additional facts were learned that threw some light upon

*The reader may see the entire letter in Mr. Still's "*Underground Railroad.*"

the dark tragedies. I communicated some of them to William Still, and this letter also he published in his book which came out nearly twenty years afterwards. I did not hear of the capture of the fugitives until Mr. Stormont came into town and informed me of the sad intelligence. This was sometime on Saturday. Nothing could be done for the prisoners until after Sabbath when I was expected to preach. Besides, Mr. Concklin's letter said that the trial had been fixed for Thursday of the week following. Accordingly we made arrangements to go to Vincennes as soon as the Sabbath was over that we might do all in our power to rescue the captives.

In the Covenanter Church of Princeton that was a sad Sabbath. Either in the explanation of the psalm or in the sermon, I spoke at length and with deep feeling from the fifth verse of the twelfth psalm: "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at [from them that would enslave] him." And special prayer was offered in behalf of those supposed to be lying in prison only because they loved freedom and did not wish to obey the fugitive slave law of a slave-holding nation.

Early on Monday morning Mr. Stormont and I were seated in the buggy and the lines in his hand ready to set out from Princeton on our errand of rescue as we tried to hope; when a friend hurriedly came to inform us that we need not go as, on the day before, the captured party had all been taken through the town going south in charge of the United States Marshal from Evansville and accompanied by the slave-owner, McKiernon, from Alabama. Afterwards the following facts were learned. The telegram that had been sent from Evansville into the south had been read by McKiernan who hastened to go for his chattels. Taking the United States officer with him from Evansville he hur-

ried to Vincennes and claimed his slaves. They were given up to him and into the possession of the Marshal without any trial whatever. The law was obeyed to the letter and the persons surrendered "on the claim of him to whom such service or labor is due." Concklin was handcuffed by the Marshal and put into the stage-coach with the colored people. Behind the coach rode in their own carriage the slave-master and the United States officer. They left Vincennes on Sabbath morning and reached Princeton in time for dinner. While the master was in the hotel eating, the prisoner was retained in the stage under guard and without food; and then they all hurriedly drove on to Evansville.

What I have here recorded occurred without the knowledge of Covenanters and others who were in their several churches at the time. Perhaps if the Abolitionists had known of the presence of the captors and the captured at the hotel, they would have attempted a rescue, Sabbath as it was. But from what we were told on Monday it was probable that at the very time the Covenanter preacher was speaking of God's promise to the oppressed the slaves and their friend, in manacles, were in or passing through the town.

As I was expected to preach in St. Louis the next Sabbath, and as I believed it to be my duty to do everything possible to prevent the dragging of the fugitives back into bonds, and if possible to save poor Concklin from chains and from the awful fate that seemed to await him if carried into Alabama by the bloodhounds who had caught him, I hastened to take the morning stage for Evansville in the hope that I might reach the city before the departure of the captives and their captors. It was my purpose to hasten to employ an attorney and have writs issued for the release of the captives who had been brought away from Vincennes without

any trial whatever. But I was too late. Three hours before my arrival all the party had departed by steamboat for Paducah, a town at the mouth of the Tennessee River. That same night I took the first steamer going down the river, and still hoping that possibly if I could reach Paducah before the departure of the company I might do something for the friendless captives. Vain hope! An hour before my arrival at Paducah the master and his slaves had taken the stage for Florence, Ala. I could do nothing. But what of Seth Concklin? My boat was detained an hour or two, so that I had time to go ashore and make inquiries of some colored men, laborers on the wharf. They told me what they had heard the people say, and from what I learned afterwards I believe they were partly correct, as we will soon see. The United States Marshal had gone down to Paducah still having in his charge the slaves and Mr. Concklin. The passage was in the night. The officer sat up in guard of the captives, Concklin still handcuffed. Report said that after the boat landed at Paducah and while it was yet night the Marshal fell asleep or had asked McKiernan to guard his prisoner while he would sleep. It was reported, moreover, that when the Marshal returned to where he left Concklin the latter was gone. McKiernan told the officer that while he (McKiernan) was watching he fell asleep and on awakening saw that the manacled man was missing. No one had seen anything of him. When morning came search was made and the dead body of the man, yet in his chains, was found in the river. On the side of his head was a very severe wound, probably a broken skull. The body was taken to a sand bank on the shore, not far distant, and buried in his clothes and irons as before death. All kinds of conjectures and reports were afloat. Having learned all I possibly could in the short time I had, I returned to my steamer and went on to St. Louis. On land-

ing I hastened to find the vessel which had brought the fugitives from Evansville to Paducah and sought an interview with the officers to learn what I could from them. As the boat was owned by northern men I felt free to converse with the officers, though while the boat lay at the wharf at Paducah waiting for the morning nearly all the officers were asleep except the clerk, so that he was almost the only one that could tell me anything reliable. He had seen nothing of the parties after a late hour of the night until in the morning after the man in irons was missing; but he told me what he had seen and heard after that time. Some of the reports or opinions expressed was that Concklin (known by the name of Miller) had jumped overboard to drown himself rather than be taken to Alabama to fall into the hands of slaveholders or southerners. Another was that he had jumped into the water in the expectation of wading or swimming ashore even though wearing heavy manacles, but that in leaping to the water he had been struck accidentally on the head, the blow causing death. A third supposition or rather suspicion was that during the short time that Miller was guarded by McKiernan, the master, the latter had struck the hated man a fatal blow on the head and then had thrown him overboard, and that, to avoid suspicion, in the morning he had told the Marshal that while on guard he had fallen asleep and that on awakening he discovered that Miller was gone. Any of these reports might have been true as Miller was kept upon the hurricane deck where no other person was at night except his guard. But after learning all I could, and after the friends of Seth Concklin in Philadelphia had sent a deputation to Paducah to ascertain all possible as to his death and burial, I regarded the last opinion as the most plausible. The following facts led to this belief. It was said, but on what authority I do not now remember, that McKiernan had promised to pay the United

States Marshal one thousand dollars on condition that he would return the fugitives and the man Miller at South Florence, Ala. As at Paducah Miller was found dead, and as the four slaves were in the possession of the master in his own state, he had no more need of the Marshal who now returned to Evansville. Report said, moreover, that McKiernan and the Marshal had quarreled about the money promised, the former refusing to pay it because Miller was not returned according to contract; this probably had not been written. Then the supposition was inferred, viz., that in order to have revenge upon the man who had taken away his property, and to get rid of the payment of the one thousand dollars, he had taken a bludgeon or something and had struck the fatal blow upon the head of Miller and then threw him overboard, expecting to escape detection as all were fast asleep and none could testify to the facts that would condemn the murderer.

The foregoing forms a long, dark, and sad page in the history of slavery. It illustrates the legitimate working of the United States Constitution and the fugitive slave law founded thereon. The scenes in the narration of which I have studied brevity, tended to excite my deepest sympathy for the sufferers and my intensest indignation against slavery if not also against slaveholders and their allies including the Constitution and its executors. Compassion for the oppressed and almost rage against the oppressor were growing into a combined passion that had much to do in shaping my action in subsequent years. If I sinned against my fellow-men, I hope I have been forgiven.

In the foregoing narrative I have confined my record mostly to matters with which I had something to do or of which I was cognizant. If the reader wishes to know the whole story of Peter Still and family he will find it in a book entitled "The Kidnapped and the Ransomed" writ-

ten by Mrs. Pickard of Rochester, N. Y., four or five years after the death of Concklin and after the wife and children of Peter Still had been purchased and brought to New Jersey. The book is as interesting as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and is an illustration of the old saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction." But as Mrs. Pickard's book was written and issued while slavery and the fugitive law were yet popular existences it was unsafe to publish all the facts. Prudence and the safety of several persons concerned made it necessary to suppress some facts. Besides, there are in the book some mistakes, as I know from what Mr. Concklin himself told me in Mr. Stormont's house and from the testimony of the officer of the steamer that carried the fugitives and their captors from Evansville to Paducah. As the book is almost out of print and difficult to find, perhaps I should add here that when Peter Still heard of the capture and return of his family he was heart-broken at first but subsequently rallied and determined to save them from the prison-house to which they had been dragged back by the master aided by the United States Government. Visiting Cincinnati and obtaining counsel and help from Levi Coffin, Hon. Salmon P. Chase, and others, he finally succeeded in engaging an agent who went to Alabama and negotiated for the purchase of his wife and children at a specified price and probably less than the owner would have taken if they had never tasted the sweets of freedom. Peter returned to the east, and traveled far and near to find Abolitionists to contribute to the fund necessary to buy his family. When the thousands were raised he employed an attorney to go to Alabama to pay the promised ransom fees and secure the legal papers to make the contract sure. Their freedom secured, they were brought to New Jersey where Peter had a home prepared for his happy family. The children were educated, and Aunt Vina lived to see them in happy homes of their own.

Prior to the events recorded of Seth Concklin I had not seen Mr. Willian Still of Philadelphia with whom I had had letter correspondence, but subquently I met him and formed an intimate acquaintance that grew into warm friendship that has grown to this day. The reader will hear of him on these pages again.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LICENTIATE'S WORK AND JOTTINGS.

DURING my stay in Illinois Presbytery fulfilling my appointments mostly at Princeton and St. Louis, I was invited to assist at the spring communions in the congregations of Elkhorn and Old Bethel, Rev. William Sloane and Rev. James Wallace the pastors. As the former had been my first pastor I was somewhat anxious to be able to preach acceptably; and it was the first time I had been invited to assist on a sacramental occasion. As Rev. Mr. Wallace also was assisting, I did not preach until Saturday. Mrs. Sloane, my mother's beloved friend during many long years, was sitting in the pastor's pew near the pulpit while I preached from that sweet text, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." At the close of the service when I went down to meet and to speak to her, she rose and taking my hand said: "I am so happy! I sympathized with you, and I was afraid you might fail; but oh! you preached so well." Whether her loving plainness was more useful than harmful to the licentiate, I am not sure; but this much I know, that the kind words of that most excellent woman whom as her pastor's wife my mother loved so much, helped me when I was afraid I was not fit to preach at all. Among all the good and lovely women of faith and good works whom I have ever known, Mrs. Sloane, it now seems to me, was among the best. And she was a model wife and a model mother. How much her children, one of whom was Rev. Dr. J. R. W. Sloane, owed to her for what they were no man can tell.

On Sabbath the "action sermon" by the pastor was worthy of a great theologian. Well do I remember the text: "The sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow." It was, indeed, a great sermon, and yet it was spoken with little modulation of voice as in what people call eloquence, and without gestures. His eloquence was in the greatness of the truths uttered and in the solemnity of the expression.

On Sabbath evening after the services were over I was invited to lodge with the family of "old John McClurkin," the father of the two preachers, J. J. and H. P. An incident not forgotten illustrates the character of the old elder so well known in the church. In the evening when the time for family catechising came, and when all the family, including several young men and, if I do not forget, some daughters also, were seated ready to "say the catechism" and to be questioned in its theology according to the common custom in Covenanter families, the venerable head of the family said to me, "Now, Mr. Johnston, we are all ready. You will please ask the questions and be our teacher," at the same time handing me a copy of the shorter catechism. I begged to be excused saying that I would rather be a pupil under him than to attempt to teach such a large family of adults. He replied, "No, I wish you to ask the questions, for our pastor is getting old and we will need another after a little, and I want to see what kind of a teacher you are." Hoping that in such embarrassing circumstances I had the sympathy of the family if not of the elder and father, I went at the assigned duty as well as I could. Whether he adjudged me to be fit for his next pastor, I was not careful to inquire.

That "old John McClurkin" was no ordinary man. Though not always wise he was worthy of all honor. He was one of a large number of Covenanters, mostly heads of families, who on account of slavery fled from South Carolina and

sought new homes in southern Illinois and southern Indiana. The early Covenanter congregations in these states had their origin in such immigration, men and women who loved the truth and the right and were able to defend them. Their numerous descendants, though not all Covenanters now, may well be proud of such ancestors. They loved liberty and the slave more than their southern plantations.

The following Sabbath Father Sloane and I assisted Rev. James Wallace at his communion in Old Bethel. During both those occasions I am sure I was profited by my association with the pastors and their people; and to this day those two Covenanter seasons are cherished in grateful memory. Nor can I forget that during my stay in St. Louis I was most kindly provided for by Mrs. Armour and family. It was for the time as a home among friends chief of whom was my brother J. M. Armour soon to be ready for licensure. When I left the city, that we might prolong our visit he accompanied me to southern Illinois, and during the week of my stay at Old Bethel, his former home, we were much together and ate communion bread together. Already a threefold cord bound us together.

The Monday services being over I joined the company of the ministers and their elders who were starting to Pittsburg to attend the approaching meeting of Synod. On our way to Chester on the Mississippi River where we were to take a steamboat for Pittsburg, we lodged Monday night with a Covenanter family. Our host told us an incident illustrative of the character of old Dr. James Milligan, former pastor at Eden. He was lodging one night in the same family and expected to depart on his journey early in the morning. Before retiring he asked the lady of the house to leave some water where he could get it in the morning as he would need to shave. He rose in the morning before daylight while all others were fast asleep and shaved himself. After

all were up and the lady had her teakettle full of hot water, she said to Dr. Milligan: "I have the hot water for you now if you want to shave." "Thank you, madam, I have attended to that matter already." "O, yes, I see; but where did you find a looking-glass?" "O, I went out-of-doors and just looked up into the full moon. It was a good mirror."

On the arrival of the steamer at Chester we found others going to Synod. One of them was licentiate J. J. McClurkin. On the voyage up the Ohio he was sick. As I was the younger and well, I was able to give whatever nursing he needed. This was our first acquaintance. Ever afterwards we have been friends and brothers. During all his long life he has ever been a lovely Christian, a genuine Covenanter, and an Israelite in whom there is no guile.

One evening we held divine service in the cabin in the steamer. Father Sloane was the preacher. Strange to say that though most of the people present needed the pure gospel and a call to repentance, he preached from the text, Obediah 17, "The house of Jacob shall possess their possessions," discussing the question of the return of the Jews to Palestine. "Great men are not always wise."

At Steubenville Father Sloane and I left the steamer and our friends, he going out to Richmond to visit his brother-in-law, Mr. Hugh McNiece, the only Covenanter in the town, while I stopped in Steubenville and, on invitation of the few Covenanters there, preached in the house of a Mr. James Steele afterwards a resident of Belle Center, Ohio, and whose daughter, Mrs. Nannie McClure, is now in Tennessee a missionary to the "poor mountain whites."* Some of the school-girls, formerly my pupils in the St. Clairsville Academy but now in the old and popular Steubenville Seminary,

* Since that sentence was written Mrs. McClure has passed over to the other side where there are no poor.

were among the hearers. One of them was Mary Happer, a niece of Rev. Dr. Happer long a missionary in Canton, China.

On Monday Mr. Sloane and I joined each other as fellow-travelers by stage-coach from Steubenville to Pittsburg. It was mine to enjoy a great privilege, "a rare treat." Rarely if ever have I found a traveling companion so entertaining and so profitable. During Synod we lodged together in the family of that dear blind old lady, Mrs. Algeo, the mother of Mrs. C. A. Oudry yet resident in Allegheny and inheriting the excellencies of her mother long since gone to the home where there are no blind mothers and to that city in which "the Lamb is the light thereof."

At that meeting of Synod I was assigned to New York Presbytery for at least six months. At that time the New England states as well as the congregations in Philadelphia Presbytery were all included in the Presbytery of New York. My first appointments were in the Kensington Mission congregation now called the third Philadelphia Church. During part of the time that I remained in Kensington I was most kindly lodged in the family of Robert Paisley. In subsequent years they were always very warm friends of their first pastor, Rev. A. M. Milligan, whom they followed when he went to New Alexandria and subsequently to Pittsburg. Such devotion to the pastor is as rare as it is beautiful.

I had not been in Philadelphia long until I hastened to hunt up William Still with whom I had had correspondence with reference to Seth Concklin and Peter Still and family, but whom I had never seen. I found him in the office of the Pennsylvania Anti-slavery Society where he officiated as clerk of the state society that published the Pennsylvania *Freeman*. It did not take long for us to get acquainted; indeed we were friends already. At this time Mr. Still was very active in the work of the underground railroad. Many fugitive

slaves came to Philadelphia, were harbored, and then sent on to Canada. He made records of the narratives of the fugitives; and these afterwards formed a large part of his wonderful book published after emancipation.

My next appointments took me to Argyle, New York, where I preached I think only two Sabbaths and lodged most of the time with Mr. William Shaw of whose family I have a very pleasant recollection. On his farm was the first abundance of wild or uncultivated raspberries I had ever seen. They abound in northern New York and in Vermont and are freely used by nearly all the people. They are superior to the cultivated fruit.

In obedience to Presbytery I went from Argyle to Topsham, Vermont. The journey thence was by railroad to Whitehall at the head of Lake Champlain, and then by steamer to Burlington in Vermont. I greatly admired the beautiful lake and the distant Green Mountains. At the dinner furnished for the passengers of the steamer I ate for the first time of lake trout, and I greatly relished the fish. Except the brook trout of Vermont and New Hampshire no fish is more desirable.

From Burlington to Montpelier, Vermont, the capital of the state, I traveled by rail up the Winooski or Onion River which passes through a gorge of the Green Mountains. On the south, Camel's Hump was visible and near, and on the north the Mansfield Mountains, the highest part of the range. The scenery in this part of my journey was the finest I had ever seen; and as it was mid-summer, I was charmed with the beauty of the country as well as with the grandeur of the scenery. This was my first experience in traveling in a mountainous country and it brought me into a new school in which I reveled in delight and learned more and more to enjoy the picturesque and the grand.

I lodged that night in Montpelier and in the morning took

the stage-coach for Topsham. This took me over the eastern spur of the Green Mountains from the highest part of which the traveler has a fine view of the main range on the west through which I had passed the day before. This stage ride was the most inspiring I had ever enjoyed. As I passed down the eastern slope, riding outside with the driver, I felt a conscious desire that it might be the will of the Head of the church to permit me to live and labor in that beautiful state. To such a desire I had been a stranger before.

Coming within the bounds of the congregation I easily found my way to the house of John McNiece, oldest son of Elder Robert McNiece the father-in-law of my first pastor, Rev. William Sloane, and grandfather of Rev. Dr. J. R. W. Sloane. In going first to this family I followed the directions of the chairman of the committee of supplies at New York, and because the house was the nearest to the stage road over which I had traveled. And it seemed strange that the first family that I met in this place where all were strangers was so intimately connected with those whom I had known and loved in my boyhood. John McNiece, my host, was a brother of my mother's most loving friend, Mrs. Sloane, her pastor's wife.

In Topsham I was among New Englanders. It was the first time I had been appointed to preach to Yankee Covenanters; and I was a stranger to all the people. At that time I could have no knowledge of the will of the Head of the church, and so I went there as I had gone to other places to fulfil my appointments and depart without any right to expect ever to be back again. My appointments kept me there four Sabbaths in August, 1851.

The last pastor of the congregation was Rev. William Sloane. Twenty-five years had passed since his departure. This would be seven years before the division of 1833.

During all this quarter of a century the congregation had depended upon supplies and had remained true to the old Covenanter Church and her Lord. The membership had become reduced and had not been as active as is desirable in doing the work that even feeble congregations can do; but the remnant continued faithful to the distinctive principles of the church and God had blessed them in their faithfulness. The men were few in number, the women constituting more than two-thirds of the entire membership.

During my stay in Topsham I was taken to see some of the leading families, though I lodged mostly with two, that of John McNiece and that of Elder Josiah Divoll.

By invitation I gave an anti-slavery lecture at Ryegate Corners to a very large audience mostly Covenanters and old Seceders, and one at East Corinth on the subject.

The pulpit themes and the attendance had almost passed from memory until recently when I was looking over my private diary. A few extracts will illustrate how my mind worked at the time. On the afternoon of my arrival, Tuesday August 5, among other things: "Am far from home and friends. What God intends to make the result of my labors here, I know not. If he cause sinners to be converted and his kingdom to be advanced, I will endeavor to trust in him and detain patiently until my appointments are fulfilled." After the first Sabbath: "Preached to a large congregation. I think two-thirds or three-fourths of the people were women, many of them young. It was the most interesting congregation to which I have preached as yet. Paraphrased the psalm and lectured in order. In the afternoon I preached on the humiliation of Christ. Most of the audience gave very good attention, a few were in tears, while some gave evidence of utter indifference. O that God would give me more compassion for sinners!"

"Monday, August 18. Preached in the same church as

on the preceding Sabbath but to a congregation not so large, as a New Light Covenanter minister preached in another house (the town hall) not far distant. Satan seems determined to give our people here some trouble from this quarter. Lectured in course from Eph. 4:14-16. Preached in the P. M. with some freedom and I hope profit from 'To the blood of sprinkling that speaks better things than the blood of Abel.' "

"Wednesday 20. Lodging with Mr. P., a kind of liberal Yankee Covenanter who, I guess, would as lief be a New Light. No particular care about our distinctive principles. Takes neither the *Covenanter* nor the *Reformed Presbyterian* and knows nothing about the doings of the church except a little from hearsay."

After the third Sabbath I find the following entry: "Preached in the afternoon to a large and attentive congregation from the text: 'Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee,' etc. Endeavoring to be faithful to King Jesus, I know I said much to displease his enemies. Some I suppose would have gnashed their teeth upon me. Even some Covenanters, I think, would have been better pleased had I preached 'smooth things' and sentiments more popular. But by divine grace, while permitted to speak for Christ I will utter the whole truth regarding his kingly office and the wickedness of ungodly civil governments, let men hear or forbear—let Covenanters be pleased or displeased—endeavoring to rise above the fear of man which bringeth a snare. Let my great concern be to see that the King whose rights I plead rule in my heart."

In reference to the fourth Sabbath, August 31, I find this among other things: "Preached in the forenoon on Gideon's victory. I feel and confess that I was left to myself, and, as it seemed to me, I was scarcely able to utter a well-formed sentence. How justly am I thus chastised for my sin:

Besides great bodily weakness, I felt so depressed in spirits that I was near sitting down in silence. In the afternoon I was helped to speak with more freedom and I hope with more profit. In the forenoon I preached *myself*—in the afternoon I preached *Christ* from Prov. 8:17, "Those that seek me early shall find me." In preaching this sermon I was greatly encouraged and fully repaid for all my study and toil for the work to which I have devoted myself. Not a few of the congregation, especially of the young, were bathed in tears. Throughout the sermon I appealed to sinners especially to youth and to parents. My labor seemed not to be in vain. To see evidences that conviction is being wrought and that the heart is affected under preaching, gives courage to hold on. To be the means of saving if but one soul is reward sufficient to repay for all I have done or can do or may suffer. A tear from a hearer is like an oasis in the desert; many tears give joy inexpressible. I praise God that I have had this token for good. Lord Jesus, may this be but the first ripe fruits of a rich harvest."

It is now nearly forty-six years since those words were written. They were not intended for the public eye; and if I were permitted to write the sentiments over again I would do it in very different terms, perhaps. I give them here only to show the frame of mind I was in then when I had no knowledge of the future. They were not prophetic, for I do not know that many conversions resulted from my subsequent preaching in Topsham. When those records were made I did not expect ever to be there again. I had no right to expect it for I did not know that any member of the congregation had any thought of my being called as pastor at any future time. Indeed, the congregation was so reduced in members and so feeble that it did not seem possible for them to support a pastor. And yet I remember how delighted I was with the country and how much I liked

many of the people. And if I do not forget it was the first place I had preached in which I thought I would like to live and labor. But I thought little about the probability of my ever being settled in the Topsham congregation. Never was a word spoken to me by any person in the congregation or place by way of inquiry as to whether I would like to be the pastor; nor subsequently was ever a word written. I knew nothing whatever of the mind of the people until the winter following. But who can doubt that the Head of the church, the Shepherd of Israel, had determined what would be. His purposes were all formed. To me they were all unknown. It is well that he chooses our lot for us. He doeth all things well.

On Monday afternoon, September 1, I bade farewell to many friends and took the stage for Montpelier, starting back to Argyle again where I had an appointment. I remained only one Sabbath. The friends then wished me to give an anti-slavery lecture before I would depart, and they asked the use of one of the churches in the town, and then another. Both refused to give their houses for the purpose. One was the Associate Reformed Church; the other the Methodist. The Covenanters, however, resolved not to give it up and appointed the lecture in their own old house of worship in the outskirts of the town.

The audience was not large but some pro-slavery people were there. One of them interrupted the speaker several times by asking questions. The answers could not have been satisfactory to him for as soon as I had closed the lecture, which was very radical I suppose (I was not glad that the churches had been closed against me) he rose and began to make a speech. The people did not care to hear him and so rose and departed. His speech was short for want of hearers.

Some of the Covenanters feared disturbance; and as the

good elder drove me away towards his home he put the whip to his horse lest some fellows might follow to do harm. I thought his fears groundless and I lost no sleep that night.

In reflecting upon my two visits to Argyle congregation, which afterwards was called West Hebron where their new church was built, I remembered I found there an excellent people, few in number but well to do and faithful Covenanters. Until I was reading in my diary recently I had forgotten that I had brought away from that old place anything but pleasant memories. I now read two that as recorded then may show that the Buckeye probationer had not attained to perfection. The one reads thus: "Saturday, Sept. 6. Last night I had very little comfortable sleep. Those horrible animals annoyed me most inhumanly. Unable to endure it any longer, at three o'clock in the morning I rose, lit my candle, and made war upon my enemies, slaying not exactly 'my ten thousands;' but much blood was spilled on the field of battle, and not a few were put to flight. Still, however, the skirmishers returned and annoyed me sorely leaving many wounds. When daylight came they seemed to flee into their dens or hiding retreats, and I was hoping for some sleep when I was summoned to breakfast." I could have forgotten the battle if it had not been that in the family, well to do on a large farm, there were two able-bodied young women who might have known, if they did not, that in the preacher's bed there were blood-thirsty enemies of Morpheus. But perhaps they had not read the classical(?) author who wrote: "Blessed be the man that invented sleep."

The other record runs thus: "Tuesday 9. Rose at five, had a cup of tea" (in those days I was yet an anti-hygienic transgressor) "and rode to Dunham's Basin to take the train. Elder Shaw, who came with me and whom I regard as the best man in the congregation, handed me four dollars

and seventy-five cents and said he hoped I would come back into the Presbytery again because they had not paid me all that was due, and they would like to have a chance to pay me the balance." I never was at Argyle again.

On my way to Newburgh I stopped over one train at Saratoga to visit the mineral springs that have made it one of the most fashionable "watering-places" on the continent. That the water of any of the springs has any medicinal properties is very doubtful. No water is so pure or so healthful as what falls from the clouds, or spring water free from all foreign mineral substances. If anybody is benefited by drinking Saratoga Spring water probably it is by its substitution for alcoholic drinks, or coffee, or tea, the use of all which is always more or less injurious.

At Albany I stopped to visit Professor Robert Trumbull, uncle of the three Milligan brothers. He and his wife were probably the only Covenanters left in that capital city, where at one time Rev. J. R. Willson was pastor and where he preached his great sermon afterwards printed and called "Prince Messiah." Mr. Trumbull was afterwards appointed professor at Geneva College and continued in that position, I think, until his death.

Passing down the beautiful Hudson to Newburgh, where I had never been before, I spent a very pleasant week and formed acquaintance with many excellent Covenanters, subsequently life-long friends, and had a real good time with my dear friend and fellow-student, J. Renwick Thompson, preparing for licensure. Recurring to my diary I see that in company with the pastor or with Mr. Thompson I attended a wedding (Rev. Carlisle the priest) where wine was served to the guests, most of them partaking but not without my subsequent protest to the pastor. (Total abstinence was not yet a declared statute law in the church.) While I was at Mr. Thompson's I saw a copy of Rev. John Little's sermon

teaching the duty of obedience to the fugitive slave law, and which, after the reading, I denominated an "empty and heretical production." On Sabbath I preached two sermons for Mr. Carlisle, pastor of the Newburgh church. On Monday I wrote in my diary the following: "The congregation was attentive, especially in the afternoon. This is the most prepossessing congregation I have yet seen in the church." The elders, of whom I always had the warmest recollections as noble men and loyal Covenanters, were William Thompson and Matthew Duke. They and their families were not only most worthy members, but also ornaments in the church. Of Mr. Thompson and all the members of his family I always had the most grateful memories. During many long years in which I was often at Newburgh attending Presbytery or Synod, or visiting, I was always welcomed to that beautiful home in Orange County and near Coldenham in whose church graveyard are the graves of so many precious saints, notably J. R. Willson, D. D., and Rev. Moses Roney.

Leaving Newburgh, the most beautiful city on the Hudson, on my way to New York I stopped at Coldspring to visit my friend Charles L. Williams who was temporarily in that place in search of health and "trying to make a living." The violence he had suffered when at the theological seminary had resulted in consumption from which he died in New York City probably two or three years afterwards. Though a fallible man he is of precious memory.

My next appointments were in Kensington, Philadelphia, where I remained three Sabbaths. On the third I preached in the forenoon from "And on the side of the oppressor there was power," etc.; in the p. m. from "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," etc. Then walking to Cherry Street church I preached for the pastor, Rev. J. M. Willson, from the words: "Who is sufficient for these things?"

During the weeks I was in Philadelphia I had much Christian fellowship with friends with whom I had previously become acquainted, and I formed new acquaintance with quite a number of most excellent people of whom I would like to write at length. I must not fail to mention Elder John Evans, a rarely excellent man, an old teacher (from whom I bought a second-hand copy of Bishop Mant's metrical version of the Book of Psalms), and Elder Robert Forsyth, an Israelite in whom there is no guile.

My work in Philadelphia being done I returned to New York to attend the fall meeting of Presbytery. It was memorable because of the trial of Rev. John Little, pastor of the third New York congregation, who had preached a sermon in reference to the fugitive slave law and who had been libeled for teaching doctrines contrary to the church's creed as to civil government. The trial occupied much time in Presbytery and there was much excitement. David Torrens, a member of the second congregation, was the prosecutor. This fact led to the opinion by some that the libel had been instituted more in opposition to the sister congregation than out of love to the purity of the church or of her ministry; and I have no doubt that if there had been less congregational animosity and more brotherly love the trial of a minister and pastor charged with erroneous teaching, and this on a vital point in the Covenanter Church, would have been more harmonious and productive of good. Nevertheless, Pastor Little had committed a grave offense against Christ and his church and the slave. The trial occupied most of the time of Presbytery during several days. I was present all the time and heard and saw all that was said and done. I had no interest in the issue except as it bore upon the church of Christ and of freedom. To be at all able to judge the case now, at least the following facts must be considered.

1. At that time the "deacon controversy" was still agitating the church greatly, the question being whether congregations should have deacons or not, and the question was modified by another, viz., the extent of the deacon's power. And the church was largely divided into "deacon men" and "anti-deacon men."

2. It was noticeable during many years that the "deacon men" were, "as a rule," more interested and active in the anti-slavery cause than the anti-deacon men, though I see little if any moral connection between the two positions.

3. The excitement all over the country that followed the passage of the fugitive slave law about a year before, still ran high, and no wonder. Covenanters unanimously testified against it and denounced it notwithstanding its constitutionality as an infamous act and a law to be only trampled underfoot. So it followed that when a Covenanter pastor would preach on the subject at all he would be expected, especially by his own people and other Covenanters, to be outspoken in testifying against the law and everything that favored slavery. It appeared from the testimony, however, that Pastor Little had said nothing against the law or in favor of freedom for the slaves; but that all he had said was in favor of conscientious submission to existing law in any providential government; and the "Seceder doctrine" of obedience to the "powers that be." The preacher, who had recently come from Ireland, was a young man who manifestly had given little attention to the subject that had been agitating the minds of American Covenanters; and he was rightly judged to be "not a good Covenanter."

4. He was the pastor of the New York third congregation that had broken off from the second on account of the differences of opinion on "the deacon question," and the hostility between the two congregations had not diminished much. It was unfortunate, therefore, for the truth that the elder

who preferred the charge against Mr. Little was a member of the second congregation.

5. During the trial I noticed that in almost every vote on the several "counts" in the libel the "deacon men" voted to sustain the charges while the "anti-deacon men" voted to acquit. With slight and rare exceptions the looker-on could anticipate what the vote would be. The record that I made in my note-book at the time confirms the accuracy of the statement. The men who were the most outspoken and active leaders on both sides have long since passed away from the exciting scenes of the church militant. Two of the leaders lived and died loved and honored and with characters unsullied, but it can not be forgotten that they and others were divided in a church trial and on a case in which there should have been no division. The fugitive-slave law is now among the things of the dead past except as it is remembered only to be hated by all true friends of God and the poor; but it still remains a lamentable fact that in quite too many congregations there are still no deacons notwithstanding the order of Synod many years ago that no new congregations may be organized without deacons.

I take pleasure now in copying this sentence from my record of Presbytery's actions: viz. "After passing some strong resolutions on (against) slavery and the fugitive-slave law, and doing some other business, Presbytery adjourned." And I may rejoice to add that after the Presbytery no minister in the Covenanter Church ever thought to dare to preach in apology for the infamous United States law of 1850.

I have failed to record what should have been written sooner, viz. the final action of Presbytery in Mr. Little's trial. On the principal counts of the libel he was condemned. Against this action notice of intention to complain to Synod was given by a leader in the minority. On

the part of the majority it was moved that Rev. Little be called upon to retract or explain to the satisfaction of the count his doctrine as taught. This was passed unanimously. He responded at some length. His explanations were regarded as somewhat satisfactory; and then the following resolution was offered and I suppose was adopted though I do not now remember, viz. "WHEREAS it is the judgment of this Presbytery that Mr. Little, while it appears from his explanation that he has not intended to be hostile to, has not clearly presented the doctrines of the Reformed Presbyterian Church concerning civil government in the sermon referred to on the libel, *Resolved* that he be and hereby is admonished by this Presbytery to be careful in future to so exhibit the doctrine and testimony of the Reformed Presbyterian Church as to occasion no suspicion that he does not intend to be faithful in the matter."

And this writing would not be complete without the following record which I copy from Rev. W. M. Glasgow's "History of the Reformed Presbyterian Church," viz. "For causing defection and abandoning his charge, he was suspended by the New York Presbytery, April 20, 1852" (six months after his trial). "He connected with the Presbyterian Church, and was received by the Presbytery of the city of New York, February 9, 1853. He preached but a short time, when, becoming despondent, he sickened and died in great distress, January 2, 1855."

Before closing this chapter it should be noted that among the papers before the Presbytery was a petition from the congregation of Topsham, Vt., asking for the moderation of a call for a pastor. Rev. R. Z. Willson of Craftsbury was appointed to moderate in the call. Meanwhile supplies were granted.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOME AGAIN. OLD FIELDS REVISITED. AFFLICTIONS AND TRIALS OF FAITH.

THE next morning after the adjournment of Presbytery I was off for Ohio to meet loved ones and to fulfil appointments in the Presbytery of the Lakes. Going by Dunkirk, N. Y., and Sandusky, O., I was met by Eliza at Bellecenter. We had been separated four months; hope said it would be the last time to continue so long. We spent the following Sabbath with my mother who was now making her home with Dr. Carter and my sister in Northwood. I now look back upon that Sabbath as a happy one. Years had passed since we all had met—our most precious mother, our dear brother-in-law, and our sweet sister Mary Jane—and we all went to church and worshiped together when brother J. B., the pastor, preached, and when brother James and his family were at church also. Had brother Samuel and his family, yet at the old homestead, been there it would have been a family reunion. On the following Sabbath I preached in the same old Miami pulpit in the forenoon and then in the evening in the Presbyterian Church in Bellefontaine. My appointments for the autumn and winter were in the vacancies and mission stations of the Presbytery; and Rev. A. McFarland, pastor of the Utica congregation, had invited me to fill his pulpit for a few Sabbaths during his absence. On the 29th of January, 1852, when at our temporary home in Bellefontaine, I received an official letter from Rev. R. Z. Willson, of Vermont, informing me that he had moder-

ated in a unanimous call for me in Topsham congregation. For some reasons I was made glad by the reception of the intelligence but that I had great fears is evident from what was written in my private journal at the time, viz. "What a tide of thought concerning solemn and sacred responsibilities flows in upon me at the reception of this letter! What means this providence? What is duty? Who is sufficient for these things? O God, show me what thou wilt have me to do, and then make me willing and able to perform my duty."

During this winter there was widespread agitation in Ohio on the subject of temperance and prohibition. It was occasioned by an earnest effort to secure a state law similar to the Maine liquor law. During the early winter as the agitation grew, and between Sabbaths when fulfilling appointments, in response to invitations I gave several lectures at different places, the last being at Utica. During the previous week I had attended a great state convention at Columbus, one of the largest and most enthusiastic I ever saw. My old professor of Latin in Miami University, Chauncey N. Olds, was the president. Some of the most eminent public speakers in the state gave addresses. The enthusiasm ran up to white heat; and if that convention had been an index of the sentiments of the majority of the people, and if it had not been for the mountain barrier in the way, the liquor power of the state, Ohio might have had a Maine liquor law before the adjournment of the legislature then in session. But to this day the license system rules in Ohio. While in the city I lodged with Dr. Awl whose wife was my cousin and ever dear to me for my mother's sake. This was the last time I ever saw them.

My next appointment being at Utica where I was a stranger except to Covenanters, and as I was fresh from the convention, arrangements were made for a public meeting in

the Presbyterian Church on the Monday evening at which I was invited to give the address. The weather was intensely cold, the first day of March. The house was densely crowded by people who, as others, were carried on the rising tide. I spoke a full hour in an impure atmosphere, for it was so cold outside that the windows could not be kept open. I became heated more than I was aware of and going out suddenly into the cold, and lodging with a friend in a fireless room, I contracted a cold that soon threatened to be disastrous. The next night, however, according to announcement on the Sabbath, I gave a lecture on church music but with much difficulty. I was expected to preach the next Sabbath at Jonathan's Creek. My cold which settled upon my throat and lungs grew worse but I was able to reach the home of Elder William Wylie, the father of (Rev.) Preston H. Wylie, who lived within the bounds of the congregation. Here I grew worse and became so sick with inflammation of the lungs that I was not able to sit up nor to speak above a breath. Word was sent to the church on Sabbath morning that there would be no preaching. My sickness, accompanied by a severe and painful cough, continued for nearly a week; but I would not consent to have a physician called. Mrs. Wylie was a kind and considerate nurse, and it was the will of the divine Physician that I should recover. Knowing that I could not fulfil my appointments at Jonathan's Creek, I returned home as soon as I was able to travel. For a month or more I had such a painful cough with more or less fever that I feared that disease was fastened upon my lungs for life. I was able to fulfil no more appointments that winter. I remained at our temporary home in Bellefontaine until the cold weather was over.

On Thursday the 15th of April, accompanied by my wife and the two Milligan brothers, licentiates, I started east to be present at the New York Presbytery to meet at Newburgh

the following week. We went by rail to Sandusky and then by boat to Cleveland intending to spend the Sabbath with friends in the latter. These were my aunt, the widow of my uncle Archibald Johnston, and Mr. David Pollock, the husband of her daughter. Mr. Pollock was an elder in the Secession Church of Cleveland, Rev. McGill pastor. We all were invited to preach, and that we might there were three services.

On Monday we went aboard a lake steamer bound to Dunkirk, but the ice which had recently broken up on the lake was so abundant we were detained at Erie a long time. This was then the western terminus of the Lake Shore Railroad, or as far as it had been built west of Buffalo. The delay prevented me from reaching Newburgh until after the adjournment of Presbytery. I had been requested to be present that the Topsham call might be presented. As I failed to be there as expected, the committee on supplies was directed to make me stated supply at Topsham until the next meeting of Presbytery, the only thing that could be done under the circumstances. Eliza and our traveling companions stopped at Albany with their uncle Robert Trumbull. As they came down on the Hudson steamer the next day, at Newburgh I joined the company and proceeded to New York, making our home with Mr. James Wiggins. On Sabbath I preached for Rev. Dr. Stevenson. According to invitation and promise we returned to Newburgh and visited with Mr. Thompson's family, having a good time with my fellow-student, and preached on Sabbath for the pastor, Rev. Samuel Carlisle.

On the following Tuesday, May 4, we left New York for Topsham by the New Haven train and lodged overnight at Springfield, Mass. The next day on our arrival at Bradford, Vt., on the Connecticut River, we were met by Elder Josiah Divoll of Topsham and taken to his delightful home. Here

we were welcomed by his family, wife, two sons and two daughters, the children all in early youth—a family than whom I have rarely if ever found more excellent people. We will hear more of them after a while.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FIELD. THE DECISION. THE ORDINATION.

ONLY those who have been pastors can fully know how anxious I was on entering upon my new field of labor. The providence that prevented me from arriving at Newburgh in time to be at Presbytery made it more unpleasant than if I could have been ordained and installed without more than usual delay. To show how my mind was exercised at the time, I copy here the first entry made in my diary. "Having received a call from Topsham congregation, but not arriving at Presbytery in time for its formal presentation and acceptance, the committee directed me to come on here and labor as supply until next meeting of Presbytery, advising me to be prepared for ordination at that time, and assigning me subjects for lecture and sermon. Accordingly I have come forward, though in the midst of many fears and under many discouraging circumstances, and have entered upon my labor. That it was my duty to come, I was satisfied; and yet I came with considerable reluctance. I have had great fear that this is not the field in which I should labor. But as the call was unanimous, as the congregation has been vacant a long time and is in great need of a pastor, and as it was the first call, I have thought it my duty to cast my all upon God whose will is that I should be here. What he intends to do with me here I know not."

Farther on I find the following: "I fear that this field, in which I have been called to labor, has been so long without cultivation, it will require more labor than I can bestow to

produce abundant crops. The fences are all tottering or prostrate, thorns and briars have grown all over the fields, the boar of the forest has entered, the adversary has sown tares, and so great are the obstacles in the way that unless the good Husbandman himself will labor as well as direct and strengthen his feeble servant, my labor must be fruitless. O! that the Master may direct, strengthen and comfort. Especially, Lord Jesus, give me the hearts of the young of the flock, that I may be the means of leading them *to thee*, thou Good Shepherd."

On the second Sabbath I began to explain the Psalms in order; and believing then as I do yet in the great value of expository preaching I began to lecture in the forenoon on the Gospel by John. In the afternoon I preached from the text 1 Cor. 2:2. "For I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." Under the date of the following day I find this entry in my journal: "By thy grace, Lord Jesus, I shall know nothing among the people with whom I am called to labor which shall not tend to exalt thyself and advance thy cause. Forbid that I should glory save in thy cross."

We continued to lodge in Elder Divoll's house though boarding ourselves until the 31st of May when we moved into the village taking the upper story, four rooms, of a comfortable house belonging to George Downs, brother of the village doctor, on the bank of the stream, the north branch of Waits River. As there was a waterfall adjacent we always had the music of the flowing stream. At night it sang us to sleep; in the morning it called us to rise to activity in the work of the day; and the daily work was for the Master whose servants we are. As we were poor and had very little furniture and no money to expend on more, we had little need of four rooms, yet they were convenient and cost us almost nothing—only twenty-five dollars for a year!

But that was enough for a pastor to pay when his salary was only three hundred and fifty dollars, or less than thirty dollars per month. To this promised salary Presbytery had resolved to add a small supplement. Small as was the amount it was as much in proportion as eight hundred would be now; and with a small family and by the study of economy we had all we needed and were happy in our penury. We had no right to complain of the people. They were few in number, only about thirty-five communicants. Some of these were poor, none rich; a large majority were women and quite a number of them aged and without families. The greatest wonder was that the congregation had kept together all through the troublous times that culminated in the division of 1833 and for eighteen years afterwards without a pastor. The leading families were loyal Covenanters; nothing could draw them away from the old blue banner. Yet there were others among the membership who were on the roll rather because of education or because that was the only Presbyterian Church of any kind in the eastern side of the town and the only church organization except a small society of Methodists, but they had no regular preaching. And as the house of worship, now becoming an ancient structure, was a Union house, *i. e.* built and owned by the pewholders who were of different denominations, all kinds of church-going people attended worship there. For many years after my settlement in Topsham the house was generally filled with "Presbyterians" (as Covenanters had always been called) and Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, and Universalists. The Presbyterians were the most numerous, and probably the Universalists, in belief, next in number. And then some who could not be classified except as people who went to church because of the force of custom and because it was regarded as an evidence of respectability or good citizenship, were generally in their pews on

the Sabbath. Besides these church-goers there were not a few in the village and all over the town who were of the second or third generation of some of the pioneers who were of the class generally called infidels or wholly unconcerned about religion and who rarely ever "went to church" except perhaps at a funeral; and to this class belonged the uneducated and the immoral.

Thus Topsham was manifestly a good mission station, a place needing much hard work by any zealous missionary. And this reminds me of "old Father Bailey," a Congregational minister who in his early life was a pastor in Newbury, the town adjacent on the east. After his retirement and in his old age he resided in the town of Hardwick through which I was passing one day on my way to Craftsbury. He was a man of whom I had heard so much as an excellent man and eminent minister that I desired to see him, and I called upon him. After a very brief conversation he said to me: "Where are you settled, Brother Johnston?" When I informed him he added: "In Topsham? O, I am glad you are there." "Why?" I asked. "Because," said he, "that is a place where the devil has his seat; and that is the place for you."

The fact mentioned above had very much influence in my mind in helping me to decide the question of accepting the call. But there were other reasons beside. Topsham was a New England town. The people were educated, moral, and as a class religious or respectful to religion. Compared with the west, what we call society was superior and desirable. If located there I would be a laborer among a people to whom I was a stranger so that I could enter the field free from "by-gones." Besides, I would not be building upon a foundation laid by another. My work would be largely *de novo*. And then except its long and cold winters the country is most desirable. Its springs of pure cold water,

its great multiplicity of never-failing and most beautiful brooks and streams, its pure atmosphere and invigorating climate, and its charming summers, all make it one of the most beautiful and desirable places of residence east of California. The stream was the North Fork of Waits River whose head streams and brooklets originated near the tops of the hills. The river emptied into the Connecticut at Bradford, twelve miles below. Within the limits of the village there were several waterfalls making altogether seventy feet of descent; and these falls were utilized for five or six mills or works of different kinds.

The water used by nearly all the families in the village was obtained from springs or brooklets on the hillsides and brought from the main pipe into the houses mostly by wooden pipes. On three sides were high hills from whose highest tops could be seen the White Mountains of New Hampshire, some of which, as Mt. Washington, the highest, were covered with snow seven or eight months in the year. I confess that all these things had much influence upon my mind. From early life I was fond of the picturesque and the grand and the beautiful in nature. This love grew upon me the longer my residence continued in Vermont; and I never had much patience with those who were devoid of it. For what were eyes given to us if not to afford us delight in beholding the beautiful in the works of God.

Owing to reasons given on previous pages there had been no opportunity to present the call from Topsham congregation though the people expected it would be accepted. The fall meeting of Presbytery was at New York on the 6th of October. Elder Daniel Keenan went with me as the representative of the session and congregation. He was a good man, an intelligent man, and a good elder; not perfect but one of the best men I have ever known and loved. From the first to the last he grew in my estimation, and my love

to him grew stronger and stronger to the end. We will hear more of him after a while.

The congregation had been able to promise a salary of only two hundred and fifty dollars. Elder Keenan carried a petition to Presbytery asking a supplement of fifty dollars. Dr. Stevenson moved to make it one hundred dollars. Dr. Christie and Rev. J. M. Willson and Rev. S. M. Willson advocated the one hundred dollars. The pastor of Coldenham opposed it fearing that Presbytery could not pay it. Its advocates argued that to settle a pastor on a salary no more than is paid to a common day laborer is to lower the office of the ministry. The motion passed unanimously. The call was presented and accepted—accepted certainly not for the sake of the salary, though in those days country pastors, especially in the Covenanter Church, did not expect much more if any. We had faith and trust in God that we would “not lack any good.”

I was examined in Theology, Church History, Church Government, Pastoral Theology, and Greek and Hebrew; and the examination was unanimously sustained. Rev. James Christie (not yet a D. D.), Rev. R. Z. Willson, and Rev. James Beattie, together with three elders from Vermont, were appointed a commission to ordain and install the pastor elect on the 10th of November following. Rev. Mr. Christie, Moderator of the Commission, came to Topsham the week before the ordination and was our guest all the time he remained in Topsham. On the Sabbath before, he preached both forenoon and afternoon. His texts were: “And unto Him shall the gathering of the nations be,” and “The light is short because of darkness.”

The Commission met on Tuesday, the 9th, to hear the trial discourses that had been assigned by Presbytery. The lecture was on Hebrews 4:14-16, about the priesthood of Christ. The “trial pieces” were given under very un-

pleasant circumstances. For a week or more I had been suffering greatly from a large carbuncle on my back. It became so intensely painful that it was with great difficulty that I could preach at all. It seemed to be a chastisement to humble me. Few of the people knew of my affliction, and perhaps none of the Presbyters except Dr. Christie.

On the day of ordination Dr. Christie preached the ordination sermon from the text, 1 Tim. 3:15. "That thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God." He asked the ordinary queries and led in the ordination prayer. After the devotional exercises were over Rev. R. Z. Willson gave the address to the pastor, and Rev. Mr. Beattie to the people.

No one who has not had a similar experience can know the heart of a sinful man coming under ordination vows; so solemn are his responsibilities. It is now forty years since the following words were written in my private journal; why need I hesitate to call them up now? "Thus I have been ordained to the office of the ministry to which I have long looked forward with much prayer and anxiety. As it has pleased God to induct me into this office and to place me as pastor over Topsham congregation, there are two things for which I most ardently desire and pray: 1st, that he would give me all necessary wisdom and grace to perform well the duties of pastor; 2nd, that he would give me many 'souls for my hire.' The work is thine, O God. Work the work here, Lord, and bear the glory. Follow, thou Good Shepherd, the imposition of the hands of Presbytery with an unction of the Holy Spirit: and to thee I now vow to dedicate my all and to labor for Jesus Christ."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FLOCK AND THE SHEPHERD'S WORK.

ON the Sabbath following the ordination I preached from Jer. 1:6: "Then said I, Ah, Lord God! behold, I can not speak: for I am a child." Beginning with the second Sabbath after our arrival in Topsham I preached habitually from written discourses, not written out in full but in full skeleton or homily, with proof texts and the substance of the whole argument or truths declared and illustrations used. Thus every lecture and every sermon would be written out about half as much as would be spoken in the pulpit, and sometimes much more or nearly all. I formed this habit of writing my discourses to help me in study and so that I might be sure of being well prepared as to the matter to be presented. Thus I did not preach extempore sermons in the sense of not having carefully studied and mastered the themes; and never after my licensure did I memorize and speak verbatim what had been written before. Moreover, except on one special occasion and under peculiar circumstances did I ever read a sermon.

In the exercise called "explaining the psalm" I followed the order of the Bible, *i. e.* on the second Sabbath after our arrival I explained the first psalm before it was sung; then the next Sabbath the second psalm, or a part of it, and so on until the whole book had been gone over. Then I began again at the first. Thus the book of Psalms was thoroughly studied. My habit was first to read critically the Hebrew of the psalm, then analyze the portion, then read the Com-

mentators. In the analysis I was helped much by Adam Clarke and Henry, both of which follow the analytical plan. Otherwise Clarke could not be followed safely. He rarely finds Christ in the Psalms if he can avoid it.

In like manner I pursued my courses of lectures. I began first with the book of John and lectured through the book, the number of verses being determined by the sense or by the size of the paragraph. This mode, commonly called expository preaching, is certainly a most profitable method—profitable to the preacher because he is obliged to study carefully before he attempts to expound and because he has a complete view of the whole book studied. In the International S. S. lessons only small portions are selected and the most of the entire book omitted. The pulpit students' method is surperlatively better.

After it was too late I saw that I had made a mistake in beginning with John's Gospel. As his design was to show that Jesus is the divine and eternal Son of God, I should have begun with any of the other three evangelists as they give the biography of our Lord.

After John was finished, and it required a long time, I took up the book of the Acts. This I studied and expounded with great delight and with much profit; and I had evidence that the people were interested, some of them greatly, as we advanced from Sabbath to Sabbath. Subsequently I lectured on the epistles of Peter; and finally on the book of Isaiah, though this arduous work never was finished; two or three of the last chapters were not expounded in Topsham. And I am here reminded of what occurred about the time that I began the lectures on Isaiah. Shortly after I began I was in conversation with the wife of Elder Josiah Divoll who said that when she heard me announce the first lecture in Isaiah and knew that I intended to expound the entire book she was sorry and had a presentiment that I would never finish the

work. One of her former pastors had begun the exposition of the same book but did not finish it. No wonder that she was sorry. And I myself began the lectures with great fear; but I thought it my duty to leave the New Testament for a while as I had been lecturing in it from the first. And I here and now testify that those pastors who do not habitually practise expository preaching, as well as those people who do not have the advantage of it, suffer great loss; nay more, the pastor who does not practise it is verily culpable. He does not follow the Great Example who spake as never man spake.

When I began work in Topsham there was no Sabbath-school, probably there never had been. It was manifest that the children and the youth had been neglected except in religious families. I do not now remember whether there was any thought or effort to start a Sabbath-school; but as yet I was not a pastor but only supply for the time, and so I thought it best to begin in a humble way and take the burden upon myself. To make an experiment—I think it was the second Sabbath after my arrival—I announced that on the next Sabbath morning before the public religious services I would meet with the youth to organize a class for religious instruction. At the appointed time a goodly number came and we began the study of the Westminster Shorter Catechism. The class increased in size and interest. It was the beginning of a Sabbath-school and meanwhile it was a kind of normal class, for several of the members afterwards became good teachers in the school. In a few years the Topsham Covenanter Sabbath-school became the largest in the county. But this could not continue very long. After a while the Methodists had preaching one or two Sabbaths in a month and then after a while again they organized a school, meeting in the town hall or in the village school-house. The children of Methodists and others who were

more in sympathy with them, left our school. This never was as large as formerly.

For many long years the families of the church had not enjoyed the advantages of family visitation because they had no pastor. As during the first six months of my work I was only a supply, I could not officially perform the duty. The duty, however, devolved in part upon the elders. These requested me to undertake the work unofficially. I agreed to do so provided one of them would always accompany me to perform whatever part implied official duty. In our rounds among the families I found so many in which religious instruction had been more or less neglected, I became greatly discouraged. In such families I suspected that our visits were not desired. The natural tendency of such discouragements would be to write down such families as unworthy of ministerial help; but on sober second thought I inferred that the condition of said families was owing to lack of pastoral labors during long years, and that in this fact I should be incited to far greater and more patient effort. In subsequent years some of those families became almost all that a pastor could expect.

In this connection I am constrained to leave on record my estimate of the ruling elders upon whom such responsibilities rested and who gave the pastor such valuable help. When I was installed there were four elders and only one deacon. The oldest was Robert McNiece, Sen., a man of nearly eighty years, and the father of three sons, heads of families belonging to the congregation. As he was about superannuated he rarely ever attended meetings of session. He was a man of great worth, and he must have been exemplary and faithful as a father for his children all revered him and except one, a physician, all continued to the end loyal Covenanters. He was the father-in-law of Rev. William Sloane, a former pastor for many years. In

the order of their ages Daniel Keenan was the next elder. He was a man of such rare excellence and I loved him so much, I have no room here to make a record such as is due to his memory. If the reader would like to know something of his greatness and goodness he will find two somewhat lengthy obituaries of this excellent man in the *Covenanter*, a church magazine, one written by Rev. Dr. A. M. Milligan and the other by the writer of these pages. A word now and here must suffice. Daniel Keenan was a man of superior intellect, keen perceptions, strong emotions, and natural high temper; but he had made the high attainment of power to restrain his passion when provoked to excitement. He was a great reader, not of newspapers or light literature but of the very best class of books as biography, history, and theology. He was poor and had only a small library but it contained a choice selection. His early training had been in the Episcopal Church, but when only a young man he became a *Covenanter*, and all through life he was an intelligent member and a most devoted Christian, always able to maintain his principles and ever ready to propagating them. Large in public spirit he was always active in all the benevolent schemes of the church. His greatest excellence, as it always seemed to me, was his warm personal piety. He was a loving and devout disciple who walked with God, and a man of faith and of prayer. He was too good to be appreciated except by the good; and he was not without enemies. As an elder he was regarded by some as too strict and too ready to resort to discipline; but after long years of association with him in the session I regard that estimate of his character as incorrect if not unjust. It evidently arose from lack of knowledge of the man or from loose views of the design or character of discipline. And yet he was not infallible as an elder. However, I can now recall only one case in which he erred in judgment.

Mr. Keenan was my warm personal friend; and he was a faithful friend. I can remember at least two times in which he decidedly disapproved of his pastor's action; the one in the time of the War of the Rebellion when he told me that he feared I preached too often on themes connected with slavery, and the government, and the war; the other when I resigned my pastoral charge. He said to me that he thought I was making a great mistake. Not many years afterwards I was ready to confess that his judgment was superior to my own. And I may add here that he was a man of fine taste. An illustration is at hand. At our first visit to Topsham after the dissolution of the pastoral relation, my wife asked him for his signature in her autograph album. He wrote as follows: "The Elder Daniel Keenan to the elect lady and her children whom I love in the truth." Our two little daughters were with us.

I never afterwards saw my dear old friend except once when on another visit to the place I loved so well. We had several protracted interviews, and they were precious. During the last and when we were walking through a long and dense grove or native forest near his own home he talked sadly of the condition of the church, and when he told me his own personal troubles he wept like a child. When we had to part—and we parted in that beautiful forest clothed in richest August foliage—he spoke words of warmest affection and invoked God's blessing upon me as he uttered his final farewell. We knew we would not meet again on this side of the river. Not long afterwards I heard of his death. One of God's dear children had passed into the paradise whither Jesus went.

Josiah Divoll both as a man and as an elder was quite different from Father Keenan. He had some excellencies as well as some faults not belonging to the other. He was intellectual but limited in education. As a farmer he was

industrious and frugal; and he was always ready to give for the cause of Christ. Exceedingly quiet in his demeanor, if not also diffident in disposition, he was not ambitious to be a public leader, yet he was always ready to follow in any good work. He was a genuine Christian and of undoubted piety, but his most manifest excellence was his natural amiability. He was a Melancthon rather than a Luther. Hence though he had the spirit of a reformer, in the session he was not so much a leader as a balance wheel and a peace-maker. Indeed, he was so averse to whatever had the semblance of strife it is questionable whether ever there would have been any discipline exercised by the session if other elders had not taken the lead in enforcing the law of Christ's house. Yet Elder Divoll was a standard-bearer. Few men in the congregation, if any whatever, had as much influence for good. Generally he was an umpire. He was always ready to help in a good cause; and in all cases when money was needed for church purposes his contribution or subscription was the largest. And he remembered the poor. If more is due to his memory I may add that all the while he was an intelligent and zealous Covenanter. He was of Baptist parentage, and most of his brothers being politicians or opposed to the Covenanter position of political dissent, his faith was often tried, yet to the end he was a faithful Covenanter. As a reformer he was zealous; and after the emancipation of the slaves he was the most interested in the cause of Anti-secrecy. He hated the lodge system.

I will be forgiven if I err in alluding to his personal regard to his pastor. Always kind, always confidential, and always faithful, I knew he was a friend. Hence when he was called to endure sore afflictions my heart went out in sympathy with him and it was a pleasure to do what I could for him and his. When the Civil War broke out he gave his two and only sons, Charles and Morris, to the

conflict. I think he did not desire them to enlist, but when they wished to be soldiers and did enlist he gave at least tacit consent. The sequel will be found on a subsequent page.

Of the fourth ruling elder, Horace Divoll, I need not write at length. He was a good man but very peculiar in his character and church deportment. He had some most excellent traits of Christian character, but he could never have been a good Covenanter, and he was not fit for the eldership. My first estimate of him I find in my journal of May, 1852, when I wrote thus: "Called this evening a short time on one of the elders of the congregation. I find him very familiar with his Bible and very conversant with the doctrines of grace, which speaks very highly of him as a Christian; but he is very ignorant of many other points. He knows almost nothing about the state of society, or the geography of the country, and he knows very little about the history of the church and scarcely anything about her present condition. Pity to see so worthy and apparently pious man so limited in intelligence. He takes no periodical or paper. How can he but be ignorant?"

A few years afterwards he married a Baptist wife, an excellent woman, but as she was of superior ability and withal a very zealous and firm Baptist who had no love to Reformed Presbyterians, she was no help to him as a Covenanter and ruling elder. The result was his leaving the church or his suspension from membership partly because of his erroneous views on baptism and partly because he did not agree with his own church on the subject of civil government. Though he did not unite with the Baptist Church, for he could not acknowledge that his adult baptism was invalid, yet he never returned to the Covenanter Church. Thus the congregation had only three ruling elders. Afterwards his place was filled by the election of Deacon Parker

McNiece. This new elder was a man of great worth, true to his principles, loyal to his church, and a warm friend of his pastor. But as a man and as an elder he was not the equal of the two senior elders described above. Yet there was something in the natural temperament of Elder McNiece, and he was so tender in his feelings and so kind and affectionate, I loved him dearly. He was a great admirer of his nephew, Rev. Dr. Sloane, who often visited Topsham, his native town; and the doctor always made his home with his Uncle Parker.

After Deacon McNiece was made elder another deacon was chosen, Robert McLam, of Scotch parentage and for integrity and trustworthiness fit to be not only a deacon but a prince or a president. Yet he was limited in education and not well-read, but by no means a novice. Having faithfully performed the duties of the deacon for several years, and after the War of the Rebellion had become so serious that there was urgent call for more soldiers, he volunteered and joined the Vermont 6th Regiment and went into the Virginia division. Some years after his return and after the death of his wife he was elected to the eldership. After a while when both needed a companion in their declining years he was married to Mrs. Sarah Caldwell. The new pair lived in lovely harmony and increased usefulness and were cyleped "Uncle Robert" and "Aunt Sallie," loved and honored by all. With only a few others he survived to help to bear aloft the old blue banner more worthy of his honor than that under which he carried a musket in many a hard-fought battle against the Slave-holders' Rebellion.*

A year or so after my settlement in Topsham the con-

* Since the above was written I have learned that Elder McLam has gone back upon his life-long profession and gone over to the "New Lights." Had "Aunt Sallie" been living I think she would not have gone with him.

gregation manifested much liberality in buying a parsonage which we were glad to make our home. It had a nice garden, a good stable, and carriage shed. The garden gave me outdoor healthful exercise, the wood-shed with the big piles of cordwood plenty of athletics without either bat or ball or broken bones, and the stable plenty of room for horse and buggy or "cutter." All that the parson needed to have a "full rig" with which to brave the snow-drifts was a fur coat and another buffalo robe.

However, when on any special occasion, as a funeral or wedding or any appointment which compelled me to buffet the snowstorms when the mercury might be down to freezing point, as I saw it two or three times in Vermont, I had several good neighbors who were ever ready to offer me another buffalo robe or a fur coat. Indeed, every one in that quiet and peaceful village nestled among the hills seemed to be a kind neighbor. The people differed widely in their religious faith, and some had none at all, but I dare to say that in pure kind neighborhood it would compare favorably with Drumtochty.

I loved my home. Few pastors ever have a better. With a beloved helper as pure and good and faithful as natural amiability and unassuming piety could make her, and with a loving little flock, and so many beautiful lambs, to lead and feed which was a pure delight, I had everything for which to live and labor. Indeed, it was an almost ideal New England home. The flock I loved so well was not of my own choosing; it was assigned to me by the Good Shepherd as indicated by the choice of the people who needed a pastor. The parsonage, not far from the church, was at the head of the main street, and on a road that led out to beautiful natural forests through which flowed as pure and delightful trout brooks as anywhere refresh and beautify the earth. In the privacy of the summer

forest or beside those little noisy streams I loved to ramble; and many a sweet meditation was there enjoyed or sermon studied. In the sugar maple grove on the hillside how often did we, like happy children, gather spring flowers. And how many of those dear friends who rambled with us have been taken up to the paradise of God where flowers never fade.

Across the street opposite the parsonage lived "Squire George" and his family of wife and youthful son and daughter. They were as good neighbors as ever a pastor had, though he by no means subscribed to the Westminster standards. Whether he believed in the inspiration of the Word of God at all is very uncertain. But he was not only a good neighbor but a most intelligent citizen and reformer. Though for several years after the settlement of the pastor none of the family were members of the church yet they owned a pew and were regularly there on Sabbaths. Mr. George was passionately fond of sacred music. The precentor, Robert McNiece, was a fine singer. "Squire George" was a great bass singer and could sing any tune the precentor introduced. He always had his old psalm book and sang with the Covenanters as if he were as devout as the most sincere worshiper. When the congregation employed a music teacher and met weekly for practise he was always there and led off on the bass. Among the hearers of the Gospel none seemed more attentive than he. In early life he was a school-teacher. In later years he was a magistrate, and then a member of the legislature. "Squire George" never slept in church; and full well did the preacher know that if any mistake would be made in English grammar or in history the old teacher would detect it. And if the Covenanter preacher had deviated from the "good old paths" or introduced any "new-fangled" dogmas, the old bass singer would be ready to sound the alarm

for he knew the whole Covenanter creed and practise. But he did not care so much to hear orthodox theology or even "Gospel sermons" as reform discourses. As an intelligent enemy to the drink habit or the liquor traffic he had no superior. In his hatred of slavery and in his advocacy of "free soil and free men" few Abolitionists were more earnest. And so it came to pass that except when the teetotal pulpit and the anti-slavery pastor preached the duty of dissent from a pro-slavery constitution and a slaveholding government he was not tempted to fear the criticisms of the pew of "Squire George."

Near to this was the pew of Judge Tabor, a man of rare intelligence and in his reform principles similar to "Squire George," and if possible a more critical hearer; but he was a Universalist of long standing and always ready for controversy. A kind neighbor, a man of public spirit, and long prominent in politics, he was one of the most influential citizens in the whole town. Accompanied by his wife, an excellent Methodist woman, he was always in his pew and willingly hearing all kinds of preaching except against the doctrine of Universalism. And if on any Sabbath he heard the contrary doctrines he was sure to be ready for criticism the first time he would meet the preacher. He was familiar with every verse in the Bible upon which Universalists depend; but he was always courteous and pleasant in our conversations, and I had few warmer personal friends or better neighbors. Besides these prominent men there were quite a number of pew-holders or regular hearers who were Universalists, or silent infidels, or members of the evangelical churches who had no other place to worship. One of these was an old Scotchman of rare intelligence and of undoubted piety, but also a very rigid and zealous Baptist. His wife was a Covenanter, and he owned a pew, so that I always expected to see old John

Renfrew in his place. Thus the reader will readily see that if the Topsham pastor was controlled by the fear of men he would be easily ensnared. Yet such was the great variety of hearers that no way was left for him but to declare the whole counsel of God and leave the results with him. And one of the greatest helpers to faithfulness was the ever-present assurance that the well-informed and faithful Covenanters expected their pastor to be true, in the pulpit and out of it, to the principles of the church. Next to the approbation of the Master, this was an incentive to faithfulness, and for that incentive I ever owed a debt of gratitude.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIELD WIDENS.

DURING my first winter in Topsham there was throughout the state much interest in the cause of temperance. Maine had recently adopted its liquor law. This was the occasion of a revival of interest in the reform, and its friends determined to spare no effort to secure a state prohibitory law as good as that of Maine. My good neighbor, "Squire George," became an active worker and an occasional lecturer. By his importunity the new pastor was pressed into the service so far as to join him in holding "Maine law" meetings in different parts of the town. It was the winter season and sleighing good. All I had to do was to get into his "rig" with him and at the meeting make one of the speeches. Mine was always short for he was master of the subject and an able logician. I was not much needed, but the Judge thought that if he would take the new preacher with him more people would attend. However, the result was that I became greatly interested in the movement, helped forward a good cause, and formed acquaintance with the people in the different parts of the town.

The agitation was widespread all over the state, and the result was that at the next legislature an act was passed giving the people the opportunity to vote at "the March meetings" for or against the bill afterwards called "the Vermont liquor law." In some respects it is better than the Maine law. At the election the people by a very large majority voted for it and it subsequently became a law. When it went into

force every saloon and every bar in the Green Mountain state was closed. They remain closed, *abolished*; and a drunkard is almost never seen. Now, after more than a generation, the state is wholly revolutionized and is a genuine prohibition state.

Vermont Covenanters generally voted for the Vermont law. How came this? Are they not non-voters? Yes, but not always. This was an exception and rightly, which will appear from a statement of the facts. According to the constitution of that state there is a difference between the ordinary state elections and those called "the March meetings." At these when home matters only are attended to, such as repairing the roads, building new schoolhouses, taking care of the town's poor, etc., all the men in the town may vote, *i. e.*, all persons living in the town, whether aliens or native born, whether "freemen" or not, whether registered citizens or not. In Vermont every citizen, before he can vote at any state election, or be a political citizen or member of the state political body called government, is required to take a citizen's oath or the "freeman's oath." But at the March meetings all men over twenty-one, whether "freemen" or not, are or may be voters. At these meetings Covenanters always voted. Some of them had been of foreign birth and never were naturalized. These as all others were voters. Thus the state provides that all persons living in the town, irrespective of political relation, and all dissenters from the government, may vote on all local or town questions. So Covenanters could vote and did vote on the question submitted to all other adults as well as freemen, and thus they helped to make Vermont a prohibition state; and in the little Green Mountain state "prohibition does prohibit."

About this time or probably the next winter I was reluctantly drawn into a public debate on the question of

slavery. A young man, a son of a Congregationalist, a native of the town of Corinth and who had received his education in the state, had gone into the south and became an attorney. Here he had been "bought up" by the slaveholders. Returning home on a visit he was anxious to convince his old friends and companions that their anti-slavery notions were all erroneous, and that slavery was a good thing and Abolitionists fanatics. Learning that the pastor of the "Presbyterian Church" in Topsham was an Abolitionist, through some of his friends who wished to hear such a discussion he invited or challenged me to a debate. After persuasion by my friends I consented to meet him in public. The people arranged to hold the meetings in the East Corinth Congregational Church about four miles south of Topsham village. I do not now remember the statement of the question but it was some form of the question in dispute between anti-slavery people and pro-slavery. Some leading citizen was invited to preside and decide points of order. The rules of discussion were agreed upon and the disputants "went at it." The meetings continued through three evenings. The house was crowded every night and the excitement continued to increase to the end. The young lawyer proved to be no mean debater. He was subtle in logic and he was eloquent. If he had had a good cause he might have carried the people with him; and he fought as one determined to win if possible. On the other hand I had the advantage of him in this, that I knew I was called to advocate the truth and a great cause, and that I had the sympathy or favor of the mass of the people whose applause of the anti-slavery sentiments maintained increased as the debate progressed. At the close of the third evening's discussion, when the whole audience was in the height of the agitation, and in accordance with the previous arrangement, the question (not the debate) was put

to the people. The anti-slavery vote was almost unanimous and was followed by long-continued applause. Of course the Topsham Covenanters went home rejoicing. But that vote was by New England men and women in a state that had never been cursed with slavery and from which almost no fugitive slave had ever been returned to his master. Since those three nights of defense of freedom and of the divine law of liberty, forty-four years have passed away, and how wonderful the change!

I should have said in the paragraph above that the pro-slavery lawyer in his defense of the "patriarchal institution," as slavery was sometimes called, used the old arguments drawn from the Scriptures, both old and new, following the example of the southern divines who had always labored hard to show that the law of Moses and the teachings of Christ and his apostles authorized slaveholding; and they all agreed that the relation of slave and master was lawful and that the sin was only in the abuse of the system; and they all insisted that if the owner of slaves, few or many, would be kind to them and not separate families, he had a right to own and buy or sell as many as he saw fit. In defense of this theory, what Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, editor of the *National Era*, called, "damnable philosophy," they had certain portions of the Bible worn threadbare. These passages I had studied carefully years ago; and before going into the debate with the champion of slavery I had studied them afresh and felt able to show from the Hebrew of the Old Testament and the Greek of the New that they all were written in the interest of the poor against the rich, and for the defense of the servant against the master, but never—not one of them ever—in justification of any man holding property in his fellow-man or compelling another, not chargeable with crime, to work without wages for a master. And I thank God for the

belief I had during that whole debate that I was able to convince all unprejudiced people present that nowhere in the Bible can be found any justification of "involuntary servitude" (except for crime) or of ownership of human beings. And I may be pardoned for adding here that all my subsequent life I was impatient with fellow-Christians who believed that the law of Moses permitted slaveholding of any kind. Besides, it is not so very strange that some of the old Abolitionists, influenced by the teaching of the pro-slavery divines, became infidels or unbelievers in the inspiration of the Bible.

In only the wealthy and most densely populated towns of Vermont were there good academies or schools for those who wished more education than the public schools afforded. As Topsham had no such academy many of the youth went to other towns for their advanced education or to be prepared for college. Thus when any of the Covenanter young people of Topsham went from home to attend an academy they were not only out of the bounds of the congregation but exposed to the ordinary temptations that so often draw youth or others away from the truth. We had not been in Topsham more than two or three years when I was asked by Elder Josiah Divoll and others to give lessons in academic studies to their children. He had two sons and two daughters who wished more than a common school education. As I saw the youth going away from home and as I desired to make it easier for them to study at home, I yielded to the appeals of the parents; and when the winter season opened I received a small class of students. I heard the recitations in my study in the forenoons. Subsequently I taught such students during the spring and fall terms when the public schools were closed. This accommodated teachers and such as wished to attend the common schools. These private classes soon increased in size so that I had

to employ an assistant teacher or permit my own time to be too much taken up. I preferred the former; and then we heard the students though at different hours in a large room not far from the parsonage. The school became popular, and not a few of the youth besides those from Covenanter families became students, and others from neighboring towns entered what was now called "The Topsham High School." And as some were teachers, and many intended to be teachers, it was sometimes called the "Topsham Normal School."

What first led to the teaching of a class has been stated above. There were additional reasons for continuing the school for several years, though there were only two short sessions per year of about two and a half months each. The school brought to the pastor a little revenue which helped him to meet necessary outlays and to support the family with a salary of only three hundred and fifty dollars. The necessary review of studies and the teaching of such students were helps to the right performance of pastoral duties. And especially, the school brought together such an excellent class of youth who became acquainted and attached, it was the occasion of bringing into the Sabbath-school and church quite a number of most excellent young people. Beyond doubt the pastor's influence for good was much increased. Quite a number of the students became useful teachers, some entered professional life, one is in the ministry, several fell on the battle-field; and not one as far as I know ever disgraced his school or his teachers; nay, rather, of many of them we are proud as beloved and honored workers in the church and in the fields of reform or as useful parents in Christian families.

During two years about this time I was called to the position of school superintendent, chosen by the people of the town (township) at their March meetings when all

voted whether "freemen" or not. No oath of office was required. The duties were not onerous. They consisted mostly in examining teachers, visiting the schools once per term, and holding teachers' institutes occasionally. These duties brought me into contact more or less with the friends of education and with teachers; and thus again the pastor's usefulness, as he hoped, was increased.

During nearly all the years of my pastorate in Vermont I preached occasionally by appointment of Presbytery in the town of Fayston where there were three or four families of Covenanters, all intelligent and influential. It was a promising mission station. Occasionally it was visited by the other Vermont pastors. Fayston was about forty miles west of Topsham and near the eastern slope of the Green Mountain range. The ride thither was most beautiful and healthful. It led through Montpelier, the State capital and the half-way resting-place. The most influential of the Fayston Covenanters was Deacon Strong. He had been a deacon in the Congregational Church, but marrying Miss Divoll, a sister of Elder Josiah Divoll, of Topsham, and an intelligent Covenanter, he accepted Reformation principles and became a zealous Covenanter. They were members of Topsham congregation. Whether she was the instrument or the occasion of his conversion I do not now remember. This much, however, I do know, that Deacon Strong was a man of great ability, rare excellence, and genuine piety, and withal a most zealous defender of the faith. He had qualifications sufficient to make him a great leader in any good cause, but for want of opportunities his sphere of influence was limited almost to the mountain town in which he lived.

In the adjacent town of Waitsfield the pastor of the Congregational Church was a strong anti-slavery man but he advocated the "Goodell theory," or the "Spooner theory," that the Constitution of the U. S. was an anti-slavery

document, and that those sections commonly called pro-slavery compromises were not made in the interest of slavery but could and should be understood and interpreted as anti-slavery. Some who accepted this theory held or professed to hold that notwithstanding those pro-slavery clauses Congress had power to abolish slavery. This theory was advocated by Hon. Gerrit Smith. Deacon Strong and the Waitsfield minister were intimate friends but outspoken and constant disputants as to the duty or sinfulness of voting under the Constitution. And so it happened that my good friend, Deacon Strong, wishing the truth to be disseminated, challenged the Congregationalist minister to debate the question (as to the character of the Constitution) with the Covenanter pastor from Topsham. This arrangement was made without my knowledge as he confidently expected that I would agree to do whatever he would ask of me. I consented to his plans and it was arranged to hold the discussion in the Waitsfield Congregational Church. The statement of the question and the terms or rules of the debate were agreed upon and the time fixed on the next week in which I was expected to preach in Fayston. When the time came the community was on tiptoe of expectation and the large church was full during the two evenings of the debate; I do not remember now, if I knew then, how the audience was divided on the question, or how they voted or would have voted if it had been left to the people present; but this I well remember that at the time I felt confident in the rightfulness of my cause and almost as confident of my ability to maintain it. Years ago I had studied the question, and I had made myself familiar with the unanswerable argument of Wendell Phillips in his "Review of Lysander Spooner." Mr. Phillips' little book was called "The Constitution a Pro-slavery Compact." I do not know the result of the debate on the people who listened so

intently to it, but I remember how confident the Fayston Covenanters were that the truth had triumphed and how glad they were that the discussion had taken place.

The foregoing narrative briefly illustrates how diversified were the sentiments of the anti slavery people of the North. The great majority of them believed slavery to be a sin of grave magnitude, and an evil which threatened to destroy the country if not abolished; but they thought the only thing that could be done was to abide by the compromises of the Constitution but not permit the Southerners to gain new slave territory or take their slaves into any place belonging to freedom. To prevent the extension of slave territory and to secure the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, were the objects of the Republican party. There was no declared purpose to affect the abolition of slavery or to disturb the slave-holders in the peaceable possession of their property. Then there were those who hated slavery so much and whose consciences would not permit them to vote under the Constitution if it tolerated or in any way supported slavery but who were so anxious to continue to use the ballot or to exercise the priceless privilege of a citizen(!) that they saw no way to do this but to adopt the new theory that the Constitution was anti-slavery as defined above. These were generally called "Gerrit Smith men," or voting Abolitionists. Then there were the non-voting Abolitionists; and of these there were two kinds, the Old-Light Covenanters who never had voted under the pro-slavery Constitution, and the Garrisonians who were called "Comeouters" because they had been *in* the government and accustomed to vote but now had come *out* and refused to vote because the Constitution was a "Covenant with Death and an Agreement with Hell," as Mr. Garrison was accustomed to call it. But as Covenanters had never been in the government they were not commonly called "Come-

outers." From the first they had refused to make a "Covenant with Death," and with Hell they never made an agreement.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN SORROW AND IN STRAITS.

NOT long after my settlement in Vermont I was called to weep with my only sister at the death of her husband, Dr. John Carter, of Northwood, Ohio, whither they had removed from Bloomingdale in eastern Ohio. After his death my mother continued to make her home with her widowed daughter. It was a sad home—two widowed women, mother and daughter, living alone except that the latter had a little son, Arthur Carter, and her only surviving child. To this dear sister sorrow followed sorrow. On the 18th of December, 1855, my mother was taken to her heavenly home. Her death was very sudden. Sister Carter had gone to the evening prayer-meeting in the village, leaving mother and the son Arthur at home, for the night was stormy and mother was suffering with a cold that had brought on a severe cough. While sitting at the fire and while coughing violently, sudden and very profuse hemorrhage from the lungs began. Little Arthur ran to the prayer-meeting to tell his mother; but before she could reach home, unconsciousness or death had occurred. The last enemy had done his work and the redeemed soul of a lovely saint of God had passed within the veil into the beatific presence of her glorified Saviour. The body was laid away in the old Miami church-yard beside the grave of Dr. Carter. And thus sister was left alone, a heart-broken orphan and widow. Ever afterwards she scarcely knew aught but sorrow. Her letter soon brought the sad intelli-

gence to me—to me whom that mother used to call her “little Benjamin” but now so far away where I could hardly be reconciled to my inability to close her eyes in death or weep at her grave. Yet from that time forward heaven seemed nearer. Separated only by the veil beyond which father and mother had passed, they seemed not far away.

The first time after our removal to Vermont that Eliza and I visited our friends in Ohio we brought home with us sister Carter and her son. She came to spend the summer in the hope that the invigorating climate would be beneficial to her in her broken-down health. We did all we could to alleviate her sorrows; and we had while she was with us many a happy time. One is well remembered. Procuring a second horse and buggy and for the driver that most excellent woman and sweet Christian, Miss Maria Grow, brought out of the world into the Covenanter Church in Topsham, we visited Wright’s Mountain in the town of Bradford. According to previous arrangements we were met on the summit by Rev. Dr. Silas McKeen and wife. He was the pastor of the Congregational Church in the village of Bradford. Though of different denominations we had become intimate friends. He was a Christian of rare worth. On that beautiful mountain-top we rambled, we talked, we lunched picnic fashion, prayed together, and, at his request, sang the twenty-third psalm. It was good to be there—two Congregationalists, most excellent Christians, and three as good Covenanters and lovely women as ever picnicked together on mountain-top. In subsequent years it was often my privilege to be with Dr. McKeen and enjoy profitable as well as sweet Christian fellowship. In former years he had been intimate with other Covenanter ministers and was well acquainted with our principles. He was a very strong anti-Mason and had at one time resigned his

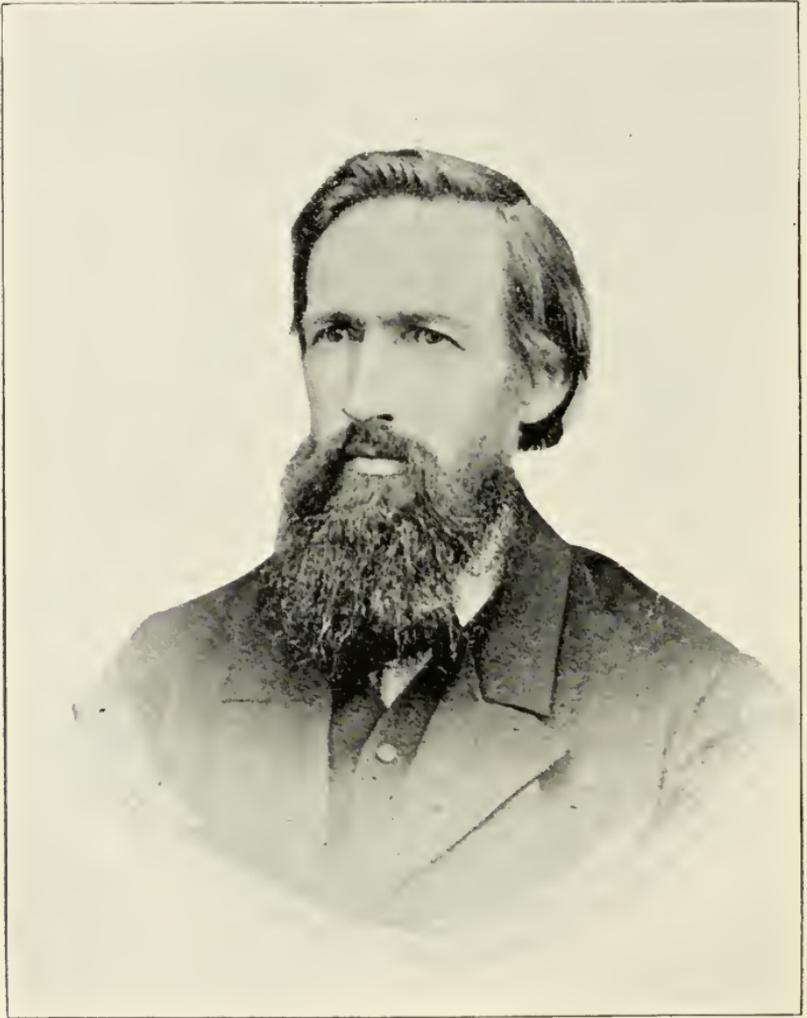
charge in Bradford because Masons were in the church there. Time passed. A change came; and the old pastor was recalled. He was too good a man to be in any other than a reforming church. Except Arthur Carter all of that select company have passed up to the celestial mountains leaving me behind to wait for my invitation to join the departed saints of God.

At the Synod of 1856, which met that year in Philadelphia, I was placed in unexpected and trying straits where I did not know my duty. It was at that Synod that the foreign mission to Syria was determined upon and when I was chosen to be the co-laborer of Rev. R. J. Dodds in that field. As the facts are connected with the beginning of our foreign missions, they may be stated briefly as nearly as I can remember them.

After Synod had resolved to engage in mission work in some foreign field there was diversity of opinion as to what field it should be. After lengthy discussion it was finally decided to locate the mission in Northern Syria. This being determined, the next duty was to appoint two missionaries. It was done by nomination (probably by a committee) and then the choice by ballot. Rev. John Crawford, pastor of the Baltimore congregation, was chosen. A committee was appointed to confer with the missionaries elect to learn whether they would accept the appointment. The next day the committee reported that Rev. R. J. Dodds accepted but that Rev. Mr. Crawford did not. As he was in feeble health he had consulted his physician who advised him not to accept. Mr. Crawford died of consumption about three months afterwards. Another ballot was taken and it resulted in the choice of the pastor of Topsham congregation. It was not unanimous, a few ballots being cast for Joseph Beattie, licentiate. But as most of the votes were for Rev. N. R. Johnston, on motion the election was made unanimous.

This action of Synod was altogether unexpected by me. It suddenly brought me into a great strait. I did not know what to do. Ever after I entered the theological seminary I had a desire to be a foreign missionary, though the desire was not very strong. The church as yet had not attempted the foreign work and had not called for laborers. But now the time had come and I must decide very soon. Shortly after Synod adjourned that afternoon, my beloved Brother Dodds came to my lodging-place to confer with me in reference to my acceptance of the appointment. If there had been no obstacle in my way I would not have needed any persuasion. Such was my love to him, and I knew that mine was reciprocated, and such was my desire to be a missionary in some foreign field, I would have rejoiced in the opportunity to join him in the good work. He remained with me all the evening in conference on the question then so all-absorbing to me. When he started to his own lodging I walked out with him to prolong the conversation. It was a warm evening, and the full moon lighted the streets of Philadelphia. We walked on Chestnut Street. We walked up and down, up and down, until near midnight, he using every argument and inducement to persuade me to accept the appointment. We bade each other good-night with the promise to make the matter a subject of special prayer.

Returning to my lodging I retired to rest but not to sleep except a little. The most of the remaining hours of the night were spent in anxious thought and in prayer for divine direction. Morning came but I was yet undecided. Synod would meet at 9 o'clock. The committee would expect me to tell them my decision, and Synod would expect to hear the report of the committee during the morning session. Whether in answer to prayer or not I do not know, but I was led to this determination, viz., that as I believed that Mr. Beattie would be chosen by Synod provided I would



R. J. DOBBS, E. D.

decline the appointment, I resolved to see him before Synod would assemble and say to him that if he would assure me that he would accept the appointment in case I would decline it, then I would decide not to go.

Remembering still that I had access to the throne of grace I hastened to seek an interview with Mr. Beattie before Synod would meet. I laid my case before him and said that I had decided that if he would assure me that if I would decline the appointment and in case he would be chosen, he would accept it, then I would inform the committee that I could not accept. With little or no hesitation he replied affirmatively, assuring me that he would go. My decision was made and much of my anxiety was gone. I sought the committee or rather the chairman and told him my decision. During the forenoon the committee reported to Synod. Shortly afterwards Mr. Beattie was elected and subsequently accepted.

My friend Dodds was disappointed. He and Mr. Beattie were almost strangers. As Mr. Dodds and I had been warm friends so long it was only reasonable that he would wish me to be his companion; and when we met after he knew my decision he almost chided me for my unwillingness to go. But our Master knew what was best for us both, and for the cause of missions.

As some who may read these lines know what I have often written and said in reference to the cause of foreign missions, I owe it to myself and others to put on record the reasons that weighed heavily on my mind to cause me to decline the appointment to the Syrian mission. The most important were these:

1. The ballot was not unanimous, and I knew that several of the prominent members of Synod wished Mr. Beattie to be sent. Besides, it seemed to me that the cause of missions would be better served if he would go. He was

several years younger; he was fresh from studies, having been licensed only one week, and he was in excellent health.

2. My brother, Rev. J. B. Johnston, and my senior by nearly nineteen years, who had always been my counselor, and who was a member of Synod at that time, did not encourage me, though he did not positively dissuade me. I do not now remember his reasons except that he feared the church would not be hearty in support of the mission. I did not know it then but I learned it afterwards that he was losing confidence in the church. Within two years he withdrew from her fellowship and went into the United Presbyterian Church.

3. My wife was in very feeble health and probably unable to endure a sea voyage or do the work of a foreign missionary. If I could have known her mind she might have advised me to accept the appointment; but she was at our home in Vermont and so far away it was impossible for me to hear from her in time, for in those days there was no communication by telegraph. Under these circumstances I could not accept the appointment without knowing her wish or judgment.

4. Only three years and a half had elapsed since I was installed pastor of Topsham congregation. And though I knew that Synod had the power to remove me and send me into the foreign field, I did not desire to abandon my charge where I was so pleasantly located and where there was a prospect of successful labor if continued in that field.

5. But the greatest reason for declining the appointment, and a reason whose force I could not resist, was the fact that the mission was not located in a pagan land among idolaters to whom the gospel had not been preached. When the question of location was before Synod I opposed the choice of Syria. There the gospel had been preached ages ago; there Christianity had had a foothold and had

gone down before other forces. In Syria false systems other than idolatrous prevailed. I felt sure that we should enter some foreign field where the name of Christ had not been named. I had always desired to preach the gospel among idol worshipers whose minds had not been poisoned by contact with teachers of a false religion other than pagan. Had I gone to Syria I might have labored long as one dissatisfied with his field and thinking that some other would have been better.

For such reasons I had to say to Synod, Please excuse me and send the young brother preferred by some; and for such reasons I was compelled to say to my dear brother Dodds, whom I loved as David did Jonathan, "Do not persuade me any more; I think the Master indicates that I should not go with you." More than four decades have passed since that sad parting. Many a time I have feared that the Master was then displeased with me for not saying, "Here am I, send me." A young brother in Synod at the time said to me, "Consult not with flesh and blood." To him I suppose my decision seemed as if I did. And during all these years I have often feared that that decision was the blunder of my life. On the other hand I have hoped that in it all I was led by the Spirit to do what was the will of Him whom I have tried to serve. Brothers Dodds and Beattie did their work well and were taken to the rest provided; I am left to see others, their successors, occupying a greatly widened field and approved of the church. Surely He has done all things well.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHURCH WORK.

DURING the early years of my pastorate the communion seasons were times of anxiety and special prayer and study. As the years passed they became seasons of revival and often of spiritual joy, as I hoped. I now look back upon them as the best and most joyous times and seasons of my whole life. I thank God for them and for the hope that by them, as means of grace, precious souls were taught and sanctified. In my pastor's journal a record of them, as well as of other work and events, was kept; but most of what was then written has passed from memory's page never to be recalled until in the life immortal.

Our first communion was on the third Sabbath of June, 1853. I was favored with the assistance of old Dr. James Milligan, then without charge, and Rev. R. Z. Willson, pastor of Craftsbury congregation. Referring to my journal I find this written on the Tuesday before, viz. "The session met. . . . One young lamb, Emily Divoll, was admitted into the fold. She is only fifteen. Stood a good examination and manifested evidence of piety. I rejoiced that even one was added to the church, but I was sad that there were no more."

In those times the pastor was always expected to preach "the action sermon" or the discourse on the Sabbath A. M. before the administration of the supper. Mine was from the text Eph. 3: 19, "And to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." In the study and delivery of that

sermon I think I saw and felt more of the wonderful love of Christ than ever before. The whole number of communicants was fifty-seven or fifty-eight. Ten or twelve of these were from Ryegate or Barnet. The complete church roll at that time numbered only forty-five or forty-six.

That I was located in a needy mission field is illustrated by what I find in my journal under the date of November 10, 1853, or less than four months after our first communion. It runs thus: "Last evening I had quite a long and close contest with a Universalist. I learned more and more of the delusion and subtlety of that great heresy. I am placed, unavoidably, just between two Universalist families, having hired rooms from one, and I know I shall have to set my face as steel against this dangerous error. When I was looking forward to the work in which I am engaged, I expected to contend often against Seceders, Associate Reformed, old and new school Presbyterians, or the errors held by them. I expected to be a soldier in the battle for the right of Jesus as king of nations, and for the rights of man. But contrary to all my expectations I am thrown among infidels, Universalists, Baptists, Methodists and Congregationalists. Hence I have to meet heresies, errors and dogmas of all kinds that I did not anticipate. God is teaching me by this not to trust in my own powers; and how important it is for me, a soldier of Christ, to have on the *whole* armor of God and particularly the sword of the Spirit which as yet I have learned to use but awkwardly. Lord Jesus, teach me to use it both expertly and successfully." And then I find by reference again to my diary that on the third Sabbath of November I began to preach a series of sermons on the fundamental doctrines of religion. The first was on the evidences of Christianity, and on this I preached two discourses.

Notwithstanding these records it gives me pleasure to be

able to state both from memory and from my record of all the texts from which I preached during all the years of my service in Topsham that a very large majority of the discourses preached were what are commonly called "gospel sermons." Purely doctrinal discourses and especially controversial were rare. The cross, the doctrines of the atonement, and all the many coordinate themes were kept ever before the people whatever other important subjects might demand occasional attention.

Pastoral or family visitation was performed two times a year most of the years. The elders "in turn" accompanied the pastor and generally gave assistance. And we ordinarily called upon all families or persons who attended our church services unless we knew we were not desired. And especially in visiting the sick no distinction was made. As there was no other pastor in the town, though at the west village and at another on the south side there were churches in which there was preaching most of the time, I was expected to be a kind of pastor for all sick folks. I thought then that this gave me access to many people who did not attend Sabbath services and to whom I could preach the gospel informally. In like manner I was often called to perform funeral services on the death of irreligious persons or in families that did not attend public worship on Sabbath. And so many sent for me to preach at funerals, and every now and then on the Sabbath, I was obliged to announce from the pulpit that except in extraordinary circumstances I would not attend funerals on that day. Some were displeased, but I resolved not to be turned aside from my purpose. One result was fewer funerals on the Lord's day; and some pastors in neighboring towns followed the example. Prior to this the people often expected the minister, when he was wanted at a burial, to leave his congregation without preaching. Another common practise I succeeded in chang-

ing. At funerals the rule had been to have some religious services first at the house; then the funeral procession went to the church in the village, the pall-bearers carrying the corpse in and up to the pulpit before the preacher who was always expected to preach an appropriate sermon; then after all would see the remains of the departed the funeral procession was formed and the body taken to the cemetery at the lower end of the village. For reasons that I need not rehearse here, I let the public know that I would prefer the burial to be first and then have the people assemble at the church for religious services. This practise soon became common, and the people seemed to like it better than the old. And in later years I preached often to crowded houses and ordinarily to more people than usually attended worship on Sabbath; for many of the irreligious people who almost never went to church always attended funerals. Besides, such was the force of custom or the regard for religion that all kinds of people, though they never went to church, regarded it as disgraceful to bury their dead without a funeral sermon. Such was called "the burial of an ass." Thus it was that some fellow-townsmen never heard the gospel except at funerals. I am thus reminded of the burial of an old man, a wicked man, a common drinker, and a practical skeptic. His two sons, married men, were respectable men, good citizens, and friends of benevolence, but in their religious belief Universalists. They and their families generally attended our Sabbath services; one owned a pew. When their father died—a man who probably had not been at church for many years—I was asked to preach the funeral sermon. As I had not learned the art of praising the dead because they were dead, I preached from the text: "What a man soweth that shall he also reap," and made no allusion whatever to the departed. If I gave offense to any one I never heard of it,

During the spring and early summer of 1854 I had little rest. About the first of March the congregation bought a house and lot for a parsonage. We moved into it on the 30th, exceedingly thankful that we had a permanent as well as comfortable home. By appointment of Presbytery I went to New York in May to assist Dr. Christie in the dispensation of the Lord's supper in the 3rd New York congregation now vacant. Rev. S. O. Wylie of Philadelphia was invited to assist. During what leisure I had during my week's stay in the city, and at the request of the Topsham people, I "begged" money to help them to pay for the parsonage. It was not very pleasant to my pride! During the week following the communion, the Presbytery met in Newburgh where I was chosen Moderator; and this was my first experience "in the chair." After Presbytery adjourned I went out to Coldenham and assisted the pastor, Rev. William Shaw, in his communion services on the Sabbath following. Then at home came special duties, the election and ordination of two deacons, Parker McNiece and Robert McLam. (This reminds me of my incorrect statement on a previous page when I remembered the election of only one deacon.) By the order of session they were ordained not by imposition of hands but only by prayer. This led to a memorial to Presbytery asking whether, in the election of deacons, hands should be imposed, for the members of session differed in opinion. Then came a difficult pastoral duty required by act of session after they had found a member of the congregation guilty of tippling or drunkenness when he had been disciplined two times before for the same offense. They now required him to submit to a public rebuke before the whole congregation on Sabbath at the close of the P. M. services. In seeming humility he submitted to the rebuke; but to the pastor who had to administer it before a large congregation it was a very painful duty.

Our second communion season occurred on the first Sabbath of July, 1854. My helpers were my brother Rev. J. B. Johnston, who was visiting us at the time, and Rev. J. M. Beattie, of Ryegate. My action sermon on Sabbath was from that great text: "Behold! the Lamb of God." On this occasion there were four additions to the church and two baptisms. On the Tuesday following we held our annual Sabbath-school festival in an adjacent grove. It was a joyous time. Rev. Dr. McKeen, of Bradford, and brother J. B. gave addresses. The Sabbath-school had now grown to be very large and the workers, including the pastor, were very hopeful of the results.

Not long after this we were made glad by visits from my dear friend J. M. Armour. At his second visit he lingered with us and preached for me on Sabbath. He may have forgotten his text; I have not. It was: "All things work together for good to those who love God," etc. Prior to this time I had been too poor to own a horse and buggy, something that every country parson needs to have. We had studied economy and had been able to lay by enough to buy the horse, for which I paid one hundred and twenty dollars; but I could not have had the buggy unless the man had offered to wait with me for the seventy-five dollars, the cost of the "wagon" as the Yankees then called it. So I gave him my note for that sum payable on the first of April the next year. This was the first time I had ever contracted a serious debt, and I felt considerably shaky. But I now had my own "bran new rig" and I felt more independent both of my neighbors and of the livery stable. My first use for the "rig" was when I had the pleasure of driving my friend Armour down to Bradford there to bid him "good-by, brother; we will meet again." But I soon had to part with that beautiful bay mare as fleet as a deer. She proved to be, as many *people* are, too high-strung and hard to manage.

She knew too well the use of her teeth and of her heels. One day when Elder Keenan was visiting at the parsonage he went into the stable to see his pastor's new bay mare. As he passed behind her, suddenly and most viciously she kicked at him and might have broken his leg if the animal's heel had varied two or three inches. I offered her for sale and received one hundred dollars for an animal that I did not wish to keep. I thought more of the elder and myself and of my wife for whom I wanted a quiet family horse, than I did of the biting and kicking animal.

Perhaps the reader is fond of horses? So I'll tell him more about my "luck" (?) with them. After a while I gave my one hundred dollars for another horse owned by a near neighbor. One day when I loaned him to some needy neighbor he took fright and ran away and made shipwreck of the little wagon. As I believed the old saying that after a runaway no horse is ever safe, I sold him to a farmer who knew of the horse's bad conduct. How much I lost in this second transaction I have now forgotten. But I must have a horse to do pastoral work among the people; and so one day ("the third time is the charm") young Josiah Keenan, a church-member and a son of Elder Keenan, brought a young horse, so beautiful that at once I liked him. He said: "Mr. Johnston, here is the horse you want." "For how much?" "One hundred dollars." "It's a bargain." "Well, keep him a week and if you don't like him bring him back." I kept him. He was as gentle as a lamb and as beautiful as a young deer. I kept him and trained him, and he became a model family horse and a petted animal that my Eliza could drive, and yet he was too spirited to bear the whip. He did us good service for years until we needed him no more. If the reader will wait, after a while I will tell him more about my good pet "Charlie" unless it be thought that a Covenanter pastor has no right to love a good horse.

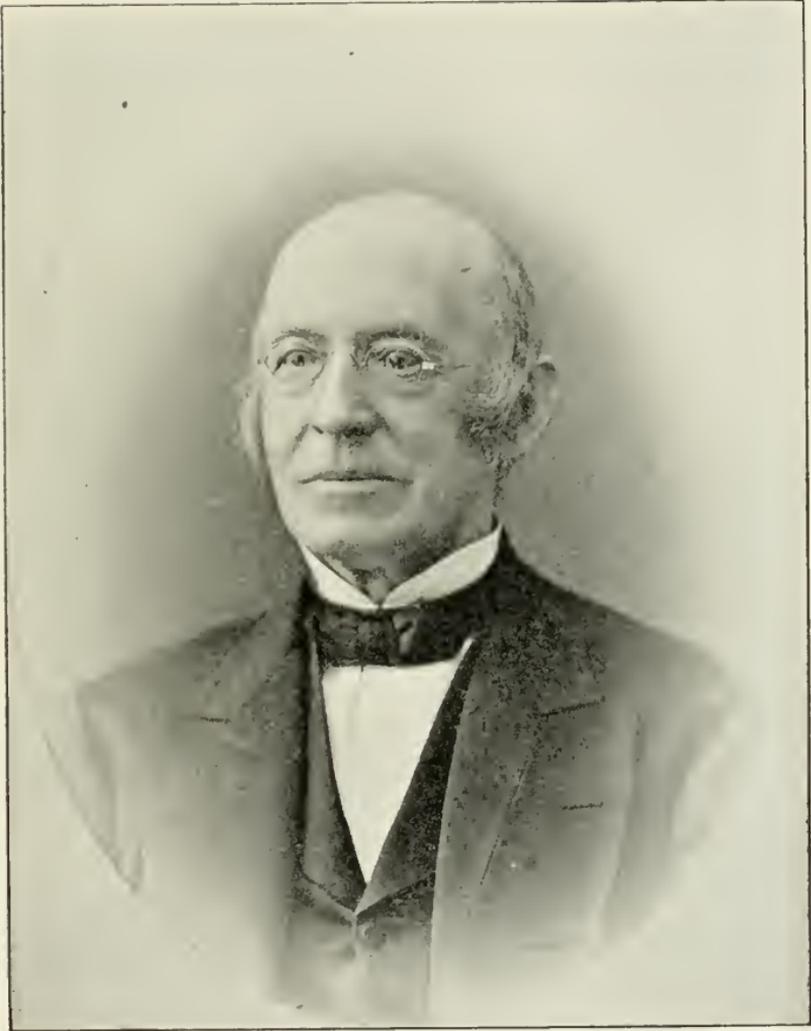
CHAPTER XX.

WORK FOR THE SLAVE.

DURING the early years of my home in Vermont and while the anti slavery agitation was becoming more and more intense, I formed the acquaintance of quite a number of the leading New England Abolitionists. As I was a subscriber for the *Anti-slavery Standard*, of New York, the organ of the National Anti-slavery Society, and for the *Liberator*, of Boston, the organ of the New England Anti-slavery Society and edited by William Lloyd Garrison, to both of which papers I was an occasional contributor, I was not a stranger to Abolitionists. And as the anniversaries of the National Society were held in New York City in May, and as in those years my Presbytery met every spring in Newburgh, it was generally convenient for me to attend the anti-slavery anniversaries. This gave me opportunities to form personal acquaintance with some of the leading friends of the slave. Moreover, as I was occasionally in Boston by appointment of Presbytery and preaching to the little society of Covenanters that soon grew into a good-sized congregation, I had opportunity to meet some of the Boston Abolitionists. Some of them were not orthodox Christians but of them as *Reformers* it may be said "the world was not worthy." The longer I lived in Vermont the more I became acquainted with Covenanters and with other anti-slavery people in different parts of the state. This led to my being invited occasionally to give anti-slavery lectures before mixed audiences. Then from time to time it was my

privilege to arrange lecturing tours and open the way for the old "anti-slavery apostles" as they have been called subsequently. Among them I can recall William Wells Brown, the fugitive slave, Charles Lenox Remond, the eloquent colored man of Linn, Mass., Mrs. F. E. W. Harper, the colored poet and oratorical advocate of human rights, Miss Sallie Holley, a devoted friend of the slave, C. C. Burleigh, the Quaker and eloquent orator, Parker Pillsbury, the most prophetic and perhaps the ablest of them all. On two occasions I secured Mr. Garrison as a lecturer at a few of the more prominent places. On one of these occasions Mr. Garrison and Rev. Samuel May, Jr., lectured in the Covenantant church in Topsham to a crowded house, for almost all classes of people were curious if not anxious to hear the great Abolitionist. They were both my guests at the parsonage, though at that time when in sorrow and in affliction I went to Mr. Parker McNiece's for my meals. Never did we have in the parsonage as guests two more gentlemanly and companionable Christian men. Some of the people, mostly of the pro-slavery mould, who came to hear Mr. Garrison's lecture expected to see a hard man—a soured misanthrope and a cross and denunciatory speaker. They were greatly disappointed when they saw a peaceful and Quaker-like man, with a placid countenance and benevolent face, with voice and words so tender and kind that every one could see that he was so far from being a monster he was more like a Howard or Wilberforce. No harsh word fell from his lips; and his greatest enemies went away saying: "Well, Mr. Garrison isn't such a bad man after all;" and some of them who had been displeased at me for bringing him to Topsham thanked me for doing it.

Among all the above-mentioned lectures I was freer to arrange meetings for Charles C. Burleigh than for any other, and at two different times I opened the way for him quite



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

extensively, and went with him to some of the meetings. He had but one aim, freedom for the slave. His person, his demeanor, his freedom from vituperation, and his impassioned eloquence in pleading for the oppressed millions, all showed that he was in earnest and had no sinister motive. Charles C. Burleigh was a lovely man, and I loved him. On two occasions he was a guest in our family and we saw more of his real worth than others could know who were not so favored. He evidently had a tender affection for his wife and young children left at home. One day I went into the parlor where he was sitting alone, and I found him looking lovingly at a picture of the loved ones at home. He handed the picture to me as though he wished me also to love them. Notwithstanding his grave demeanor and gentlemanly dignity everywhere in public, he had a vein of mirth and fun. One day I entered the parlor when he was alone. I found him down on the carpet playing with a kitten and laughing merrily. Such was the Quaker Abolitionist who, I suppose, during the long years of the anti-slavery excitement spoke for the bondman oftener than any other; and among all the brave men who never tired in the long-continued battle for the right I place him among "the three mighties" and worthy of imperishable honor as well as gratitude.

Of all the other lecturers mentioned above, especially Mrs. Harper and William Wells Brown, I would gladly write at length if space would permit. Except Mrs. Harper, they all were Garrisonian Abolitionists, that is, because of its pro-slavery Constitution and administration they would neither vote nor hold office in the government. They would not "strike hands with the oppressor;" and they "remembered them that were in bonds as bound with them."

Probably the most important meetings in behalf of freedom were the state conventions, two at Bradford and the third at West Randolph. They were nominally under the

auspices of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, yet the burden of the arrangements devolved upon me. The first was at Bradford. As there were more Covenanters than Garrisonians in that part of the state, the former shaped the character of the convention and controlled its actions quite largely. As the call did not specify or foreshadow the character of the convention except as anti-slavery, the political Abolitionists were dissatisfied when they learned that some of the prominent speakers were Garrisonians, among whom was Parker Pillsbury who was unpopular among the churches because he had so often testified against some of them as pro-slavery. Ex-Governor Fletcher had promised to give an address, but when he saw the names on the program of some Garrisonians he did not come. Even my friend Rev. Dr. McKeen, a Congregational minister did not attend after the first day. Yet one of the leading members of his church, Asa Low, Esq., was the chairman of the convention. Among the speakers were Rev. J. R. W. Sloane, of New York, and Charles Lenox Remond, of Massachusetts. The Covenanters from Ryegate and Barnet and from Tops-ham were prominent on committees and had much to do in shaping the resolutions. These were very radical. Mr. Sloane and I lodged together at the Old Trotter House, and the resolutions had much of the Covenanter ring. We had a good time as loving brothers during those two convention days and evenings. After the adjournment he came home with me to visit his friends and to remain over Sabbath. Those were days of sweet communion never to be forgotten.

The next year, or perhaps two years afterwards, the state convention met at West Randolph. In that part of the state there were few Covenanters, but the Garrisonians were numerous. But as the call included all anti-slavery people, every shade of anti-slavery sentiment was represented, though in the organization of the convention the Garrisonians were

the most numerous. The pastor of Topsham congregation was made the chairman and of course he had much to do in shaping the committees. The convention continued through two days and evenings and was largely attended to the end. The presence of William Lloyd Garrison and of Rev. Samuel May, Jr., gave tone to the entire convention. Mr. Garrison gave two or three regular addresses, and took a prominent part in the discussion. He was always heard with great interest. He never uttered a trivial sentence or an unfit word. He had little or no wit or humor, and he never condescended to anything like abuse of any one or of vituperation or irony or sarcasm. His addresses were always clear, logical, grave, earnest, even to solemnity. His power as a speaker was in his array of great facts in relation to slavery, its iniquity, its wrongs done to the slave, to the nation and in the churches. On all matters connected with the "Patriarchal Institution" he was so well informed and so in sympathy with the oppressed, no man could gainsay. His utterances, always as harsh as truth, carried conviction in the minds of all not blinded by prejudice.

One of the ministers who attended through all the sessions of the convention was a Baptist, a man of more than ordinary ability, a foe to slavery but unwilling to hear blame laid to the charge of the churches that fellowshiped slaveholders. Hence, when one of the resolutions on this subject was under discussion, he antagonized it and with much effort argued against what Mr. Garrison had said on the subject. I expected Mr. Garrison to reply, but he insisted that I should. He said, "Let preacher meet preacher." I left the chair and spoke at length in defense of the truth. The excitement ran high. Others, laymen and ministers, engaged in the debate, and I felt sure that the truth prevailed.

Rev. Samuel May and I were entertained in the family of a good Methodist brother. Though a member of a church

that fellowshipped slaveholders, he was a warm Abolitionist. We had family prayers morning and evening. In theology we did not see eye to eye; as to the right of every human being to freedom we were of one mind. Mr. May, whatever his religious creed may have been, always seemed to be a truly Christian man. He was consecrated to the cause of the oppressed and made many sacrifices in its behalf. During our residence in Vermont I received many letters from him. Some of them were gems. Some of them are historic and should not be given to the flames.

Rev. Mr. May was corresponding secretary of the New England Anti-Slavery Society. Under the date of June 4, 1857, he wrote to ask me to do what I could, without neglecting my pastoral duties, by way of lectures in Vermont. In this letter he wrote:

“Our position is so much in harmony with that occupied by your church that we feel no doubt of your sympathy. We wish to have the people of Vermont understand, better than they do now, the real character of our movement,—its moral character,—its truly religious character,—the reasons of our ‘No Union’ position, both in matters of state and church, and why it is that we have got ourselves so proscribed and odious, why it is that we are accounted infidel, etc., etc.

“No movement (in my humble judgment) ever had a clearer foundation in reason, common sense, the fundamental principles of morals, and the whole genius of Christianity, than our movement. As such, we wish to have the people understand it, and cease to be duped and misled by the tricksters who now sit in editorial chairs, mount political stumps, and preach in professedly Christian pulpits.”

Under the date of January, 1858, he wrote among other things the following:

“I am right glad to hear you were so bold for God and the truth, at Waitfield, and I hope, in the old church phrase, that you will *have many souls* there as the seals of your ministry. This is the power of the Gospel itself. The movement embraces so many of the vital principles and essential aims and methods of the Gospel, that it may justly be called **THE GOSPEL** now—not any modern Gospel, but



REV SAMUEL MAY

the old, unchanging, and everlasting truth, on which the men of this day, and especially those who profess to be its chief ministers, have turned their backs, and become its revilers and deadly foes, animated with the spirit of antichrist. But to us it is the power of God, and the wisdom of God, though to 'the wise,' etc., it is a stumbling-block and foolishness. But I hope that many in Vermont will see its glorious light, and come to it, and be no longer halting between two opinions and courses, and trying to serve God and mammon. The support of this government and Union, and a voluntary participation therein, is utterly irreconcilable with a genuine faith in God, and a full acceptance of his laws. This must be pushed home to the consciences and souls of the people. Oh, what a history is this nation writing out, from day to day! What a hideous spectacle it presents to the nations of the earth, and to the all-seeing eye of God!"

And then again in April of the same year he wrote:

"But I have thought of you often and much. Garrison and I often speak of your position, your brave anti-slavery action, your trials, etc., etc. *He* understands thoroughly well the spirit of proscription which has begun its mean and cowardly work against you and the cause of just and uncompromising freedom. I think *I* understand it pretty well. These assaults are sharpest, as I feel very confident, just now—indeed, I incline to think the worst of them over,—or at least until we give them fresh provocation, which I hope may be before a great while. I could truly wish you had a few more strong friends close around you, to help hold up your hands. The sympathy and cheer of friends is a great support—but the consciousness of *being right* is still better,—'One, with God, is a majority.' We can afford to wait."

CHAPTER XXI.

UNDER THE FATHER'S ROD.

WE had hoped that our residence in Vermont would help to restore Eliza's health. She became better or worse at different times though she never enjoyed good health. She suffered much and often from indigestion and acidity of the stomach. Neither the climate nor the hygienic remedies used effected a cure. In the autumn of 1856 she spent some weeks at Dr. Trall's Hygienic Institute in New York, but received no permanent benefit except some lessons as to the proper diet for sufferers of her class. With the return of spring, in May, 1857, she accompanied me to Presbytery in Newburgh and thence to Synod in Ohio, where we visited our friends as long as my duties at home would permit. On our return we brought with us a nephew, Patterson Pollock, and a niece, Ella Davis, both young children whose parents were willing to have them come and pay us a visit and perhaps remain a long time with us in our quiet home. Little Ella was a pet of mine; and Eliza hoped to be of special use to her sister's son. After an absence of over four weeks we reached our loved home in the Topsham parsonage on the evening of Thursday, June 11. I had hoped that the journey and the visit would be useful, but they were only slightly beneficial. God had willed that she should be removed to the land where the inhabitants "shall not say, I am sick." On the afternoon of July 3, she entered upon her heavenly rest. I hope that now after forty years have passed it will be admissible to copy here a little

of what was written in my journal when the rod of the Chastiser lay upon me. "Her death was happy. The struggle of pain had been passed the night and morning before, and as she drew nearer her end she seemed more calm and easy. During the afternoon she conversed freely, and seemed aware that she would not live. I could not think it possible that she would now be taken away from me. Still we had much precious conversation while I hung over her in anxiety and prayer. Many a precious word, expressions of faith and hope, mingled with fear, fell from her lovely lips. The Saviour, I think, was her support. I could not give her up. It seemed strange that God would take her from me with so little warning—strange that he should leave me alone, without earthly friends (relatives) save the dear little nephew and niece whom we had brought home with us from the west. Shortly before her departure I went alone and wrestled with God that he would not take her away from me and leave me alone in this cold and almost cheerless world. But he heard not my prayer. Bitterness alone was in my cup. I had to drink it. But I mourn not as those who have no hope. Among the many words which fell from her lips, soon to be cold in death, she said, 'Lord Jesus, save my soul. Precious Saviour, sustain me.' When I remarked to her that I feared God was about to remove her from me but that we would meet in heaven, she said, 'That will be a happy meeting.' She prayed much, sometimes audibly and sometimes silently, her lips moving. Just before her last, she kissed the children and bade them good-by, giving them good advice. Then she reached out her hand to the friends standing by, saying, 'Friends, farewell.' I asked her what she had to say to me. 'O, ask God to direct you, and be faithful unto death,' were her words in reply. Soon afterwards she clasped me in her arms while I kissed her, and then bade me farewell. And then with a full voice she

said, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly,' and soon the redeemed spirit went to God."

Four decades have passed since I stood at that newly made grave in which we laid away all that was mortal of one who had long been to me as an angel of God. I think I was not blind to her imperfections, but if it is possible for any child of God on earth to be without fault, or free from wrong-doing, she was guileless. In womanly chastity and virtue she seemed to me to be spotless. In sweetness of temper, in amiability of disposition, in harmlessness and innocence, she was lamblike and dovelike. Of priceless value was her silent but constant influence over me. Her Christlike gentleness was always a check upon me. "In her tongue was the law of kindness." From her lips, as I remember, never fell a word of passion or of hate towards any one. That she was sinless I dare not say, but He who made her and He who saved her had adorned her with rarest beauties and virtues. Her feeble health and her sufferings, often acute, no doubt the Sanctifier knew were necessary to prepare her for the company of those who are clothed in white robes before the throne of God. In the school of affliction through which she passed I learned many a lesson. Her meek submission in all her sufferings, of which she never uttered a word of complaint, was a silent but constant rebuke of my insubmission to the will of the Chastiser; and it always seemed to me that I was the one who should have been made to feel the smarting of the rod. But I did not know then that her Redeemer, the heavenly Husband, was preparing her by the work of the Sanctifier for the companionships of the celestial city.

The burial and the funeral services would have been on Saturday the 4th if it had been possible. Besides, Rev. Mr. Beattie could not be present until Sabbath evening; and the hour of 4:30 o'clock was fixed. At 11 o'clock on Sab-



REV. J. M. ARMOUR

bath the congregation met in two prayer-meetings, one large at the town hall, and one small one at the parsonage. The few who were with me that day in my hour of sorrow conducted the services in a becoming manner. The dear brethren seemed to have loving sympathy with their pastor and tenderly asked that the Comforter would be near to him in his bereavement.

At 5 o'clock a very large funeral procession, all on foot, followed the bier from the parsonage to the grave. The elders and deacons were the pall-bearers. Then followed the members of the church and their families, then the Sabbath-school, and then the many friends and neighbors assembled. After the coffin was lowered into the grave the dear children dropped flowers upon it. The burial over, the procession was reformed and all returned and entered the church where Rev. J. M. Beattie, pastor of Ryegate congregation, preached from Rev. 5 : 6, "And I beheld, and lo, in the midst of the throne," etc. At the setting of the sun I returned to the parsonage, and with a sense of desolation that long night of sorrow passed. Dear Mrs. Divoll had taken the little children to her home, and two or three good friends lodged in the parsonage that night that it might not seem so desolate to the bereaved.

During the week following the elders seemed solicitous about my health, and, speaking for them, dear father Keenan affectionately advised me not to think of preaching at home the next Sabbath but to take the little bereaved cousins and go up to Craftsbury to visit with Brother Armour. I followed the advice. Though he was a stranger to such sorrow, I think he was in sympathy with me; and to be with him was comforting. On Sabbath he pressed me into some service, asking me to preach at least one sermon, which I did from the text: "There shall be no night there."

The Sabbath after our return home I preached both fore-

noon and afternoon from the text: "Lord, increase our faith." On Monday, accepting the invitation of Mrs. Divoll, I took the children up to that restful farmhouse and lodged with them there at night and left them during the day while I went back to the parsonage to study and look after things there. Meanwhile I had written to friends in Ohio of Eliza's death. On the 24th of July I went to Bradford to meet Mrs. Pollock, Eliza's oldest sister, and my niece Augusta Johnston. The former came to take home the little children. After remaining a few weeks and adjusting affairs for me, she and the children departed for their homes. Niece Augusta remained to be the housekeeper at the parsonage. During the following fall and spring she was a member of a class of students in some of the higher branches; and she had a high standing in all her classes, so that I was not ashamed of my niece, the oldest daughter of my beloved brother James. She was a loving and kind niece. After a year or so she returned home leaving me alone in the parsonage. I lodged and studied there but boarded across the street with the family of Judge George. Mrs. George was the daughter of a Covenanter mother and had been a church-goer but had never made a profession of faith in Christ. Her son and daughter also attended worship and were in our Sabbath-school, but none of the family sought fellowship in the church until some time after I had been a boarder with them. First the daughter, Ellen, the youngest, became a Christian and was baptized, thus coming into the kingdom and leaving father, mother and brother behind in the world. Not long afterwards, however, her mother appeared before the session asking baptism and a place in the little Covenanter Church with her daughter. I believe that the good woman had long been a believer in the Lord Jesus, but had not such strong convictions or such courage as were sufficient to lead her to publicly confess his name in

a dissenting church when her husband was such an unbeliever and such a politician. To the pastor, however, they were joyful days when both mother and daughter were numbered among the disciples.

Prior to this time quite a number of most excellent women, young and old, had been brought into the church. Except two or three, they were connected with Covenanter families. Among the men there were two whose profession of faith and coming into the church gave joy to the pastor, viz. Charles Divoll and Samuel Mills, a resident in the village. He and his wife had formerly been members of the Free Church of Scotland. After my settlement in Topsham they attended worship with us and their children came to the Sabbath-school. After a while Mrs. Mills united with us. At first Mr. Mills could not give up the privilege, as he then regarded it, of being a citizen of this great government and a voter and eligible to office. After a while, however, he appeared before the session and asked membership with us. This was a joyful day, for Mr. Mills was an intelligent man and capable of doing great good as a member of the church. In a year or two after his admission he was chosen and ordained a deacon.

CHAPTER XXII.

BUSY DAYS.

THE fall and winter of 1857 were busy seasons not to be forgotten. Presbytery met at Craftsbury to ordain and install J. M. Armour. The only duty put upon me was to give the address to the installed pastor. I was exceedingly glad to have that dear brother located so near to me. After Presbytery I brought home with me another beloved brother, Rev. J. R. Thompson of Newburgh, N. Y., who remained with me over Sabbath and preached part of the day. During the autumn and winter I attended to the duty of pastoral visitation, officially visited the schools of the town, and gave numerous anti-slavery lectures in adjacent towns and villages. Having appointments in the New York First Congregation now vacant, on my way thither I held anti-slavery meetings and spoke at Claremont, N. H., and at Brattleboro, Vt. While in New York I preached in the Sullivan Street Church two Sabbaths and one in Brooklyn to which Rev. James Dickson had been called as pastor but not yet installed.

In that Sullivan Street Church was an old elder, Hugh Glasford, who for his excellence of character had many warm friends and who was a zealous Abolitionist. On the afternoon of my last Sabbath there I preached an anti-slavery discourse on the text, Eccl. 4. 1. "So I returned and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun," etc. I suppose Mr. Glasford had not heard many such sermons in that pulpit; so when I came down he came

forward to meet me and taking my hand said to me: "Why didn't you tell us you were going to preach that sermon and we would have had this house crowded full?" I guess I was "dumfounded;" at least I do not remember my rep'y.

When I left home to fill Presbyterial appointments I expected to go from New York to Cleveland at which had been called a disunion Convention. At the metropolis I learned that the convention had been postponed to a later date, and so I did not go. I had been invited to attend, and I had signed the call; for though not in the political union with slaveholders I was in hearty sympathy with the Garrisonians whose motto was, "No union with slaveholders." As they saw no prospect of "immediate and unconditional emancipation," the great aim of those noble philanthropists, they were in favor of the entire separation of the northern free states from the southern and slaveholding. I do not know that they had as yet devised any exact method by which the separation should be accomplished, but they favored and publicly declared in favor of a total separation under a new constitution because the existing union with a pro-slavery constitution was a "covenant with death and an agreement with hell." Though this disunion movement had but few advocates it caused great excitement among some classes of politicians and especially in the south where it aroused bitter animosity. Perhaps the reader of history is reminded by the above statement of an event which occurred while John Quincy Adams was in Congress. To that champion of the right of petition was sent for presentation a memorial asking measures looking towards separation from the south. It was called the "disunion petition." He presented it. This act was followed immediately by the passage of a resolution by the House "that for said action Mr. Adams should be expelled." He went home, but soon afterwards and by his own constituents he was triumphantly sent back to Congress.

Only a few weeks passed until I had to return to New York to attend the fall meeting of Presbytery. By appointment I preached in Boston on my way home. Thus as I was kept busy in so many ways God showed his love to me by giving me little opportunity to sit down and brood over my sorrows in bereavement. I did not think of it then but I see it now. I see that on my return home from the Presbytery I wrote in my journal among other things: "Glad to get back to the old parsonage once dear but now so lonely since she is here no more. . . . I find it hard to be reconciled to His will." But He dealt kindly with me by giving me so much to do. I needed to forget, if possible, His chastising rod. But I could not. My sweetest hours of the day and the happiest days of the week were in solitude. And after my niece had returned to her home, during the year or two that I was a boarder but lodged alone in the parsonage and busy in my study, I desired to be left alone. I disliked to hear any one knock at the door. Such was my growing selfishness that the divine goodness was shown to me by my Master's compelling me to go out to the work that must be done. Then I was prone to complain; now I am thankful.

It was in the month of January, 1858, that our first state anti-slavery convention at Bradford was held to which I had reference on a previous page. By looking at my journal I can correct some misstatements. The chosen chairman was a Mr. Dyer, a Garrisonian from Randolph. Mr. Lowe presided at the closing evening session when the excitement ran the highest. Ex-Governor Fletcher and Rev. Dr. McKean were present the first day, and the former took part in the discussion on a resolution in favor of the dissolution of the Union, but neither returned the second day. The discussion over the offensive resolutions occupied a part of two or three sessions. One of the most outspoken in

opposition was William Goodell, of Massachusetts, who in the afternoon session offered a substitute which was lost. Then in the evening and last session he moved to lay the original resolution on the table. This was hotly debated and finally lost; so that the truth triumphed. Some other Abolitionists besides the Garrisonians and Covenanters voted for it. And not much wonder when such eloquent speakers advocated it, as William Wills Brown, Charles Lenox Remond (both colored), and Parker Pillsbury. Mr. Sloane (not yet a D. D.) gave his eloquent address during the closing session, but I think he did not engage in the discussion on the agitating resolution. At the adjournment of the convention Mr. Sloane said to me that the two addresses of Parker Pillsbury were the most powerful he ever heard. Whatever sentiments he may have held on religious questions (and I know some of them were erroneous) he did not utter a word to which any Covenanter could object. Subsequently he gave two addresses on two consecutive nights in Topsham that were so remarkably prophetic and awe-inspiring that some of the older and most intelligent people present (and the house was full) said they never had heard anything so overwhelming in power. It was their deep conviction and the consciousness of being right that gave such power to the anti-slavery apostles who began the agitation that resulted in the revolution of the nation's mind and in the destruction of slavery.

Having finished the exposition of the Acts of the Apostles, in January of 1858 I began lectures on the first Epistle of Peter. In the afternoons I gave a series of sermons on the ten commandments; and after these, another series on the petitions of the Lord's prayer. In both these series I often preached two or three discourses on the same commandment or the same petition. These were followed by another series of discourses on the beatitudes which continued dur-

ing the early summer of 1858; for during such series I sometimes broke the chain by preaching on some other texts or special themes as providences indicated. As I now recollect I think I enjoyed, yea, delighted in the study of those precious words of Jesus more than in any other series all my life. The beatitudes! O, they are, indeed, "wonderful words of life." In all these studies I was greatly interested and I hope profited; and it is pleasant to hope that the children of God who heard the discourses were benefited. Moreover, I here leave my testimony that in all the studies that I ever pursued in none was I so habitually interested and absorbed as in the study of the Word of God. And this delight now, as I draw near the end of life, does not diminish. If this is true of the study of the written Word now, with what ineffable delight will we study the Word that was made flesh!

During the summer of this year, 1858, I had much enjoyment in the company of some of the dear brothers who visited me. During the communion season of this summer I was assisted by Rev. J. R. Thompson. His company was all the more enjoyable because his most estimable wife was with him. That good brother had read Solomon carefully: "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord." The action sermon at this communion was from the text, John 12:27, "Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say," etc. The theme was and is one that might fill the minds even of angels with sorrowful admiration. I can not now remember any action sermon whose theme so filled my soul with mingled sadness and delight.

The summer months following this communion season were interspersed with pleasurable events that tended to keep me from brooding in solitude over my bereavement that I could not forget. Rev. J. R. W. Sloane spent some time in visiting his friends in Topsham, and I shared with

them the pleasure. Very few were so companionable. It was a privilege to be with such a good and pleasant servant of Christ. Accompanied by a large company of the youth of the congregation we visited Wright's Mountain and "the devil's den" on the side of the same.

At our annual Sabbath-school festival in July, among the speakers was Miss Sallie Holley, an anti-slavery lecturer who at the time was holding meetings in the state. Her traveling companion was Miss Caroline Putnam. They were Garrisonians and did a good work for the slave. When she gave her lecture in Topsham she stood in the pulpit probably to the disgust of some who believed that she was disobeying Paul: "Let the women keep silence in the churches."

Miss Holley was a warm personal friend of Mr. Garrison, and he had great confidence in her judgment on questions involved in the anti-slavery conflict. But they did not always agree; and so his friends told this incident about him. On one occasion they differed in opinion on some important matter pertaining to the work in which they were engaged. He labored hard to convince her that his way was right; but she defended her position and would not yield to Mr. Garrison's judgment and will. His patience became exhausted, and with unusual feeling, and looking at her, slowly and sorrowfully said: "I have seen an end of all perfection."

Miss Putnam who was only a personal friend and traveling companion of Miss Holley, was a woman of fine education and culture. Going from Topsham to South Ryegate, where Miss Holley lectured the next day, Miss Putnam, who was a great ornithologist, was greatly delighted with the forests and streams and the birds. Her familiarity with their names and habits put me to shame. I refer to these things to illustrate the fact that the women who, in their

advocacy of the cause of the slave went upon the public platform, were not women of a low type nor untutored enthusiasts but of a high rank in morality and culture.

The longer I resided in the Green Mountain state the more I admired and loved it for its great beauty of mountains and hill and forest and stream. My love of the picturesque and the grand found almost full satisfaction. And so it happened that I was glad to respond to an invitation to join a party of Christian friends to visit Lake Willoughby. The company was made up by Brother Armour of Craftsbury, one being Robert Shields a licentiate. We traveled by carriages. The lake lies in Orleans County which borders on Canada and outflows into Lake Memphremagog on the north. It owes its beauty largely to the high mountains that border it, Mount Pisgah on the east and Mount Hor on the west. Pisgah, only a little higher than the other, is nearly two thousand feet in height. From the lake it rises up almost perpendicularly, presenting a bold rocky front or wall but so irregular or jagged as to admit such a growth of bushes or small trees as to make the whole surface exceedingly beautiful. This wonderful mountain wall is so nearly perpendicular that it is said that a man standing nearly at the top can throw a stone that will fall into the lake. The ascent is made by a path or trail up the east side where it is not very steep. On the top was an old wooden tower higher than the surrounding trees and from whose top there was a magnificent view in every direction.

The fronting surface of Mount Hor on the west side of the lake is not so perpendicular, and the forest is dense. The lake lying between these mountains is less than a mile wide though the length is six. It is said to be very deep and abounding with fish of rarest quality. But the most remarkable thing about this beautiful lake is its echo properties. Noises made by persons in a boat are echoed with wonder-

ful clearness. The reverberations are audible three or four times; a pistol or gun shot, oftener. Loud talking, singing, and laughter are echoed with every different intonation of the voice. The difference between the rising and falling inflection of a question is as distinctly noticeable as between the speakers in the boat.

Our company lodged at the hotel at the head of the lake. Rising with the first appearance of Aurora, Mr. Armour, his sister-in-law, Miss Sudborough, Robert Shields and I ascended to the top of Pisgah. Walking up the trail about two or two and a half miles in length, we spent an hour in taking in the grandeur of the sights, the White Mountains on the east, the Green Mountains on the west, the entire range from Camel's Hump on the south to Jay's Peak and Owl's Head on the north; and then returned in time for late breakfast. Probably we boasted of our *ante jentaculum* excursion, but I am sure we were all ready to enjoy our full share of the lake trout that the cook had reserved for the mountain tramps. We were loath to leave Lake Willoughby. It left a picture on my memory so vivid that to this hour I often linger to behold it with great delight. Would the question be culpable if any lover of the beautiful in nature should ask whether there will be beautiful lakes among the mountains of the "better country"?

In the memory of the writer Lake Willoughby associations are all pleasant. And it is due to the memory of one of that select company to record here my estimate of Robert Shields who though much my junior was long ago called to the higher life. I knew him first as a student in Geneva College. He was intellectual, amiable, and truly pious. Of Scotch ancestry, and the son of a Scotchman, Elder Alexander Shields of Craftsbury congregation, he was full of Covenanter blood. He was an enthusiastic student of nature, excelled in the mastery of the natural sciences, and

he was a great botanist. He should have been a professor in this department in some college or university, for he was better adapted to this than to the ministry. His godly parents, however, would have been disappointed and probably dissatisfied if he had not been ordained to the ministry. As he was a younger brother of Mrs. Josiah Divoll, one of the elders in Topsham whom he visited often, I was often favored by his company. It was a privilege to be with him, so much did he know of the wonderful works of God in the kingdom of nature.

A while after licensure Mr. Shields was sent by the Board of Missions to labor among the Contrabands at Fernandina, Fla. He had not been there many months until the military or governmental officers gave him trouble, and because he would not take the oath required of him he was obliged to leave that field of labor. Subsequently he was employed by the Board as a missionary among the freedmen at Little Rock, Ark., and then in Washington, D. C. Afterwards he was ordained and installed as pastor in Ramsey congregation in Canada where he labored in feeble health until his death in 1883. How many good men and useful ministers never live to see threescore and ten!

Before going to Craftsbury to preach for Brother Armour the Sabbath before our excursion to Lake Willoughby, I had written an address ready to be given at a Sabbath-school convention at Bradford. Accordingly I returned home on the cars *via* Bradford. The convention was largely attended by Sabbath-school workers. Several able addresses were given by Dr. McKeen, Professor King of Newbury Seminary, and others. The theme that had been assigned to me was, "The Qualifications of Sabbath-school Teachers." At that convention were most of the teachers and many of the youth of our Topsham Sabbath-school, and I was not ashamed of them nor of our school which at this time was

the largest in the county and I have no doubt the best. And during all these years while laboring among children and youth my love of the former and my interest in the latter grew steadily. After my pastorate ended, though it may not have appeared to others, I never changed my opinions as to the great importance of the religious education of the young. The neglect of it is ruinous to the church as well as to the individual.

Prior to this time Eliza and I had organized a Band of Hope into which had been gathered the children and young people of the entire neighborhood or the bounds of the congregation. At one time it numbered one hundred and eighty members. The pledge of total abstinence included tobacco also, though twelve of the members, grown boys, would not sign the double pledge for they had already become addicted to the use of either cigars or the quid. It is with pleasure, however, that I record the fact that no member of the church or son of a Covenanter was included in the twelve exceptions. I have to add though that if memory is not imperfect I never heard that any of those twelve ever united with any church. On the other hand it is pleasant to record that I never heard of any of the entire membership violating his temperance pledge except one who when the war broke out became a soldier and was not able to resist the temptations to which the boys in blue were exposed, to the shame of the government and army be it told. That soldier was the son of a wicked man who loved strong drink, and of a pious mother who lived to mourn the loss of her son buried in a soldier's grave.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WORK AT HOME AND IN THE COURTS.

DURING the autumn of 1858 I saw no rest from excessive work, much of it outside of the home pastoral duties always sufficient for one man. By appointment of Presbytery I went to Boston to administer the sacrament of the supper on the fourth Sabbath of October, and to moderate in a call for a pastor. I was assisted by licentiate F. M. Elder. On Monday after the services he was elected as pastor. Subsequently he declined the call. As Presbytery was to meet in New York that week, we went thither by way of the Long Island steamer. On the boat I fell in company with my former neighbors from Topsham, Mr. Isaac Tabor and family, on their way to New York whence they were soon to sail for California. Mr. Tabor had been a merchant in Topsham, a very kind neighbor, a regular pewholder in our church, his beautiful children members of our Sabbath-school, a great lover of music and always joining heartily in singing the psalms, and yet a Universalist in his faith if he had any at all. One day we were riding together when our conversation turned upon Universalism, for I desired to win him from error to the truth, and after he had been listening for a few minutes he said: "Well, Mr. Johnston, I can not believe that a man can continue to live in wickedness and die without repentance and then go to heaven." Whatever religious faith he had was only in theory, for he was given up to business. In this he succeeded finely for a series of years; but reverses came and he became bankrupt. Having lost

all, he was too proud to remain in Topsham and he departed to make a new home in California. Mr. Tabor was a kind-hearted and genial man, a warm friend of Elder Parker Mc-Niece, and such a kind neighbor to the pastor, I had a loving regard for him. When he and his family reached San Francisco they were poor, yet they courageously went to work as opportunity was afforded. His oldest son, Rodney, went into the printing office of the *Occident*, the Presbyterian religious organ. The editor, Dr. Woodbridge, favored him. Attending Presbyterian Church and Sabbath-school, he became a disciple of Christ in that church, received an education, studied theology, and was called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church in Alameda, Cal. I was present at his ordination and installation in the autumn of 1875, seventeen years after they left Vermont. Perhaps the influences that resulted in all this began during the years of his attendance in our Sabbath-school and church. Good seed sown in faith is not likely to be wholly lost. Is it ever?

During the November meeting of Presbytery in New York a very painful event occurred. Rev. S. O. Wylie of Philadelphia instituted a libel against Rev. Dr. Christie charging him with a heinous crime against the law of the seventh commandment. This made an extra or *pro-re-nata* meeting of Presbytery necessary. This was set to be on the 30th of the month, when I would have to return to New York. Meanwhile beside the regular pastoral work some important events occurred one of which I may not fail to narrate. I will do this by copying from my diary, under the date of Thursday, November 18, when I wrote the following:

“I have just returned from my last meeting with my little school which has been in session during the past ten weeks. Being assisted by Miss Lora Mills, I was relieved from teaching all classes except Latin, Algebra, Astronomy and Moral

Science. Last evening we had a literary exhibition in which the students displayed great merit. Besides the ordinary essays, declamations, and orations, they read a number of the newspaper published by the society, and had a debate on the dissolution of the Union. The debater who advocated dissolution received no applause, while the other, opposing it and defending the Union, received a shower of plaudits. Afterwards Mr. Charles Divoll, in an oration on New England, gave a slight expression in favor of disunion which at the close of the oration was followed by hisses. Like a gentleman he rose, stepped forward upon the platform and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I could have written an oration so as to have received only your applause; but I did not choose to do so. *I spoke my sentiments.*" I can not deny that I was proud of Charles Divoll that night. He had grown up to mature youth since I had become his pastor. He had been a student with me for some time. He had been a careful hearer of the Word preached, had heard the anti-slavery gospel, and had accepted the truth of the Covenanter Church of which he was now an active member. And so when he did not cower at those pro-slavery hisses but stood up in his young Christian manhood and said: "I spoke my sentiments," I admired him and loved him.

Of Charles Divoll we will hear more on subsequent pages. All that need be written now is that he was the oldest son of Elder Josiah Divoll, a noble youth who had made a public profession of faith in Christ a year or so before the event recorded above. He was a diligent student, exemplary in his deportment, the hope of his father and the pride of his sisters. He desired to obtain a good education, but his father did not wish to send him away from home for this purpose lest he might be exposed to temptations which he would not be able to resist. And for this son's sake, in part, the father had previously urged me to teach a private

class. As this grew into a little school with only two short sessions of ten weeks in the year, Charles continued to work on the farm most of the year. After he became well prepared he taught public school a few terms. Then he was appointed town superintendent of schools and served honorably for one or two years prior to the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion in which he enlisted early in its progress as a soldier in the Vermont Sixth Regiment.

To attend the *pro-re-nata* meeting of Presbytery on the 30th of November, I left home with a sad heart knowing that as a Presbyterian I would be called to a most painful duty—the trial of an aged minister who all his life had been prominent, and a man greatly beloved by many in the church and who was now a professor in the theological seminary. Probably I felt it more deeply as I remembered that at my ordination and installation he had presided and upon my head he had imposed the hands of a Presbyterian. And I could not forget that afterwards, by appointment of Presbytery, I had assisted him during a communion season in the third New York congregation then vacant; and that the other assistant was Rev. S. O. Wylie who now came before Presbytery as the accuser of Dr. Christie. Because of this and similar facts I would have remained at home if I did not fear that I might be chargeable with insubordination.

After the Presbytery was prepared for the trial, Dr. Christie being present, the libel was read and he was asked if he were guilty, or if he would put himself upon trial. He then arose and read a written paper in which he declined the authority of the court and heaped reproaches upon the Presbytery and ministers of other Presbyteries. As soon as he had finished the reading he withdrew and left the house.

Notwithstanding his withdrawal Presbytery proceeded to

the trial as if he had been present. Many persons, both men and women, some of these, no doubt, former members of the congregation when he was pastor, were present to hear the trial. Some member of Presbytery without giving a reason, moved that the women be required or requested to retire or leave the church. It was likely to pass without debate for it would probably be taken for granted that the testimony would be such as women should not hear. I saw at once that it was improper and unjust for Presbytery to make an unwarranted distinction between men and women, and urged that women, Covenanter women (I think there were no young women present) had as good a right as men to hear the trial, that there was no reason why it would be improper for women to hear the testimony that would not apply equally to men, for men should be chaste as well as women, and that women who loved their old pastor should have the opportunity as well as the men to hear the trial and know that no injustice was done to him. And I urged that at all events the women themselves should be the judges, not Presbytery, whether it was proper and right for them to remain. I do not remember whether any one spoke in favor of the motion, but when it was put it was voted down; and the women remained. Probably it was at the next session of the court or the next day, some one handed me a letter saying, "Mrs. ——— asked me to hand this letter to you." I opened it and found a five dollar bank-note in it, but it had no name and gave no reason for the donation; I supposed, however, that it was to show her appreciation of my action in Presbytery the day before.

The trial was protracted as well as painful. The evidence was of several kinds, and all tended to conviction. Among others were letters in the accused's own handwriting. It was my unhappy lot to be one of a committee of three to read these letters and report their character. The

readers could not doubt the guilt of the writer. The other evidences were as convincing. Presbytery was unanimous in the decision that the accused was guilty of adultery. The sin was the more aggravated because the wife of the accused, though an invalid, was yet living. He was deposed from office and suspended from the privileges of the church until evincing repentance.

This case of scandal, probably the most aggravated of the kind ever occurring in the Reformed Presbyterian Church in America, was painfully humiliating. Sadness and gloom rested upon the whole church, and the wound inflicted was long in healing. What lesson the Head of the church was teaching her was not known, but it clearly showed into what an abyss of depravity man has fallen and from which there is no rescue but by the blood of the atonement.

After the adjournment of Presbytery I met with a disappointment that prevented me from getting home before Sabbath. Being detained I had opportunity to hear several eminent speakers and persons, as Horace Greeley and Dr. Cheever, at a public meeting in favor of "the People's College," Cornell. Also George P. Marsh and Henry Ward Beecher. The theme of the latter was, "Sympathy in common life." It is no wonder that "the great Brooklyn preacher" was so popular. On Sabbath I preached for Dr. Sloane and in the evening heard him preach on "the Bible in the public schools."

After Sabbath I hurried home. Among letters that had accumulated I found one giving me the unexpected and painful intelligence of the defection of my oldest brother, Rev. J. B. Johnston. He had left the Old Covenanter Church and gone into the United Presbyterian. He had always been a bold and uncompromising advocate of Reformation principles. In my early life he had been my teacher and one of my most influential friends to lead me into the

witnessing church. In his mature youth he had come out of the great Presbyterian Church, and I was baptized in the same. When I united with the Covenanter Church I followed his example. Like myself probably nearly the whole church would have said: "John B. Johnston was the last man I would have thought to be likely to leave the church." I learned afterwards that his friends in Ohio apologized for him on the ground that he had been wronged or persecuted by brethren, ministers and laymen, in the church. They said he never would have gone out if he had not been driven out. Some alleged that he was "courted" by the United Presbyterians. To me, his youngest brother, neither reason seemed valid or of any force. To grant either would assume that he was a man of weak mind. But he was not. If persecuted or wronged he should have endured patiently, and gone forward in the path of duty until the Head of his church would vindicate his cause. If "courted" or tempted, he should have resisted and continued to "stand up for Jesus" as Lord of nations. It is more probable that he had changed his opinions as to the importance or practicability of our distinctive principles, if he did not disapprove of them entirely. That he continued to believe, as formerly, that incorporation with the government is sin, is not presumable because it is improbable that he ever advocated the duty of the United Presbyterian Church to exercise discipline against her members who do incorporate.

I think several years had passed after my brother's connection with the United Presbyterian Church before I met him. At that time—it was when I visited him in his own home—we conversed freely on the subject. I was grieved at his departure from the old church I loved so well, and I assumed the aggressive and tried to show that he had made defection and had gone into a church occupying a lower position and in sinful connection with an antichristian govern-

ment. He replied that the United Presbyterian Church is a reforming and rising and progressive church while the Reformed Presbyterian Church is a divided and retrogressive body. As our conversation assumed the character of controversy he became vexed or excited almost to passion. This made me so sorry that I ceased to contend. I remembered that he was my senior by more than eighteen years and that he always had loved me and had ever been exceedingly kind to me. I had ever loved him and looked up to him; and I knew I would ever love him. And so when I left his house I resolved that I never would introduce the unpleasant theme again; and I never did.

In May 1859 Synod met at Pittsburg. I lodged with Dr. Samuel Sterritt, afterwards an elder in the Pittsburg congregation. It was during the days of Synod's sessions that I formed the acquaintance of young David Metheny who was studying medicine with his uncle, Dr. Sterritt. He was a young man of such amiability and rare excellence I became greatly attached to him, though at that time I had no thought that he would ever be a medical missionary.

During the days of Synod I was a voluntary reporter of the daily proceedings. They were published according to previous arrangements in the *Pittsburg Daily Gazette* and mailed to all throughout the church who had ordered them. This was the first time that ever full Synodical reports were given in a daily paper. At several subsequent Synods I gave similar reports. For one or two years Rev. R. Z. Willson gave reports but they were printed in pamphlet form. After I ceased to publish the daily reports Synod appointed her own reporters; and so the practise has continued since.

After the adjournment of this Synod I went from Pittsburg to St. Clairsville, Ohio, to meet my brother J. B. and his family. He had accepted a call from the United Presby-

terian congregation of that place and was removing thither. We met at Bridgeport on the Ohio River and rode together to St. Clairsville. He invited me to preach for him part of the Sabbath; and in the evening at 5 o'clock I preached by the invitation of the pastor in the Presbyterian Church. As twelve or thirteen years had passed since I had been back to that old town where I had been a teacher before I entered upon theological studies, many old friends and former students came to see me and I enjoyed my visit there very much. As my brother had not yet begun to keep house I was entertained in the family of my old friend William Askew, the father-in-law of my lifelong friend, Dr. Tidball. Mrs. Tidball was visiting at her father's at the time. William Askew and family were Orthodox Friends (Quakers) and most excellent people. When I was teaching in the academy there they all were Quakers. After the marriage of Dr. Tidball to Martha, the second daughter, she united with the United Presbyterian Church as the doctor had done. Subsequently Ann Askew, the oldest daughter, united with the same church and was a member of it when my brother became the pastor in St. Clairsville. And I desire to record here my testimony to the excellency of the character of Ann Askew whom I knew well and with whom as an intelligent and earnest Christian I was intimately acquainted so long. For amiability of temperament, for refined culture, and for conversational powers as well as true piety, I have never known many if any superiors. Though educated a Friend she continued to the end of a long life a consistent member of the United Presbyterian Church.

On my return home from Synod I found plenty of work that needed a worker. Entries made in my journal from time to time show that I had little or no rest. I did not complain, rather I rejoiced in it, for I know that I loved the work—work for Christ and for his own, the flock over which

he had made me his shepherd. I see that soon after my arrival home the following entry was made: "And now I praise God for his goodness in bringing me safely back to my dear flock. My prayers shall be that the Good Shepherd may go before me and lead me and his flock here by the still waters and in the green pastures. And, O that I may be instrumental of bringing many into the fold under Christ the Head. I long to see sinners flocking to him that he may be glorified and many saved."

On the second Sabbath after my return home I assisted Rev. Beattie at his communion in Barnet. Served three tables. On Monday after preaching I baptized ten or fifteen children. That congregation, like Ryegate, (Mr. Beattie was pastor of both) was made up largely of either the children of Scotch people or of pure Yankees. The women were not ashamed of motherhood, and the mothers trained their children for Christ.

Two Sabbaths afterwards was our communion in Topsham. As at several previous times, I was greatly encouraged by the conversion of youths most of whom were brought in from the world. On the Monday before the communion five young people were admitted into the church. They were converted from the world or from families of other churches. One was a son of a Congregationalist, one the daughter of Congregational parents, one was educated in the Free Church of Scotland, another was a member of an irreligious family, the fifth was of Covenanter parentage. The heart of the pastor was full of gratitude to God. I find this entry in my journal of that date, June 26, 1859: "For this addition to the church I thank God and take courage. Jesus has heard my prayer. O that I may be able to consecrate myself to him and his church. There are more sheep and lambs, I can not doubt, belonging to Christ in the bounds of the congregation. O that I may be instrumental of bringing them into the fold."

At that communion I was greatly helped by Rev. J. R. W. Sloane, the assistant; and Rev. Beattie also preached two or three times. The "action sermon" was from that great text, 2 Cor. 3 : 10. "For even that which was made glorious had no glory in this respect, by reason of the glory that excelleth." My journal records that there were three tables and fifty-five communicants, and adds: "The house was full to overflowing, and nearly all remained to the very last of the services. Great interest was manifested. I fondly hope that it was a good day and that the Saviour rejoiced in his works. My soul, bless God for his goodness to us here in Topsham." My soul did rejoice in God my Saviour. The recent converts who were at the communion table for the first time made my heart glad. Such was the condition of the community and so many deaths occurred, especially of the old people of the congregation, the membership would have decreased rather than otherwise if these additions from time to time had not occurred. Besides, communion seasons always seemed to me, and I think to many of the people I loved so much in Christ, as seasons of genuine revival.

Having finished my lectures on the two Epistles of Peter I undertook a great work and wrote the following in my journal under the date of July 23, 1859: "After much hesitation I concluded to undertake the exposition of the prophecies of Isaiah. Though I have sought divine direction, I enter upon the work with trepidation. And I may add, it is very uncertain that I shall live to finish so great an undertaking. If I live to complete the lectures, it will take years of hard labor both in my study and in the pulpit."

Nearly five decades of years have passed since those lines were written; and now I can say that I never regretted, not much at least, that I undertook that very difficult task. I sometimes feared that I had shown too much temerity in the attempt; but as I progressed in the study and exposition I

became so interested and felt that I derived so much profit, and all the while hoped that I was useful to the people, I approved of my own action. As I advanced in the study I saw more and more the propriety of the name commonly given to Isaiah, "the Evangelical Prophet." And during the course of lectures, always given in the forenoon, I often found in the verses expounded rich texts for the afternoon sermons. And when I came to the fifty-third chapter I omitted the lectures and preached in the forenoon a sermon on every verse, sometimes two. Where in all the New Testament can a preacher find better texts for "Gospel sermons"?

Not long after beginning these lectures I had another favorable opportunity to gratify my love of the grand in nature. If I need to apologize for copying from my journal of that date it will be this; that at that time modern improvements for the benefit of White Mountain tourists were unknown, and in the fact that at that time I had not crossed the Rocky Mountains nor had I seen the more beautiful and grand Sierra Nevadas with their matchless Yo Semite Valley.

"Thursday, August 11. Last night I returned from the White Mountains which I was visiting in company with my dear friend Rev. J. M. Armour. I left home on Monday and met him at Littleton, N. H., whence we passed on to Bethlehem to lodge overnight. Early Tuesday morning we started and rode to Bræbrook's Hotel for breakfast, and thence five miles to the Crawford House at the entrance of the White Mountain Notch. Here we arrived just in time to join a party of fifty-seven on horseback to ascend Mount Washington. We left at about 9 o'clock and arrived at the summit at about 1 P. M. The path leads up the forest-covered side of the mountain for some three or four miles, after which it comes out upon bare mountain tops. Before we reach Mt. Washington we pass over the other mountains

—Clinton, Pleasant, Monroe. The path is steep, craggy, rough, stony, dangerous, wild; and to one who is unused to such a sight, it would seem impossible for horses to pass it. The view from the mountains as we ascend is grand. From Washington it is so magnificent, so far beyond my most sanguine expectations, I could never describe it. Soul elevating indeed is the vision. I feel that I not only know more but I hope am better since my feet stood on that mountain summit, 6,200 feet high. What grand and awful mountains and chasms lie in every direction, no person can describe. And those White Mountains! Pile upon pile, they tower up, up, up until the peak of Washington seems to be in heaven. And how craggy, rocky, grand, and picturesque—no! how vast, majestic, awful! What is He whose hand rolled up those everlasting hills?

“I should have said that there were about one hundred people, probably one-third of them ladies, on the summit when we were there. Nearly one hundred took dinner at the Tip Top House. The provisions are all carried up on pack-horses, eight or nine miles from below. Never shall I regret my visit to Mt. Washington.” On the Sabbath after my return from the mountains, while the pictures on my mind were fresh, I preached from the text: “Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!” Of course I used the old classification, works of creation, of providence, and of redemption or grace.

During the years now passing I think there was in that part of Vermont a very great interest in the cause of Sabbath-schools. Never since have I seen anything like it. Within two weeks after my return from the White Mountains there were two very large public meetings, or “celebrations,” so called, in the interest of Sabbath-schools. The first was at Bradford to which I was invited and special duty assigned. Several thousands were present, mostly

Sabbath-school scholars and workers including pastors and people. The whole day was spent in appropriate exercises. My old friend, Dr. McKeen, was most active and prominent.

The next week our Topsham Sabbath-school and seven others from the adjacent towns and villages united in a grand celebration or festival at Waits River village in an adjacent grove. As at Bradford, several thousands were present, brass band music, feasting at long tables burdened with the richest viands that Vermont women could supply, and four addresses by selected speakers, Rev. Professor N. P. Cushing, Rev. Kingsbury, J. O. Peck, a theological student, and the Topsham pastor. The subject of his address was: "This is the Children's Age: It is the Prelude of the Golden." Nearly the whole day was spent in those joyful festivities; and the good people of Topsham were proud of their Sabbath-school which was the largest of the whole number present. It is probable that never afterwards was it any larger but soon began to diminish as not long afterwards the ever active Methodists organized a new and separate school and gradually drew off some of our outside or mission scholars as well as their own children.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EVENTFUL DAYS.

THE fall meeting of Presbytery occurred on the 2d of November. The days preceding and following were somewhat eventful. Having an appointment at Boston, for the congregation was yet vacant, on my way thither I stopped off at Manchester and Lawrence, Mass., to visit several friends employed in the mills, some of them members of Topsham congregation. At Boston I met licentiate J. C. K. Faris, the first time, I think. He preached for me one-half of the day; and on Monday we traveled to New York together. He was a pleasant as well as intelligent traveling companion.

On Monday evening in New York I called upon a friend at No. 26 Twenty-third Street, with whom I spent the evening at the celebrated Dusseldorf Gallery of Paintings. On Tuesday evening after hearing the sermon at the opening of Presbytery I was taken sick. The next morning though unable to eat breakfast I went to Presbytery but was soon attacked with sickness so violent that I had to ask leave of absence from Presbytery. I went to my home-like lodgings at Mr. Andrew Knox's, went to bed and did not leave my room until the morning of the third day. This temporary sickness, the severest I had experienced for years, was, I suppose, the result of the use of unhealthy diet for some time especially after leaving home. To disobey is to suffer. Friday the 4th was spent with a special friend in visiting that beautiful and populous city of the dead, Green-

wood Cemetery. The evening was spent in the International Art Gallery of Paintings. Saturday was spent at the Egyptian Museum of Antiquities and in Central Park. This was about the first time since I had begun to preach that I could find time to visit so many desirable places. Perhaps between the lines the reader may be able to see the reason.

It was not long after my return home that we heard startling news from Harper's Ferry. Topsham village is hid among the hills and twelve miles away from the Connecticut River Railroad. At that time there was no telegraphic communication with the outside world except as brought to us by the newspaper. The account of the bloody scenes that occurred at Harper's Ferry on the night of the 17th of October, 1859, reached us first by the New York *Tribune*. It sent a thrill to the hearts of all classes interested in the question of slavery. Covenanters especially were anxious to know the result of the trial of Captain John Brown. Very few others were in sympathy with the old hero who had dared to take the sword to cut the bondman's chain. Indeed, we were so anxious about the result of the trial we had little time to discuss the question of the rightfulness of his raid upon the slaveholders in Virginia. Subsequently the intelligence of his being condemned to death by a Virginia court, and that on the 2d of the approaching December he would be hung, gave to some of us both sad hearts and indignant souls. At the first opportunity—it was the first Sabbath after my return from Presbytery—my afternoon's sermon was from the text: Eccl. 7:7. "Oppression maketh a wise man mad." When that sermon was preached, about seventeen months before Fort Sumter was fired upon, none of us could foresee a War of Rebellion; probably very few northerners either expected or feared a war so soon if at all. The lack of such

expectation will appear in the following extracts from the notes of the discourse. They are given here and now only to put on record what was thought in advance of the hanging of John Brown and what the Topsham Covenanters endorsed at that time. The occasion was peculiar and the discourse was an exception. Its sentiments may not be judged from the standpoint of to-day but from that of nearly forty years ago when we had not begun to fear a Civil War. A few sentences will suffice to show the tenor of the whole.

“Hurried to trial before his wounds are healed, and before his counsel can be brought forward, he is condemned as a traitor, an inciter of insurrection, and as a murderer. But he did not commit treason, he failed to incite insurrection, and he did not intend to shed blood, nor did he until attacked and compelled to strike in self-defense. If he be hung he will die a martyr to principle. His zeal may have been rash but his motive was good. A martyr to liberty will John Brown die. His blood will cry for vengeance, and from that blood will rise up thousands of John Browns armed with moral weapons and sworn to conquer and to destroy slavery or die. The terror with which this event fell upon the south, shows the conscious weakness of the system. Slaveholders know they tread on a volcano. What would Virginia be without the power of the United States to keep down her slaves? Such scenes must be reenacted. Insurrection will be the order of the day, the rule, not the exception. Oppression will yet madden the slave, and who can stay the hand of justice? That divine attribute can not always slumber. How heartless are politicians who are earnestly calculating only the effect this tragedy will have on their party! Where is the guilt? What caused this bloodshed? What trained John Brown to this? How comes he to lie in a murderer's cell? At whose hand will God re-

quire the blood of this victim of malicious wrong? Of the people who hate the colored man, who sustain and apologize for the vile system, who sustain a slaveholding civil government and Federal Union, and who in their church relations strike hands with the oppressor. What is our duty? Pray for the old hero. Imitate his zeal, not his unwisdom. Oh, it is good that even one man can go mad, as they say Brown is, in hatred of slavery! Is it not strange that there are so few who become frenzied in hatred of oppression? If John Brown be mad I would rather be a mad man than be among his butcherers and his murderers. I would rather be in his lonely cell or die his martyred death than be the slaveholder or a pitiful apologizer for the 'sum of all villainies.' Give us John Brown's zeal rather than cold-hearted apathy when millions lie bleeding under the iron heel of the oppressor."

As usual there were many in the church besides the "Presbyterians"—some pro-slavery Democrats besides many Republican politicians most of whom were strongly anti-slavery. I did not preach to please any of them. I thought I had the approbation of the Master and I felt confident that the Covenanters would stand up for the right. That the young men of the church followed their pastor, evidence was not lacking. To be able to judge rightly of their character and actions the reader must remember that these events occurred eighteen months before the southerners attacked Fort Sumter and two or three years before northern soldiers sang:

"John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,
As we go marching on."

The evening after the hanging of John Brown the Abolitionists of Topsham held a public meeting in the town hall at which resolutions were introduced and discussed in part. During the week following the hanging there were three or four meetings, all largely attended, at which the discussions

continued until the resolutions were finally disposed of. Among the speakers who stood in defense of the Charles-town martyr were young Robert McNiece and Charles Divoll. They used no carefully studied words to please pro-slavery politicians or apologizers. While young McNiece was speaking from his place in the audience, a big stout man walked excitedly and hurriedly to the speaker and, shaking his weapon at him, ordered him to "stop that talk," or something like that. The speaker did not stop. Too much Scotch and Yankee blood was running hot in his veins. But the words were scarcely out of the mouth of the man with the bludgeon when two muscular Abolitionists rushed up to him, caught him by the arms and, pulling him away, ordered him to sit down and behave himself. He believed that obedience was the better part of valor, and young McNiece finished his John Brown speech. The reader may not know that that Covenanter boy was then a student in Dartmouth, afterwards a popular principal of a city High School, then a masterly editor of a daily paper, then a theological student in Princeton but a Covenanter no more, and then the pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Salt Lake City, and a man who fought so nobly in the battle against polygamy that Joseph Cook said of him: "There is no man in Utah whom the Mormons fear so much as little Dr. McNiece."

After the Harper's Ferry disaster, and especially after the martyrdom of John Brown, the excitement that always accompanied the discussion of the anti-slavery question continued to increase all over the north. Throughout the south there was a growing apprehension of a coming storm. Slaveholders were becoming more and more alarmed and more threatening in their demands. They were angered at their failure to make California a slave state. And then when the struggle in Kansas resulted in forever shutting out slavery and in securing it safe to freedom for all time, the wrath of



R. G. McNIECE, D. D.

the slave power was almost demoniac. What John Brown the fiery soldier had done to repel the border ruffians who had determined to make Kansas a slave state, was well known to southerners. When now they had the Kansas soldier at their mercy in a Virginian prison, they hastened to execute vengeance upon the helpless hero. They made quick work of it. But they were not aware that they were only firing the long-suffering heart of the anti-slavery north whose people had not read the Bible and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in vain. The smouldering fires were soon to burst out; as yet we did not know how soon. God's time had not come yet.

Our winter communion in this year, 1859, occurred on the last Sabbath of December. Brother Armour of Craftsbury was my assistant. For nearly a week prior to the Sabbath I was a great sufferer from neuralgia in the face, and had to go to Bradford to submit to a slight surgical operation. This compelled me to throw the burden of the work upon Mr. Armour which he bore pleasantly and well. However, on Sabbath I was helped by the Spirit and preached the "action sermon" from the text, Ex. 28:2. "And thou shalt make for Aaron thy brother holy garments for glory and for beauty."

On Tuesday following I went to New York City on a special errand and in fulfilment of a willing promise made to a special friend there. I did not consult the elders nor did I notify the wives or their daughters of my intention to go to the metropolis. All any one knew was that I had gone to Bradford Tuesday morning. When I returned home Friday evening I learned that there had been no little curiosity among some who belong to that class that think they have a right always to know the plans and whereabouts of the pastor. Madam Curiosity was on tiptoe, but no one cared to ask me directly where I had been. And as the friends with whom I boarded (I was still lodging alone in the par-

sonage) did not ask any questions, I found it somewhat easy to let them be ignorant. But I did not escape the wit of Judge George, "mine host," who, remembering how earnestly I had advocated John Brown's cause, insisted before his family at the breakfast table that I must have been away making arrangements to bring the old martyr's widow to occupy the parsonage. I uttered no denial but helped him to enjoy the joke.

Perhaps the reader's curiosity is excited. I can satisfy it only in part yet a little. While in Gotham I did not report myself at Mr. Knox's where I had been accustomed to lodge when attending Presbytery. On arrival I took lodging at a quiet hotel but spent the afternoons and evenings with my special friend who did not board in a Covenanter family. I confess I did not care to advertise myself to the brethren and sisters of that city as present in it. It was winter holidays and intensely cold during the time I was in the city; and so I got out of it on Friday morning without being discovered by my Covenanter friends.

The second Sabbath after my return home was Brother Armour's communion at which I had promised to give him assistance. Thus I was away again nearly a week. But who that believes it is not good for a man to be alone for years in a country village parsonage could blame the parson for loving to be with Brother Armour during another of his precious communion seasons? During the four days I preached a sermon every day and performed nearly all the other services. But even if in no other way, I was amply repaid by having the privilege of hearing Mr. Armour's "action sermon." Like all I ever heard him give on sacramental occasions, it was great and good.

Friday evening after returning home was the 3d or 4th John Brown anti-slavery meeting. The resolutions reported at the first meeting had not yet been voted upon and so were

discussed again. It was the evening of January 13, 1860. Opening my journal of this date I find the following record: "I spoke nearly two hours to a large audience, a majority of whom were Democrats. I gave them a heavy fire against pro-slavery doctrines. The conflict here is fiercer than ever before. Some would hang Abolitionists if they dare. Our testimony is working in the minds of not a few. The truth will triumph yet, and Christ will be honored and the slave freed." Whether the resolutions were adopted is not recorded. Probably they were not or the fact would have been stated.

During the remainder of the winter I was busy at ordinary pastoral duties and at family visitation. This was always attended to twice a year. While performing this duty in a family whose head, a son-in-law of one of the elders, had been under suspension several years before I was installed pastor, but whose wife was in regular standing and whose children attended Sabbath-school, the following incident occurred and showed in what an embittered state of mind he was, for he so hated the church he rarely ever attended any of the services. The father-in-law was the elder with me that day, and that elder was hated by the head of the family. The record in my journal reads thus: "He showed great aversion to my attending to my duty. After some talk I asked him if he was willing for me to pray in the family. He said, not if I prayed as I did the last time I was there but that I might pray if I did not pray about him, 'twitting and slurring,' I think were the words. I rose and, bidding farewell with Mrs. Caldwell, came away. I mentally shook the dust from my feet as a testimony against him. To his God and judge I commit him." I hope few pastors if any have such experiences.

In those days I preached occasionally in neighboring towns or villages in which were either members of the con-

gregation or friends of Presbyterians. In the village of West Topsham, situated on the western boundary of the town, was a good woman and a genuine Covenanter but she resided so far away she could not always attend preaching at the church in the center of the town. She had been trained up in a Congregational family but subsequently embraced our principles and ever contended for them. Her husband was a lawyer and a politician but always kind to her and sometimes brought her over to church. In West Topsham the one house of worship was a union church occupied on alternate Sabbaths by the Methodists and Baptists. A few of both were somewhat anti-slavery, but the ministers had to be cautious how they spoke or prayed in reference to the "Sum of all Villainies." Mrs. Dickey wished the whole of the Gospel to be heard in the village and opened the way for her pastor to preach one Sabbath in the union church. In the forenoon I discoursed from Acts 17 : 1-9, deducing the truth that "Christians are agitators," meaning, of course, that they should be, and I showed that "it always has been so," and that "we would expect it to be so." In the afternoon the sermon was from that great text: "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." In one of the pews was an old man who occasionally shouted out, "*Amen!*" and at one time cried aloud and wept like a child. I had not been accustomed to such Methodist-like demonstrations at home and was somewhat disturbed; but on a second thought the inquiry arose, Are such emotional demonstrations proper? Should they be permitted without disapproval? Must we restrain and hide from others our deeply stirred emotions when hearing the great awakening truths of the Gospel? Or must the preacher be cautious and take care lest he arouse the deeper emotions of his hearers? What is a sleeping congregation worth? or a dead church?

Mrs. Dickey, that precious woman, is yet living in West

Topsham and as far as I know continues faithful to Christ and her Covenanter vows; but she is yet the only Presbyterian there except a few baptized members who have not the courage of their own convictions.

If the reader had been in the Topsham church on Sabbath, February 11, 1860, at the close of the services he would have heard the following notice read by the precentor: viz., "There is a purpose of marriage between N. R. Johnston and Miss Rosamond Rogers, of New York." This "proclamation of bans" as read in the Third New York Church, Rev. J. R. W. Sloane pastor, was modified and read thus: "There is a purpose of marriage between Rev. N. R. Johnston of Vermont and Miss Rosamond Rogers of this congregation."

The parson's secret was out. He and his New York friend had kept their own matters to themselves up until the public proclamation. "Madam Curiosity" now understood better where the pastor had been during the holiday week, but was not satisfied in her ignorance of the person named in the notice read by Precentor McNiece. It was read after the benediction at the close of the Reformed Presbyterian service. While it was being read the victim of the old law was standing with his back to the congregation and was engaged in putting on his overcoat or stooping down putting on his overshoes. Before he was done with this unhurried process the people were going out of the church to the relief of the same victim. The New York victim of the other sex, as I learned afterwards, escaped from the ordeal by sitting that Sabbath afternoon near the church door and making her hasty exit immediately after the benediction.

I do not write thus lightly about these proclamations of bans because of any objection to the law and custom. In subsequent years Synod, under the stress of long-continued

opposition to it and because so many declined to obey it, repealed the law in its old form. If the civil law had been what it should have been the church would have had no trouble. But many mistaken (not to say foolish) people take the civil law as the rule of action. In Vermont the law was reasonable and proper. It required public proclamation of bans, three weeks before marriage, or public written notices on the door of the church or on the door of the town hall. So when the proclamation was made in Topsham it was in obedience to the law of the state as well as of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. And that old law should never have been repealed. The state of Vermont had and has more good sense in this matter than have the churches that have repealed the old law of the Westminster divines. The evils that grow out of secret or hasty or unpublished marriages are legion. The whole divorce system in the states of this Union is in defiance of the law of Christ and it smells rank with pollution.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WINTER IS PAST. JOYOUS SPRING COMES.

As foreshadowed by the proclamation of bans, the marriage occurred in New York on Thursday P. M. March 1, 1860. The ceremony was performed in the Twenty-third Street Reformed Presbyteriam Church by the pastor, Rev. J. W. R. Sloane, assisted by Rev. J. C. K. Milligan, and in the presence of a large number of invited friends. Intending to spend the Sabbath in Boston, as soon as our good-bys were said we took the first New Haven and Boston train and took lodging in the latter city at the old Marlboro House, the "New England Ministers' Home." We worshiped on Sabbath with the Covenanters whose preacher was licentiate William Graham. The congregation had called him and he had accepted the call but had not been ordained yet. This was the last time I ever worshiped in that congregation until after the death of the pastor about thirty-three years later.

On Monday when the Bradford stage landed us at East Corinth we found a company of friends who had come to meet us and escort us to the parsonage. When I had left home, starting for New York, I had driven my horse and sleigh to Corinth and left them there to be ready for use on my return. My horse, my beautiful Charlie of which I had always been proud, now dancing in his bells so eager to get home, led the company and brought us to the parsonage almost "in a jiffy." We found the house crowded full of friends who had come to welcome home the pastor and his

new wife and, after the Yankee fashion, make them a "donation party." Only the older folks were present that evening. The next evening the young people came in like manner. And now after nearly three years of loneliness and only partial occupancy the Topsham parsonage was once more the home of joy and gladness.

Rosamond Rogers was born in Albany, Vermont, March 2, 1832. She was the oldest child of James Rogers and Nancy (Chamberlain) Rogers. Her father was the second son of Jesse Rogers and Sarah (Wylie) Rogers, he of Puritan ancestry, she of Scotch Irish. Grandmother Rogers was born in New Hampshire, of Covenanter parents, and after removal to Vermont was one of the charter members of Craftsbury congregation. Some of her children were Covenanters and some Congregationalists. Rosamond's parents were the latter, but she herself was so much influenced by her grandmother's teachings and example that she followed in her footsteps.

From girlhood Rosamond Rogers was a devotee to temperance principles and an intelligent foe of slavery. Early in the history of the anti-slavery agitation she had the opportunity of hearing some of the ablest and most earnest lecturers, such as Henry Highland Garrett and the Clark brothers. Under the culture of her Covenanter grandmother and her anti-slavery parents and their pastor who was a most zealous Abolitionist, and by the reading of such anti-slavery books as "The Thousand Witnesses" by Theodore Weld and the Grimkes, she had become a hater of oppression and an Abolitionist before she read "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Her father was a Vermont farmer, and she grew up in a home in which she had the advantages of New England farm life and of a Vermont education. Before completing the course of study in the Craftsbury Academy she visited

her uncles in New York City by whom she was persuaded, after obtaining her parents' consent, to remain and become a teacher. Subsequently she entered the New York City Normal School, now New York City College, in which she graduated. She continued to teach until the time of her marriage. Her profession of faith was made in connection with the Third Reformed Presbyterian Church of New York, Rev J. R. W. Sloane pastor. This had occurred some years before we first met and formed acquaintance, and she continued a member of the third congregation until her removal to Topsham.

It was easy for the young wife to adapt herself to her new life and to her new responsibilities in the parsonage and in the congregation. Having superior qualifications as a teacher and as instructor in music, the Sabbath-school received a new impetus.

Shortly before leaving New York she had heard her pastor preach his great John Brown sermon; and coming to Topsham before the agitation at the time of the John Brown meetings had subsided, she was in full sympathy with the Topsham Covenanters in their war against oppression.

As the months passed and when the Vermont forests, always beautiful, had put on their richest foliage, we were favored with a visit from the eloquent colored lecturer, William Wells Brown. In arranging his anti-slavery meetings I planned them so that we could be with him while on our way to Fayston where I had a Presbyterial appointment to preach. Beginning with Monday, and driving our own Charlie from town to town, we had full houses every afternoon. At most of the meetings Wells Brown was the principal speaker; but in all of them we supplied the song music. Before leaving home we had drilled ourselves in the use of George W. Clark's grand old "Liberty Minstrel," full of the soul of freedom and of appeals for the bondman. We

were not rivals to the Hutchinsons but our anti-slavery songs seemed to help greatly to produce a deeper hatred of the auction block, the slaves' dark prison-house and the overseer's lash. Those who live now a generation after the emancipation of the millions can hardly know what pity for the bondman and what hatred of oppression were intensified by the anti-slavery songs of that time whether as sung by the Clarks, the Hutchinsons, or fugitive slaves who repeated their sad plantation melodies. And those who never heard the Hutchinsons sing their anti-slavery songs in the dark days of slavery—the Hutchinsons when all the brothers and sisters were in their prime—were deprived of a very rare privilege. No such sweet and yet soul-stirring song music ever had an equal until after emancipation when the Fisk jubilee singers gave to the north their plantation songs. The Hutchinsons often sang at the anti-slavery anniversaries. I heard them for the first time in New York when, among others, three of the greatest Abolitionists and platform speakers, Theo. Parker, Charles Sumner, and Wendell Phillips, gave addresses in the old Metropolitan Temple. Their song pleas for the slave were eloquently persuasive; and much of the success of the great evangelist Moody is due to the singing of Ira D. Sankey. Well did Martin Luther say: "Whoever despises music, I am displeased with him."

The songs we sang most were of the plaintive kind such as Whittier's

"Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone,
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings," etc.,

or

"From Virginia's hills and waters,
Woe is me, my sons and daughters;"

or Elizur Wright's touching plea, "The Fugitive Slave to the Christian," with its chorus:

“The hounds are baying on my track,
O Christian, will you send me back?”

or Lewis’ “Wake Ye Numbers” with its chorus:

“Afric’s bleeding sons and daughters,
Now before us, loud implore us,
Looking to Jehovah’s throne.
Chains are wearing, hearts despairing;
Will you hear a nation’s moan?”

After our meeting at West Randolph where Wells Brown did grand service against oppression, he was called to other towns anxious to hear him and we had to part from him to fulfil the appointments at West Brookfield and at Waitsfield. At the former the arrangements for the meeting had been made by Rev. Jehial Clafin, the pastor of the Freewill Baptist Church. He was a zealous Garrisonian Abolitionist and in full sympathy with my most radical lecture in which I promulgated the duty of separation from the pro-slavery government under a slaveholding Constitution. The church was crowded full of people whose sentiments I did not know, though I presume that many of them were anti-slavery as were nearly all Freewill Baptists in New England. In one case I had no doubt. An old man, perhaps one of the deacons, who sat in a front pew could not be quiet, but as he warmed up, every now and then he shouted out: “Truth!” or “That’s the truth!” “Truth! Amen!” That the speaker was emboldened by such demonstrations I may not deny. He was only a mortal.

Our anti-slavery songs and the singing of the “better half” must have been pleasing to Pastor Clafin in whose beautiful home we were entertained, for when we were all about to begin family worship, no book being present except the Bible, he said to us: “Will you and Mrs. Johnston please sing Northfield?” My thoughtful helper relieved me of the embarrassment of having to inform my Baptist brother that

we were old psalm-singers, for she promptly replied: "Mr. Claflin, please excuse us, we are tired." At morning prayers nothing was said about singing.

Our last meeting was at Waitsfield, near Fayston. That was the town in which, a year or so before, I had had the discussion with the Congregational pastor on the character of the United States Constitution and when the Covenanters present thought a great victory for the truth had been won. The large church was crowded full; and though I gave them only a half-hour's speech the interest seemed to increase to the end. The reasons were not accidental. We gave them our best songs, and one or two of them were called for again. That community had been well leavened with anti-slavery truths, for Rev. Mr. Prindle was an outspoken Abolitionist of the Gerrit Smith class; and Vermont, like the whole north, was in that state of ebullition which followed the hanging of John Brown and the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for President.

Rarely ever in the history of the country was there such agitation in both church and state on all subjects interwoven with the great question of slavery as there was during the summer and autumn of 1860. The organization of the Republican party and the election of Abraham Lincoln were on the issue of the non-extension of slave territory. That party agreed to carry out the pro-slavery provisions of the Constitution, including the return of fugitive slaves as provided for by the fugitive slave law which had been enacted to appease the south and assure them that the Constitution would be kept in good faith. When the Republican party succeeded and President Lincoln was inaugurated, the south saw that it was the determination of the north and the new party now in power to prevent the extension of slave territory or the admission of new slave states. The south determined not to submit to that decision. These northern

men with southern principles became more apologetic for slavery. Even members of churches that tolerated slavery or that had members in the southern states who held slaves, apologized for slavery or argued that it was not in itself wrong but that the sin was in the circumstances, *e. g.*, in separating families or in cruelty to the slaves. Of such kind were some professors in Topsham. And then some of the good Methodist brothers and sisters took umbrage at the "Presbyterian minister" because he had said that the Methodist Church was pro-slavery. At that time there was no Methodist Church North or South. All were in one church. The conference had decreed that ministers must be non-slaveholders; but laymen and women continued to buy and sell slaves as they chose and went unwhipped of justice. Such subjects were agitating the community so much at this time that I was urgently requested to preach on the institution of American slavery and show everybody exactly what the Bible teaches about the "patriarchal institution" or "the sum of all villainies." I responded by giving a series of discourses, four in number, in four or five successive Sabbaths. I suppose they did not diminish the excitement and perhaps did not change the mind of "northern men with southern principles." I hoped, however, that at least Covenanters and other Abolitionists would be better able to defend the Bible against every assertion that it gives sanction to slaveholding.

After the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, Topsham Covenanters found it difficult to avoid the censure of anti-slavery Christians. These thought that now when the Republican party had been organized on what some called an anti-slavery platform—anti-slavery not because it proposed to do anything to destroy slavery but only to confine it to its present limits—Covenanters should vote for Mr. Lincoln. Many anti-slavery Republicans, however, really thought that this

party was a real anti-slavery party. In the campaign in Vermont they employed Lucy Stone to speak at political meetings. One of these was appointed at East Corinth four miles below Topsham. I went to hear her because it was Lucy Stone. Because of sickness she was not there. Nor was any Republican speaker present. On motion of a friend, though a politician, I was invited to take her place and speak. I could hardly resist the temptation, but on a moment's reflection I had to decline. I could not advocate the Republican cause or platform or the election of Lincoln, and to make a speech in advocacy of my own real sentiments would be in such bad taste or so discourteous I would give only displeasure; and, more, I would appear before the public as acting with the Republican party. I respectfully asked to be excused partly because I could not speak without some forethought. For this act I was severely censured by many who said if I had wished to speak I could. But I could not on a compromise platform. I could not speak at a meeting called to favor the election of even Abraham Lincoln who was pledged, by his official oath to enforce the Constitution and the fugitive slave law. Rather would I endure the obloquy of a "comeouter" or a dissenter.

Those who have read Mrs. Swisshelm's "Half Century" will be reminded of the defense she makes of herself when she, during this same campaign, was a platform advocate of the Republican party. How lame and how unfair a great woman may become when she engages in a bad or even doubtful career! Mrs. Swisshelm was a new-school Covenanter. At this time she was editing a Republican paper in Minnesota and was on a political platform, good as far as it extended but bad because it demanded no more than this: "No extension of slave territory." Here is a part of her defense: "Yet even then, the opposition of the Garrisonians was most persistent. There was a large anti-slavery element

among the original settlers of Minnesota, but it was mostly of the Garrisonian or non-voting type, and had laid dormant under pro-slavery rule. To utilize this element at the polls was my special desire. The ground occupied by them was the one I had abandoned, *i. e.*, the ground made by the Covenanters when the Constitution first appeared. They pronounced it "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," and would not vote or hold office under it; would not take an oath to support it. So firmly had Garrison planted himself on the old Covenanter platform, that it is doubtful whether he labored harder for the overthrow of slavery or political anti-slavery; whether he more fiercely denounced slaveholders or men who voted against slaveholding. Once after a "flaming" denunciation of political Abolitionists, some one said to him:

"Mr. Garrison, I am surprised at the ground you take! Do you not think James G. Birney and Gerrit Smith are anti-slavery?"

He hesitated, and replied:

"They have anti-slavery tendencies, I admit."

"Now, James G. Birney, when a young man, fell heir to the third of an Alabama estate, and arranged with the other heirs to take the slaves as his portion. He took them all into a free state, emancipated them, and left himself without a dollar, but went to work and became the leader of political Abolitionists while Gerrit Smith devoted his splendid talents and immense wealth to the cause of the slave. When their mode of action was so reprehensible to Mr. Garrison, we may judge the strength of his opposition to that plan of action which resulted in the overthrow of slavery. His non-resistance covered ballots as well as bullets, and slavery, the creation of brute force and ballots, must not be attacked by any weapon, save moral suasion. So it was, that Garrisonianism, off the line of the underground railroad, was a harmless foe to slavery, and was often used by it to prevent the casting of votes which would endanger its power.

“From the action of the slave power, it must by that time have been apparent to all, that adverse votes was what it most dreaded; but old-side Covenanters, Quakers, and Garrisonians could not cast these without soiling their hands by touching that bad Constitution. But that moral dilettanteism, which thinks first of its own hands, was not confined to non-voting Abolitionists; for the ‘thorough goers’ of the old Liberty party could not come down from their perch on platforms which embraced all the moralities, to work on one which only said to slavery, ‘Not another foot of territory.’

“Both these parties attacked me. The one argued that I, of necessity, endorsed slavery everywhere by recognizing the Constitution; the other that I must favor its existence where it then was, by working with the Republican party, which was only pledged to prevent its extension. To me, these positions seemed utterly untenable, their arguments preposterous, and I did my best to make this appear. I claimed the Constitution as anti-slavery, and taught the duty of overthrowing slavery by and through it.”

But Mrs. Swisshelm knew that her claim was wholly untenable. Hers was a vain subterfuge. If that talented woman and brilliant writer had said all this during the whirl of the political campaign instead of twenty years afterwards and subsequent to the amendment of the Constitution, charity might say that she really believed what she said about that fundamental law. But to even her admirers and friends it must be incredible. And probably not one intelligent statesman of any party, much less any judge of any court in the land, now holds to that exploded theory. If it had any merit whatever it was that it seemed to furnish an opiate to the consciences of some excellent Abolitionists who thought they *must* vote if not be in office also.



WENDELL PHILLIPS

CHAPTER XXVI.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. ANNIVERSARIES.

My first personal acquaintance with Wendell Phillips was only casual. I had heard him speak at several anniversaries and had had some correspondence with him by letter before we had any personal interview. I knew his personal worth and his irreproachable life, his orthodox Christian belief, his sacrifices made for the slave, and his wonderful power as a public speaker; I had a most profound admiration of him as the greatest and the best of the whole host of Abolitionists outside of the Covenanter Church, and I had long desired to be personally acquainted with him, but I had had no opportunity. I was not a stranger to him, however. He knew something of what I had tried to do for the anti-slavery cause in Vermont, if not before, and he may have read some of the numerous articles that appeared from time to time in the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* and in the *Liberator*; so when we did meet it was not as strangers. He knew me as an old Covenanter and in full sympathy with him and the Garrisonian Abolitionists. We needed no introduction. When in his company I knew I was in the presence of a fine scholar, a polished gentleman, and an acknowledged leader who in all the ranks of the anti-slavery hosts as a classical orator and advocate of the right and in scathing denunciation of the wrong, had no peer. The anti-slavery people of both divisions admired and honored him; the Garrisonians loved him and were proud of him. Yet he never seemed to know it. Even when receiving the greatest

outbursts of applause from the listening thousands no one could detect in him then or at any time the least evidence of vanity. One would think he was wholly unconscious of the applause.

The secret or the hidden sources of Wendell Phillips' eloquence are indefinable. His was unique. He had copied after no master. It would have been folly for any one to try to imitate his oratory. Many on hearing him the first time were disappointed, his was so unlike what most people call eloquence. He used very few gestures; and except when at rare times he was greatly aroused, his body was almost motionless. He rarely ever became "impassioned," and never declamatory. To appreciate the superior eloquence of him whom they called the "Silver Tongued" the intelligent listener needed only to give attention to his sentiments, for he was the friend of the poor against the rich, and of the oppressed against the oppressor; or to the chaste and classical style in which he advocated the right against the wrong whether in the church or in the state. And it must not be forgotten that it was his zeal in the cause of human rights and his hatred of American slavery that made Wendell Phillips what he was as an orator. On other or ordinary platforms he may have had some peers; on the anti-slavery, he had none. Those who never heard him as an Abolitionist and in the dark days of the reign of the oppressor, never could know his greatness as an orator. And if they wish to see, as far as it is possible to see in type, a specimen of his unique mode of giving expression to imperishable truths, let them read the eulogium of John Brown pronounced at the burial at North Elba by the "heaven-inspired soul of Wendell Phillips."* His style of thought was original. The great truths to which he gave utterance were clothed in the purest and finest rhetoric. His logic was

* Redpath's "Life of John Brown."

without fault. Anything light or trivial or undignified never fell from his lips. To low invective he was a stranger; yet of deserved and withering sarcasm he was master. Cunning politicians feared him, and not a few of those who aspired to honors won at the sacrifice of right fell before his Damascus blade. Daniel Webster might have been President after his gigantic efforts to persuade the north to consent to the enactment of the fugitive slave law if Wendell Phillips had not stood in the way. When in the nation's capitol right and wrong were being weighed in the scales—when millions were wanting to see whether Congress would so far forget God and the slave as to grant to the southern slaveholders that their demand that national law should give them the right to hunt and drag back to bondage the fleeing slave whenever he might be caught—when at that crucial hour Webster proved treacherous to justice and false to the slave and by his great influence and by the greatest effort of his life he helped to secure the passage of the infamous "black bill of 1850," not New England only but the best people of the north were aroused by the voice of Wendell Phillips to indignation at Webster's treachery to humanity as well as to the right; and Massachusetts' proud aspirant to the presidency lost his honor and lost the nomination. Not long afterwards he passed away from earth wept by those who had ever cast their crowns at his feet but who were now sad in heart that such gigantic powers had been prostituted to win the favor of slaveholders and to save the Union.

• To not lose sight of the chronology I am trying to follow, in this connection I may mention some incidents connected with several anti-slavery anniversaries. Those of the National Society were always in New York City. Rev. Dr. Andrew Stevenson, pastor of the Second Reformed Presbyterian Church, being a warm Abolitionist, was nearly always present, and to show on which side of the great question

then before the nation he was, he sat on the platform, Mr. Garrison, the president, in the chair. I think it was in that year which followed the great financial panic of 1858 and when a remarkable religious awakening or revival swept over the whole country. Among the Garrisonians were always some who were far from orthodox in their religious faith—some Hixite Quakers, some unbelievers if not “infidels” who were glad to use the pro-slavery character of the churches as an argument against them as “dens of thieves,” as denominated by Henry C. Wright in his book against slaveholding churches.

As Mr. Garrison in his *Liberator* always advocated both free speech and a free press, always giving a column of his paper to pro-slavery writers or copied articles, as the presiding officer he gave, as some thought, I among others, too much freedom of speech in the discussions during the anniversaries. At this meeting several argued that the revival that had been active during the winter previous must be spurious, or that the religion of many of the revived must be worthless because it was followed in no case by the emancipation of slaves. The argument was: “By their fruits ye shall know them.”

During the discussion sentiments were expressed that many present disapproved or thought should not have been tolerated. One of the speakers was a woman, a prominent Jewess* of New York City, and an eloquent advocate of human rights, but who probably hated Christianity as much as slavery. In the discussion she took the opportunity to make a “fling” at the Bible. When she had closed her speech, Wendell Phillips, who was sitting in the audience, was called to the platform. He began his speech in these words: “*You can't whistle down the Bible!*” He spoke a few sentences in the same strain and disapproved of what had been said by the Jewess, but the applause that followed that

* Ernestine L. Rose,

first sentence and my own mental excitement at the time prevented memory from doing its work.

Before I had left home to attend Presbytery and the anniversary I had correspondence with Rev. J. M. Willson of Philadelphia urging him to be at the latter, for I was anxious that Covenanters might be associated with the Abolitionists not only to be co-workers in the cause of the slave but that they might counteract whatever infidel influences were chargeable against any of the Garrisonians. Mr. Willson was present the first day and heard the unhappy discussions mentioned above. I thought he was disappointed if not also displeased; at all events he did not remain the next day. Dr. Stevenson, however, was back again and in his place on the platform. Not far from him Lucy Stone took her seat. She was to be one of the speakers that session. I knew his antipathy to "women speakers." I doubted whether he would have gone upon the platform if he had known that a woman would be there. After a while she was announced and as she proceeded in her plea for the slave and especially for the slave mother, I looked at Dr. Stevenson to see how he enjoyed the address. He was sitting somewhat bent forward, with both hands resting upon his cane, and the great big tears were streaming down his face and falling upon the floor. His heart was so moved by the warm eloquence of Lucy Stone he forgot she was a woman. He was such a true friend to the slave I would be glad to know that afterwards he endorsed the sentiment long before expressed by his father-in-law, old Dr. Willson, that "when men, who can and who should speak for the slave, will not, then let *woman* speak; and I say, God bless her!"

It was probably the autumn following that I was invited to attend the annual meeting of the New England Anti-slavery Society in Boston and to allow my name to be on the program as one of the speakers. I assented though with

much hesitation for I knew well that it was not meet that I should be associated as a speaker on the platform with the old and eloquent "Apostles of Liberty." But I knew that Mr. Garrison, Mr. May, and other prudent leaders were anxious to have the cooperation of Christian ministers, especially Covenanters who, as they knew, held sentiments as to the character of the United States Constitution and Government similar to their own. And I confess that I was desirous of having an opportunity in Boston to let it be known that there was an orthodox church in the United States that had no union with slaveholders—a church that had been dissenting or "comeouter" before Mr. Garrison came out of the old slaveholding Baptist Church. It had been arranged that at one of the sessions of the convention I should be the second speaker and be followed by Mr. Phillips. The hall was crowded. One side of the gallery was nearly filled with Harvard students who had come to hear Wendell Phillips and presumably had no other object. Probably they knew nothing of the program except that Mr. Phillips was to speak at that session; and he was sitting on the platform. I do not remember what the president said when introducing me; but I was a stranger to the audience, and I had spoken only a few introductory sentences when the Harvard boys began to show vigorous signs of uneasiness, stamping slightly at first, then louder and more frequently. I had no difficulty in taking in the situation. I saw at once that they wanted to hear Wendell Phillips. I knew that I could not gain their attention; and determining that I would not attempt it, in the middle of their noise I bowed to them, then turned to the chair and said, "Please excuse me, I can not speak here."

The president, knowing the students wanted to hear Mr. Phillips but determining not to let them control the meeting if he could prevent it, immediately introduced Aaron M.

Powell, a well-known and able speaker, who immediately plunged right into his theme as if saying, *I will be heard.* The boys had failed to get what they wanted; they saw they had a better speaker and one who had faced such audiences before. Mr. Powell spoke briefly, and Mr. Phillips was introduced. Not a student left until that address was finished. I had learned a lesson. If I had had pride it was rebuked. If I had had courage, it all oozed out at my finger ends. All the Boston Abolitionists could never have persuaded me to dream of speaking when Wendell Phillips was on the platform; and yet I suppose I had the sympathy of my friends present.

I remember of being at some public meeting, probably an anniversary about this time, when Mr. Phillips was one of the speakers. While the one who preceded him was speaking I was sitting on the platform beside Mr. Phillips. I could see by his movements that he was agitated. Prior to this time I had always supposed that he had full self-possession when speaking and even before it. I noticed that as the time of the speaker had nearly expired Mr. Phillips was slightly nervous. He was sitting where few in the audience could see him. He hurriedly took from his pocket a small piece of blank paper, quickly wrote probably a half dozen words upon it, looked a few moments at them, and then crushing up the paper in his hand put it into his pocket. In a few minutes he was addressing the audience. He seemed perfectly calm. No one could have known that ten minutes ago he had been almost trembling with agitation. The lesson: Even great men are only human.

When J. R. W. Sloane came to New York City as pastor he was unknown to the New England Abolitionists. For manifest reasons it was desirable to have his cooperation. He had been at one of our Bradford conventions but not at any of the New York anniversaries. I corresponded with

Rev. Samuel May, secretary of the New England society, recommending my friend Mr. Sloane as a representative Covenanter and an able speaker. The result was that at the next national anniversary Mr. Sloane was one of the speakers. He was welcomed and won honors as an advocate of the right and a Garrisonian Covenanter. After Oliver Johnson became editor of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* he and Mr. Sloane became intimate as Abolitionists; and he was on the platform several times doing valiant service for the slave and for a free government. Indeed few of all the Abolitionists had greater power on the platform. Covenanters were always proud of him as a representative of the church.

On one occasion, just before the war probably, Mr. Sloane was invited to give one of the addresses in the New York annual meeting. He was not available at the time. As his substitute I recommended to Mr. May Rev. Dr. A. M. Milligan. He accepted the invitation. He had never been at an anniversary before and had never spoken on the platform with any of the New England men. He evidently came not well prepared. He had been regarded one of our greatest Covenanter platform speakers. I was disappointed. He fell much below himself. I think that when he found himself in the presence of Wendell Phillips, Mr. Garrison and others, he was conscious of their superiority on the anti-slavery platform, and he lost that self-possession with which he generally spoke.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TRUMPET BLOWN. TO ARMS!

THE hanging of John Brown and the election of Abraham Lincoln on the platform of "no extension of slave territory" had widened the breach between the north and south, thus preparing for the coming war. Fort Sumter was captured on the 12th of April, 1861. Soon afterwards President Lincoln issued his proclamation of war. The whole country had been in a state of agitation; now it became intense; and yet few people foresaw how fearful the war would become. The taking of Fort Sumter and the warlike acts of the south which quickly followed were an attack upon the Union and the United States Constitution. At first it was thought that the organized Rebellion would be of short duration. Even the President himself did not foresee how powerful and persistent the Rebellion would be. At first he called for only 75,000 soldiers. With these he expected to suppress it. The southern states formed the Confederacy intending to cut loose from the Union, or be independent of it, and subsequently they formed a new Constitution for the "confederate states." Thus they did not propose to wage war against the United States Constitution and Government but only to form and maintain a new southern confederacy. And thus President Lincoln's declaration of war was for the defense of the Union and the Constitution, or to maintain their integrity against the rebellious states. In no sense except indirectly or remotely was it a war for freedom. Neither the government nor the President had any intention

to interfere with the institution of slavery or to give freedom to any of the slaves. The President expressly declared that the constitutional pledges or compromises, and even the fugitive slave law founded upon the Constitution, would be faithfully executed and obeyed. He would put down the Rebellion against the Constitution and union slavery or no slavery. He assured the south that their slave property should not be disturbed, but that the United States Constitution should be preserved intact. And even after the war had been in progress some time, slaves escaping from their masters now in rebellion against the government and fleeing within the lines of the northern army, were returned to their masters; and in many cases these came within the Union lines and claimed and took back their slaves who had fled for protection to our northern armies. Besides, in no case until near the close of the war were any black men, whether bond or free, permitted to enlist or fight in the Union army. Moreover, two prominent generals, Phelps and Fremont, who at different times and in different divisions of the army had issued proclamations of freedom to the slaves within their military jurisdiction, were dismissed from office and dishonored before the nation.

Thus as it was a war only for the Union and the Constitution, the question naturally arose whether Abolitionists, especially Covenanters, should enlist as soldiers. Some Covenanters argued that as the Rebellion was wicked and as it was a Rebellion of slaveholders, we should help to suppress it. Others of us urged that as it was a war only in defense of a Constitution and Union that we had always declared to be pro-slavery and atheistic, we could not now fight for them. We had favored a dissolution of the Union; how could we now fight to restore it? If it had been a war for freedom—to give liberty to the captives—we would not have hesitated for a moment to take up arms. If the officers

in the Union army had been so many John Browns leading their regiments into the south to emancipate the millions, we might have been ready to be colonels and captains or common soldiers in the army of liberation. But it was not so. The Union army was not the army of the Lord of hosts but only the army of the Union—an army to keep the slaveholders in the Union and the slaveholding Union as before. We would not join it. We could not be volunteers.

What has been written thus far has reference to the origin of the war and its character during the first years of its progress. We do not forget that as the Rebellion became more and more formidable and threatened to be a success unless a new policy should be adopted and something more vigorous be done, the question became modified and more difficult of solution. The God of the slave and the Lord of hosts withheld victory from the armies of the north. It was his sovereign will that unless the Federal Government, with President Lincoln at the head of its Union army, would change its policy towards the oppressed and towards the oppressor, it should be broken to shivers. The pro-slavery policy of the administration in conducting the war became ultimately so offensive to many of the people of the north while our "boys in blue" were being cut down by the bullets of the rebels or the fearful diseases that decimated the Union army, a very different policy had to be adopted or the Rebellion would be a success. And as God in his infinite mercy intended to break the yoke of the oppressor by "the terrible swift sword," he compelled the President and the leaders to change their policy for the sake of saving the Union. Whatever the motive, as God was pleading the cause of his poor, the changes came, one by one, until the war seemed more like a war for freedom. But prior to these changes, or so long as the war was carried on without any favor being shown to the oppressed millions and only to save the Union, to us it was

clearly the duty of Covenanters to remain at home and see what the God of armies would do.

For uttering such sentiments in private and teaching such truths from the pulpit, the pastor of Topsham congregation endured all kinds of obloquy and threats. Many of the Republicans, and probably a few of the members of the church, disapproved of my course; but the opposition and the threats came from the pro-slavery Democrats who had always hated the Abolitionists. One morning after William Wells Brown had given an anti-slavery lecture in the church, a note addressed to me came to the parsonage where he was entertained, threatening that if Brown did not "leave the town within twenty-four hours" he would be "carried out." But the bold fugitive slave lectured the next night "all the same." On Sabbath, the 5th of May, a few weeks after the proclamation of war, after closing the forenoon services, and when about to open the exercises of the Sabbath-school (which met during the interval) I saw, in large letters written on the wall at the side of the pulpit, these words: "Death to traitors and nigger preachers." Some one had clandestinely written it there and no doubt to intimidate the preacher.

On the first Sabbath after the President's proclamation of war against the south, I preached a sermon from the text, Matt. 24:6. "And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars: see that ye be not troubled: for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet." The following is a part of the brief notes used in the discussion:

"The nation could not expect tranquillity and prosperity. It was not founded on Christian principle—not in subjection to God or Christ the King of nations, or to his law, but only like ancient republics all which passed away because God was not with them. The government began on the false hypothesis that God's law can be disregarded and violated

with impunity. There was no professed regard for the Sabbath, the Christian religion, or God's friends. His enemies have been honored and wicked men have ever been not only eligible to office but often elected. How great is this national rebellion against the throne of heaven!

“And then the organic nation began not by setting free the poor but by enslaving them. How could we expect God's blessing to rest upon it? Rather does he say: ‘Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?’ The war is not for freedom, not for the slave, not between free and slave states, for slavery is still in the states remaining in the Union and is still protected, nor is there any intention to disregard the constitutional pledges to the south. The war is only against rebels to the Union and for property which they have seized. Hence while we regard the southerners as very much more guilty than the northerners as to the causes of the war we can not take sides with either. Both are wrong. Hence, brethren, be not troubled. Be not carried off your feet. This is not freedom's battle. Be not carried away in the whirlpool of agitation. Our kingdom is spiritual and is to be propagated not by the sword but by the weapons of warfare furnished by our divine Leader. By all means lose not sight of God's hand. Our King still rules, and out of all this strife he will yet bring good to his church and to the slave.”

After that sermon occasional threats came to my ears. On the same Sabbath in which the writing on the wall was observed I was told that some of the pro-slavery party had said that if I would speak another word on the subject they would mob me. A member of the church informed me that it was reported that a mob of fifty men from Bradford and Corinth was coming to attack me.

Perhaps I was somewhat uneasy though I guess I was not much alarmed; at all events I went on with my work

as before. That I was not without deep concern is manifest from what I find in my journal written the day after these reports came to me: "Lord Jesus, give me grace to stand unmoved in this time of peril, and allow me not to withhold any of thy truth, or to make any compromise with sin, through fear of man. Restrain them—thine enemies—that they may not harm me. They call me traitor because I have testified against the infidelity and pro-slavery character of this government—because I have stood up for thee and thy poor children, the oppressed. Well, let me be traitor to such an ungodly government as the United States if I can only be loyal to thee. Thou hast taught me that treason to this government means loyalty to thee. Why then need I fear the wrath of man?" Then below are the following items, kind of "straws:"

"Tuesday, May 7. Attended a wedding to-day, and at 1 P. M. married Mr." etc.

"Wednesday. At 3 P. M. met with the youth of the Sabbath-school to sing."

"Thursday. Went with some little girls to gather wild flowers."

During these months of agitation caused by the breaking out of the war I saw no rest from labors of various kinds. I can not forget the goodness of God in sustaining me in them. Besides the regular duties of study for pulpit duties, visiting the sick and family visitation, about this time I attended more funerals than usual. During the year preceding quite a number of aged members, including Elder McNiece, the grandfather of Rev. Dr. Sloane, were removed to the heavenly state. Several of the loveliest of the young women, victims of consumption, were lost to the congregation. Conforming to the prevailing custom I always preached a funeral sermon of ordinary length in the church after the burial. As oftentimes some people attended funer-

als who rarely or never went to church on Sabbath, I generally studied to adapt the discourses to the needs of the unconverted. So many of both aged and young were removed by death from time to time, the congregation would have been steadily diminished by death if it had not been for the frequent conversions of young people and their addition to the church. By these I was greatly encouraged.

Among the questions that either all the time or occasionally agitated the public mind was the stereotype question of temperance. About this time there were two public meetings in the town hall, the second being an adjourned meeting to discuss a resolution that had been reported at the former, viz., "That above all classes of persons physicians should be most active in the cause of temperance, and that they should cease to prescribe distilled liquors as medicines." At the previous meeting it was arranged or understood that I would discuss the resolution at this. Accordingly I spoke at some length in favor of the resolution especially the second part. In the village there were two practising physicians and both allopathic or old school and both in the habit of prescribing alcoholic liquors. One of these, Dr. Foster, was present. He was a worthy citizen, a well-informed man, and we were friendly neighbors. His wife, a Congregationalist, and he generally attended our church. He followed my speech and spoke at length in defense of his own practise and that of his school in the use of alcohol. We both spoke a second time. In voting on the resolution it was divided. The first part passed without any negative votes, but in favor of the second there was not a single vote besides my own, though Deacon Samuel Mills, the presiding officer, had left the chair to make a speech in favor of it. Thus I was regarded as an ultra reformer and was voted down; but I was not discouraged by being alone. I believed then that I was right. I

said, I will not abate a jot or a tittle. And I have lived long enough to know that now the great majority of temperance people, and many of the best physicians of different schools, are decidedly opposed to alcoholic medication. Let reformers of every kind be more anxious to be right than to have the applause of the multitude.

On Monday the 29th of April, 1861, the inmates of the parsonage were made joyous when an event occurred of which the following entry was made in my diary: "This evening at nine o'clock my Rosamond gave birth to a daughter, a healthy babe." "I pray and hope now that as I am a father I may be made a better man and a better shepherd of the dear flock of Christ."

A few weeks afterwards I had to leave the mother and babe and go to attend Presbytery at Newburgh and Synod in New York. While in these cities I spent leisure time in soliciting funds to help the Topsham people to build a new house of worship. The old house was not only somewhat dilapidated but antiquated in style. The people were divided in sentiment, whether to repair the old home or to build a new. Serious difficulties arose growing out of the fact that quite a large number of the pews were the personal property of the occupants who were not members of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. Some of these were unwilling to join with the others in the necessary repairs. After several meetings the Covenanters agreed to buy out all the pew owners who did not wish to help in the repairs and who would sell their pews; and this plan was adopted. A few were dissatisfied; and one old lady (one of the "outsiders") who did not love the "Presbyterians" too much, rolled up her pew cushion and took it away as her testimony against the new arrangement. As soon as the entire property came into the ownership of the congregation the old house was remodeled entirely, and with new pews and new

pulpit appeared like a new church. When it was completed and ready for occupancy they arranged to have a time of gladness, a "dedication." It was on a week day. I had invited Brother Armour to be with us. His address was on "The white schoolhouse and the white church: What they mean." And we had a real good time. These dedicating exercises were in the forenoon of the day of our annual Sabbath-school festival. The addresses, etc., connected with the latter were in the new church in the afternoon.

Ever after the old house of worship came into our possession and was made new we all felt more at home in it and less dependent upon others, but the denominational lines were more tightly drawn and our Methodist friends more active in efforts to build up their own; though a majority of the people who had always worshiped with the Presbyterians and were more attached to us continued with us. Except that they did not unite with the church they seemed part of us; and from the families of this class came the majority of those who "joined themselves to the Lord."

During the first week in November, 1861, I left home to attend Presbytery at New York and, by invitation, the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-slavery Society at West Chester, Pa. On my way I stopped overnight in Philadelphia and went with William Still to the Abolitionists' social gathering at the home of Lucretia Mott, the most distinguished of the Quaker women in the Garrisonian ranks. Among the guests present were William Lloyd Garrison, Robert Purvis, the eloquent colored man, Sarah Pugh, Mary Grew and Oliver Johnson, editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard* (New York). At the convention the principal addresses were given by Mr. Garrison (always powerful and faithful), Robert Purvis, Mary Grew, a noble Quaker woman who gave her whole life to the cause of the slave, and Miss Anna Dickinson, then resident in Philadel-

phia, and one of the most eloquent of all the women who had pleaded the cause of the oppressed. I had been pressed into the service and had promised to give at least a short address or I could scarcely have dared to speak on the platform with such persons. However, at the evening session I spoke about twenty minutes on the guilt of the pro-slavery churches. This gave me an opportunity to show, incidentally, that Covenanters like the Quakers were an exception to the rule. It was a duty the more difficult to perform because of the presence of J. Smith Futhey, Esq., an elder in the Presbyterian Church in West Chester, whose guest I was while there. Part of my errand there was to form his acquaintance and obtain important information from him. Mr. Futhey's grandfather was a brother of my grandmother Mary (Futhey) Johnston. At the time that I was at the convention and entertained in his family he was engaged in writing a genealogical history or family record, tracing the line of our family back to Sir Archibald Johnston, or Lord Warriston of Scotland. I had been helping him a little in his work, and he promised me a copy of the book when published. But he never completed it, or did not get it ready for the press before his death. Subsequently I tried several times to see the manuscripts or to get the use of them for a while, but I failed. Mrs. Futhey, his widow, in whose possession they were, became so enfeebled in mind for a time that I had to cease from my efforts.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

UNEXPECTED CALL TO SPECIAL DUTIES.

OUR winter communion this year was on the last Sabbath of December when the war, becoming more and more threatening, occupied the minds of all classes of people. Wishing to use this fact for the good of souls to whom it was my privilege to preach, for the action sermon I chose the text: Ps. 20 : 5, second clause: "In the name of our God we will set up our banners." Making the whole discourse subservient to personal religion and the highest good of the church of God, using military terms to illustrate the holy war of religion, I spoke of the Army, the Leader, the Cause, the Banner, and the Soldier's Vow. Communion Sabbath was the 29th of December. On Wednesday, January 1, 1862, this entry was made: "To-day I write my twofold motto for the year upon which God has permitted me to enter: 'Thou God seest me,' and, 'Redeeming the time because the days are evil.'" The next day's mail brought me a very unexpected letter from Rev. Dr. S. O. Wylie of the Board of Missions, Philadelphia, informing me that they were contemplating a mission among the ex-slaves, afterwards called "contrabands," at Port Royal, S. C., and asking me if I would be willing to go thither to explore or see what could be done provided the board wished me. I replied that the inquiry came so unexpectedly and at a time when I did not see how I could leave my work at home, yet if it was the will of the Board to send me I would try to go if no serious obstacles would prevent.

Shortly before that letter was received the northern army had taken possession of Port Royal and the sea islands on the South Carolina coast between Charleston and Savannah. The little city of Beaufort (pronounced Bufort), about twelve miles up the Beaufort River above Hilton Head, and the principal business center of the cotton trade for those sea islands, as well as the home of many of the rich cotton planters, was now in the possession of the Union Army. At the approach of the Union Army the whites had all fled into the interior leaving nearly all the slaves—almost every one except some house servants that were willing to go with them. The great mass of the plantation slaves remained on the islands, and others were fleeing from the interior or mainland within the lines of the Union Army. It was to these slaves that the Board thought it their duty to send the Gospel and the spelling-book.

After the lapse of several weeks I received a letter from the Board informing me that they had appointed me as agent to proceed to Beaufort to explore and labor for the educational and religious interests of the ex-slaves now within the lines of the army; and to remain if practicable until Synod.

On the Sabbath following the reception of this letter I asked the session to call a meeting of the congregation that I might inform them of the action of the board. The meeting was on the next Tuesday. I narrated the action of the board and asked the approbation of my own action. This was unanimously granted; though some expressed regrets that I would have to be absent so long. I promised, however, that I would try to have the pulpit supplied at least part of the time in my absence.

With what reluctance I left home appears from the entry made in my journal after my departure: "I bade good-by to my beloved wife and little child. Never was it so hard to



S. O. WYLIE, D. D.

leave home. The call seemed providential, wholly unexpected, yet so peculiar and pressing I could not refuse to go. I was in a strait betwixt two. The heart said: 'Stay with dear wife and daughter, and with the flock so beloved and loving.' But the Spirit said: 'Go and preach Christ to God's poor children long scattered and peeled.' Conferring not with flesh and blood, I gave myself to the work at least for a time."

Following the instructions of the Board I hastened to Philadelphia to make arrangements for my departure to Port Royal. I could not get there without a passport from military officials or the Secretary of State at Washington. Going on to the Capitol I there met Rev. Mr. French, of New York, a Methodist minister who had been at Port Royal and was now making arrangements to take back with him a company of teachers to labor among the slaves. Arrangements were being made by which he and they could go from New York on passports given them by the custom-house officials to go on one of the government transport vessels. Consulting with Senator Harlan, Rev. French, and others, I followed their advice and returned to Philadelphia and reported to the Board at a called meeting. They advised me to pursue the method suggested by Rev. Mr. French. Indeed there seemed to be no other way of getting a passport and of getting to Port Royal.

As I could not get away from Philadelphia until after the Sabbath the Board made arrangements for me to preach and present the claims of the proposed mission. During the day I preached for Rev. S. O. Wylie; and in the evening, as requested by the Board, in the Cherry Street church, Rev. J. M. Willson pastor. Both pastors and Rev. R. Z. Willson were in the pulpit. I preached from Luke 7:22, last clause, "To the poor the Gospel is preached." The house was crowded full, not because of the speaker, for he had no

reputation as a preacher, but because of the condition of the country and the importance as well as newness of the work undertaken by the Board. Besides Covenanters there were many colored people present, William Still among others. On coming down from the pulpit many friends, especially the colored people, gathered around me and bade me Godspeed and blessed me. Two of them, lately from South Carolina, said they could testify from experience to the truth of much that I had said as to the condition of the slaves. Among others was a large and noble-looking white man who manifested much interest in the cause. He bade me Godspeed and put a five-dollar bill into my hand to help in the work. The next morning he called upon me at my lodging, and took the address for sending clothing to Port Royal, and told me that the women at his house were preparing to put up two boxes of clothing for the ex-slaves at Beaufort. That man was the brave old hero of the "branded hand," Jonathan Walker. In the palm of his hand were the two large letters, S. S., that had been burnt deeply into the flesh by red-hot irons. Those letters meant *slave stealer*. He had been master of a sailing vessel that plied between some southern port and one in Massachusetts. Some fugitive slaves had taken refuge on board the vessel hoping to escape north. The vessel was seized by the man-hunters. The captain was tried and condemned, thrown into prison, and his hand branded, S. S. The event occurred probably in 1846. It gave inspiration to one of Whittier's most indignant "Voices of Freedom," "*The Branded Hand*," from which I beg leave to copy only two stanzas:

"For, while the jurist sitting with the slave-whip o'er him swung,
From the tortured truths of freedom the lie of slavery wrung,
And the solemn priest of Moloch, on each God-deserted shrine,
Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the bondman's blood
for wine—

“While the multitude in blindness to a far-off Saviour knelt,
And spurned, the while, the temple where a present Saviour dwelt;
Thou beheld'st Him in the task-field, in the prison shadows dim,
And thy mercy to the bondman, it was mercy unto Him!”

While I was detained in Philadelphia, both times, I was entertained by the family of that grand old Abolitionist, William Brown, an elder in the Second Congregation. At that time the women had gathered clothing sufficient to fill two large boxes to send to the “contrabands” at Port Royal.

Returning to New York I was detained over Sabbath waiting for the sailing of the transport ship. In the forenoon I preached in the Sullivan Street church, J. C. K. Milligan pastor, on the text: “And when He was come near He beheld the city, and wept over it.” In the afternoon I addressed the Sabbath-school of the Third Congregation on the claims of the proposed mission at Port Royal, and heard Pastor Sloane preach an earnest and powerful sermon from, “Now then we are ambassadors for Christ,” etc.

In procuring a passport I had much difficulty but was greatly assisted by Brother Sloane. He was a member of a committee appointed to examine members of a large company of missionary teachers, mostly from Massachusetts and under the superintendence of Mr. Pierce, of Boston, and now on their way to Port Royal. These missionaries were sent by Secretary Chase of the Treasury Department at Washington to take charge of the abandoned plantations on the sea islands and to look after the interests of the contrabands on them. The work of the committee was to examine the men who had volunteered their service and to see that no unfit or disloyal persons might receive passports. By the same government vessel quite a number of other persons were going to the new mission field, among whom were Rev. Mr. French and wife, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who took with them a band of lady teachers.

They all were expecting to get their passports through the same agency.

It was probably on Saturday afternoon I went to the room where a sub-officer of the custom-house, and a Christian young man, was in charge. I had expected to meet Mr. Sloane there. He did not come. The young man handed me a copy of a passport on which was printed a form of a pledge or promise or oath which he asked me to sign. I read it and asked him to explain it as I did not know what it was or what its design. It pledged the signer to loyalty to the United States Government. I said I could not sign it as I believed the Constitution and government were both unchristian and pro-slavery. He replied, however, that the oath was intended to be only a test of loyalty to the north against the south—loyalty to the government against the Southern Confederacy—and that its design was simply to prevent any one from getting a passport to go into the army lines who was not friendly to the north, or who might betray the northern cause there. I accepted his explanation and said that I would sign the document with that understanding. I signed it and put the passport in my pocket supposing that nothing more would be needed. No oath was administered; it was merely signed. I never had seen or heard an oath of allegiance, and at that time it did not occur to me that it was the regular oath of allegiance, as probably it was.

The Sabbath being over, early on Monday morning my trunk, partly filled with books, etc., to be used in the schools for the slaves, was sent to the ship and put on board. After early breakfast and family prayers in the home of my beloved friend, Elder Andrew Knox, he went with me to the ship, saw me aboard, and bade me good-by. Soon afterward the custom-house officer, Arthur Tappan, then collector of the port, came to the vessel just as they were about to haul in her cables and asked me for my passport. I showed it to

him. He said, "That is all right," and then asked me to raise my hand, whereupon he administered the oath, signed it officially, and handed it back to me. Just as the ship was being loosed and pushed out from the wharf, Brother Sloane came hurrying towards the vessel only in time to wave his hand and say, "Good-by."

I have been thus minute in this narrative because it appeared afterwards that I had been ensnared and because in due time my action was brought under review.

CHAPTER XXIX.

“THEY THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS.”

OUR steamer, the *Atlantic*, was one of the old Cunard line. It had been chartered by the government and was now used as a war transport ship. Besides the soldiers on board and the missionaries, there were a few persons specially favored by the government. One of these was Rev. Dr. Floy, a Methodist of New York. He was my room-mate. Mrs. Harlan, wife of Senator Harlan, whose acquaintance I had formed at Washington, being in feeble health, was a passenger. The senator had requested me to befriend her during the voyage. I was amply repaid for it for she was a highly cultured Christian woman, and a good Methodist.

We steamed out of New York harbor on Monday the 3rd of March. It was my first sea voyage. The first part of it was exceedingly boisterous, even fearful. One of the officers told me that he had crossed the Atlantic many times but had never seen such a stormy voyage. The storm arose the first night we were out and did not begin to subside until after we passed Cape Hatteras. Of several hundred passengers it was said that only five or six went to the breakfast table. I experienced such seasickness as is the lot of the many “who go down to the sea in ships,” and as long as the storm continued I had no notion of becoming a sailor. And yet the experience was useful to me. The storm was most violent on Wednesday evening and night. On Thursday morning after describing it in my journal, I made the following entry: “Deep emotions of grandeur and of awe were

commingled. I felt as near to death and to God as ever in my life. I tried often to lift up my heart to him in ejaculatory prayer. I found the greatest calmness, however, when endeavoring to allay the fears of poor Mrs. Harlan. She was exceedingly alarmed. I tried to calm her mind, but I could not. She sickened. Violent palpitation of the heart followed. I sought medical aid of the ship surgeon; but I did not leave her until after midnight. Mrs. French and Mrs. Nicholson aided in taking care of her."

During the remainder of the night, to avoid seasickness, some of us put on our rubber overcoats and went upon the hurricane deck and remained until morning, the good ship all the time rolling and tossing as though she must be broken to pieces by the waves. As my companions were Christian young men mostly from Massachusetts, on their way to mission work, the hours of that dark night were spent in pleasant religious conversation.

During the voyage we had two interesting meetings in the upper cabin. The first was a prayer-meeting which was attended by a large number. The second was a meeting under the arrangement of Mr. Pierce, the superintendent of the government's company of teachers going to take charge of the abandoned plantations. His plans were stated and his directions given in an address of great beauty in which he labored to impress upon the minds of the appointees the benevolent character of the work and the responsibility of the workers. Rev. Mr. French also spoke and emphasized the necessity of strict Sabbath observance.

Because of the long-continued storm and of head winds, we did not reach off Hilton Head harbor until Friday night. The tide being low we could not cross the bar and we had to lie out at sea until Saturday at 12 o'clock when at high tide a pilot took us into harbor, where we dropped anchor at 1:30 P. M. The bay was full of boats, ships and gunboats.

The fortifications on French Island and Hilton Head were low and not very formidable. From our ship we could see that the place was occupied by a strong military force, General Hunter in command of the entire division. After long delay we were transferred to an ordinary river steamer to take us to Beaufort, twelve miles up the river. Owing to low tide we were stranded and did not reach the landing until near midnight and had to remain on board until morning. As there were no beds in the boat, like the others I had the luxury of a sleep on the floor with my valise for a pillow.

The war began in the spring of 1861. Port Royal was taken by the northern army in the following autumn. On the entrance of the Union gunboats and transport ships into the harbor at Hilton Head, the whites of all the islands fled in haste into the mainland taking with them nothing but their carriages and personal effects and such "home servants" (slaves) as they could persuade to go with them, and leaving to the tender mercy of the Yankees their houses, furniture, stock, and nearly all the slaves on the plantations. These were nearly all cotton plantations and produced the finest quality grown in the south. The whole number of slaves left amounted to many thousands on five or six islands. The commercial center of these was the little city of Beaufort on the island and river of the same name.

When our Board of Missions resolved to open a mission among the slaves on those islands, it could not be known what the results of the war would be. The Board could not foresee whether the slaves there would become free or not. But the God of the oppressed had decreed that they should become "contrabands" of war, that the contrabands should become freedmen, and that the Reformed Presbyterian Church should have a freedman's mission. I was not appointed missionary except to visit the place, explore, make the

experiment, teach and preach, thus beginning the work and then report to the board. This all was done in the confident expectation that it would be approved by Synod and the mission be established. I went to the field alone and a stranger. I knew no one there, and no one knew me except some who went down on the same steamer. Without delay I began to obtain necessary information and look for an open door. The greatest obstacles were two—the whole region, including the city of Beaufort, was under military control; and the ‘contrabands’ were greatly demoralized. All had been thrown into confusion, and the abandoned slaves could not know whether they would become free or fall back into the hands of their former owners. Besides, all the ex-slaves were held by the government which claimed the right to control them and to require them to work on the plantations or for the army. Moreover, all the houses in Beaufort as well as the planters’ homes that had been abandoned were held by the military, the officers being quartered in the mansions of the rich. The churches were the only exceptions. These could be occupied for worship or schools only by the permission of Brigadier-General Stevens then in command at Beaufort. He was a southerner by birth and residence but had been in the military service in the north before the war. He was strongly pro-slavery and was believed by many of the soldiers and officers to be in sympathy with the Rebellion or with the slaveholders in it. I did not know these facts at first but soon found out that he was not at all in sympathy with the educational and missionary movements that were begun. Before the double force that went down on the Atlantic steamer had reached Beaufort, two missionaries had entered the field and had begun work, viz. Rev. Dr. Peck, of Boston, who went under the auspices of the Baptist board to look after the Baptist slaves and to preach in the Baptist Church. A very large

majority of the abandoned slaves were Baptists, and hundreds of them had been owned by the pastor of the Beaufort Church. The other was Mr. McCrea, a layman who occupied some position in connection with the quartermaster's department and who was a kind of missionary acting under the auspices of the American Missionary Association. He was an uneducated Scotchman, and did not teach or make any provisions for schools; but he had one good trait—he was in sympathy with the slaves and tried to see that they might not suffer wrong at the hands of the soldiers.

The Sabbath morning's southern sun having risen, the missionaries and teachers were conducted from the boat to places that had been provided. Mr. McCrea came and invited me to breakfast with him, and then conducted me to the headquarters of Colonel Leasure of the Pennsylvania One Hundredth ("Round-head") Regiment, Rev. R. A. Browne chaplain, to whom I had letters of introduction. Dr. Browne was the pastor of the United Presbyterian Church of New Castle, Pennsylvania, and a large number of the "Round-heads," called also the "Psalm-singing Regiment," were United Presbyterians. At the hour for regimental religious services Dr. Browne took me with him to the church—a large old Episcopal house that had been left vacant by the flight of the rector and his parishioners. In this house the regiment worshiped on Sabbaths where the chaplain preached as at home. They used the Bible psalms in a little book of selections.

Colonel Leasure, a physician and a New Light Covenanter of New Castle, Pa., on learning who and what I was, kindly invited me to remain at his headquarters and be his guest until I would find a place of lodging. Meanwhile Dr. Browne's kindness was that of a brother, for he shared the chaplain's room and the chaplain's bed with his newly-found Covenanter friend during the week that I remained

at the regimental headquarters. The house had been the mansion of a rich planter so that the present occupants lived "in style." It was not easy, however, to forget that a little while ago that old mansion had been the home of a family whose wealth consisted largely in the ownership of men, women, and children bought and sold and separated at the will of the master, made to toil without wages, driven by the overseer's lash in the cotton field, deprived of education and the Gospel, and made beasts of burden herded together in the "nigger quarters" of the plantation. On every wall I could almost see the blood of the beaten house servant, I could hear the echo of his cries for mercy, or the wail of the mother whose son had been sold to the "rice swamp dank and lone," or whose beautiful daughter had been purchased by some lecherous brute whom the people called a "chivalrous southerner."

CHAPTER XXX.

AMONG THE "CONTRABANDS."

HAVING surveyed the town on Monday and getting such facts as bore upon the question of the location of the mission, desiring to be separated from other workers as much as would be practicable, and learning that on Baruwell Island none of Mr. Pierce's superintendents would be located, I accepted Colonel Leasure's offer of his confiscated horse and carriage and colored driver and rode over the old oyster-shell road ten miles to the military encampment on the river separating the two islands. As the colonel had given me a pass, and also a letter to Lieutenant Critslow, son of Rev. Dr. Critslow of New Brighton, Pa., I was quickly ferried over the river and accompanied by the lieutenant outside the picket lines to the slave quarters at the upper end of the island. Here I found only a few slaves in an almost abandoned "nigger town." * They had been exposed to the fire of the rebels across the river, for the place was about a mile outside the picket lines of the Union soldiers, and being nearly starved

*This was the name commonly given to the slave quarters on the southern plantations. This, like all I saw on the cotton plantations of those "sea islands," so called, consisted of two parallel rows of shanties in which the slave families lodged. The overseer's house was not far distant. The whole island of five hundred acres belonged to Mr. Trescott who, under President James Buchanan, had been Assistant Secretary of the Department of the Interior. His residence, at the other end of the island, about two miles from the slave quarters, was a lordly mansion. When I was there it was the headquarters of a company of the "Round-head Regiment" left to form the picket guard.

for want of provisions the slaves had escaped to Beaufort to get work and food. One of the few remaining told me that the "old preacher" was yet there. He took me to the preacher. He had been a kind of exhorter in the evening meetings. I asked him if any of the colored people there could read. "Yes sah, one." "Who is he?" "I can read, sah." I took out of my pocket a tract or paper and asked him to read a little to me. "O sah, I don't know the letters." "But you told me you can read." "Yes sah, I can read out the hymns, sah." "Ah, I see." Poor old "Renty." He was a fine-looking black man and he might have been a scholarly doctor of divinity if he had had as fair a chance as the ordinary white D. D. But he had been a plantation slave and had tried at the night meetings of the slaves to "read out" the hymns, line by line as he had learned them by hearing others read them. He did "what he could," more than some who have all the lore of the schools and seminaries.

After fuller study of the situation I saw it was useless to think of locating the mission there under the fire of the rebel guns; and so I returned to Beaufort. On thinking over the whole field, seeing the difficulty if not the impossibility of doing proper mission work on any of the plantations, and believing that the Covenanter Church had as good a right as any to occupy the best part of the whole, I resolved to locate the mission in Beaufort. What followed this resolution will appear from entries made in my journal from time to time. Some of them may be slightly modified in verbiage as they were not written except for private use.

"Wednesday, March 12. To-day I have been trying to procure a suitable house in which to open a school and to preach. I can do nothing without the leave of the military. Rev. Dr. Peck, a Baptist from Boston, has partly preoccupied the field, but it is large and there is room yet."

“Thursday, 13. This morning at 7 o'clock I heard the driver's horn, not on the plantation but on the levee where are employed many of the slaves making a new pier. They are under a supervisor or driver, and I fear they are driven and abused almost as much as when on the plantations. They have a change of masters only. The government or army claims the right to control them now. They seem to know nothing but to obey.”

“Friday, 14. This afternoon I saw an old man, Toby, almost naked. His master had left him destitute. All his children were gone. He said he had had no shoes for three years. He was trembling with disease or age. He said he was on his way to General Stevens for a piece of bread. I will clothe him.” (None of the boxes of clothing from the north had arrived yet.)

“I have had a long talk with an old man, Tarquin Cohen, a deacon in the Episcopal Church (colored) before the members had been taken away. He seems not to have known the sinfulness of slaveholding. His master was good and kind (he says), would not separate families, was not cruel. Hence he seems not to regard his master as a sinner. I labored to give him light. He received it. When I reasoned from the Scriptures he seemed to be gladdened. I read several passages from the Bible against slavery and then asked him if he had ever heard them read in the church or anywhere. He had often heard portions of the New Testament and had become familiar with them, but he did not know that such as I had read were in the Bible. He listened to them and asked me to explain them. He was exceedingly delighted. At this interview he told me that his master had taken away all his (Cohen's) children, and he had no idea where they were.”

On learning that I had come from the north to teach and to preach to the slaves he became greatly interested in my

work and afterwards gave me much needed help in getting scholars into the school and in putting things into shape. After the school was under way he attended when he had time, took a lively interest in it, and was always ready to give help whenever it was needed. And he was careful to tell the colored people whom he met that "the minister from the north" would preach on Sabbath at the church specified. With such a voluntary helper it was easy to open the mission school; and this opened the way for labor as a spiritual teacher among a people long confined in the dark prison of American slavery.

My second Sabbath was a busy day. "At 9 o'clock I went to the Baptist Church to see the Sabbath-school for colored people now under the self-appointed superintendence of Mr. McCrea. There were sixty or seventy, old and young, taught by soldiers and in about fifteen classes. As there were many other soldiers present Mr. McCrea formed them into a large Bible class and asked me to hear them. I did so, and found among them some quite intelligent and, I hope, pious men. It gave me pleasure to speak to so many men so far from home, on the love of Christ.

"At 10 o'clock, according to the suggestion of Dr. Browne who expected to be away, I preached in the Episcopal Church to a congregation of colored people who probably for the first time sat in the pews. In the gallery were many soldiers, one or two hundred. Of the colored people there were about the same number. No public notice had been given, but the people were assembled by the efforts of Tarquin Cohen, my good friend, the deacon. Preaching from the text, 'Jesus wept,' I taught that he though now in heaven sympathizes with us in all our afflictions. The colored people were exceedingly attentive and some of them were affected to weeping. No wonder. I felt that it was good to be there: I pray God to give me access to the hearts of

this people that I may win them to Christ and help to comfort them in their afflictions.”

At the above-mentioned meeting an incident occurred that I do not find in my diary. I have mentioned before that General Stevens, now in command of the brigade at Beaufort, was a southerner and of course had the southern prejudice against the negroes. As the chaplain of the “Round-heads” had been preaching in the old Episcopal Church it is probable that the general expected Dr. Browne to be there that day, or he may have heard that another would preach in the chaplain’s absence. Shortly after the beginning of the services, probably when I was reading the Scriptures, General Stevens, accompanied by his wife and her arm resting on his, entered the church. When they had walked about half way up the broad aisle he looked around over the church and saw the colored people sitting in the pews, they paused and for a few moments surveyed the situation, and then quickly turned about and walked out of the church. This new order of things was too much for the brigadier-general. But if any one was culpable it was the preacher who previously had requested the “deacon,” Tarquin Cohen, to say to his fellow “contrabands” that the northern missionary wished them to occupy the body pews as the preaching would be for them. And yet more than half the pews were empty, and there was room for a hundred generals if they wished to worship and hear the Gospel.

“At six o’clock in the evening at the invitation of Mr. McCrea I preached in the African Baptist Church to a dense congregation from the words, ‘God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.’ How good and how pleasant it is to preach Christ and him crucified to this people. They seem to drink in the truth, and their piety seems so earnest. At the close of the services when many crowded around me and pressed my

hand so warmly, and spoke so earnestly about the cross of Christ, and blessed me for speaking such comforting words, I felt repaid a thousand times for all my trouble and expense in coming here. May God bless my labors among this poor and docile people, that I may be largely instrumental in their instruction, elevation, and salvation."

"At 7:30 o'clock I went to the 'tabernacle,' an old church now used for a 'praise house,' where was an evening service. It was to have been conducted by Rev. Dr. Peck, I think; he was not there, however, and Mr. McCrea took his place. He called on me to speak. I spoke to the people, all colored, from the words, 'Let us go on unto perfection.' Some of them are wonderfully gifted in prayer. Their religion seems so warm, so devout, and their faith so simple."

Before copying any more from my diary it is due to the reader that I explain the situation of affairs at Beaufort. On the landing of the Union fleet in the Port Royal harbor and on French Island, the night following the entire white population fled into the mainland leaving almost everything behind. Nearly the entire slave population remained. When I reached Beaufort there were four regiments in possession of the island, their headquarters in the city. Beaufort had been the home of many rich slaveholders who owned large cotton plantations on that and adjacent islands; and it had been the summer resort of many who lived on the mainland. The churches and county buildings and arsenal were all held by the military for the government. I was to'd by one of the soldiers who took possession that at the time of the hegira only one white man remained in Beaufort, "but he was so drunk he could not get away."

The four regiments or brigade in camp in or around the city were the Pennsylvania One Hundredth, the New York Sixty-ninth, the Michigan Eighth, and another I have now

forgotten. In addition there was a Connecticut Battery Company. Some companies from these regiments were sent to outposts to intercept the rebel forces in case they should attempt to cross any of the tide rivers that surrounded the islands. This brigade, or any regiment of it, was liable to be removed at any time and others sent into quarters there. Thus it was that some of the regiments with their chaplains could meet occasionally or regularly in some of the vacated churches for worship. The thousands of contrabands were under military control and martial law, but they and the few free blacks in the city were not prevented from attending the churches or mission schools now being opened, though all had to be at home or in their quarters by nine o'clock at night or be liable to be locked up, or kept under guard until morning. And this martial law included all persons within the picket lines. Prior to the hegira there had been four white churches, the Baptist, much the largest or most numerous, then the Episcopal, the Methodist, and the Catholic the least of all. Among the slaves there had been one or two Baptist Churches, one very large, and one Episcopal; I think the Methodists had none. As to schools, I think there had been two for the whites, one a kind of parochial Episcopal school, and judging from the buildings, what remained of them, they both were small. Of course there had been no school for the black people. If they had souls at all it was not allowable to educate them. A "nigger" was presumed to have no need of a spelling-book; and in most of the southern states the laws forbade the teaching of slaves to read; the penalty in some was death. And I presume that among all the many thousands of slaves on those South Carolina sea islands there was not one who could read intelligently. Yet the great mass of them were professing Christians of some kind. On Ladies' Island, across the river from Beaufort, there had been thousands of planta-

tion slaves. Nearly all of them were Baptists. A large proportion of them were at one time owned by Dr. Richard Fuller, pastor of the Beaufort Baptist Church, afterwards a pastor in Baltimore.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SPELLING-BOOK, THE BIBLE, THE SWORD.

“MONDAY, April 17th. This has been a very busy day. At 9 o'clock I met with the colored people in the Baptist Church to organize a school. The house was nearly half full. Some could spell in two or three letters; some could name the letters of the alphabet; and many did not know any of them. I have found only one, an old man, who can read any at all. Two or three could make out easy portions of Scripture that they have often heard, for on some of the plantations some kinds of missionary preachers were employed by Christian planters, but they can not read. Many have been trying to learn their letters. Some of the soldiers, Christians, and some connected with the quartermaster's department, have been teaching the slaves since the army came here.

“Thus a wonderful change has taken place. Many are now anxious to learn. I divided the whole number into three divisions, men, women, and children, intending to hear them separately. At 2 o'clock I met with a class at the Episcopal school or lecture-room, and made similar arrangements. Then at night, 6 o'clock, at the Baptist 'praise house' I met with a large class of men—strong workingmen—employed at hard work until 5 o'clock: and O! how eager they are to learn!”

“Tuesday 18. Have moved my quarters. Since I came to Beaufort I have been lodging with Rev. Dr. Browne at Colonel Leasure's headquarters. Yesterday I procured a

new lodging-place—a room in a house formerly owned and occupied by Colonel Johnston, a leading politician, candidate for governor, but who was killed in the battle of Bull Run, Virginia. Having no fixtures for keeping house, I have had great trouble in finding anything to eat or sleep on. Through the kindness of a colored family, however, I have been favored much. Through Mr. Jacob Robinson, whose wife is very pleasant and kind, I am to be provided with my meals. I have a straw bed on which to sleep, a chair on which to sit, and my colored waiter, Mr. Robinson's little son, brings my meals on a large salver. I find the provisions and Mrs. Robinson cooks for me for a dollar and a quarter per week."

"Thursday night, 20th. Dark clouds hang over my prospects. I thought my school was about to be a success. So many have been crowding in and so anxious to learn I have been happy in the prospect of doing good. But the military power here is absolute and is exercised mostly for the prevention of any benevolent efforts in behalf of the colored people. Last night the soldiers crowded in and prevented me from teaching the night school. I could have no redress. I had done all in my power to procure the exclusive use of the house. This morning I laid the case before the provost-marshal. To-night he called on me to inform me that I could not have the house at night, and that the colored people would not be allowed to worship there but must be kept in their own quarters. This will prevent me from preaching to them on Sabbath as I had intended. General Stevens orders positively that the colored people shall not go to the church where whites go—that they must never worship together. This is martial law. It can not be disobeyed; but I shall protest against it, here and elsewhere. Jesus reigns, and these wicked men in power will not always have their own way. The Lord rebuke them! There seems to

be a determination by Stevens and others to compel the poor slaves to gather their own straw and still make the bricks."

Rev. Mr. French, the Methodist missionary, by this time had taken possession of a large old mansion, vacated by some fleeing slaveholder, and was preaching and looking after the wants of the poor and distributing clothing and shoes among them. He called it an "Industrial School." The aim was high, but the institution could not accomplish much while the people were all in confusion under military control. In his work he was assisted by several young women who had gone thither with him from the north. He had visited Smith's plantation on the Beaufort River about four miles below the town and found there a field that needed laborers; and he had found two of the contrabands who wished to be married. He reported the case to me and urged me to go to attend to it, as he had promised to go or send another minister. Glad to have an opportunity to get out into the country and away from the soldiers and picket lines, I promised to visit Smith's plantation. Accordingly I find the following entry:

"Saturday 22. This afternoon I obtained a horse and rode down the Port Royal and through several plantations to visit the John J. Smith plantation. Here are more than a hundred colored people living in eight small houses. My time being limited I could do little with them. I visited their church but I have not descriptive powers to do it justice.

"I have been told that the master was a Methodist, that his slaves had been brought up Baptists, that they wanted to be Baptists but the master would not allow them, and so they were mostly Methodists. This house may therefore be called a South Carolina Methodist Colored Church.

"It is about fifteen or twenty feet square, or possibly more. Its windows are small holes in the house, without glass—

never had any—but with rough shutters. It has no floor, the ground being covered with straw. The pulpit is as strange a piece of mechanism as the house. I can not describe it. Left an appointment to preach at this place to-morrow at 10:30, and promised to marry a couple.”

“Sabbath evening, 23. To-night I am weary, and yet I am joyous. I hope my labor to-day has not been in vain in the Lord. I walked this morning to the Smith plantation, visited yesterday, and preached to the people living there. The house was full of men and women, no children. They were pretty well dressed. I noticed the children about the houses were ragged and dirty. I presume the want of clothing was the reason of their absence from meeting, though it may have been from custom or for want of room. The people were very attentive and evidently devout. I read the psalms, starting the tunes; and nearly all the people joined in the singing. I addressed them on the sympathy of our Saviour. I felt that it was good to be there. Until last Sabbath they had not had any preaching since the rebels left, for more than six months at least. At the close of the services I invited the couple to be married forward to the desk. They came, well dressed, neat, clean, she quite tastily. I took the occasion to speak of marriage as a divine institution never to be broken up except by death, and bore a full testimony against the separation of husband and wife by masters. I married them on Sabbath not of choice but because under all the circumstances I thought it best. The arrangements had all been made for the marriage before they knew who would preach there and not knowing that they could be married at any other time. And as there has been so little legal marriage among the slaves I was glad to have the opportunity to celebrate a marriage among them. Their names are Moses Wallace and Pattie Wright. Before I left, a piece of very fine wedding cake was sent to me. May the

God of the poor bless this new couple and the curse of slavery soon be swept from the earth."

Returning to town, I preached in the Episcopal Church at 2:30 to the soldiers, the Seventy-ninth New York Regiment being there in a body and by special arrangement. The band, the softer instruments only, led the music, most of the soldiers joining in the singing.* They sang old tunes; Old Hundred, Devizes and Balerna. I preached with freedom from Heb. 2:3, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

"Monday 24. Busily employed in teaching and organizing classes. By the order of the military power here I have had to change the place of instruction. I am now teaching in the Methodist Church during the day, and at night in what had been a billiard saloon. I have called to my aid Miss Mena Hale, a young lady from Boston." She was one of the teachers who had come with Rev. Mr. French to assist him in his work. As I was in urgent need of help in the school, at my request he "detailed" her to give me the needed assistance.

The school continued to grow in numbers and became more regular in attendance so that I had to draw on Mr. French for two more teachers, Miss Powell of Philadelphia and Miss Wight of New York.

I do not now remember to what church these teachers belonged; most probably they were Methodists; but I remember that they were in full sympathy with the slaves and were enthusiastic teachers. I opened each half day's session with prayer and brief Scripture reading, always inculcating some truth or duty that I knew the people needed. Presumably the slaves were mostly Christians or members of some of the churches, but at first I knew almost nothing as to their denominational preference. Nor did I care much. With slight exceptions they all were not only unable to read

* I had distributed psalm-books among them.

but were very ignorant except as to common matters that needed no books. Though the entire school was divided into three parts or divisions, some of them came to all the sessions. Much of the teaching was done in concert, *e. g.*, the alphabet, in large letters, was hung on the wall before the class so that all could see and learn, the teacher using the pointer. I had taken with me from Philadelphia a large supply of spellers. These were given out free, one to each scholar. After the letters had been learned the whole class would sit together and spell the same lesson. In this way much was done in short time. I had taken also a large lot of the Bible reader. The system was called 'word reading.' The words, arranged promiscuously in perpendicular lines, were learned first, never spelled; and on the opposite page these words were arranged into sentences and then read. One class, some of them women but mostly men who had not known the letters, learned in three or four weeks to read these numerous portions of Scripture easily.

Desirous of making more explorations and getting all needed information, on Saturday the 29th, I took passage on a little yacht down the river to Hilton Head. It was a pleasant sail but the sights on the islands were doleful—plantations abandoned and planters' mansions vacated. A curse seemed to rest upon the land. The boatmen pointed out a blackened plantation on which the owner, when the Yankees were coming, set fire to his cotton crop to prevent it from falling into their hands. In the conflagration the planter's house had caught fire and nothing was left visible but a long black chimney. It stood alone like a black monument of God's wrath.

Landing at Hilton Head I called upon a Mr. Boynton engaged in teaching the contrabands, and upon superintendent Lee, who as a government appointee had the general oversight of them. From both I received important infor-

mation. I called also upon George W. Smalley, the able correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, Horace Greeley editor. Mr. Smalley was then and has ever since shown himself to be the prince of journalistic correspondents. On his table I saw the *National Standard*, the organ of the National Anti-slavery Society to which I sent occasional letters during my stay at Beaufort. Before leaving Hilton Head I met a slave who with some others had just escaped from Charleston in a small boat. They were now rejoicing in the hope of freedom. While I remained in Beaufort companies of slaves were frequently arriving who had stealthily fled from the mainland hoping that the Yankees would not return them to their masters.

Returning to Beaufort Saturday evening I was alone and a little homesick I suppose when I wrote these lines: "I have been in Beaufort almost three weeks. What good has been accomplished can never be known until the days of eternity. I have labored in anxiety and in opposition but in hope. If I can be only a humble instrument in lifting up and sustaining these poor people to whom God has sent me, I am satisfied. Let him do with me what seemeth him good, only let me see of the travail of the Redeemer's soul."

On the yacht which took me to and from Hilton Head was a colored man, a servant in the employ of the owner. Robert and his wife and children had been the property of Rev. Walker, the rector of the Episcopal Church in Beaufort—house servants in the minister's family. On his flight at the approach of the Union Army the rector would have taken all the family servants if he could, but Robert preferred to risk the Yankees and would not go. The minister compelled the wife and children to go with him, leaving the husband and father alone.

On the Friday evening before my visit to Hilton Head two colored men called upon me. One, an old man, had

just come from the mainland having escaped from his master. The other, John Middleton, told me his history in part. I made the following record of it: "He had passed through several hands, his last lawful owner being a widow lady. She desired to emancipate her slaves, but the laws not allowing it, when she died she gave them into the charge of a friend, as her executor and their guardian to manage or take care of them as free. This man controlled them until his death, after which these slaves were divided by law among his heirs. John was thus held as a slave by his new master until the Rebellion. His master fled but could not take him with him. John preferred to try the Yankees. He did not believe the story told him that they would sell them to Cuba. His wife and children belonged to another master who at the flight took them away, thus leaving poor John without wife and children. He don't expect ever to see them again. He told me that he was a carpenter—that his master gave him his own time, allowing him to make as much money at his trade as he could. He had to pay his master five dollars per week and find his own board. Out of the wages left he had to buy many things for his wife and children whom their master only partly supplied. This same man is very intelligent. He needs no instruction as to the evil of slavery. He has no high opinion of the slaveholders. He is anxious to go north, and said he would like to go with me. He is one of my class in spelling, a good fellow, a Baptist."

Middleton afterwards came to see me several times before I left Beaufort. He was very anxious to come north with me; and I would have brought him if the governmental agent had not refused to give him leave to depart (see a subsequent page). As I learned from a friend in Beaufort long after the war, John Middleton, when the military

department of the government had been driven to the necessity of accepting the service of colored men as soldiers, joined the Union Army, was a brave warrior, and fell in battle.

“Saturday evening, 9 o'clock. A poor colored man, Abraham Jenkins, called on me to-night to get a book. He was the slave of William Adams who lived in the interior. On the taking of Port Royal Island by the Federals he fled from his master and succeeded in getting his wife and children with him. He was a Baptist. So was his master. His master sometimes had prayers in the house but never had any of his slaves in. He said his master would flog, 'almost cut up,' some of his servants on Sabbath morning and then go to church. He had even seen him flog and then lock them up in some house as prisoners and then go to church. 'Was your master a good man?' 'Don't know, sir; he was awful cruel to his servants, sir.' 'Was he not a Christian?' 'Don't know, sir; he belonged to church, sir, but don't know as he had any religion, sir; but he cut us up terrible, sir: and he t'ink nothing of sellin' de husband from de wife, and de child'n from de fadder and modder, Sir.' Poor Abraham had never seen the guilt of slavery except in its cruelties.”

Military law is iron-clad. After numerous annoyances and hindrances while trying to get a permanent place for the mission school and for preaching, in obedience to General Steven's orders I took possession of the Methodist Church across the town from the larger Baptist Churches. On the Sabbath after the events recorded above, in accordance with previous announcement in the school, I preached at 11 o'clock to a small congregation of colored people, not more than fifty or sixty. Indeed, it was a wonder that so many were present. That house had never been used by

colored people. There had been very few Methodists in the town, and the few white Methodists who had worshipped there were now all gone. As the smallpox was spreading in the city many of the colored people were sent out to the plantations; and the picket guards would not let any of the contrabands pass through the lines. But as I had often preached to much smaller congregations it was not difficult to preach to fifty or sixty slaves all anxious to hear the new Gospel. The text was: "Follow holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." As always I read out the lines of the psalm. They all seemed to sing, and especially the psalm after the discourse they sang with great pathos and power. Wonderful was the singing of the plantation slaves whose souls were saddened by the woes of oppression. As I was coming out of the church an old lady took my hand and said to me: "O sir, I was very sorry, very low down dis mornin' before I came to church; but you built me right up, bless de Lord!"

According to the appointment made at the Methodist Church in the forenoon service, I went back at 7 o'clock to preach. To my astonishment I found the house full of soldiers mostly of the Michigan Eighth, whose chaplain also was present. The colored people were coming and going wondering what it meant. This was another of the many trials we had to endure under military control. But as I was there I did not choose to run away in haste. The chaplain, who had not known that General Stevens had assigned the house to our use, expressed his regrets and asked me to address the soldiers, which I did briefly from the words, "Leaving us an example," and exhorted them to take Jesus for their model.

"Monday morning, March 31. The first sound I heard this morning upon awakening was, as often, the chirp or song of the red-bird. He is my morning crower. He sits

among the shrubbery right under my window and, as soon as the morning light appears, in his cheerful and stirring notes he says: 'Awake, arise, behold the day!' Does he not call me to the praise of God? Should not my heart be as joyful in this service as is the morning song of the bird?''

"Monday evening. The school was fuller to-day than usual. Called on General Stevens to ask leave to use a small vacant house for two of my classes. He is a gentleman in manners but he has no smile for any one he meets. He walked with me to see the house and then promised to send me word in the afternoon whether or not I could have the house. It is now 9 o'clock but I have no word yet."

"Wednesday, April 3. Had several visitors at the school to-day. Among others was a drunken soldier from the New York Sixty-ninth Regiment. He did not believe in teaching 'darkies.' He said we were only preparing a people to cut our throats. He had been an old Whig, a member of the state Legislature, a lawyer, and a Mason; and in the use of profane language he was profuse."

"Went to see a sick woman, Jenny, who had fled with her children from her master in the interior. She lay concealed three weeks in the marsh and rain and cold, and soon after reaching Beaufort she sickened and has been sick for three months. She left everything behind in her flight. She has four or five children. The oldest son is at work for the government and draws rations for himself. Upon this he, his mother and his brothers and sisters have lived for months. When Miss Wight, my assistant teacher, found her she was lying on the floor, with no bed under her, and nothing but rags, pieces of a blanket, to cover her, and almost dying of hunger. I conversed with her and found her a great sufferer. She

had worn a heavy yoke. The iron had sunk deep into her soul. Her master had been awfully cruel; but 'missus was far worse.' I asked her if her master would not provide for her now in her sickness if she were back with him. She seemed to think I had come to have her taken back, or my words galled her soul and she said with tremulous voice almost like that of a dying woman: 'Don't carry me back, massa; don't carry me back. I'd rather go to my grave this minute. Carry me to my grave, massa; but don't carry me back to my ole massa. I nebber wants to see him again.' Poor Jenny! My soul was moved for her. I hope her master will never see her unless he repent of his wrongs done to poor Jenny. Said I, 'Jenny, was your master a Christian.' 'He went to church, sir.' 'Did you go to church?' 'When he would let us go, sir.' 'Can you pray, Jenny?' 'I can pray *inside*, sir.' 'Then pray to God, and he will deliver you; and I hope your master will never own you again. Be patient and pray to God in trouble, and he will save you. Trust in him and he will deliver you at last in heaven.'

"On inquiry the second son, a young boy only, told me he had been working three months for government and had not received a single dollar yet. My soul sickened as I turned away thinking of the guilt of our country in so long protecting the awful crime and curse of slavery."

"Friday, 4. A little boy brought me a beautiful bouquet this morning. His name is James Simmons. It is worth more to me than a golden eagle from a rich man; it is affection's grateful offering, childhood's token of regard, though probably a mother's heart devised and a parent's hand shaped the gift."

"Monday, April 7th. The school was larger to-day than ever. Had to call in the aid of a soldier and one of the pupils. The most of the boys are very ragged and

dirty. We clothe them as fast as we can. The clothing is all used up, but the ladies make some out of the new material. The pupils, young and old, love to sing, and they learn very fast and sing finely."

"Tuesday, 8th. Met with some of the adults of the school to-night for prayer. About fifteen or twenty came. I led in the singing, led in the first prayer, read and commented upon a part of the thirteenth chapter of Hebrews, and especially upon verse 3: 'Remember them that are in bonds as bound,' etc. Two others led in prayer. Such prayers I never heard, so earnest, so expressive of faith, so from the heart, so without form, so appropriate. They prayed for their brethren in slavery, for their relatives lost and in slavery, for the many sick, for the soldiers; and most earnestly and beautifully for me, their teacher; also for my family, asking God to watch over them and keep them in health and peace. They prayed for my health, and thanked God most devoutly for sending me to them to preach and to teach them so ignorant and needy. One thanked God that I did not get out of patience with them in their ignorance. Every manner of blessing was asked for me. O, it was one of the happiest hours of my life—to be in a prayer-meeting of slaves, pupils in the school, who seemed to love me so much and to pray so earnestly for me. I felt that Jesus was with us in that little meeting to bless us and to do us good."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A LITTLE VACATION. FORT PULASKI TAKEN.

FOR about a week prior to the 10th of April I had been suffering in temporary sickness brought about partly by my unhealthy mode of living, and this beyond my control. As the town was wholly under military law and without any market, and with almost no provisions except as needed for the army, and these all under the hand of the Commissary Department, it was almost impossible to get any healthy food. The colored woman who cooked my meals and sent them to me by her half-grown sons was anything but a connoisseur, nor did she know the value of soap. Fasting was sometimes a necessity. I had many a daydream of the home table abundantly covered with healthful viands prepared by my own Yankee-girl cook now far away in the old parsonage. Meanwhile I was overworked by constant labor day and night as well as on Sabbath. These two causes combined to induce me to follow the advice of Rev. Mr. French and his family and to seek health in a few days of rest from the school. Obtaining an additional assistant from his supply, and committing the school to the women, on Wednesday afternoon I took passage on a boat to Hilton Head. On the way I formed the acquaintance of a contraband, Abraham Mercheson, who had escaped from Savannah, coming in a skiff by night. He was a deacon and an exhorter in the Baptist Church. As his wife and children belonged to another master, and he had no hope of seeing them again unless the Federal armies should conquer the

south, he was exceedingly anxious for the Union Army to take Savannah. At this time Fort Pulaski was under siege by the Union batteries on Tybee Island. Mr. Mercheson, who was now staying at Hilton Head, the headquarters of General Hunter, informed me that the general had declared his purpose to arm the colored men and muster them into companies if they would volunteer.

Receiving an invitation from Mr. Blake, a young man in charge of Elliot's plantation about three miles from Hilton Head, to visit his post of labor, I obtained a horse and joined him in a ride out to the plantation. It was growing dark and much of our way was through a dense pine forest. We had to pass two or three picket lines, and so had to get the countersign from the officer at Hilton Head. Coming up to the guards, one on each side of the road, we were accosted with, "Halt, dismount." We obeyed orders, and the guards, coming to us with their presented guns, said, "Give the countersign." We gave it. "All right; remount and pass on." We obeyed orders again. I had often mounted and dismounted my own horse and saddle, but to have to "dismount" and "remount" in the darkness of the night at the command of some fellow with his bayoneted musket pointed at me, was a new experience. It was moonlight, but the forest was so dense our way was gloomy. And all was still and silent save the tread of our horses and the mournful sound of a night-bird like the whip-poor-will. I could not forget that I was in the land of slaves and auction-blocks and lashes and bloodhounds, and that probably in this same old pine forest the hounds may have been in hot pursuit of some weary fugitive who feared the master or the overseer more than the dogs; and a kind of sickening gloom came over me. I wished I were back in my own free and peaceful mountain home.

That night I slept with my friend on an old board bed-

stead on which was a corn-husk mattress extemporized by Mr. Blake. I had left Beaufort tired and unwell hoping to get rest and health by a change. I did not sleep much on those boards softened only a little by the hard husks. After our breakfast, prepared by a slave mother whom her master had to leave behind when he fled before the northern guns, I sauntered awhile among the contrabands out in the fields preparing to plant cotton. These and the management of the work were under the hand of Mr. Blake, one of the superintendents sent by the Treasury Department at Washington to look after the abandoned plantations and slaves. I had formed his acquaintance on board the vessel coming down from New York. He had been a student in some Massachusetts institution. He was a member of some of the churches there and I suppose anti-slavery, but he had no piety to spare, and he was not fit to have the control of the colored people, for he ruled them with rigor, with a pistol in his pocket, and as one "clothed with a little brief authority" whom the slaves must have regarded only as a new overseer. No man is fit to be a ruler over laborers who is not in sympathy with the poor and the lowly.

Spending what little time I could spare among the contrabands I heard some sad stories from their own lips. I had forgotten them long ago, but on opening my journal at this date I find the record written after I returned next morning to Hilton Head, as follows: "Saw an old man, Eko, whose father, Cato, had been brought from Africa by a slave ship. Eko had fled with his family from the mainland and is now living in an old cotton house partitioned off into rooms(?) for several families. The fire was on a box filled with earth. The smoke had no place to escape except at the doors and cracks. Several were sick. No wonder. In this same group, around the same fire, were grandmother, mother and grandchildren. The youngest, six months old,

was laughing in its mother's arms, unconscious of the misery around it or which it may soon know."

"Friday 11th. Last evening I preached in Hilton Head in the contrabands' church to a large congregation of the contrabands, mostly men and women. They have organized themselves into a Baptist Church and have chosen a colored man as pastor, viz. Abraham Mercheson, the refugee slave from Savannah. He escaped in a boat leaving his family behind and hoping to get them away yet. The people were very attentive hearers, many of them nodding assent at different places in the discourse with an appropriate ejaculation. Lodged last night in a room occupied by Mr. Smalley, the N. Y. *Tribune's* Port Royal correspondent.

"About 9 o'clock this morning, in company with Mr. Lee, the contraband supervisor, I took passage on the *Mattano*, a small steamer, for Tybee Island, Ga., to witness the battle going on there, the bombardment of Fort Pulaski, and to recruit my health by a trip on salt water. We passed up the bay or Broad River and through Skull Creek. This is a narrow river or passage of salt water between Hilton Head Island on the east and Pinckney's and Dafuskey on the west. On each side of the river are plantations. Some of the mansions appear well. Some seemed large, judging by the number of houses in the negro quarters. I noticed one or two plantations with houses enough to keep three or four hundred.

"Before we passed the southwestern extremity of Hilton Head Island we could distinctly see Fort Pulaski and the bombardment. From the batteries on Tybee Island there was a busy fire upon the fort. Our boat anchored in the bay near the shore of Tybee, a short distance from the old lighthouse and the old French fort. Here we were within the range of the rebel guns from the fort, and they might easily have riddled our boat, or thrown a shell into her, if they

had chosen; but they were too busy in defending themselves against the batteries to care to harm us: so we lay at anchor, though in a stormy sea, and witnessed the bombardment. Shells and shot were poured in upon the rebel fort with terrible effect. The batteries had opened fire upon them about 6 o'clock Thursday morning and continued until 2 P. M., Friday. By Friday morning two large holes were opened into the fort, and these were increasing in magnitude. Through these, shells might soon be thrown in the direction of the magazine. At 2:30 the rebel flag was taken down, and immediately the white flag of truce floated in the breeze. Now the firing from the batteries ceases. Then General Gilmour* sends over (or goes) to capitulate. Then orders come from General Hunter, on board the *McClelland* at anchor off Tybee, to our boat to take on board a thousand troops to be ready to man the fort. Our boat now goes up to the north or upper end of the island that the soldiers may embark. Now yonder goes over in a small rowboat or scow, a few officers bearing the Stars and Stripes to display on the captured fort. There! they are up on the flagstaff where not long ago was the rebel flag. After much difficulty, owing to adverse wind and tide, the Connecticut Seventh Regiment, Colonel Terry commanding, is landed on the island on which the fort stands. By the invitation of Colonel Terry Mr. Lee and I joined him at the head of his forces. The regiment marches up the gangway with martial music right to the fort, all frowning but shattered and silent. The moon, about full orbbed, makes all light. The whole scene was most peculiarly romantic and yet solemn. When the music was silent all was silent. Nothing was heard

* This general, in command on Tybee Island, before opening fire on the fort had sent over a demand to surrender. Colonel Olmstead, in command of the fort, replied, "We are here to defend not to surrender Fort Pulaski."

save the tramp of the regiment until we were under the shadow of Pulaski. One portion of the regiment was stationed inside the fort, and one bivouacked outside the entrance but within the moat. In company with the officers we passed into the fort. What I here saw I can not begin to describe. Everywhere were to be seen the effects of shot and shell. One of the men taken prisoner—an officer whose name I do not remember—took us through the fort now in comparative ruins, and showed us around on the parapet, pointing out where the shot and shell had done the greatest execution. Going down we were taken into some of the officers' rooms and were introduced to them. I had brief conversation with some of them. One officer, Major Walker, was a very fine-looking man. Into the room came a colored man bringing water to the officers. I took him for the cook and followed him out and asked him for some lunch, for I had not had supper and it was now 11 or 12 o'clock at night. Presently he took me into the kitchen or dining-room of the fort, the room for the officers, and set before me a dish of rice, some fine cold biscuit, and a cup of hot coffee. Being very hungry I relished my rebel meal finely, all the while talking with *Cæsar* (a slave of a Savannah master) about freedom, etc. I improved every moment of time to infuse into his mind what slaveholders would call incendiary doctrines. Rising from the table I handed him a quarter of a dollar with thanks. On receiving it he smiled and said, 'That, sir, is the first silver I have seen for six months.' I will never forget *Cæsar*. What will become of him now? Will the United States Government be so base as to ever allow him to be a slave again?"

Coming out of the fort now held by one thousand soldiers and in which were three hundred rebel prisoners, we returned to the *Mattano* at 1 o'clock in the night. Here I witnessed a scene most shameful. The officers quarreled, and swore

terribly. On board the boat in the afternoon they had been drunk, some unable to manage themselves. In the little cabin of the boat all the passengers aboard had to sleep. I lay on the seat with my shawl for my pillow, close beside a drunken, snoring military officer, Major Hough. I scarcely knew what sleep was. In the morning our boat steamed down to the foot of Tybee to put the officers on board the *McClelland* to report to General Hunter. So rough was the sea that our boat was almost dashed to pieces before we got out of the dangerous place and behind the island of Hilton Head. At Seabrook I came aboard the *Flora* and came back to Beaufort, Saturday evening.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

“WHAT WAS SLAVERY, UNCLE TOM?”

“SABBATH 13th. Owing to my absence from school last week, the word had gone abroad among the colored people that I was away and would not preach. On going to the church I found only a few of them there. Owing to the absence of the chaplain the Connecticut Battery was without preaching. One of the officers came and invited me to preach to them. I assented. They were soon conducted into the church in military order and I preached to them from James 1 : 12. ‘Blessed is the man that endureth temptation,’ etc. In the P. M. I went to the African Baptist Church and on the invitation of Mr. McCrea preached to a large congregation of colored people from the words of Jesus, ‘I am come to send fire on the earth, and what will I if already it be kindled?’ From the text I preached such truths respecting slavery, slaveholding churches, etc., as must have startled the people who have long heard a *slaveholding* Gospel, if I may be pardoned the use of such a phrase. Some white persons present who belong to slaveholding churches may have been as much dissatisfied as the negroes were astonished.”

During the week following that Sabbath I was very busy in the school and looking after the needy. This part of the work was more than I could do as I had no help nor any place where to store the boxes of clothing and shoes sent from the north; therefore I had the boxes placed under the care of Mr. French at his home, and when distribution was made he gave me the use of his contraband carriage when

one of the women would accompany me to give out clothing to destitute women or children. Moreover, as I had considerable correspondence with friends in the north as well as with the inmates of the parsonage, and an occasional letter to the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, I often sinned against myself by writing in the hours of the night when I should have been sleeping. Like many another unwise man I forgot the word: “For so He giveth his beloved sleep.”

Isaac Middleton, a contraband and a carpenter, had been working for the government for two months and had received no pay. The wages was fixed by the government, the laborer having no voice. He had been attending the night school from the first and became very anxious to go north with me when I would depart. I promised to be his friend and guide. He told me, however, that he could not go unless he had a permit from the government agent. I told him I would try to get his permission. I went to Mr. Broad and requested him to give Isaac Middleton such permit. The answer was a prompt refusal. He said: “No one is permitted to leave under any circumstances except at the option of the government. The right to control the labor of the negroes is claimed by the government. We can not regard their whims and notions.” That means that they were the *government's* slaves for the time.

On the 18th I received letters from home urging me to return as soon as possible not only for the sake of the loved ones at home but on account of the condition of the congregation because of my long-continued absence. My plans to have the pulpit supplied at least part of the time had not been successful; and as pastor I was greatly needed. And so I resolved to respond to this call and adjust affairs in the mission so that I would not need to remain much longer.

The longer I remained at Port Royal the more I saw of the iniquity of American slavery and the duty and the

necessity of speedy and universal emancipation. Every day while prosecuting the work of the mission I became cognizant of new illustrations of it and wrote some of them in my journal, though not with the expectation of ever publishing them.

“Saturday, April 19. Spent most of the day in distributing clothing among the poor. Clothed some very destitute children and old people. Visited old Toby’s hut, and such a sight I never saw. His master had run away leaving him alone in his little house, so filthy and black. His dirty bed lay on the floor. He was ragged and dirty himself. He told us he had no way to get his bread except as the colored people gave it to him. Thus he is a pauper on the poor who are moneyless. Distributed Bibles and Testaments among scholars that have learned to read. Called on the grandparents of little *John Allen*, a colored boy of seven years now coming to school. John’s parents are both sold away, one in Texas and the other no one knows where. The grandparents have no hope that they will ever be heard from. I asked leave to bring John north with me to adopt and educate. The grandfather assented, but the grandmother said she could not part with him. He was the only one to comfort her. The driver had taken away the father, then the mother, her own daughter; and now she could not part with John. He is a bright and amiable boy. I pray God will never allow him to fall into the hands of a master.

“Called to see a sick man, Abel Middleton, who was a member of the school. He is very sick with fever. Fears death. Told me he was not a member of any church, though always went to meeting. He seemed anxious about his condition—said he had greatly desired to go north with me. When I told him that I might come back again, and probably he could go then, he said: ‘I fear I shall not be alive then.’ He asked me to pray with him. I poured out

my soul in strong crying for him. O God, spare his life and give him freedom. I'll never forget how eager he was to read. On the forenoon of the following Sabbath I preached again in the Methodist Church to a good-sized congregation, nearly all colored people, from the text :

“Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is *liberty*.' I showed the meaning, that it did not give license to sin, nor freedom from restraint, but that when God by his Spirit gives his favor and his blessing there is *freedom, e. g.*

“1. In God's *law*. The Bible is a law of liberty. Here I showed the falseness of the southern or pro-slavery interpretation.

“2. In the *Gospel*. Grace is free—salvation is free. The Gospel makes no distinction on account of color.

“3. In the *church*. In her there should be no slaveholder or slave. How can any church be Christ's in which members are enslaved by members—no liberty to read, to speak, to print or to preach the truth as to slavery? •

“4. In the *government*. On this I said but little, showing only that the nation is guilty, that the present war is a divine judgment, and that there would be no peace without emancipation. God is giving blood to drink. I closed by exhorting them to faith in Christ and to freedom from sin and wrath.

“A few whites were present, all members of slaveholding churches. The colored people not only were attentive but many of them showed excitement. They were hearing a new and strange Gospel: and then and there I prayed God to bless it for their salvation.

“In the afternoon I preached my farewell sermon from the text, ‘There shall be no night there,’ adapting the words spoken to the people in the night of fear and sorrow such as only slaves know.”

After the services I went again to visit the sick man,

Abel Middleton, in a critical condition in fever. He again asked me to pray with or for him. When bidding me farewell he warmly pressed my hand as though he did not wish me to go away. He was not a member of any church, only a slave. I feared he would die, yet I prayed for his life and for his salvation, and as I turned from that sick bed I offered up the ejaculatory prayer, Lord, save him. Let the reader note that twenty-five years afterwards I saw that man and had evidence that God is the hearer of prayer. On a subsequent page we will hear from Abel Middleton again.

In the evening of that my last Sabbath in Beaufort I met with the adult members of the school for prayer and to give them a parting advice. I find the following record of it:

“I have just come from the meeting as it seems to me rebaptized with the Holy Ghost. It was good to be there. I led in the singing, reading the psalm line by line. Sharper Green, a man with a wooden leg, led in the first prayer. Among other things he prayed most earnestly for me, for my family, for a prosperous journey, and that I might be brought back to them. He thanked God for sending me to teach and to preach to them, praying that I might have a rich reward.

“The second prayer was by Tarquin Cohen, who also prayed and thanked as the other, and alluded to the case and quoted the language of Paul who went to Jerusalem, ‘I go bound in the Spirit unto Jerusalem not knowing what shall befall me there,’ and prayed for my safety and success and return. I read a portion of the fourteenth chapter of John without comment, and followed by an exhortation to the following effect: To continue their studies, not to tire until they could read well, to avoid the influences of the wicked soldiers, to shun their vices, and keep their children from them, to not trust all professing to be friends,

as among the government's superintendents, to not enlist as soldiers, in case opportunity be given, except on the pledge from the government that they shall be free. I asked them to let me hear from them, to pray for me; and I told them we might never meet again here but hoped we would meet on high.

“I then led them in prayer. I hope I was guided by the Spirit; and this farewell prayer-meeting I will never forget. It is a bright spot in life's Sahara. I may never again see these good people whom I have learned to love dearly; but while memory holds her sway I'll never forget them. Whatever their ignorance or their want of education, they seem to be true Christians and to love all who they think love Christ. The Lord bless and guide them is my earnest prayer.”

After the meeting was over most of the men lingered as though they did not wish to separate. I sat and talked with them about their probable future condition. They were fearful lest the war might end and slavery continue, for most of them knew that the war as waged by the northern government had not the abolition of slavery as its design. I could not assure them that emancipation would result but I told them I hoped it would. God was on their side and he would break their yokes. I asked them what they would do, or what the slaves on these islands would do if the masters would be permitted to come back and claim their slaves again. One large man who looked as though he had become embittered by the long endurance of the galling yoke, and on whose face were depicted strong emotions and determination, quickly straightened himself up and answered slowly, but with emphasis: “Why sir, dese rivers would all be full of *dead* men.” After he uttered these words all were silent. I did not know whether he meant that they would rather drown

themselves, or that they would kill their masters if they should attempt to come over and re-enslave them; and I did not like to ask him which he meant.

On Monday after hearing some lessons in the school and giving a parting advice I bade all good-by, leaving them in the charge of Miss Wight. In the afternoon I visited the sick and called on some families from which children had come to school. In one of these, three little girls gave me some beautiful little toys and said: "Mr. Johnston, please take these home with you for your little daughter." How could I fail to offer a prayer for those dear little girls—a prayer to Him who loved and blessed little children? They were the children of bond-servants; mine was free. What became of those little girls I may never know unless it may be mine to learn in the heavenly kingdom of Him who came to proclaim liberty to the captives.

More than thirty-five years have passed since the above quoted records were made though not for the public eye. They are copied here and now to show that I loved my work and that there is a probability that the Board of Missions afterwards erred seriously in not continuing the mission in Beaufort. If a proper person had been sent down without unnecessary delay he would have found the school, and possibly the old Methodist Church, ready for occupancy. When the missionary did go he found things somewhat different from what they had been, and following the leading of the military he went to Fernandina, Fla., to open the mission there. It never got a good foothold but after awhile was abandoned, though the work was subsequently begun again in Tennessee and Washington.

"Tuesday 22. Preparing for my journey homeward. Visited the headquarters of the government agent (Mr. Broad) who had the oversight of the contrabands or people

of color in the employ of the government. There I saw a sad sight. In a shed adjacent to his office stood a young man with his hands tied with ropes to a beam overhead, his arms stretched out and up to their farthest extent, the position evidently a very painful one especially if long continued; indeed, it would become torture. I asked the poor sufferer for what he was tied up. He said that he had worked a month for the government and had received no pay; and that he had engaged as a servant to work with the captain of a boat on the river without first going to ask leave of Mr. Broad. For this he had been tied up to be kept, as he supposed, all day. On inquiry I learned from several of the negroes that Broad was in the habit of punishing them in this way, that if a man was sick a day or so as not to be able to go and report himself at headquarters, the next morning he would be put in 'the cross.' This cross I went to see. It is made of two pieces of timber or posts set in the ground about four feet apart, with a cross piece of timber fastening the two together at the top. The hands are tied to this top piece, higher than the head, with the arms stretched out at length. Then the feet or legs are stretched out, spread out wide and tied to the lower end of the posts. Here the man is compelled to stand in torture as long as Broad pleases. Some colored men told me that some man is in one of the places almost all the time. Last Sabbath a man was in the cross ironed to the posts all day. I inquired the cause of the offense. He had been sick the day before and could not come to work and so did not report himself at the headquarters until the next morning. Accordingly he was chained for delinquency.

"I have taken Dr. Peck with me to remonstrate with Broad. This man says he has authority from General Stevens for using such punishments, though he says he would not use them if he had the ball and chain. The

negroes who told me about the tortures said that they never had seen anything like it in the days when their masters ruled. What inference must they draw? That the Yankees are just as bad as the Southerners—that *they might as well be slaves of their former owners as of the United States Government*. It is to be regretted, however, that they do not know that this same Broad is a southern man and probably a Secessionist at heart. He has been trained to oversee life, I am told. It is a shame and a heinous offense against humanity that General Stevens did not appoint a Christian, at least a humane man, to occupy such a post.”

“ 8 P. M. Called again on Abel Middleton, the sick man. Also on Sharper Washington. Here at his mother’s I saw Sarah Jane, a little girl who comes to school. She is very bright and interesting and as black as jet. She is the only daughter of a woman who was born and lived until nine or ten years ago in Northampton, Va. There she had a husband who belonged to another master. When Sarah Jane was a year old a slaveholder bought the mother and her babe and took them to Norfolk. Here another trader bought her and took her to Richmond. Here a third trader bought her and took her to Charleston. Here Richard Reynolds (her late rebel master) bought her and brought her to Beaufort. Who will next buy or sell her? Will the United States Government ever be so base as to permit her late rebel owner to claim her? If this be done how can God’s forbearance last any longer? Who can tell what infernal deeds have been done under the Stars and Stripes! Shall they be permitted in the future? ”

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOMeward BOUND. PASTORAL DUTIES RESUMED.

ON the morning of Wednesday April 23, after bidding good-by to many colored friends I went aboard a small yacht for Hilton Head, homeward bound. I left Beaufort two or three weeks sooner than I had intended. Several things beyond my control led to this early departure. The principal one was that my home pulpit was vacant. When I left Topsham I expected it to be supplied at least seven or eight Sabbaths. In this I was disappointed. My wife had written urging me to return home before Presbytery. The *Atlantic* was expected to sail from Port Royal on Thursday the 24th. If I had waited for her next trip I could not reach New York in time for Presbytery, nor could I have any assurance that I could get passage by any other vessel. Besides in Beaufort smallpox had broken out and not only was I greatly exposed to it but there was danger of both the school and the Sabbath services being broken up by its prevalence. I left the school in the charge of Miss Wight, the first assistant, and Miss Hale the second, but not without fears that it might be diminished in number. But I had found them to be most excellent women and good workers; and what else could I do?

On reaching Hilton Head I called upon friends with whom I had formed acquaintance. I learned that General David Hunter had issued an order declaring free all slaves that had been compelled to do army work for the rebel army. This order would give liberty to many. I rejoiced in the knowl-

edge that not a few of my friends in Beaufort would be freed by it. My friend Mercheson, the refugee from Savannah, showed me the first emancipation certificate put into the hand of a slave. I took a copy of it which I sent to the *Anti-Slavery Standard* for publication that it might give joy to the Abolitionists. It was the first case of actual freedom given to a southern bondman, and it foreshadowed what was to come ere long, the freedom of millions. I am sorry, however, to have to add that it was not long until this order of General Hunter was revoked by President Lincoln. And yet within nine months the President himself was compelled to issue a similar and fuller order or proclamation of freedom to millions. The facts as to General Hunter's orders are briefly stated in "Higginson's United States History" thus:

"The war had not been originally waged for the abolition of slavery, but to preserve the Union; and when Union generals—Fremont, Phelps, and Hunter—had, at different times and places, undertaken to set slaves free, the President had revoked their action, or limited it to the slaves actually employed against the government."

The President's or the government's conduct towards General Hunter in another case was equally unworthy of the administration. Soon after the issuing of free papers to the contrabands General Hunter on his own responsibility organized a regiment of black men. This regiment was soon disbanded by the government at Washington. For some unknown reason one company was allowed to remain in the service. In the process of time, however, the government was glad to get the aid of as many black men, north or south, as were willing (and they nearly all would have been glad) to bear arms against the rebels.

As soon as practicable I called upon General Hunter and narrated to him the conduct of Superintendent Broad referred to on a previous page. The general asked me numerous

questions but did not commit himself to any course of action; but he was so gentlemanly and manifested so much interest in the case I was very hopeful that my visit to him would not be in vain.

The next morning I learned that the evening before, after I had called on the general and told him about the actions of Broad at Beaufort, he inquired of Mr. Lee and Mr. Smalley, the *Tribune* reporter, who and what I was. When they had informed him, he assured them that he would immediately dismiss Broad from his post and send him away. The news seemed too good to believe. Not long, however, after reaching my northern home I read in the public news that General Hunter had dismissed the "overseer" from the service and had sent him in disgrace to the north. No doubt thousands of the contrabands at Beaufort were jubilant.

On Thursday about 1 o'clock the steamer hauled off her cables from the Hilton Head dock and was soon steaming out towards the ocean. I was anxious that she might reach New York by Saturday evening. She had on board a large company of passengers, mostly military officers. In charge of some of them were about one hundred rebel prisoners. These were a shabby-looking set of fellows. Though soldiers, no two of them were dressed alike.

Except that we encountered no storms but had an average sea, my return voyage was not so pleasant as the former. The passengers were nearly all in the military department and I found almost none who were companionable. And then I was unfortunate in not having engaged a state-room. All had been engaged previously. All that I could do was to take a "private berth." The purser assigned one to me. On going to it at bedtime I found it occupied by some sound sleeper. He seemed so happy in the arms of Morpheus, and thinking of the wag who wrote the complex sentence,

“Blessings be on the head of the man who invented sleep,” I returned to the upper cabin and lay all night on one of the side seats. I forget what I utilized for my pillow, but I know it was softer than Jacob’s and my bed better than his the night the patriarch lay out on the ground at Bethel.

Friday morning I learned a little lesson in the Atlantic Coast navigation. I remembered that when we left Port Royal harbor the ship started and continued to run only a little north of east. When morning came—and my bed did not hold me until 9 o’clock—I noticed that we were still running east nor’east. I could not understand it for I knew that New York was nearly north. I noticed also that one of the crew occasionally dipped up water from the sea and by a thermometer tested its temperature. Risking the liability of being laughed at for my ignorance—for it is better to appear ignorant than to be ignorant—I asked the man at the wheel why he was running nearly east, and what the testing of the temperature of the water meant. He promptly answered: “We are running out into the gulf stream, and we know when we get into it by the temperature of the water. We are now coming into it. Then we will steer north.” Recollecting what I had learned about ocean currents, I needed to ask no more questions. The lesson: We should sail in life’s currents only when they bear us towards our wished-for harbor of peace and home.

On our return voyage the first land we saw was at Barnegat lighthouse which we passed at 6 o’clock Saturday evening. I was very anxious to reach New York in time to lodge with some of the dear brethren; but our good ship did not fasten her cables in her pier until a little after midnight. Needing good sleep I hastened to a hotel for lodging. As Sullivan Street church, Rev. J. C. K. Milligan pastor, was the nearest, on Sabbath morning I found my way to it and heard the pastor preach from: “Great is the mystery of godliness;”

in the afternoon from: "God was manifest in the flesh." When he asked me to preach for him in the P. M., I had to decline; but when he asked me to lodge with him I was glad to accept and once more enjoy the rare luxury of a soft and clean bed.

On Monday after transacting some business connected with the mission I hastened to take my journey homeward, and on Tuesday the 29th of April I made this brief entry in my diary: "Reached home in safety and found my dear family well. And now I wish to record my gratitude to God my Father for sparing me and mine and permitting me to return home in peace. Hitherto the Lord hath helped us. Now let me love my God more sincerely and serve him more devotedly."

On returning home I found much work clamoring for a worker. As to pulpit duties, in the explanation of the Psalms and in the exposition of the prophecy of Isaiah, I began where I had left off before leaving home. In the afternoon of the first Sabbath I preached from the text: "For unto whomsoever much is given of him shall be much required," etc., deducing the doctrine, "our responsibilities are in proportion to our privileges," and showing how much greater ours are than those of the enslaved.

The Sabbath-school that had been suspended during the months of the deep snow was reorganized. The class of adults that fell to the pastor as teacher numbered fifteen or sixteen.

Responding to the requests of friends, on the following week I gave two evening lectures on Port Royal, its plantations and contrabands, etc. Both evenings the house was crowded and the people manifested great interest in the subject. It could not be otherwise when the minds of all were so absorbed in the questions involved in the war as well as in the condition of the country growing more serious every day.

The next week Topsham was greatly agitated on the question of the liquor traffic. A citizen who loved money and rum more than law had been secretly selling liquors in violation of the state prohibitory law. He was arrested and tried, the state against the rumseller. Many witnesses testified and the jury was divided. At the second trial about forty witnesses gave evidence. Most of them were men who were known or believed to have bought rum of the accused. Many of them manifestly testified falsely. The lawyer for the accused used every effort to exculpate him and thwart justice. The friends of temperance and of law were indignant. The deceptions, falsehoods, and perjury were so bare-faced and the scenes during the trials so appalling, I felt that the pulpit should not be silent, and on the following Sabbath I preached against lying and perjury. Three texts used demanded plain speech; they were: "Speak ye truth every man to his neighbor, love no false oath" (Zech.). "I will be a swift witness against the false swearers" (Mal.) and, "The law is made for liars, for perjured persons" (Paul).

Two propositions were amplified: Truth is of inestimable value, and there is no place where God's law, in this regard, is so violated as in the courts of justice. The whole town was agitated by the efforts of the "rummies" to defy the law. There were so many and the efforts so determined and fostered by the lawyers who themselves loved rum, I was reminded of the words of old Father Bailey, the Congregational minister who had said to me: "I am glad you are located in Topsham. Wherever the devil has his seat is the place for you." The week following these trials I held two diets of catechizing in different parts of the congregation. These diets and family visitations I held twice a year, as a rule, during all my labors in the congregation. A pastor who neglects these duties "stands in his own light."

After my return from Port Royal I saw so many evidences of a low state of religion in the congregation and community, caused in part by the fearful scenes of war that engrossed the minds of all classes, I saw the need of revival; and I see now by reference to my journal that during the following months of spring and summer I preached many of what people call "Gospel sermons"—sermons that I hoped might awaken and arouse the people to more concern about personal religion and greater activity in efforts to save sinners and to revive the church.

On Sabbath, May 18, after preaching two sermons from the texts, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation," and "O taste and see that the Lord is good," a baptism occurred. The record made at the time reads thus: "At the close of the afternoon discourse I baptized a son of Mr. and Mrs. Morrison. The name of the babe is Nathan Robinson Johnston. I hope he will become a greater and better man than the one for whom he is named." Mrs. Morrison was a most excellent woman, of Scotch but not Covenanter parentage. She had been admitted to the fellowship of the church on examination a year or so before. Wm. Morrison was an intelligent and worthy son of a Covenanter mother, a most zealous Abolitionist but not a Covenanter by his own profession. He had asked admission to the church but in his examination by the session it was ascertained, as the moderator had known before, that he held to some Arminian theology. His further examination was deferred. Session hoped that before the next communion his difficulties as to Calvinism could be removed. He came a second time, but his views remained about the same, and the session, in sorrow of heart, felt constrained to not sustain the examination. To the moderator, indeed to all the elders, it was a cause of grief, for we all would have been made glad if Mr. Morrison could

have been one with us and his beloved wife. He felt aggrieved, for he thought the session was too strict, and he desired greatly to be in the church of his mother and of his wife. But the elders were all strict Calvinists and did not wish to open the doors to any, however worthy in other respects, who could not subscribe to the church's covenanted creed. The judgment of others, however, was that the "Presbyterian" session was severely illiberal if not unkind also. And I must confess that in all my experience as moderator in cases of the kind this was the most painful. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison were not only most earnest Abolitionists—they called another son John Brown—but they were and continued to be warm friends of her pastor and his family.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TRIALS OF FAITH. HOME DUTIES.

THE next morning, Monday the 19th, I left home to attend Presbytery at Newburgh and Synod at Pittsburg. On the Hudson River steamer, *Mary Powell*, I had the company of my lifelong friend and brother, J. R. W. Sloane, always, like his father, a most interesting traveling companion; and then, at our lodging during Presbytery, I had the always welcome company of Brother Armour. As soon as the way was open in Presbytery I presented my own case to which reference was made on the previous page. I read a carefully-prepared paper explaining how, in what sense, and under what trying circumstances I had taken the oath. In my statement I concealed nothing but voluntarily confessed what I then regarded as sin—a sin into which I had been ensnared because of my ignorance and in my anxiety to get a passport to Port Royal. But what I had done did not satisfy all the members of Presbytery. An elder who had not welcomed Pastor Sloane to New York and who knew that Mr. Sloane had helped me to secure my passport, notwithstanding my confession in Presbytery presented a previously-written charge against me and asked Presbytery to exercise discipline. I suspected then, as I think others also did, that one of the motives of that formal charge was to have an opportunity to strike a blow at my friend Sloane. All my co-presbyters, ministers at least, knew that I had not been inclined to liberalism toward the United States Government. After brief discussion in which only a few took part, Pres-

bytery voted that I should be admonished, though quite a number did not vote at all. I asked the brethren to give me more time to consider my duty. I made it a subject of special prayer until the next session of the court when I agreed to submit to the admonition on the condition that my voluntary confession and written statement would be printed in the minutes with the printed action of Presbytery in the case. As no action was taken to the contrary, I understood that my request would be granted. It was not. The minutes were recorded without any mention of my voluntary statement. Afterwards as well as then I felt that Presbytery had done me wrong. My friend, Elder Andrew Knox, of Mr. Sloane's session, said to me that I should not have submitted to the admonition as I had done no wrong. But I thought that in Presbytery I had done only my duty. I felt that whatever Presbytery might do or not do it was all-important for me to do right. What was the judgment of others outside the Presbytery I do not know. The minutes were not published, and in the Presbyterian report to Synod no mention of the case was made.

Returning to New York I hunted up some contrabands who had arrived from the south. One was from Virginia and who had been the coachman of Jefferson Davis. The other was my kind friend Cæsar, General Olmstead's cook who had given me my supper in Fort Pulaski the night after its surrender. The next day I found with Cæsar William Ferguson, one of my Beaufort scholars who had just arrived at New York. I gave each of them a speller and a New Testament. They promised me that they would persevere until they could intelligently read the Bible.

Hurrying on towards Synod, I stopped at Philadelphia to confer with members of the Board of Missions, to hand in my report of the work at Beaufort, and to spend the Sabbath. I lodged again with my old friend William Brown, the slave's

staunch friend. Again his pastor, Dr. S. O. Wylie, pressed me into service in his pulpit, and I preached Sabbath afternoon from Jesus' words: "I am come to send fire on earth," etc. And right here I wish to record my estimate of this beloved brother and father who for so many years was among the most influential ministers in the church. My acquaintance with him was neither as early nor as intimate as with some of his cotemporaries, but I was so long a co-Presbyter, and I saw so much of him in Synod and in his own city and congregation, that I could hardly be mistaken as to his real worth. In my judgment he was wrong on the question of the deacon, and I suppose on some collateral questions or on cases growing out of that long-contested issue, and perhaps he did not at first take as lively an interest in the National Reform movement as he should have taken; but as to personal integrity and personal worth, as to brain power and accurate scholarship, as a great preacher and faithful pastor, and especially in his very earnest and active interest in the cause of foreign missions, in which he was the acknowledged leader for many years, he had few superiors if any. To me personally he was always gentlemanly, affable, kind and warm-hearted, and fraternally trustworthy. His piety and Christian worth those who knew him best could never doubt. Except in the case of Dr. A. M. Milligan I never knew any congregation that loved the pastor as much as did the Second Philadelphia. His death was a great loss to his congregation and to the whole church.

During Synod I was, as before, most hospitably entertained in the family of Dr. Sterritt. On invitation of Father Crozier, pastor at Elizabeth, I spent the Sabbath with him and preached in his pulpit half the day. He was greatly interested in the mission movement at Beaufort, and, indeed, all his life that good man was actively interested in all the church's missions.

In one of my interviews with Dr. S. O. Wylie prior to our departure from Philadelphia, or at Synod prior to the Board's report in reference to what had been done towards establishing a mission among the contrabands, he interrogated me as to my willingness to be the missionary if recommended or appointed. I replied that if desired and if it were practicable for me to go, I would most gladly accept and devote myself to the work; but I earnestly requested him not to nominate me or say or do anything towards my appointment. Much as I would like to go, I could not. The condition of my family required my presence at home, and I could not take them with me. The interests of the congregation of which I was pastor made it imperative that I abide with them; and I loved both the people and the place as a home so much, I did not wish to leave them or it. Besides all this I feared that what had occurred in Presbytery in reference to my getting my passport to Port Royal might make it unadvisable for me to go if I could. The result was that after the Board's report was approved and adopted, and after Synod resolved to establish the mission, Rev. Joshua Kennedy was appointed missionary. What followed is known to those who have been interested in the Freedman's Mission. Before Mr. Kennedy went to Beaufort the military condition was somewhat changed and the circumstances of the contrabands different. Under the influence of the military officers he removed to Fernandina, Fla., where he opened a mission school and acted as chaplain in the army a short time. Licentiate Robert Shields was appointed his successor as missionary. I never was reconciled to the change of location. There may have been better reasons for it than I knew; but it always seemed unwise. At Beaufort there was a very large number of most needy slaves among whom the work had begun. A fair experiment had been made. The field had been occupied so long and such a foothold gained the

Reformed Presbyterian Church had a right to claim possession. When I left Beaufort it was in the expectation that some one would be sent soon to carry on the work temporarily left in charge of others until a Covenanter missionary would come to relieve them. Some one should have been sent without delay. A well-organized mission school, holding three sessions, forenoon, afternoon, and night, was ready for the returning teacher. A good house of worship, of medium size, in which religious services according to the forms of the Reformed Presbyterian Church had been held for some time, was awaiting occupancy by the missionary. If so many obstacles to my return had not lain in the way, most gladly would I have gone back to the field and to a work I loved so well. Yes, that field should have been occupied and held permanently unless the missionary had been driven out by military force. Long years passed before the Freedman's Mission was permanently located. And I close this paragraph by adding that it is more than a noticeable fact that in that same little city of Beaufort, S. C., in which the Covenanter Church first began her mission work in the south, there is now a flourishing Freedman's Presbyterian literary institution* at the head of which is Rev. G. M. Elliott, so long the Covenanter pastor and teacher in our mission at Selma, Ala.

A few Sabbaths after my return from Synod our summer communion occurred. I was assisted by Rev. J. C. K. Milligan of New York. On the Friday before that communion Sabbath this entry was made in my diary: "Last night I was grieved on hearing that one of our deacons is resolved to stay away from the communion on the ground that the church is wrong on the question of civil government and the Synod wrong on the question of the war. He seems to

*Harbison Institute.

be drifting towards New-Lightism. The war has turned his head and he hardly knows what he believes."

Samuel Mills, the deacon referred to, had been a member of the Free Church of Scotland. When he united with us the session believed him to be not only a good man but intelligent and sincere in his acceptance of the Covenanter's creed as to the duty of political dissent. I do not remember certainly but I think he did not leave our fellowship until after the lapse of a year or two. He was a man of superior intelligence and ability, fond of debate, and not without ambition. His wife, a woman of rare excellence, had had much influence in bringing him into the church. They had a family of lovely children. I had a warm personal regard for Mr. Mills and always enjoyed his society; but after he became unsettled in his views and began to oppose our distinctive principles, the session feared his influence in the congregation. Yet no discipline was exercised.

In former years at nearly every communion there were encouraging additions to the church. The majority of them were from the young people. At this communion, however, there were only two; one was Renwick McNiece, younger brother of Robert McNiece then in Dartmouth College, and the other was Mrs. Ruth Kimball. This good woman was a convert from the world. Her daughters had been scholars in our Sabbath-school. Then they became students in our Topsham Normal School and associated with our Covenanter youth. One of these daughters had been converted and received into the church by baptism. Ere long the mother made an intelligent profession and was received and baptized. As always when such were added to the church there was joy among Christ's disciples in Topsham.

On Friday, June 11, 1862, the following record was made in the pastor's diary: "Last night at about 1 o'clock my wife gave birth to a second daughter. Both are doing well. The Lord be praised for sparing the life of mother and child."

During the year now passing the excitement caused by the war continued to grow more and more intense. Scattered over the town of Topsham there were numerous citizens who were in sympathy with the rebels. A few such were in the village but they were obliged to be reticent or very cautious as to their words. Probably these things were the occasion of my preaching a sermon on the text: "For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft," in which I applied its truth to the south and argued and illustrated this proposition, viz., "The rebellion of the southern slaveholding states is exceedingly wicked."

Probably it was about the first of August when President Lincoln issued a new call for six hundred thousand more soldiers. Three hundred thousand were to be drafted immediately, and if the remaining three were not made up by volunteers by the 15th of August they were to be drafted. Partly through fear of being drafted several Covenanters, including some young men, were thinking of enlisting in the army. In the present condition of the country and in the present manner of conducting the war against the south, I deeply regretted their purpose, and I could not suppress the conviction that to be faithful to God and to myself as a pastor I should warn the brethren against the course contemplated. That the readers may not be swift in their condemnation of this conviction of the pastor let them be reminded of the fact that prior to the date of this draft and some time afterwards there was no change in the policy of the administration—no intention as yet to do anything to harm the darling institution of the south; and let it be remembered that within a year or two after this draft the pressure upon President Lincoln and the fear of the success of the Rebellion became so great he and his cabinet were compelled to change, step by step, the character of the war. If the administration had done prior to August 1, 1862,

what it did afterwards from time to time from absolute necessity, the sermons on this subject preached by the Topsham pastor would never have been preached. And let it be remembered also that on the question of the sin or duty of Covenanters enlisting as soldiers the church was much divided, and not a few were rushing into the army, their motives varying, and some without studying the principles or responsibilities involved. One pastor left his congregation and as a captain led a large number of his people with him into the fields of battle. Of course the plaudits of the people would tend to quiet the consciences of Covenanter soldiers or close their ears against those who might plead with them not to go. But it has passed into history that some Covenanters did not and would not become soldiers. In declining to volunteer they were loyal to Christ and to the slave.

Unless by those who have read some minutely written history of the administration during the war, it is not known that there was an effort to colonize the people of color, thus reviving the principles held by the American Colonization Society. I do not remember with whom it was first originated or by whom it was first proposed, but Congress having voted a large sum of money to be used in colonizing the blacks, President Lincoln proposed a plan to some of the leading men of that class and began to carry it out. The plan was to found a colony in Central America to which all would be sent who would consent to go. Of course the colonization scheme would not meet with the favor of the despised race, and it soon died out. The purposes of the Ruler of nations could not be frustrated.

Descending from the sublime to the ridiculous, the following items are copied from my journal of September 15, viz. "Went to Bradford on business. Saw the soldiers there riding a Secessionist on a rail."

“Learned from a friend that some loyal (?) citizens of Bradford think that Abolitionists should be hung, and that they had mentioned three as specimens with whom to begin: viz. William Lloyd Garrison, Rev. Silas McKeene, pastor of the Bradford Congregational Church, and the Presbyterian minister in Topsham. I thus find myself in honorable company.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WAR PROBLEMS.

ON the 29th of September, 1862, in the progress of the war against the Confederate slaveholders, the President issued a remarkable document declaring his intention to proclaim freedom to all the slaves of rebel states not returning to the Union before the 1st of January next. This was a marvelous advance from previous acts by the President. It made glad the hearts of millions in the north and multitudes of northern soldiers. Abolitionists rejoiced in it but would have rejoiced very much more if the proclamation had been far better. But there were other things in that presidential proclamation that all right-hearted men approved and praised God for. It enjoined upon the military officers the enforcement of the acts of Congress, viz.

1. No military officer may return fugitive slaves.
2. All slaves of rebels—slaves coming into our lines—were to be forever free.
3. No slaves of rebels were to be returned at all. This and similar advanced steps were not of the President's own choosing but the result of the pressure brought to bear upon him by anti-slavery men in his cabinet and in Congress or from northern men. As this new and advanced step was now greatly agitating the people, and as the first part of the proclamation was so far from what it should have been, I felt that I would be culpable if no testimony would be heard from the pulpit. Accordingly on the following Sabbath I preached on the subject using several verses as the text, viz.

“Deliver the poor and needy; rid them out of the hand of the wicked;” “Relieve the oppressed;” and “Behold, *now* is the accepted time.”

In the discussion I acknowledged that the proclamation was a wonderful advance upon the previous policy of the administration and that it introduced the dawn of hope. “We now have crossed the line. The days will become longer and the nights shorter. And for the first time we have a decided policy on the part of the administration. The deed can not be revoked. General Hunter’s proclamation had been nullified; this can not be. It is law. Possibly it may become a dead letter, but who can revoke it?”

Yet such queries as these arose and were asked: viz., Is this proclamation what God demands? Is it what it should be now when God is judging the nation for its sins, especially for its slaveholding? Should we, Covenanters and Abolitionists, be satisfied with it? When the war broke out—the war of slaveholders against the government—the President in the exercise of the war power had full authority to declare all slaves free. But here, after eighteen months of fearful bloodshed, he still adheres to his old theories. It declares his readiness to return fugitives to *loyal* masters. It renews the old proposition to colonize the free people of color; and he is ready to pay the slaveholders for freeing their slaves. In all these the President puts human law above divine. Look at the facts. The proclamation only threatens the rebel masters that if they do not lay down their arms within three months he will declare their slaves free. But this should have been done, and long ago, as an act of justice to the slave. God, humanity, and patriotism all called for it. But it was done only as a last resort when pressed on all sides by the enemy and by God’s wrath. It was done merely to save the Union, the unholy union with slaveholders; it was only an act of *policy*. It should have been

universal, to all the four millions, slaves of loyalists, as well as of rebels. Why? Because slavery was the cause of the war and the cause of God's wrath. If only the slaves of rebels be freed there will be more than half a million remaining in bonds in the five loyal slave states. Moreover, the Proclamation of Emancipation should have been immediate and unconditional. Why? God so commands. "*Now* is the accepted time." "Break *every* yoke *now*." Why? Lest the rebels take advantage of the delay. Why? And I emphasize this, because if the design of the President be effected and the rebel states return to the Union as he desires them to do, and as he endeavors by his threat to drive them to do, the four millions of slaves would still wear the chains. Then the rebels would be unpunished. The cause of God's wrath would still exist, and the old causes of troubles between the north and the south would still remain. But though an awful blunder has been made no doubt God intends to frustrate the purposes of men. The day of universal and unconditional emancipation is near at hand. God's silver jubilee trumpet, "proclaiming liberty throughout all the land and to *all* the inhabitants thereof," will yet be blown from the National Capitol and all the world shall hear it, for Jesus reigns.

As the months of autumn passed, the struggle between the north and the south became more and more terrible, and many observant patriots were fearful that the southern Confederacy might be a success. More and more the southern sword was devouring the thousands of our choicest young men. From Topsham congregation some of the pride of our best families had enlisted and were now in the Army of the Potomac while loving hearts at home were in almost sleepless anxiety for their boys in blue. Under these circumstances I feared that the duties of family and personal religion might be neglected, and that those who most needed

“the great salvation,” might altogether neglect it. Accordingly, during the autumn and winter I preached much and often, or nearly all the time, such sermons as I thought would tend to bring sinners to Christ and to awaken into livelier Christian activity the members of the church. Early in the autumn I began a series of week-evening lectures on several subjects that I hoped would interest and call out the people. The most of them were written and read. Three or four of them were on the Bible, and the Bible in the schools. These were largely attended by the young people of almost all classes. Two on Church Fellowship or in defense of “close communion” occasioned no little disputation in the community. Our semi-annual pastoral visitations were made prior to our winter communion. This occurred on the first Sabbath of January, when I was again favored by the assistance of Brother Armour. I had assisted him at his communion two weeks before. To add to my work and in obedience to the appointment of Synod, during the winter months I canvassed all the Vermont congregations to solicit money to endow the Theological Seminary. I think I was a poor beggar. However important the object I didn’t like the service.

As was foreshadowed by the President’s proclamation of September 22, on the 1st of² January, 1863, Lincoln fulfilled his promise to the north and his threat to the south and issued his proclamation of freedom to all the slaves in the states in actual rebellion. It did not affect the status of the slaves in the border states that remained in the Union, viz., Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and parts of Virginia and Louisiana. As the act of emancipation was only a war measure, the President as the head of the army having this power, he had no legal authority to disturb the relation of master and slave in the loyal states. Practically slavery continued in all the states until after the

war when by constitutional amendment it was abolished. The proclamation of January 1 did not make any actual change in the condition of the three and a half millions of slaves. Few of them heard of the proclamation. Their rebel masters and the rebel soldiers would not be expected to convey the intelligence to them. It could not have been otherwise for the southern armies as yet held the situation in their own hands. The only change that followed the proclamation was that all thought of returning fugitive slaves to any owners in the states in the Rebellion was abandoned. Actual freedom did not come to the slaves for almost three years or when on December 18, 1865, eight months after the death of the President, slavery was declared to be constitutionally abolished.

As in Topsham we had to depend upon the Boston or New York papers for news from Washington, we did not hear of the emancipation proclamation until a week or more after its issue. When the good news came there was general rejoicing by all kinds of anti-slavery people. We knew that God had determined the speedy and total overthrow of chattel slavery in the whole land as well as that this awful destruction of human life must soon cease.

The week preceding our winter communion (January, 1863), was one of anxiety and sorrow to many. Death from diphtheria occurred in several families. To others came sad news from the battle-field or the hospital. On Saturday morning the church bell tolled the death of Morris Divoll. News had come the night before of his death in the army near Fredericksburg, Va. This sad intelligence cast a gloom over many. He was the second son of Elder Josiah Divoll, a lovely young man, and a favorite in the family and neighborhood. It was only a few months before that he had volunteered and gone with his brother Charles to join the Vermont Sixth Regiment, though not until after his marriage

to Miss Ellen George. At the tolling of the bell these following sentences were written in my journal: "If before his departure he had given good evidence of piety, the affliction would not be so sore. We all feel the stroke. We are about to renew our vows in the sacrament of the supper under afflictive circumstances. May God make the ordinance very useful to all especially the afflicted." The young soldier's death was caused not by the shot of a rebel foe but by disease. One night he had been on picket guard and had to stand in the rain and in a marsh. He sickened and in two or three days died in the camp hospital. The body was coffined and sent home arriving the Tuesday night following our communion. That dead soldier lay in the same military dress and in the same place in the parlor in which a short time before he had stood in the marriage ceremony in which he held the hand of his beautiful young bride. Now the white robes of the bride had been changed to the garments of the young widow. After brief devotion at the house the body was carried to the church and lay in the vestibule while the funeral services were held within. (The Covenanters of Topsham objected to the common custom of carrying the dead body into the church and placing it before the pulpit.) A very large assembly filled the house. It was the first case of a soldier's burial and he had many friends. Standing beside the pulpit and before the devotions began I gave a carefully prepared eulogy of the dead soldier and then from the pulpit preached from Dan. 9:26: "Unto the end of the war desolations are determined." The hortative part of the discourse was addressed to three classes, the mourners, the large Band of Hope of which he had been a prominent member, and the people present.

As the whole nation was passing through the terrible ordeal of the Civil War, and when many Christian patriots were in fear lest the Confederate armies might gain a final

victory, at the urgent pleas of many who believed that the people should humble themselves before the God of battles, the President appointed a day of national fasting, viz., Thursday, April 30, 1863. Following the mind of the elders, we met for public worship and I preached an appropriate discourse. I had a good opportunity to discuss the principles involved in national fasts, the duty of civil rulers, the causes of fasting now, and to show that the Covenanters can not observe the day because of any acknowledged divine authority in the government, yet I urged that as this was the best official call to fasting or thanksgiving ever issued from Washington, and as we have been guilty in many ways as well as those who are identified with the government, and are chastised with the people, we can heartily unite with them in humiliation and confession and prayer.

As several times before, my wife and I were pressed into service as teachers of a select class of youth mostly teachers or intending to be teachers. Quite a number of them, if not a majority of them, were young people of the congregation, and we wished to make it unnecessary for them to go away from home to attend academies outside the bounds of the church. She taught the normal classes, I the languages. The natural sciences and mathematics were divided between us. More than a generation has passed and I am not sure about it now, but I think if we had been asked then for our motives for teaching such classes we would have replied: We loved the companionship of the intellectual and virtuous young people; we were anxious to do what we could to train them to usefulness and to bring them to Christ and into his church; and as the pastor's salary was barely sufficient to meet the absolute needs of the family, we tried to make it easier to be free from anxiety about them. Besides, our plan seemed to be kindness to the families of the congregation none of which were in more than moderate circumstances.

As the approaching meeting of Synod was to be at Sharon, Iowa, and as Mrs. Johnston had not seen her parents since their removal to that state, we resolved to lock up the parsonage and all cross the Mississippi together. And who knows but that their mother wished to show their grandparents what nice little granddaughters they had in Vermont? On my way to Presbytery we stopped a few days to visit friends in New York. It was anniversary week. Attending that of the National Anti-slavery Society, we had the opportunity of hearing some eminent speakers among whom were Rev. J. R. W. Sloane, Robert Purvis, the eloquent colored Philadelphian, Theodore Weld, and Wendell Phillips. I had never heard Mr. Weld before. I was charmed with the man. His early history when a student at Lane Seminary, his wonderful book, "A Thousand Witnesses," his remarkable power of self-control, and his readiness to bring in episodes and yet continue the thread of his speech, all made him to me an exceedingly interesting speaker. And then he was a very fine-looking man—tall and straight, with fine physique, a keen, eagle eye, and a most benevolent countenance; and though not seemingly old but youthful, his hair was white as snow. In the evening Theodore Tilton and Wendell Phillips were the speakers. At this time Mr. Tilton was editor of the New York *Independent*, then and ever since among the most influential of all the religious papers; and it was before the occurrence of the remarkable case of scandal in which Henry Ward Beecher was involved. The theme of Mr. Tilton's powerful address was "Miscegenation." Before the great audience in Cooper Institute he boldly favored the intermingling of the two races and showed that the result would be a race superior to either now—superior both physically and in intellectual capacity, and likely to become the great dominating nation of the world.

As the war and its relation to slavery were the all-absorbing themes before the public mind, the address of Wendell Phillips was one of sublimity and power. No man in the nation spoke on the public platform the very truth, and the whole truth needed then, with such power. If the people and those who have the control of the government had heeded his voice the country might have been saved from the waves of divine wrath that were sweeping over it.

At the anniversary of the American Temperance Union, held in Dr. Cheever's church, eminent speakers set forth the fearful effects of the use of liquors in the army. Senator Pomeroy said that one-half of all the deaths were to be traced to rum and quinine. Farseeing men feared that after the war an army of drunkards would come back to us.

At the convention of loyal women I had the privilege of hearing that eminent and good woman, Mrs. Angelina Grimke Weld. She was the daughter of Judge Grimke of Charleston, S. C. She and her sister Sarah became Abolitionists, emancipated their slaves, joined the Quakers in Philadelphia, and by their writings and public addresses did much to awaken public opinion against slavery. She was married to Theodore Weld in 1838, and, like her husband, was ever true to the cause of freedom.

After Presbytery we started on our long journey by rail to the Mississippi. At McGregor, Iowa, we were met by Mrs. Johnston's brother and sister who had come with a conveyance to take her and the children to their home at Eden, Fayette County. Parting from them at McGregor I hastened to the meeting of Synod. During its sessions Rev. J. L. McCartney and I were kindly entertained by the family of Mr. McCune. On Sabbath we heard Dr. S. O. Wylie preach from the text, "A name which is

above every name. The sermon was such as few have the privilege of hearing.

That meeting of Synod was somewhat stormy. War patriotism ran very high. The American flag, the Stars and Stripes that some of us had always looked upon as the emblem of oppression as well as of national disloyalty to our divine Lord, was used to drape the pulpit and the church inside, the entrance door of the house, and the arched gateway into the grounds. Probably it was the last day of Synod, the ladies of the congregation prepared a most sumptuous dinner for the members, the tables being out-of-doors and on one side of the ample grounds. In front of the church a procession was formed and thence marched behind the floating Stars and Stripes to the tables. It seemed as though the people then, if not Synod also, were afraid lest the Covenanters might be regarded as disloyal. The flaunting of the flag everywhere, they appeared to think, would convince the people that Covenanters are ready to fight under "Old Glory" to put down the Rebellion whether to restore the Union or to give liberty to the slaves. Many Covenanters were already in the army, though Captain Todd, the pastor of the Elkhorn congregation, had obeyed the order of Synod and had left the army. (See "Glasgow's History.") Two of the ministers who did not care to march under the Stars and Stripes, especially as these did not symbolize freedom to the bondman, did not "fall into line" behind the flag. For this silent method of showing their disapprobation of Synod's fustian patriotism these two brethren were subjected to no little ridicule if not also harsh censure. Yet their garments did not smell of fire.

The question that awakened so much discussion in Synod assumed this form: May Covenanters enlist in the army? The animus of Synod may be inferred from the passage of

a motion to lay on the table, or to reject, the following proposition, viz., "Ministers of this church can not, in consistency with our principles and testimony, voluntarily enter the military service of the United States while the Constitution and the government retain their ungodly character." This statement had been moved as an amendment to the report anent the war question. Some argued that it made an "indirect issue." This might have been true if the language "can not voluntarily enter the military service" had not been intended to include as a reason the character and conduct of the present war. Only twenty members voted in favor of the amendment.

Subsequently, in finally adopting the report of the committee Synod voted that "the ordinary soldier's oath is objectionable and can not receive the approbation of Synod," and passed the motion to appoint a committee to obtain from the proper authorities the sanction of a better and proper soldier's oath. The minutes give no account of any committee being appointed; and I have no recollection of any change in the form of the oath being made. Covenanters then in the army had taken the soldier's oath, and afterwards others took it, and yet discipline was not exercised. Indeed, the case stood thus: Synod knew that in the present excitement of the country and when men were rushing into the army, the motives being various, some of our young men would become soldiers whatever the moral obstacles might be; and Synod knew that to attempt to exercise discipline upon the soldiers who had taken the sinful oath would most likely cause them to leave the church. What should be done was difficult to know; and the church was in a critical position and liable in the progress of the war to be carried off her feet by the irresistible wave of the military excitement.

After Synod I hastened to Eden to find my family resting

and enjoying the visit with the friends on their trans-Mississippi farm. The large family that Father and Mother Rogers had taken with them from Vermont was already being diminished by marriage and by the war. Among the sons four had volunteered for the service and were in the army of the Mississippi. No wonder that the parents and sisters were in constant anxiety and that many prayers ascended from that family altar for the absent "boys in blue." Sister Almira, the third daughter, a young and lovely girl, was a teacher in the village in the home district. On visiting the school I saw that she had the elements of a good teacher and of a useful woman; and we did not lose sight of her afterwards. Our farewell with Father Rogers that day was the last. Before the next time we passed west of the Father of Waters he had passed over the Jordan and into the land of rest.

Our visit over, we started on our long journey homeward through Chicago and stopping a little while at Bellecenter and vicinity to visit friends and rest a little before starting for the Green Mountain state. We reached home in health and thankful for the kind Providence that had preserved us all during the days and nights of wearisome travel. Sabbath work and pastoral duties were resumed.

At the summer communion there were several additions to the church, two by baptism. They both were from families outside of the church and both excellent women. One was the wife of an unbeliever, skeptical in his religious belief though an honorable and prominent citizen and always a kind neighbor and friend of the pastor. Though an unbeliever himself I think he was always glad to send his children to our Sabbath-school, and he gave evidence of more than approbation when his wife united with the church. Did becoming a disciple of Jesus ever harm a good wife? The other was the only daughter of another unbeliever though a

constant attendant at church and a most honorable and influential citizen. Association with Christian people may be very profitable even though the man may not be evangelical in his faith. The conversion of these excellent women gave joy to the church, and the pastor thanked God and took courage.

The text of the action sermon was John 19:34, "But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water."

On Monday the congregation elected another elder, Alexander Shields, Sr., formerly an elder in Craftsbury congregation. He was the father of Rev. Robert Shields and one of the best men I have ever known. At his installation shortly afterwards I preached a discourse on the office of ruling elder and dwelt at some length on the divine authority for it. I did this partly because all the other churches in the town and in the whole region are without the office; and I was always anxious that good people in sister denominations might learn that the form of our "church polity" is not left to the opinion of the people but has good scriptural authority.

Shortly after our communion the sad intelligence came to one of the mothers of the congregation, Mrs. Craig, that her soldier son had been killed in battle. At the burial the text of the funeral discourse was: "Clouds and darkness are round about Him."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BLOODY SCENES. PASTORAL LIFE. NATIONAL REFORM.

DURING the week ending Saturday, July 18, 1863, the city of New York was the scene of such a riot as had never occurred in any city in the United States. For several days the city was in the hands of a merciless mob. Infuriated rioters resisted the authorities by violence, murder, pillage, and fire, bidding defiance to policemen and strong military forces. Multitudes of houses were burnt, multitudes of houses and stores were plundered, many innocent lives were taken by violence; and the poor and unprotected negroes were hunted and driven out and murdered, and some hanged and burnt in the streets. The immediate occasion (not the cause) of this riot was the action of the Federal Government in drafting men for the war. The Union Army was suffering such fearful losses both on the battle-fields and from sickness that the volunteers did not meet the demand so that the draft became an absolute necessity. The opposition was not only to the draft itself but to the exemption given to any who would pay three hundred dollars. This, it was alleged, favored the rich who could buy exemption and throw the burden on the working classes and the poor. To add fuel to the flames some of the Democratic and "Copper Head" papers that had opposed the draft came out with fierce articles calculated to infuriate the mob.

In Topsham many knew the occasion of these riots but few would consider the real causes. Therefore on the Sabbath following I preached on the subject using as my texts:

Eze. 7:23, "Make a chain; for the land is full of bloody crimes, and the city is full of violence;" and Hosea 4:2, "By swearing and lying and killing, and stealing and committing adultery, they break out and blood toucheth blood." In the discussion I gave some of the causes in the following order: Misanthropy, or negro hate. The rioters directed their greatest malice against the colored people of the city. Love of slavery, or opposition to the Emancipation Proclamation. Party spirit. By the success of the party in power many office seekers had been disappointed and some of them enraged. Popery, for the mass of the rioters were Catholics, superstitious or drunken papists who knew little but to swear by the Pope and to "damn the niggers." And, most of all, Impiety; for men who fear God and love the Prince of Peace do not join in angry mobs and bloody riots. The discourse closed thus: "What are the remedies for such evils? How are we to save the land from violence and blood and anarchy? We reply, Light must be disseminated among the people. There must be more of the elements of life, truth, philanthropy, religion. The masses are destitute of that religion which is love to God and man. There must be less of that selfishness which is so sinful in God's sight and so unlike Jesus. We must have more sound morality, less intemperance, more philanthropy, and less negro hate; and consequently more pure religion and less of popery. Had the authorities of the city more fear of God and less of man and a determination to protect the innocent even though it should cost the lives of the guilty, the riot might soon have been put down. Nay, had the rioters known that they would have been met by the stern arm of fearless officers, they would not have begun. Hence we conclude that the civil power is incompetent. The Federal Government is weak because not standing up in the might of God's law for the right. National corruption permeates the whole people, and

every part of the body politic is enfeebled. The remedy for all is in God, in religion, morality and truth.”

The first draft for soldiers in Vermont was taken in July of this year. It created great excitement and many families were in fear or distress lest loved ones might be compelled to go to the front. Many volunteered rather than be drafted. To induce men to volunteer, the government offered a large bounty to every one. Not a few Covenanters were in straits. In making the draft the lot was used. This called for a testimony from the pulpit. It was a discourse upon the institution of the lot and as to the propriety of its use in drafting soldiers. In the study I was brought to the opinion that all soldiers should be volunteers, that no man should go into the army unless he believed the war to be righteous and the soldier's oath proper, but should suffer rather than fight. If, however, the conscript believed this war to be righteous and saw no moral obstacle in the way, he should not refuse to go though drafted by lot. In the progress of the war and in subsequent drafts the importance of these questions became manifest.

The national and church Thanksgiving day, November 25, called for special services. From appropriate texts I endeavored to point out both present and prospective demands upon our benevolence growing out of the war. Even this early in its progress numerous philanthropic movements, all which showed the benevolent character of Christians, were already in good working order; e. g., the Sanitary Commission, the Christian Commission, the Freedman's Relief Association and many missionary efforts in behalf of the ex-slaves. No great prophetic vision was necessary to foresee that after the war there would be multitudes of widows and orphans to care for, many ex-soldiers to be pensioned, a mighty tide of intemperance to be resisted, and probably a nation of emancipated people to be lifted up to the enjoyment of what

schools and the Gospel only can give. In the afternoon, causes of Thanksgiving were found in the wonderful changes for good that had occurred since the war began, such as the following: "The colonization scheme is a failure; slave-hunting on northern soil is almost broken up; General McClellan who at first promised the Virginians that "with iron hand" he would suppress any attempt of the slaves to be free, is himself dismissed from his high position; slavery in the District of Columbia is abolished; slave-pens and auction-blocks are almost wholly broken up, or will be soon. Whatever may be the result of the war northern public opinion will never permit the millions to whom freedom had been promised to be reenslaved; many thousands of ex-slaves are now soldiers in blue and their rights as citizens recognized; other thousands of northern negroes are mustered into the army; the women of the north are engaged in an effort to obtain a million names of their own sex to a petition asking Congress to abolish slavery throughout all the land including the border states not in the Rebellion. How marvelous the change! and how it foreshadows a disenthralled nation!"

Our winter communion was on the last Sabbath of December. Rev. J. M. Beattie assisted. Our fast day before communion was Friday 25. To the people of the middle and western states it would seem strange that we did not observe Christmas, generally a day of feasting and gladness. But it must be remembered that in Vermont as in the other New England states Christmas is either nearly or wholly unknown or forgotten. The Puritans did not follow Catholic or Episcopal customs. In Topsham the Covenanters followed the Puritans, and so all classes ignored Christmas if they did not absolutely forget that others observed the holiday.

The session met on the fast day and examined and received into church fellowship five good women, four by baptism and one on examination. This one had been a

member of the Congregational Church in Massachusetts. Of the others, one was an aged lady, a convert from the world; another, in middle life, also a convert from the world. The other two were young women, most interesting and excellent daughters of non-professing fathers, and one of a Methodist mother, the other of a Baptist. These four were all baptized on Saturday. There was joy in the Congregation that day. In the heart of the pastor there was gratitude as well as gladness. These five added to the five who had been received at the communion in July made ten for this year, nine women and one man. The entire number of communicants or members at the end of the year was sixty-two, of whom forty-five were women and fourteen men. This was about the proportion during all the years since my installation over what I always regarded as only a mission church.

At the meeting of session referred to above Mr. William Morrison appeared a second time for examination and admission to the church. His examination was satisfactory except in theology in reference to the doctrine of the atonement. He could not subscribe to the Confession of Faith in its statement on that subject; and so the session was unanimous in the opinion that he should not be received. While I did not disagree with the elders it seemed hard to not admit a man so worthy in other respects. I had labored hard to convince him of the truth of the Confession and the catechism, but his belief remained unchanged. In after years he went into the M. E. Church, and became a zealous worker in it.

On Wednesday after communion Colonel Thomas of the Eighth Vermont Regiment addressed a large meeting in the town hall and called for volunteers. To induce enlistments and to avoid a draft, the town offered a bounty of three hundred and twenty-five dollars to every volunteer. At the prayer-meeting next day we heard that Robert McLam, the

older of the two deacons, had volunteered for a term of three years. This made me sad. He was a good man, and as a deacon he was needed at home.

Prior to the war little had been done in the work of National Reform except what had been attempted by covenanters. Probably the Civil War, now raging so fiercely, gave an impetus to the new movement. At first and for many years, like other Covenanters, I was sanguine in the hope that by well-devised plans and vigorous efforts the United States Constitution might be amended so as to make it a Christian fundamental law, or a Constitution to which Christians might consistently swear obedience. I thought that whatever might be the result of the movement the effort to amend would give an opportunity to teach the people the atheistic and infidel character of the Constitution and government and so would be an educator if nothing more.

On the 19th of January, 1864, I received a letter from Rev. A. M. Milligan, then at New Alexandria, Pa., inviting and urging me to attend a National Reform Convention called to meet in Pittsburg on the 27th of the month. It was the first *national* convention of the kind, and I was anxious to go. Elder Keenan, always interested in the movement and always thoughtful about such matters, asked and raised a nice little sum of money to bear at least a large part of my expenses, and so I went. On my way I fell in company with Rev. Dr. McIlvaine, professor in Princeton College, who was going to the convention. I had a very pleasant time with him between Philadelphia and Pittsburg. I found him, however, to be semi-New School in theology, semi-proslavery, and only semi-temperance. The most prominent members of the convention, as I now remember them, were Rev. Dr. Page, an Episcopal rector of Pittsburg, Rev. Dr. McIlvaine, Rev. J. M. Willson, of Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. Sproull, Rev. A. M. Milligan, Rev. Dr. Douglass, Rev.

Dr. Samuel Collins, and Rev. J. S. T. Milligan, Rev. H. H. George and John Alexander of Philadelphia must have been there, but I do not now remember.

As I could not make speeches in a convention of great men, I suppose they wished to bestow some honor or get some work out of me, and so they made me the secretary of the convention. I wrote up its proceedings and they were published in several of the leading papers.

As that was the first national convention, it was thought important to lay the foundations well, and much time was spent in preparing a full statement of the fundamental principles of the association and of the terms to be used in the proposed amendment of the Constitution and in the memorials to Congress. The statements finally agreed upon have never been changed except very slightly. Before the adjournment a delegation of fourteen was appointed to go to Washington and lay the action of the convention before the President and before Congress, and to ask him to make the matter the subject of a special message to Congress. Dr. McIlvaine was the chairman of the delegation. I was one of the delegates but I did not accompany them to Washington. My pocket was too near emptiness, and I needed to hurry back to home duties. On the first Monday evening after my return I responded to an invitation and gave a public lecture on National Reform and an account of what had been done at Pittsburg. From that time on I think the Covenanters of Topsham were good National Reformers.

From the records of my diary I see that a few days after my return I visited the death-bed of the oldest member of the congregation, Mrs. Orr, aged eighty-seven; and that on the afternoon of the same day the congregation elected another deacon, David Lang, to take the place of Deacon McLam gone to the war. Mr. Lang proved to be worthy

of the office. Years after when he removed to Ryegate they elected him to the eldership. But at this writing he is in Southern California and has gone out from us into the Presbyterian Church. The vows of some Covenanters seem to be made of ropes of sand. David Lang is too good a man and with too good antecedents to be in the Presbyterian Church. Perhaps, though, he hopes to make it better!

Having finished the explanation of the Psalms in regular course, in May, 1864, I began to explain them a second time. By reference to my diary of that date I find the following record: "My earnest desire is that I may be directed by the Spirit of God so that I may explain truthfully and in such a way as to instruct, convince, convert, sanctify and comfort." And now after nearly a half century I leave my testimony that I love the Psalms of the Bible more than ever. As the years of my life passed, and even now in old age, those divine songs have been and are my solace and my joy. The study of them was of great use to me, and I hope that in explaining them on Sabbath morning I was useful to the people of God. If Covenanters have more spiritual vigor than others it is owing largely to their familiarity with the Psalms and their love of them. Those who do not use them in praise suffer great loss. When will all true worshipers see this and reform their practise?

But this is not all the truth as to the Psalms of inspiration. It must not be forgotten that they are worthy of being put into the most accurate translation and into the finest poetic form for use in praise. In advocating this I have at several times been exposed to criticism. And so here comes in a little item of history.

Shortly after my settlement in Topsham I wrote an article for the *Philadelphia Covenanter*, edited by Rev. James M. Willson. I did not advocate a new version. I supposed the church was not yet ready for this. I favored few changes

except such verbal emendations as would eliminate all obsolete words that had been in the version used for nearly two centuries, and such slight modifications as were necessary to make the measure perfect. The United Presbyterian Church had done this, and in some of our Sabbath-schools, and perhaps a few congregations, their amended book was used; but this had been done without any church action on our part. The editor of the article returned it to me with a reason for declining to publish it. He was opposed to the proposed changes. I then sent it to the Rev. Dr. Sproull, editor of the *R. P. and C.* at Allegheny. He also declined to publish it, alleging that he did not care to admit into his magazine what had been refused by the other. I felt somewhat aggrieved, and I was so confident of being right that I had the article printed in tract form and a copy mailed to every minister in the church. This was the first time but not the last that I found it necessary not to acquiesce in the judgment of "the fathers."

The need of emendations in our psalm-book was discussed somewhat throughout the church, and a few favored an entirely new version or a complete revision of the old. Not long afterwards at a meeting of Synod a letter was received from the United Presbyterian General Assembly asking our Synod to open a correspondence with the assembly having in view an entire revision of the book or a new version if necessary, and this to be effected by the cooperation of the two churches. The proposition met with little favor from any of the leading men in Synod. Rev. James M. Willson was one of the most outspoken against it; and the proposition to cooperate was voted down. Not only some of the ministers but many of the people were dissatisfied; and the question continued to be discussed. Meanwhile the United Presbyterian Assembly went forward alone in the work and after a while adopted and published a new Psalter free from

the obsolete words and bad measure and, in addition, many new versions and varieties of meters. A few of the Covenanter congregations used the United Presbyterian book with the emendations, but nearly all continued to use the old book with all its faults. This was evidence that the Covenanters of that time were loyal to the church and obedient to authority, however much they believed that Synod had erred greatly when she refused to cooperate with the United Presbyterian assembly. And the writer now believes that if the two churches had worked together in getting out a new book they both would have had a much better Psalter than either has to-day. Moreover, there is so much dissatisfaction with the Reformed Presbyterian book now in use, probably the work will all have to be done over again ere long. Besides, the church should not be satisfied with a version so full of imperfections.

During the months of February and March this year I spent much time in the study of the doctrine of the atonement and gave a series of discourses on the subject emphasizing the statement that it is limited and that all are saved by the power of the divine Redeemer for whom he made atonement. No truth taught in all God's words is more important than that of the atonement, and the study of this theme is the most delightful and profitable. It will occupy the minds of the redeemed and of angels as long as heaven's school shall continue, Jesus the loving and everlasting Teacher. "So shall we be forever with the Lord." This series was followed by a sermon on the text: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling," etc.

The outlines of that discourse had been written in my journal or sermon-book on Saturday morning. The book lay open where I had been writing and left a blank page. While I was out of my study our older daughter, Rosie, then not quite three years old, went into the room, took my pen,

and on the blank page made all kinds of marks, blots, and scratches, no doubt supposing that she was imitating her father's hand. When after her departure I returned to my table and saw the child's effort at sermon writing I made a note of it thinking that in coming years she might read it: "She thought she would finish my notes.(?) I hope she will write in more intelligible hieroglyphics when she becomes a grown girl. And if her eye should perchance fall upon this page years hence and after her father has been removed from earth, she will see how great advancement she shall have made, as well as an illustration of the many little annoyances to which children subject their parents. And let the blotches made on her father's book, and which can not be removed, remind her of the nature of sin in the soul. Stains made there can be removed only by a *divine* process. The blood of Jesus alone can remove the blots which sin makes on the pages of our hearts. And, blessed be God, the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, *does* cleanse us from all sin. Moreover, as Rosie's father has fully and freely forgiven his daughter, and will soon forget the little misdemeanor, so God, our Father, freely and fully, for Christ's sake, forgives all our iniquities."

Within a month after this record I made another of perhaps equal triviality to the reader but quite serious to the writer at the time: "Sold my horse (Charlie) to-day. I was very loath to part with him for he is a gentle, kind, and trusty horse; and I have had him so long as to become attached to him. But I am in debt, and while living on so low a salary I see no way of being able to keep a horse, the expenses being fifty or sixty dollars a year. 'It is no sin but it is inconvenient to be poor.'" Not long afterwards my favorite Charlie was sold to go into the army and became the property of a Union colonel. I never heard more of him but I always hoped that no rebel shot or shell ever killed him.

During the second week of May the Orange County Teachers' Institute was held in Topsham under the superintendence of Hon. J. S. Adams, secretary of the State Board of Education. He was assisted by Mr. Edward Conant. They both were our guests at the parsonage during the days of the institute, and we had a good time. Mr. Adams was an exceedingly companionable man as well as a fine educator. Among all the distinguished men in the Department of Education that I have ever known he was the best qualified for the place he occupied. Remarkable for his accuracy, energy, vivacity, executive ability, and "snap," and power to awaken enthusiasm in the teachers, it seemed as though he had them under his own control. As state superintendent I could not forget him; but, alas! that same man whom I admired so greatly and to whom I became much attached, after the lapse of a good many years became a victim of appetite for strong drink and lost his high position. "How are the mighty fallen!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SAD EVENTS AND DARK SHADOWS.

My second going to Washington City was occasioned by sad news from the seat of war. I had gone from home to attend Presbytery and Synod, the latter to meet in Philadelphia. Soon after reaching New York I received a telegram from Elder Josiah Divoll asking me to hasten on to Washington and to Fredericksburg, Va., to look after his son Charles who had been severely and perhaps fatally wounded in one of the battles of the Wilderness. I started by the first train for Washington. I spent almost two days there endeavoring to find out where Corporal Divoll was. I became sure that the wounded soldier had not been brought to any of the hospitals in Washington which at that time was full of hospitals and these crowded with sick, wounded, and dying soldiers; and I ascertained that he was not in Alexandria whose hospitals also were crowded. Then I determined to go, if possible, to Fredericksburg, to search for the wounded soldier; but after persistent efforts I found that I could not possibly obtain a pass, so strict were the military rules. In sadness of heart, therefore, I could do nothing but return to Synod. During its sessions I took daily and full reports which were printed in the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and sent throughout the church. On the Sabbath and on the invitation of my friend William Still I was permitted to address a large mission Sabbath-school among the colored people.

I had not been home long until Elder Divoll received word

from the chaplain of the regiment that Corporal Divoll was in a hospital in Alexandria and probably in a dying condition. The father again came and begged me to go to his son for he (the father) could not. I hastened to Washington and to the office of the Vermont Commission where I found the name of Charles Divoll on the list of the dead. He had died probably only a few hours before. Hoping to reach Alexandria before the burial I hastened down the Potomac and on to Wolf Street Hospital, and to the office of the surgeon to inquire about the body of Corporal Divoll. The surgeon replied: "He is buried. We have just come from his grave." My heart sank within me. At first I had hoped to see that dear young man before his death, but I was too late. Going to the soldiers' cemetery out on the west side of the city, I found the newly-made grave. Standing alone where lay the body of one whom so many loved, I had only tears of sorrow to shed—sorrow that the light of a young man so promising had gone out.

Returning to the hospital I went to the nurse who had charge of the wounded soldier and was with him after he had been brought to the hospital at Alexandria until the time of his death. He told me that Corporal Divoll was in almost a dying condition when he was brought to the hospital. In his last hours he repeated Scripture verses and what the nurse called "a hymn." I asked if he (the nurse) remembered what hymn it was. He remembered only some words or what it was about. I knew at once that it was the twenty-third Psalm. Thus died Charles Divoll, an honorable young man, a worthy son of a most excellent Covenanter elder, and a young disciple of Christ that might have followed the Master into some Macedonian land if he had been called of God. I loved him as one of the flock that the Good Shepherd had put under my care; but I was ever sad when I remembered that he gave his life "for the Union and



CORPORAL CHARLES DIVOLL

the Constitution;" yet I could wipe away my tears when I remembered that that war, unrighteously waged by slaveholders, had by the right hand of the Almighty brought liberty to the captives.

Charles Divoll was a brave soldier. On my way home I stopped in Philadelphia and visited the army hospitals at Germantown and there received information from one of his fellow-soldiers; and years afterward the story was told to me by Deacon McLam who was standing near to Corporal Divoll at the time he was wounded. The Union soldiers were standing in line and fighting under the heavy fire of the enemy. A rebel ball struck Divoll on the upper part of the forehead. It bled profusely but he wiped away the blood and continued his firing. Soon afterwards another ball struck him in the groin and made a fearful gash and shattered the bone in that region. He was carried off the field of battle and laid in the shade of a tree to be cared for by some one, and the battle went on. The rebels won the fight or at least took possession of the ground, and Corporal Divoll fell into their hands. Subsequently the Union forces regained possession of that lost ground and the wounded soldier fell into the hands of his friends and was removed first to Fredericksburg and then to Alexandria. How much he suffered during those long fifteen days and nights when no friend could minister to him, can only be supposed, for no one has ever told the sad story. Yet well do I remember what the surgeon and nurse in the Wolf Street Hospital told me—that "after his death the brains, in large quantity, oozed out of the fractured skull." This illustrates the truth of what Corporal Smith, of the same company, said to me in the hospital in Washington: "There was no braver soldier in his regiment than Corporal Divoll."

It was during one of these times while I was in Washington that I had an opportunity of meeting President Lincoln.

I would have known him anywhere by the similarity between his pictures and his real face. It was, indeed, the face of an "honest" man though perhaps not so intellectual as kind. But his countenance was sad. No wonder. The burden of a great nation was resting upon him; and all eyes were turned towards him. And now after the battles of the Wilderness Washington was a vast hospital and the whole land in mourning; and the great heart of Abraham Lincoln was bleeding for his country.

Our summer communion occurred shortly after my return home from Alexandria. On the Friday before, at the request of Elder Divoll, I preached a sermon appropriate to the death of his son. Many people were there. The text: "Your young men I have slain with the sword." That the loss of so many young men in the war was a cause of sorrow, was shown from three facts: They are so numerous, so many of them are unconverted, and the converted are so much needed. I was anxious to use the occasion for the good of the living, and so the hortatory part of the discourse was addressed principally to the people present. A few words were addressed to the family and to the congregation, thus: "To the father, Remember Jacob's mistake who, when he had lost two sons, said, 'All these things are against me.' What God intends by bereaving you of your two sons we know not now; we may know hereafter. Meanwhile be a father to the fatherless. To the *sisters*, Set your affection on the Elder Brother. Lean on him through life and he will be with you in death. To *young men*, Be strong for God. Stand up for Jesus. How few there are to be soldiers of the cross, you know. One after another they fall in rapid succession. The pious fall. Who will fill their place? Prepare for death. 'There is no discharge in that war.' To the *church*, Our ranks are being thinned. Our young men are few. Train up the young aright that we may yet have an

army of strong young men, ready to fight valiantly the battles of the King, the Lord of hosts.”

At that communion I was assisted by licentiate Robert Shields and by missionary Joseph Beattie then on a visit home from Latakia, Syria. The attendance all the days of the feast was large and in the communion service there were four tables, one more than had ever been before. I had served the first and dear Brother Beattie followed and served two. I had not expected a fourth and so had to perform the service extempore. At the table I spoke from the words of Jesus: “Having loved his own which were in the world he loved them unto the end.” At that time I did not know nor had I thought of the probability that that was my last communion as pastor in Topsham; but it was, though months passed before that question required my attention. On Monday I was joyous, for we had had a sweet season of fellowship; but I was sad because of the troubles through which the congregation was passing. In my pastoral address at the close of the services I exhorted the people to this effect: “Be thankful. Be loyal to Christ at all hazards. Neglect not the ordinances. Study the times and see God in all. Don’t be politicians. Avoid the influences of the coming presidential campaign. Be prepared for trouble and be familiar with death. Beware of sectarianism. Avoid debt on the church. Be liberal always. Don’t try to see how little you may give and yet belong to the church. Avoid loud talking in the church (on Sabbath). Avoid sitting in prayer.”

At the close of the religious services a congregational meeting was held in which it was resolved to take steps to pay off the debt on the church and to increase the pastor’s salary one hundred dollars.

During the summer months following this communion I spent all the time I could spare in pastoral visitations and in

visiting the public schools. At this time most of the teachers in these schools were young women who had been students in our 'Topsham normal classes, and several of them were Covenanter girls. It was very pleasant to me, their teacher and pastor, to see so many of them model and successful teachers.

If the reader be a parent, or if a poor pastor needing or owning a cow, he may read some brief extracts from the journal of these months.

"Monday, July 11. Last Saturday evening a farmer was hauling a load of hay along the top of a distant high hill east of the village. From our house the load, drawn by a horse, seemed to be moving along among the clouds, or in the sky. Rosie, now over three years old, saw it. Supposing the object to be up in the sky, and being so high and unlike anything she had ever seen before, supposed it to be God; and in great excitement told Mary, her little sister, to 'run and tell mama to come and see God.' Mary came running and crying out, 'Come, see God!' and pointed up to the moving wagon load of hay.

"Some time ago I had tried to teach Rosie a primary lesson about the divine Being, telling her that he was up in heaven, away above the sky. The foregoing incident shows how signally I had failed to teach her what God is. I hope I may succeed better hereafter, and that in years to come the Spirit will teach my dear daughters *what God is.*"

"Thursday, August 4. This evening I was visited by Mr. Duncan Stewart and Mr. William Morrison, who made us a present of forty-three dollars, stating that it had been collected to buy us a cow, but that by our buying a cow we had prevented them from giving us a surprise with a cow. The money was in good season, as we are in danger of embarrassment if the times continue. We have been fearing debt. God has thus relieved us of fear. To him be the praise."

Having an appointment at Fayston on Sabbath the 14th, and as I always enjoyed the company of young men, especially of pious and brainy students, I invited my friend, Robert McNiece, to be my traveling companion with the design of taking in Camel's Hump on our way. This is a somewhat remarkable peak in the Green Mountain Range and not far south of the only higher part of the range, viz., the Mansfield Mountain. We drove our own horse and buggy the first day and stopped overnight at a hotel (Ridley's) near the foot of the mountain. After returning home I made the following record of our ascent: "After breakfast Robert and I set out for the mountain. We took our horse and buggy two miles over a tolerably good road. Leaving the buggy we saddled the horse and rode and walked time about to near the top of the mountain. At the end of the forest and at the foot of the ledge, within a quarter of a mile of the tip-top, is a small house in which a family lives to prepare meals for visitors. The top of the mountain is a wonderful place. It lifts its head, sharp, high and craggy, up into the clouds. The precipice on the south end of 'the hump' is perpendicular and several hundred feet high.

"After spending an hour or two here among the clouds and rocks we descended, dined, and went on our way to Fayston."

"Friday, September 9. Last evening I heard the painful intelligence that Mr. S. Mills had taken the oath of naturalization, and the freeman's oath, and had voted at the late election. For this news I was partly prepared. But I am sad, as he is a deacon and a leading member of the congregation. Ever since the war began, he has been inclined to become a citizen, and some time ago filed his intention to become one. He is lost to the church. I feel very sad in view of this defection. The deacon is gone to the war. Two of our finest young men are away in college, and the congregation is very small and weak."

“Saturday, October 22. Yesterday I visited Father Keenan and opened my heart to him as to my leaving Topsham congregation. The result of the consultation was a confirmation of my fears that I can not remain much longer. I expect another interview with him to-night. The Redeemer alone, however, can show me the way I should go. I have sought his guidance and only wait to know his will.”

At the next meeting of Presbytery I petitioned for a dissolution of the pastoral relation. I do not now remember the reasons assigned. In my diary under the date of November 4, I find only this brief record: “My petition to Presbytery for a dissolution was not granted. No favor was shown to it. One hundred and fifty dollars were added to my salary. I returned home to find that God had been kind to my family in answer to prayer. And now my petition to God my Saviour is that I may have every requisite grace given to rightly discharge my personal and official duties, and that he would give me success in my labors.”

Submitting to the will of Presbytery I returned home and continued my work as before though under many discouragements that were multiplying every month. Meanwhile the war continued to rage and the result yet was uncertain, so terribly did the rebels fight. The administration had made great advancement in the manner of conducting it. No more fugitive slaves were returned to rebel masters, and there were not so many fugitives from the border and loyal states as before the war, and when any did escape it was far more difficult to capture them. Slaves escaping this way from the rebel states and getting within the lines of the Union armies were taken as recruits; and colored men in the north were enlisted as volunteers. The Abolitionists everywhere rejoiced in these changes. They caused a very strong hope that the God of armies would give the victory to the north and that universal emancipa-

tion would in some way result, though as yet it did not appear how freedom could come to the half million slaves in the loyal states. Meanwhile Abraham Lincoln was reelected to the presidency by such a majority that gave all people to understand that the war, as now beginning to be conducted, would not cease until the slaveholders' rebellion would be subdued.

On Thanksgiving day I preached from the text, 2 Kings 11:12. "And he [the high priest] gave him [the king being inaugurated] the testimony," *i. e.*, the law, or the Pentateuch, the only Bible as yet. The doctrine: It is the duty of the church and ministry to demand of the state and the civil magistrate, or the government, obedience to the law of God. It led to the consideration of the duties of the government at the time—duties that in times of war and revolution we should demand of civilians and statesmen, *e. g.*, that the Federal Constitution be made so that the nation will have a God, a Mediatorial King, a Bible, a religion, Christian rulers, and liberty for all. God's voice now demands this. The old Constitution is disannulled, and the people vote for a better. In the Baltimore *Platform* they say: "We are in favor of such an amendment to the Constitution as shall terminate and forever prohibit the existence of slavery." God's voice demands that every yoke be broken and all the oppressed go free; that no compromise be made with the slaveholding rebels nor they be allowed to return to the Union except as free; and that all men shall be equal before the law.

This discourse was preached three months before the second inauguration of President Lincoln and when no one could know how the war would result or what the government at Washington would do provided the Rebellion should be put down.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN SAD STRAITS AND SADDER PARTINGS.

SHORTLY before Thanksgiving I had received letters from some of the Geneva College Board inquiring whether I could be induced to go to Northwood to take charge of the institution provided I would be invited by the Board. I had replied that possibly I could provided circumstances would be favorable and if the inducements were sufficiently strong. The circumstances that led to this correspondence are not known now except to a very few who at that time were conversant with college matters. The institution was deeply involved in debt. In the progress of the war the students had nearly all enlisted in the army, the college was now closed entirely and the institution suspended indefinitely. The property being in private ownership and with almost no prospect of a revival of the school, it was in danger of being sold under the sheriff's hammer. The United Presbyterians were ready to buy the property if sold by the sheriff. The Covenanters, the friends of the institution, were grieved at the fear that it might pass out of the control of the church. But the debt was so heavy there was no prospect of the property being held unless the school would be opened again, and of this there was no prospect. The date of the sheriff's sale had been fixed. The parties who had opened the correspondence with me and who knew of the scholarship of Mrs. Johnston and of her reputation as a teacher, were waiting to hear my reply. They had assured me that if we would go and open the school without delay, the property

would not be sold. As the time fixed for the sheriff's sale was near at hand the correspondence now had to be by telegraph. I wired our acceptance and intention to go soon; and so the sale was arrested. I made this decision in the confident hope that when Presbytery would learn the facts both at Northwood and in Topsham, my request to be released from my pastoral charge would be granted; and in this hope I sent my petition to Presbytery that the pastoral relation might be dissolved. If I erred in promising to go to Northwood before obtaining Presbytery's consent, my apology was in the peculiar circumstances as narrated above. Besides, even the urgency of the call to go to save the college from being lost to the church would not have induced me to leave my charge and home in Topsham if for reasons not yet stated I had not become so discouraged, probably sinfully, that I was almost ready to ask a second time to be released. When at this time the unexpected call came from Northwood I believed it was my duty to go. Among discouragements in Topsham these may be mentioned: the war had taken away so many of the young men, some of them being sons of the church and others members by their own profession; and the congregation was growing weaker though the number was kept up by the addition mostly of women. A member of the congregation who had been tried by the session for a violation of the rules of the church in the use of rum and in supplying it to his co workers in the harvest-field, would not confess his fault and so was under suspension. On the other hand one of the elders, who used the rum supplied, confessed his fault and submitted to censure. The defection and the expected departure of Deacon Mills, who was a man of much influence and who I feared might sow bad seed in the congregation, had much influence on my mind.

Moreover, the pastor's salary was so small that we could

scarcely "make ends meet," and the people, nearly all of whom were poor or in very moderate circumstances, were unable to pay what was necessary for our support except in straitened circumstances. The Presbytery had supplemented the salary so long I feared some might be tired of it. By one not knowing the character of the community nor the personnel of the congregation, the pastor might be adjudged to be inefficient, and so my pride was touched. But the most discouraging fact was that two of the elders had become alienated in consequence of a strife originating in some business matters. The other elder and the pastor labored earnestly to bring back a reconciliation and brotherly love, but failed. Our meetings of session were not marked by love and harmony as in times bygone. I lost heart for I saw little prospect of a return of former fraternal love. But I had determined to resign my charge and notify the congregation of it, however painful the duty. In my diary of December 9 I find the following entry: "I have petitioned Presbytery for a disjunction which I confidently expect. The trial of separation from this people will be great. Long have they been endeared to me by the holiest ties. But my work here seems to be done."

I regretted that I would have to depart before my exposition of the prophecies of Isaiah were complete. My interest in them had grown from the first. I had seen how justly he had been called "the evangelical prophet." The last lecture was on the last paragraph, verses 17-25, of the sixty-fifth chapter. As the book had not been finished I was reminded of the elder's good wife who had expressed her fears when I began the difficult work of the exposition of the book.

Reviewing my journal for the months previous to my departure, I see that nearly all my sermons were from texts tending to awaken sinners or to strengthen and comfort the

disciples. On the Sabbath before the last, the text was: "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee" On the last Sabbath, in the forenoon: "We shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ" In the afternoon the farewell sermon was from 2 Cor. 13: 11. "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort," etc. The valedictory was to the brethren in Christ, to the aged, to parents, to the youth, to the elders and to the entire congregation. On Monday, the last day before departure, the following entry was made: "Yesterday I preached in sadness to a large congregation. O that I could have been spared the severe task of preaching my farewell sermon to a people so good and so affectionate. To-morrow I am to bid adieu to these loved scenes, the grave of Eliza, these dear brethren, and these places of sweet communion."

On Tuesday morning, December 13, 1865, we said good-by to many dear friends, gave up the keys of the parsonage, and took our last look at the dear old church whose bell had summoned us so often to the worship of God and to the fellowship of his dear saints. Good friends drove us in their sleighs to Bradford and we were soon on the train for Springfield, Mass., and thence to Belle-Centre and Northwood, Ohio. There were five of us, husband and wife with our two little children, and our sister Almira Rogers who had been with us in Topsham a short time as a member of our family and a student in the school. On the way I had time for meditation and review. I was not joyous, for we had left behind so many sacred recollections and were going we knew not whither. The geography of the place we knew, but what reception we would meet and what would be our success in resurrecting a dead literary institution, who could tell us? In this sense we were going to a land we knew not of.

In turning my back upon a field in which I had labored

about thirteen years—a field I loved and a work I loved—and fearing lest I might be making a great mistake in what I was doing, I know I was not very joyous nor very hopeful. Reflecting upon the work of those past years I knew I had much satisfaction, and I know I was thankful for what God had wrought. When I took charge of the congregation it had been destitute of a pastor for twenty-five years, the majority of the members were old people, and most of these were women. I regarded the place as little more than a mission field. During its occupancy I learned to love aged people more than ever before; and the memory of those dear women from whom I learned so much, to whom I so often broke the bread of life, with whom on their death-bed I had so many sweet seasons of communion, and whose bodies I followed to the grave, is very precious. How joyous will be the meeting when in the Father's house their youth and mine will be perennial. During the same years many others in youth and some in middle life were removed to their heavenly home. Only two or three were removed by suspension. During the entire pastorate about fifty persons were added to the church most of them on examination and baptism and a majority of them young people. Thus if there had not been so many deaths, besides numerous removals, the roll of membership would have been over one hundred. If He whom I tried to serve in humility blessed my instrumentality for the salvation of many whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life, let Him have all the glory. He only is their Saviour.

CHAPTER XL.

A NEW HOME AND NEW WORK.

ON arrival at Northwood we found an empty college and cold and dreary rooms in the empty and almost tumble-down seminary building which we were expected to make our habitation. It was in vexatious contrast with the beautiful cottage parsonage we had left behind. But as we had not made the change for the sake of a better home we hastened to prepare for our work as teachers. We went to that little village not for its sake but to rescue the college, to save it to the church, and to revive the institution. And as this could be done only by making a beginning and by hard work, we immediately announced by a circular and by advertisements in the papers that on a certain date the "Geneva Collegiate Institute" would be open for the reception of students. We could not say *college*, for there was no such institution unless brick and mortar make a college. Nor had we a Board of Trustees at our back. The buildings were offered to us free of rent, and that was all that was done to help us. It was mid-winter. We expected little. But the sheriff's hammer had not been heard as had been feared, and now a beginning must be made even though the young men were nearly all gone to the war. And so on the morning of the appointed day, January 10, 1865, the old bell was rung. It had been silent so long its sound almost startled the villagers who may have adjudged us revivalists crazy who would think of awakening into life a dead body that had not had even a decent burial. But it must be

attempted; and so the old bell rang out the call for students to assemble. About fifteen came the first morning, and we began to work. The next morning there were more; but during this short term the number probably did not exceed twenty. It was a wonder even to ourselves that so many came then.

During this short winter session our recitations were conducted in the rooms of the seminary building. At the opening of the spring term we met in the college and the number of students was much larger. A few came from other parts of the church, and a few boarders were received into the seminary building. We were busy workers and had no help except a little from our dear sister Almira who was also a student in college and hard at study. The second term closed with two days of examination of classes and with a good program of literary exercises on the evening of the last day. The students acquitted themselves so honorably we were greatly encouraged. The institution was saved to the church, and between the clouds that had been dark so long there were some bright openings.

During these first months of college work the bloody scenes of the war were multiplying and the nation trembling as in the balance, though the preponderance was in favor of the north. Charleston was captured, Richmond was evacuated by General Lee and occupied by colored troops of the Union Army, Lee surrendered, and other Confederate generals soon afterwards. Jefferson Davis, the president of the slaveholder's confederacy, disguised in woman's clothes, was captured in Georgia. Peace was proclaimed at Washington, and the great Civil War was over. Covenanters rejoiced with all others, and no wonder, for they too had been sufferers and longed for peace in the hope that it would be followed by universal emancipation as it finally was. The war lasted four years during which there had been an awful holocaust

among both northern and southern soldiers, more than half a million in all; and it left the United States with a debt of more than two billion seven hundred million dollars. Five days after Lee's surrender to General Grant, President Lincoln was assassinated while sitting in a theater in Washington. This was followed by universal excitement and great lamentation. The President had evidently been educated during the war to a higher regard for human freedom. If he had not been bound by the fetters of a pro-slavery Constitution and slaveholding Union he might have been an Abolitionist, for he was a man of a tender heart and magnanimous soul. The man was better than the Constitution and government to which he was sworn to be loyal. But he erred as did politicians and most of statesmen, in being governed by human enactments more than by divine. For this the whole nation was punished and its honored President cut down by the hand of the assassin. Meanwhile I had attended Synod at Utica and had preached frequently for the pastors of the First Miami and Rusheylnvania congregations. They had no compassion for a teacher who was already overburdened and had no time for study except for the class-room unless it would be stolen from King Morpheus who always punishes poor mortals that violate his laws.

During the summer vacation we attended the Ohio State Teachers' Convention at Cincinnati. For much that made that occasion pleasant we were indebted to Brother J. L. McCartney, the pastor in Northwood. During the days spent in the "Queen City" Mrs. Johnston went with me over into Covington, Ky., from which place I had at one time helped to rescue the fugitive slaves. This was the first time she had ever set her foot on slave soil. And I must not forget to mention that one night during the state convention I enjoyed the company of my old friend, Hugh Glasgow, in a visit to the great observatory on Mount Adams. He had

not forgotten our rescue of the slaves, and he jocosely called me "nigger thief." That good Abolitionist was never ashamed of having been a slave emancipator.

According to previous arrangements, during the summer vacation we had a normal school, or a large class of normal students who either were teachers or preparing to teach; and they were noble young men and women who afterwards became honored teachers. During this brief term I gave seven or eight lectures before the normal class, the themes being as follows: The Teacher's Work, (two lectures); Literary Qualifications of the Teacher; Physiology in the Schools; Music in the Schools; Personal Habits of the Teachers; Aptness to Teach; and How to Conduct recitations. We regarded this normal school a success, but this success was due largely, I am sure, to my "better half," a graduate of New York Normal School and ever afterwards a deservedly popular teacher.

August 1st being the anniversary of the British West India emancipation, there was a great celebration by the colored people at Urbana, O., at which in accordance with previous invitation I gave an address. The convention was very large and enthusiastic, for they rejoiced in the hope that in the United States slavery would soon be no more.

At the late Synod in May, a Board of Education was appointed consisting of Rev. A. M. Milligan, Rev. T. P. Stevenson, Rev. H. P. McClurkin, Rev. J. L. McCartney, and four elders. They were instructed "to confer with the present owners of the college building and Female Seminary at Northwood and purchase the same if they can be obtained on reasonable terms and free from all claims and incumbrances, if this will, in their judgment, conduce to the furtherance of the object committed to them." At the same meeting Synod took action towards the education of colored students. The language of the resolution is this: "That we

take measures for establishing a school in which talented colored persons may receive preparatory training for the work of teaching their brethren and preaching the Gospel of Christ. This school shall be under the control of a Board elected biennially by the Synod, consisting of four ministers and four laymen of the church, who shall receive instruction from this court and report annually." That said school was designed to be at Northwood does not appear from the resolution, but I know it was so intended provided the buildings could be purchased by the church. Another resolution directed the Board of Missions to appeal to the church for pecuniary aid; and Synod appointed a delegation of three ministers and an elder to visit Europe and to solicit funds to assist in this educational scheme. They were Rev. S. O. Wylie, Rev. J. M. Willson, Rev. A. M. Milligan and Elder John Caldwell. This delegation went to Europe sometime during the following summer but did not report until the next Synod. It was generally understood, however, that very little money was raised.

On the 6th of August following the Board met at Northwood to carry out directions of Synod and among other business transacted was the election of four professors, viz. J. C. K. Milligan of New York, N. R. Johnston, Professor Newell of Pittsburg, and Mrs. R. R. Johnston.

During the fall and winter sessions of our institute the number of students increased; they were of a superior class of youth from the vicinity and from distant parts of the church; and we were much encouraged though pressed with hard work as there were only three teachers beside the music teacher. During the winter months Mrs. Johnston taught in the college chapel a very large class in vocal music.

Some time in February, 1866, the Board of Education met in Allegheny, Pa., and elected Rev. J. C. K. Milligan of New York as president, and Professor Stevenson, principal

of the High School of Norwalk, O., as his first alternate, and Rev. D. McAllister of Walton, N. Y., his second alternate. Rev. Mr. Milligan did not accept the appointment. Professor Stephenson visited Northwood and soon after returning home sent to the Board his non-acceptance. He was of Covenanter parentage but at this time he was a member of the Presbyterian Church. I do not now remember what was the decision of the second alternate. Nor was it strange that the elected did not accept the offered positions. They could easily see that it would be no easy task to build up a literary institution that had been dead and that had no endowment and no rich church to furnish the needed money or patronage. They must have seen that it would take years of patient toil to make the school a success, and years with little if any pecuniary remuneration. Besides, a factor in the problem that had to be solved must have been seen by all of them, viz., the social and ecclesiastical atmosphere of Northwood was not favorable to success; and not a few saw that for other reasons that village was not the proper place for a college. Meanwhile all these things which indicated how unsettled the affairs of the institution were and were likely to be, operated seriously against the present interests of the institution which as yet was only private. We desired it and expected it to be a church school, but we were discouraged by the action and the inaction of the Board and others, and we believed that if the school had been left in our hands without interference we could have soon made it a success. But the church needed and wished a denominational college, and to this end we wished to cooperate with others in all proper effort. One of the greatest hindrances to the prosperity of the institution was the presence of two rival or hostile congregations of the same denomination. The former pastor of the first church had been the principal agent in founding and building up the school. He had

opposed the organization of the second church because of the opposition to the office of the church deacon; and so the "anti-deacon congregation" with an "anti-deacon" pastor, so called, did not cooperate in efforts to make the school a success. Such was the fact and it was known all over the church. To harmonize these hostile forces so divided on "the deacon question," was the aim of Synod in her subsequent action. To accomplish this end the friends of the college thought it would be better to compromise the present teachers than to fail to secure the favor of those who had withheld their favor heretofore. Meanwhile we could do nothing but stand at our post of labor and endeavor to keep the school in good working order until it would become in every way a church institution.

As other duties besides teaching were devolved upon me sometimes I had to leave my classes in charge of others. This was done twice during the spring season, first when I went to Presbytery and afterwards to Synod. As I had been transferred from New York Presbytery to that of the Lakes, and had been moderator in the latter during the past year, it devolved upon me to preach the opening sermon at the spring meeting. This was held in Cedar Lake congregation, Rev. John French pastor. The sermon was from the text: 1 Tim 4:15. "Give thyself wholly to them," and was a "*Concio ad Clerum.*" This attendance upon Presbytery gave me opportunity to visit my dear old fellow-student, Rev. J. French.

Synod met this spring at Rochester, N. Y. I was glad to be able to attend the meeting; and I expected to meet at it my beloved brother R. J. Dodds who was now on a visit home from the Syrian Mission. I was late in arriving and was not present until he had been chosen moderator and was in the chair. So we had no opportunity to meet until after the forenoon session. As soon as the prayer of adjourn-

ment was concluded I hurried up to the platform where he made his way past others and met me. We embraced each other and, after the oriental manner, kissed each other. How pleasant is brotherly love; besides, it is deathless.

At that meeting of Synod Rev. Joseph McCracken was chosen principal of "Geneva Collegiate Institute" with power to employ the other teachers. What were the motives of Synod in taking this action I did not know certainly then, nor do I now, though I see that in making a note of it in my journal after my return home I wrote the following sentence among others, viz.: 'His election was owing not to dissatisfaction with us as teachers or managers but as a matter of policy, party spirit, and in compromise.' If I could have foreseen what has transpired since that time, now a generation ago, I might not have written as I did then. There may have been much dissatisfaction with the principal, though I did not know of any, but I know that with the vice-principal, Mrs. Johnston, there could be none. Moreover, it was manifest from what was said in Synod it was the design and expectation that the principal elect would retain the teachers now in the school. With the action of Synod, however, we were dissatisfied. We saw no need of it, but we saw what we feared would be against the interest of the institution as a school for the education of colored students, and we never had known of a College Board that gave power to a president to fill the other chairs of the faculty; and so the action of Synod made us somewhat restless.

The summer session of college closed about the 21st of June. As Synod had assigned me to Pittsburg Presbytery during the month of July, we resolved to visit some friends in western Pennsylvania while I would be fulfilling appointments there. On our way we visited my oldest brother, Rev. J. B. Johnston, now pastor of the United Presbyterian Church in St. Clairsville, O. Here I left my family for two

Sabbaths while I went on to preach as per appointments at New Alexandria and at Clarksburg, recently made vacant by the departure of Rev. A. M. Milligan to the new organization in Pittsburg. Returning from Clarksburg, I stopped at Saltzburg to visit my aged aunt, Elizabeth Robinson, at her home there. I had never had an opportunity of seeing her. She was the only surviving sister of my mother. In honor of my Uncle Robert Robinson I had received my middle name, and I knew before I met my aunt, for I had heard much of her, that I would love her; and I did, and had a precious visit with her and with her children, two or three families of them. A few years afterwards I visited her again several times. I found her to be one of the loveliest Christian women. To this day I can not remember of knowing any one more Christlike.

After this visit I went according to appointment to meet my family at Rochester, Pa., whence we went to New Castle to visit my old and long-trying friend, Dr. Tidball.

We had not been home long until I very unexpectedly received official information that I had been elected president of Franklin College, my *alma mater*. The war had taken away so many students and had so affected the faculty that the president's chair was vacant and the institution in need of special efforts looking towards revival. Strong influences were brought to bear upon me, but after prayerful consideration I did not feel free to accept the position offered, and sent my declinature to the Board of Trustees. The greatest difficulty in the way of acceptance was the fact that neither in New Athens nor near to it was there any Covenanter congregation. Neither of us could consent, even under the strong inducements, to make our home where we would be isolated from the church we loved so well. Nor were we the only ones concerned. We could not forget that our two little daughters, if spared, would be in such environments

as would tend to take them out of the old Covenanter Church. This and our daughters we loved more than I loved my *alma mater*; and we never regretted my decision.

During our visit at New Castle numerous friends, including Rev. Dr. R. Audley Browne, the late chaplain of the "Round-head" regiment, endeavored to persuade us to go there to open an academy. Accordingly I again visited that city, surveyed the field, and returned home again. We lost no time in giving notice of our intention to leave Northwood and to remove to New Castle. On the 11th of September we opened the "New Castle Academy and Ladies' Seminary" with twenty-two students mostly in the higher branches. The number of students in subsequent terms increased until we had a good school and many most interesting and excellent young men and young women most of whom were preparing to enter college or to be teachers or to study for the professions. The community was eminently moral and religious except the foreign population employed in the numerous iron works. Among the Protestant churches there were two Presbyterian, Old School and New, a large congregation of United Presbyterians, Dr. Browne the pastor, a small "New Light" Covenanter congregation, Rev. Theodore Wylie pastor, and the "Old Light" Covenanter, Rev. J. C. Smith pastor. He had charge of the two other "branches" besides, so that he preached in New Castle only every third Sabbath.

During that autumn and winter Mr. James Buck, licentiate, was engaged in teaching near the city, but he was in such feeble health that he did not wish to receive Presbyterian appointments. As there were two Covenanter preachers there, Pastor Smith invited us both to preach in his pulpit the Sabbaths he was absent, which we did, so that the people had preaching every Sabbath. As I had some appointments elsewhere in Pittsburg Presbytery I had little time to rest.

My reward was in the hope that the service I rendered would not be in vain. The service that Mr. Buck and I rendered was gratuitous and to help both the pastor and the little congregation. In a few years they became able to call and support a pastor all the time.

During that fall and winter I became well and intimately acquainted with Mr. Buck, and I soon learned to love him; and no wonder, for he was indeed a lovable man. His most prominent natural trait was amiability. He was also intellectual and scholarly, genial and sometimes versatile. Though sorely afflicted, for he was a marked victim of consumption, he was always cheerful; and I can not doubt that his was the joy of the Spirit. Moreover, he was an excellent preacher. He had clear and well-defined perceptions of truth with ability to express it in good style though not very oratorical. He evidently studied to be clear and logical in his enunciations of truth, so that as a preacher he was both didactic and convincing. He loved the truth and dared to express it. He had been trained in the Associate Reformed Church, but becoming convinced of the truth as held by the Reformed Presbyterian Church he became a Coveuanter and continued firm in his attachment to our distinctive principles to the end. When the spring came Mr. Buck was sent by the Home Board as a missionary or stated supply to Elliota, Minn., where he preached with such acceptance that he was called as pastor and continued to labor as such to the end of his short life. If the Coveuanter Church in the United States ever had a McCheyne, he was James Buck.

Prior to our going to New Castle I had only a slight acquaintance with Pastor J. C. Smith. During our residence there I became well and intimately acquainted with him and soon learned to prize him highly. I assisted him at several communions and was always glad to help him in active labors in any way possible. In the pulpit and out of it, at home

and almost everywhere and always, he seemed to me to be an Israelite indeed in whom was no guile. As his residence at Rose Point was eight miles distant, I was more frequently thrown into the society of the pastors in New Castle. Rev. Theodore Wylie was genial and very companionable. A bond of union between him and us was his lovely daughter who was one of our students; and he ever acted as though he thought Old School Covenanters were as good as the New—a rare attainment. While we remained in New Castle he acceded to the New School Presbyterian Church and became pastor of the second Presbyterian congregation. Nearly all his former parishioners followed him. In this new relation he was the successor of Rev. A. B. Bradford, formerly of the Free Presbyterian Church and who in his later years became so “broad-church” in his religious belief as to be more infidel than Christian.

But our warmest friend and most beloved was Rev. Dr. Browne, the same who had been so kind to me at Beaufort, S. C. He was pastor of the large and only United Presbyterian Church in the town. Now there is a second. This broke off from the old because they believed in the organ and wanted one in the church. Dr. Browne and a majority of the congregation opposed its introduction, and the result was a second church in which the loud-sounding wind instrument leads the singers or makes music for the hearers.

As Dr. Browne yet survives and is still a pastor and active worker, I hesitate to write freely of him; but as the writer will soon be here no more, I can not withhold my testimony as to his worth. With only one exception there was no one in New Castle whom I knew so well. He was emphatically a Christian gentleman. For amiability of character, upright and honorable deportment, devotion to principle, and activity in Christian work, Dr. Robert Audley Browne had no superior if any equal in the community. None received



ROBERT AUDLEY BROWNE, D. D.

so many honors; none had more influence. He was active in benevolent and reform movements. He was a zealous and outspoken National Reformer. He was a warm friend of Covenanters. None would have been more welcomed into our fellowship. Indeed, I loved him so much I would have stolen him away from the United Presbyterians if it could have been. No one adored him as did his worthy wife; and no children loved their father more than did his. He occasionally asked me to preach in his pulpit, and except in some Covenanter pulpits in none did I feel more at home. When the time came for our leaving New Castle I would have been more loath to depart if I had not hoped to meet Dr. Browne often again.

The pastor of the Old School Presbyterian Church was D. X. Junkin, D. D., a brother of the distinguished Dr. George K. Junkin, a strong pro-slavery divine of Kentucky. The New Castle pastor was a man and minister of superior ability, of gentlemanly deportment, and sound in theology. He had more than respect for Covenanters, and several times invited me to fill his pulpit in his absence. But, like his brother, he had been pro-slavery, and he was a strong opposer of the National Reform movement. As he was very fond of debate we gave him several opportunities to show his combativeness. The first was at the time of a large National Reform Convention when he stoutly fought against the passage of some of the resolutions. Others, as the editor of the leading New Castle paper, and several prominent lawyers, two of whom were members of Dr. Junkin's congregation, opposed the reform. The people of the town were aroused, pro and con, and the papers entered into the discussion. As I had been most active in getting up the convention, I determined afterwards to keep up the agitation for the truth's sake, and invited Rev. Dr. Sloane, professor of theology in Allegheny, to come to give a lecture

on National Reform. It was given before a very large audience. At its close Dr. Junkin arose and challenged Dr. Sloane to a public debate on the subject. It was accepted. The arrangements were soon concluded. The debate was between two strong men. Two giants met. Dr. Sloane, always powerful in debate, had met his match; but as the conflict continued he rose above himself, and as he had truth on his side he evidently gained the mastery over an able and honorable opponent. And such was the judgment of the great audience present, a majority of whom were National Reformers, Covenanters and United Presbyterians. Many came from a distance to hear the debate. The applause made it manifest that a majority were with Dr. Sloane. The debate lasted four nights. The agitation increased to the end and the whole community was aroused. During the time of these debates Dr. Sloane and Dr. A. M. Milligan were guests in our family, and we all had a good time.

The agitation did not cease. Not long afterwards a public meeting or convention was called in a neighboring country church, perhaps near Bedford. I had secured Dr. Milligan as one of the speakers. Two or three United Presbyterian ministers were present to maintain the right. Editor Durbin of New Castle, and a member of Dr. Junkin's church, was there to oppose. He was an able debater. Dr. Milligan, in a speech of great power, gained the victory over him. Never before had I heard my Covenanter friend make such an able and eloquent defense of the truth. At a later date a second National Reform Convention was held in New Castle. At the former the meetings continued through three days or evenings. At the second the meetings assumed the form of a debate, the question being: "Should the Constitution of the United States be amended as proposed by the National Association?" The discussions continued

during five consecutive nights. The ablest talent in the city, ministers, lawyers and others, opposed the reform. One was a Jew and a Democrat. His son and daughter were students in our school. Some of the leading defenders of the truth were Rev. J. C. Smith, student Quarles, a young colored man and Covenanter, formerly of Geneva but now at Westminster College, Rev. J. W. Bain (United Presbyterian), Dr. Browne, A. M. Milligan, and Dr. Sloane. I find in my journal of that date the following entry: "Throughout the debates Truth won victories, and at the close she evidently gained a grand triumph. I think great good will result from the discussions; and I am glad that I have had the opportunity to speak for Christ and his cause."

CHAPTER XLII.

PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS.

DURING our long summer vacation of 1868 Mrs. Johnston and I, with our little girls, made a visit back to their birth-place and the grave of one whose dust had lain in the Topsham cemetery eleven long years. Leaving home on the 9th of July our journey lay through Syracuse, N. Y., where we stopped a few hours to visit our old friends, Rev. J. M. Armour and family. He was pastor there then. Thence we went by Oswego and on Lake Ontario and by the Thousand Islands to Ogdensburg and on to Lisbon where I was expected to preach on Sabbath. While there we were kindly entertained in the family of Elder John Coleman whose sons are now honored workers in Pittsburg Presbytery.

From Lisbon we journeyed by rail to Plattsburg and thence by boat to Burlington, remaining there over night. That day and night, July 13, were said to be the hottest ever known. In the coolest place to be found in the shade the mercury stood at ninety-nine degrees. On our arrival at White River Junction on the Connecticut, at noon it stood at one hundred and one degrees in the shade, hotter than ever known before. By cars and stage we were in Topsham by 6 o'clock in the evening, happy again at seeing the grand old hills, the beautiful forests and streams, and the old church and parsonage. Most of all was I happy to meet with many of the dear friends of former years. Old memories were revived, happy days of communion and labor

among a good people who loved me as pastor and friend could not be forgotten, and I wished I had never left my first field of labor when so many, all as far as I know, wished me to remain. Had I not done them a great wrong?

As the pulpit was vacant and it was known that I would preach on Sabbath, a large assembly came to worship in the old church. Besides the brethren and their families there was a large concourse of hearers of all kinds of non-professors and of other churches. The text for the morning service was: "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" for the afternoon: "And few there be that find it," *i. e.*, the narrow way that leads to life.

Between the two Sabbaths I attended the commencement at Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., at which Carlos White, one of the young men of the Topsham congregation, had finished the course of study. He was the son of Congregational parents. When a growing boy he attended our Covenanter Sabbath-school and afterwards was a student in the pastor's school. Under such influences he accepted our principles and was received into the church by baptism. While I was yet the pastor he volunteered as a soldier in one of the Vermont regiments. After he was mustered out he entered college and completed the course. At one time I had hoped he would become a theological student, but after his graduation he went into business as a book-seller. After a few years I heard of his going to California and engaging in business there.

As I could not remain more than two Sabbaths, on the second I preached in the forenoon from, "The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner," and in the P. M. from, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." At the time I thought that would probably be my last visit and sermon in Topsham. In the closing address I was moved to speak earnest and loving words to

three classes of people with which the church was largely filled, viz., unconverted sinners, professors of religion especially Covenanters, and the afflicted and sorrowing. Of these there were many. Some had lost soldier sons and others, not a few, were mourning bereavements from other causes.

While we lingered at our old home we spent most of the time in visiting friends and receiving visits from the brethren. One day was spent in a picnic in Elder Divoll's grove. This gathering was arranged for largely by my dear old friend Elder Daniel Keenan; and he was happy and made a little address, something he rarely ever did. That church gathering was made the more pleasant by the presence of two young ladies recently from Washington, D. C., and teachers in our Freedman's Mission there, viz., Miss Sarah Morse of Craftsbury, and Miss Helen Johnston of Ohio. They were visiting Mrs. Emily Divoll Taggart, also a teacher in the mission. Miss Clough, the fourth teacher, had gone over to Ryegate, her home. It was their vacation.

After having spent over two weeks with our old friends, and leaving my family to remain a week or two longer while I went forward to Lisbon and to Sterling, N. Y., where I was expected to preach, I bade good-by to the people from whom I was loath to separate. No spot on earth was so dear.

At Sterling I was most royally entertained by Elder John Hunter and family whom I had never seen before. On the journey thither I read "Old Mortality," Walter Scott's subtle and unjust attack upon the Covenanters of Scotland; and the next week while waiting the arrival of my family I read what I found in Mr. Hunter's library, Herbert Spencer's work on education, a dangerous book though abounding with excellent thoughts.

On Friday Mr. and Mrs. Hunter went with me to Fulton to meet my family. We were most kindly entertained by

them during our stay. Few Covenanter congregations have such excellent people among them. Would that the number of such were greatly multiplied all over the church. Her institutions would not languish. Long years have passed since we parted from those kind friends, but I never can forget how, during our stay in Sterling, those good people so won my affections that I can remember no fault in them. Of few of all my friends can I so write. Sabbath over, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter brought us to Fulton to take the train homeward bound. At Syracuse we again visited a few hours with Brother Armour, and then were off for our New Castle home. Thus was spent one of our most pleasant vacations.

During the autumn and winter I preached nearly every Sabbath either in the New Castle church or fulfilling appointments within the bounds of Presbytery. For the first time I became an active worker in the Y. M. C. A. The occasion of it was an invitation to take charge of the Bible class which met in the hall of the association. I was free to do so as only the Psalms of inspiration were used in their devotional meetings. This was due largely to the many United Presbyterians and Covenanters in the association. I began my work in the class by a lecture on the Bible. At this time there were no International Bible Lessons. This system had its origin at a later date. We selected the book of Acts. It was during these years that I formed the acquaintance of Ira D. Sankey, the "Gospel singer." His home was in New Castle; he was the leader of the choir of the First Methodist Episcopal Church; and he was an active member of the Y. M. C. A.

In New Castle there was a lecture lyceum that brought some able and popular lecturers. Among these was Theodore Tilton. His lecture was on "True Statesmanship." He showed what should be the character of the legislation of the country with reference to convicts, Indians, foreigners,

colored people and women. On all these subjects he was radical and generally accurate. At that time there was in the country no more advanced thinker. His greatest needs were piety and a fuller belief of evangelical truth. It was during this course, though earlier, that Frederick Douglass gave his lecture on "The One Man Power," or against the veto power. His greatness as an orator did not appear so manifest as in former years when he pleaded for his people in bonds. But the meanness of the caste feeling or of prejudice against color was shown by the shameful neglect shown to Mr. Douglass by the lyceum in which were Democrats and former pro-slavery professional men. It was the rule and had been the practise of the lyceum to make provision for the entertainment of all the lecturers, and a committee or an officer of the lyceum was expected to meet the coming speaker at the railroad station and escort him to the appointed place of lodging. But the eloquent orator was a negro. When his train from Pittsburg arrived no representative of the lyceum was there. I was not a member, but as a personal friend I went to meet him and welcome him to our city. After salutations he said to me, "Where is the committee?" "I do not know." I was much ashamed of my neighbors but I could only try to apologize for them supposing that there might be some mistake somewhere. He said nothing more, but Frederick Douglass had sharpness sufficient to see it all. Taking his gripsack in my hand I conducted him all the way up Main Street to our little cottage to the wonderment of many beholders who had never before seen Frederick Douglass. And so we had the pleasure of entertaining the popular colored orator, and we were glad if for no other reason than that we had the opportunity of silently testifying against caste prejudice. But though he said nothing Mr. Douglass was mad. We walked with him to the hall where we were met by the president of the lyceum,

a United Presbyterian and a city teacher, to whom I introduced Mr. Douglass. They went upon the platform together. Professor Aiken rose and said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of introducing Fred Douglass who will speak to you on 'The One Man Power.'" Mr. Douglass arose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, negro slaves were presumed to have only one name. My master called me *Frederick*. My name is *Frederick* Douglass." As soon as the applause ceased he proceeded to give his lecture; and it was an unanswerable argument against the veto power whether presidential or gubernatorial. We had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Douglass and we enjoyed his company, yet there was one thing wanting. The great orator lacked the one thing needful. He was not a foe to religion but he was destitute of that piety that so generally characterized the slaves and the freedmen. If he had had the religious element as highly cultured as was desirable he would have been a far greater power for the elevation of his race.

The editor of the *New Castle Courant*, the leading paper in the city, had taken an active part in the discussions in one of the National Reform Conventions. A while afterwards in his paper he renewed the attack upon the Reform movement. Believing in the power of the press, I used his own column in reply to the editor. The disputations continued in the weekly paper over two months. That good to the cause of truth resulted was hoped. Whether or not, I could not see error disseminated by the press without an effort to counteract it. The duty is ours; the consequences are God's. And is it not probable that if ministers or other competent writers would use the column of other papers than our own for the advocacy of the truth, the seed would be sown much more extensively?

The Synod of 1869 met at Newburgh, N. Y. During its sessions I took full reports of the proceedings and debates

which were published in the *Morning Journal*. They were sent to about four hundred subscribers. This method of reporting Synod's proceedings which I practised quite a number of times led afterwards to Synod's appointing her own official reporters. On the Sabbath occurring during Synod I preached by the invitation of the pastor in the Methodist Church, colored people. Did any one enjoy a greater privilege?

Soon after returning home, in company with friends I attended the commencement of Westminster College, the United Presbyterian institution at New Wilmington. There had been a prize contest between four or five juniors one of whom was our Covenanter colored student, J. F. Quarles, who had gone from Geneva to Westminster. The prize was won by Mr. Quarles. Only a few years ago he had been a slave. The sword had been God's instrument to cut his chains. Give the millions of freed-people a fair opportunity and ere long they will rank high in the scale of education.

About the middle of November I was pressed into a public debate on a question involved in our distinctive principles. At that time my nephew, Rev. N. M. Johnston, was pastor of the congregation at New Galilee. He was a zealous Covenanter and often talked and preached against the United States Government as unchristian. He was challenged to debate. Arrangements were made to call in others, three on each side, to debate this question: "Is the United States Government the moral ordinance of God?" Coming to me for aid he pressed me into the service as one of the three. A layman, one of his elders, Mr. Young I think, was the third. On the other side, the affirmative, were three ministers, a Presbyterian, a New School Covenanter, and a United Presbyterian. They were all strangers to me. The ablest disputant was Rev. Dr. Scott, the New Light Covenanter. He struggled like a giant in a net. The ablest of the entire

six was my nephew. He was a powerful debater, and he was master of the subject. From boyhood he had been trained in a radical Covenanter school and he was at home on governmental questions. The meetings were at Darlington, Beaver County, and they continued I think three half days. Of course we Covenanters thought we had won the victory. If at the close of the contest any one had told me that my beloved "N. M." would some day change his church relation or go into another body, I would have said: No, never!

During our residence in New Castle a providence occurred that for a time produced a deep impression on my mind. Elder Robert Speer, who lived in the country, had made arrangements for my preaching on a special theme in a New Light Church not far from his home. We went out on Saturday evening to lodge with his family. On Sabbath morning we saw the church all in flames, and it was soon in ashes. Knowing that the people from the country all around would come expecting preaching, Mr. Speer and the near neighbors hastened to extemporize board seats on the threshing-floor of a large barn near the burnt house. Fearing that I could not preach on the subject which I had been studying, I changed my mind and with very little preparation lectured on 2 Peter 3:10-13. I thought afterwards that I was helped by the Spirit; and the presence and aid of Mr. Buck, the licentiate, gave me no little relief. A new house was soon built and I was invited back to preach the discourse prepared before.

And right here I owe it to a good man and to his friends to say that Elder Robert Speer was ranked among those men and elders who in the family are a blessing and in the church pillars. There were other elders of great worth in that congregation but no one was more worthy of being a leader and no one had so much influence. At this writing

he is still on this side of the veil, but after they lay his body in the earth the congregation of New Castle should place upon his grave a beautiful monument in memory of his worth and his work for Christ. On that marble I would cut this epitaph: In memory of a noble Christian man who well and honorably served his generation. He loved his church; he knew her principles, and he was never ashamed of them but always ready and able to maintain them.

Anent the academy a few additional facts may be recorded. We had no athletics except some light gymnastics as taught by Dio Lewis in his book on that subject. We had no gymnasium except a large room off the main hall, and our exercises were mostly with the bean-bags and the wooden dumb-bells. There were two classes, the larger made up of girls and young ladies, the smaller of boys who preferred the school gymnastics to the public baseball games on the common. These "light gymnastics" were fascinating but innocent, and some of the young ladies attributed their good health to their exercise with the dumb-bells and the bean-bags.

Among the students were some who became greatly endeared to us; and some of them became honored workers in the church as well as useful members of Christian families. A peculiar instance was that of Oliver Shiras, the son of honored Methodist parents. He was of brilliant intellect and in moral character a model. He was fond of the classics and read the Latin poets with great delight. But for some unaccountable reason he became somewhat skeptical as to religion. This was known to few if any except his sister, also a student in the academy and a lovely young Christian. She told me of her brother's danger, and she hoped that I might do something to save him from what she feared. Among other books I recommended him to read the book of Job, the translation of Hebrew Hexameter (?). Sometimes

we read portions of it together for its fine English literature. After we left New Castle I learned from his sister that he became so fond of reading Job that he was led to the reading and study of other portions of the Bible for their literature, and the result was his love of the Bible and his conversion to Christ; and after a while he became an earnest preacher of his Gospel. Precious Word of God! Not least among its beauties is its incomparably beautiful literature.

In partial contrast with this case mention may be made of a student of Jewish parentage. He was ambitious to be a good speaker, but he had an impediment in his speech. Except when giving his declamations he was a stammerer. But he continued his determined efforts to overcome his impediment until he succeeded; and he became almost the finest declaimer in the school. He studied law and became a successful practitioner. His father was one of the debaters in our National Reform Conventions—the Jew and the Christian standing side by side in opposition to the proposed Christian amendment. He and the leader in the opposition were Democratic in politics. And so when the oldest daughter of the Jew was to be married, the ceremony by a Jewish rabbi from Cleveland, the Presbyterian pastor and the teachers of the Jewish children were invited to the marriage and its subsequent feast. It was royal. Rhine wine of the finest quality was on the table. Rabbi and Christian pastor both partook, the former freely, the latter only to “sample” it or to be courteous to the family whose guests we were. But wife and I were so well known by the family to be total abstainers we had no difficulty in saying, “Thank you, please excuse us.”

One of our assistant teachers in the New Castle Academy was our young niece, Eliza Johnston, the oldest living daughter of Brother J. B. of St. Clairsville, Ohio. She had been a student with us at Geneva and we knew her worth as

well as her adaptedness to teach. She was a beloved member of our family and she did much in the primary education of our little daughters. Subsequently she went to Egypt as a missionary under the United Presbyterian Board. After doing good service for some years she became the wife of Rev. Dr. Stewart and with him went to the United Presbyterian mission field in northern India. She is now the happy mother of several beautiful children and living again in St. Clairsville. Dr. Stewart's book on the India Missions, written since his return, is not only elaborate but very readable.

After about four years of residence and hard work in New Castle we were induced to make a change which we thought would be for the better. We were not tired of our home. In many ways it was exceedingly pleasant. In no place could we hope to find better society, in few places as good. To most of the Covenanters we became greatly attached, though some were far from being models. A few were unable to resist the temptation of Bacchus and were too often victims of the insatiable thirst for strong drink and so gave grief to their brethren. Would that all who bear the name of Christ were strong in the Lord.

During the time we remained there the school grew steadily both in numbers and in character. Under favorable circumstances we would soon have had a success more than expected at first. But we had to pay high rents for our own residence as well as for the school-rooms occupied. We could scarcely make ends meet. After the first or second session we had to employ assistant teachers. When these were paid and other expenses met, nothing was left. Under such circumstances we were persuaded to remove to New Brighton, a large town lower down the Beaver Valley and across the river from Beaver Falls where Geneva College was located afterwards. Here was a large building

that had once been used for a ladies' seminary but was now vacant. We thought that both economy and our comfort would be promoted by using the house for both residence and school. To secure the house we had to rent also the surrounding two or three acres of ground including garden and orchard. The site was so beautiful, the surroundings so fine, and the prospects so flattering, we agreed to pay what afterwards proved to be an enormous rent, and then prepared to move to the new home. The owner of our school-rooms in New Castle was a rich man and an honored citizen. When we informed him of our intention to remove, giving as one of our reasons the fact that we had no permanent house for the school, he said to us: "Why did you not tell us all this sooner? We would have soon built a good house for your use." But it was now too late. And about the same time one of the Covenanter elders said to me: "Mr. Johnston, why did you not let us know that you thought of leaving us? We would not have let you go." Though I could not tell him so, yet the reason he assigned was one of our reasons for wishing to leave New Castle.

CHAPTER XLII.

OUR NEW FIELD OF LABOR.

AFTER spending a short vacation in putting the seminary building in better shape for the school and for young lady boarders, we opened the spring term of "The Young Ladies' Boarding and Day School" on Monday, April 4, 1870. The number of students was encouraging. Some of the young ladies were from a distance and from Covenanter families, and some were daughters of ministers. We employed two assistant teachers, one for the class-room and one a music teacher. The students were of such a character that we were happy in the hope that we were preparing pious youth for usefulness in the church and in the educational departments.

As in New Castle I was not permitted to have rest but was from the first pressed into service on Sabbaths. Rev. Dr. A. G. Wallace was the pastor of the United Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Dr. Critslow of the Presbyterian, both able preachers and most excellent men. Indeed among all the ministers with whom I have ever formed an intimate acquaintance I can think of none more worthy of affectionate regard. During all our time in that beautiful old town our friendly intercourse was intimate, and, to me, profitable. At his invitation I filled Dr. Critslow's pulpit once or twice, and Dr. Sloane once. Dr. Wallace often constrained me to occupy his pulpit, especially in his absence. In private social fellowship he was a most pleasant and profitable companion. I can not forget the many happy hours we were to-

gether in fraternal intercourse; and with the exception of Dr. Audley Browne and probably one or two others, no United Presbyterian minister ever had a warmer place in my affections. At this writing they both are living and in active and useful work, but they may never read these lines, at least not until after the hand that writes them is turned to dust.

While in New Brighton I had occasional Presbyterial appointments to fulfil but they were at such a distance and so added to my burden of study and work, my energies were overtaxed all the time; and they added both care and hard work to my tireless co-worker. Rest hours or rest days rarely ever came to us. During the same period Rev. N. M. Johnston, pastor at New Galilee, had a preaching station at Rochester, Pa., a short distance below New Brighton. On the Sabbaths of his appointments there we and the Covenanters girls with us in the seminary walked down to worship with his people. We never heard poor preaching in that little hall. It was private property belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson of Rochester and fitted up for preaching. They were the only Covenanters in the town, and they should be remembered as faithful witnesses for Christ to the end.

In New Brighton was a large Temperance League that had kept up the agitation against the liquor traffic. In a public lecture which I was requested by the League to give, I argued that the reform will not succeed so long as radical evils continue, such as a lack of a sense of the guilt involved, alcoholic medications, and the license system. Might not the same things be said now? It was here that I first had the privilege of meeting and hearing Neal Dow, the apostle of Prohibition. Few reformers were ever more devoted to a good cause. Only a few months ago, and at the ripe age of ninety-three, this great and good man ceased from his labors,

lamented by all the friends of temperance and honored by even those who opposed the Maine liquor law. The truth which he maintained with such tenacity triumphed in his own state long ago, but is received as yet by very few others. But that truth was not buried with his body. It is still "marching on," and must yet prevail in the other states of the Union long before the name of Neal Dow is forgotten.

During our long summer vacation we held a normal session of six weeks. It was attended by a large class of teachers the majority of whom were students in the seminary. During the session I prepared and gave eight new lectures for the special benefit of the teachers. Rev. Dr. Critslow gave one of the lectures of the course. I am persuaded that for all our labors for that class of teachers we had our reward in the assurance that they were the better fitted for usefulness.

The fall session opened with a larger attendance than before and with more young lady boarders in the seminary. Most of these now are useful and honorable members of the family and of the church.

During this more than busy term I attended Presbytery at North Union Church. On our way I formed acquaintance, I think it was the first, with Rev. R. J. George then the young pastor of the Mahoning, O., congregation. My first impressions of his character have never been changed; and I have ever been thankful that I was favored with the fraternal regard of one so worthy of my own. As there was no railroad communication to the place, several of the farmers came with double teams and wagons into Allegheny to convey the ministers and elders out to North Union. As the way was long we all stopped at some village or country hotel for dinner that I suppose had been ordered by our friends, the farmers. On the table there was an abundant supply of cider, hard cider, such as most of the Pennsyl-

vania farmers used freely. As far as I could see I think nearly all of our party, some of the ministers as well as the laymen, partook, and some very freely. One I know did not. Probably if their wives had been present more would have drank only water or coffee. But at that time, a short generation ago, there were no White-ribboners in the land, and not until a good many years afterwards was the W. C. T. U. organized.

Two or three weeks after Presbytery I was invited by Rev. John Galbraith, pastor of the North Union church, to assist him during the fall communion season. Few congregations have pastors so worthy of their affection and honor. Beloved by all and of spotless reputation he has come to a ripe old age.

Some time during the following winter we all went into Pittsburg to see and hear Wendell Phillips who gave a lecture on "Questions of the Future"—Temperance, Labor, Woman. As we expected, it was characterized by wonderful prophetic vision, logic, and eloquence. According to previous arrangement we had a short interview with him after the lecture. It was exceedingly pleasant. On meeting them Mr. Phillips lovingly kissed our little daughters. The parents, if not the children also, appreciated the token of his affectionate regard. That was the last time we ever saw Wendell Phillips.

Within a week or two afterwards the following entry was made in my journal: "Monday, January 30, 1871. Heard to-day of the death of my very dear friend and brother, Rev. R. J. Dodds, D. D., of Aleppo, Syria, foreign missionary. My heart is deeply pained at this sad intelligence. Alas! that one so dear and so useful—so needed in the foreign field—should be called away in the midst of a career of great usefulness. Who can fill the vacancy? Alas for the mission! But the Master knows what is best. Our loss is Brother

Dodds' gain. And we may yet see the Master's design."

Under the date of March 24, I find the following: "I should have noted the fact some time ago, that Mrs. Johnston and I have been notified of our election to professors' chairs in the institution at Northwood, Ohio, where we formerly taught; and that we promptly declined the appointments. We should be there as teachers in a school under the care of our church; but under all the circumstances we feel that we can not go honorably unless the action of the Board of Education be different."

The Synod of 1871 is memorable for its act of covenanting. For several years the subject had been before the church, and at a Synod a few years previous some preparation was made for covenanting at that meeting; but it became manifest that the proper time had not yet come. But at the Synod of 1870 it was resolved to engage in the solemn act the next year, and preparations were made for it. The original draft of the bond had been prepared by a committee, Rev. S. O. Wylie, D. D., chairman, and had been printed and scattered over the church for examination; and it was confidently expected that the covenant would be sworn. When the time came the previously-prepared program was carried out and a time of refreshing was enjoyed. That solemn transaction and the exercises connected with it now form a part of the history of the church and need not be repeated here. In my journal at the time I made a record of the whole and what I then thought is manifest from that record. The following will suffice: "I record my gratitude to God for his great goodness to the church and to me. It was a meeting (of Synod) at which the long-desired act of covenanting was engaged in. There were evidences of the presence of the divine Master and of the Holy Spirit. The covenant was sworn and signed by one hundred and forty-four members of Synod and by licentiates and many elders

present. Never in the history of the church in America has she engaged in a work so solemn and important."

According to previous arrangements I took and published very copious reports of the proceedings and the discussions. They came out in the Pittsburg daily *Gazette* and were sent to about five hundred subscribers throughout the church.

During that meeting the action of the Synod's Board of Education in the appointment of Mrs. Johnston and myself as professors in the college at Northwood was confirmed by a unanimous vote, that is, no one voted in the negative. As the act of Synod followed the act of covenanting it settled the question of our going to Geneva again. Our letter of acceptance was now forwarded to the Board and we shaped our plans to remove to Northwood about the first of September.

Our spring term at New Brighton closed about the middle of June and was followed by a short normal session. At the opening I read to the teachers a specially prepared lecture on "The Bible in the Public Schools." This was followed by other lectures as at former sessions. Some of these were given by invited professional men.

This normal session closed our labors in the New Brighton Seminary. When we went there we supposed it was to be our permanent home. But we did not dream that we would ever be recalled to Geneva or that we could be induced to return. But after we received notification of the action of the Board, and when its action was approved by Synod, the path of duty was tolerably plain. There were two additional considerations that had much to do in our decision. Owing to the enormous rents which we had to pay for the grounds as well as the house, we feared financial loss; but we had no sinking fund. The other consideration was weighty. We were not within the bounds of any Covenanter congregation

so that not only we ourselves but the Covenanter girls attending the seminary were deprived of regular ordinances. At that time there was only one Covenanter family living in Beaver Falls. The congregation was not organized there until in November, 1874. Accordingly the good-will of the seminary which had begun to put on fair proportions was transferred to a professional lady teacher who, with assistants, engaged to carry on the school. With many regrets on leaving a home with most beautiful surroundings and many friends to whom we were bound by very strong ties, we had adieu to New Brighton.

CHAPTER XLIII.

GENEVA'S OLD BELL RINGS AGAIN.

WE arrived at Northwood on the 10th of August, 1871, and immediately began to make preparations for work. As the Board expected us to reoccupy the seminary and make it a comfortable home for young ladies from other parts of the church who might wish to board there, we set about renovating it and putting it in good shape, all of which took most of our spare funds.

Before our arrival the two Miami congregations and that of Rushsylvania had made arrangements to unite in taking the covenant that had been sworn by Synod, and the ministers of the entire Presbytery were expected to be present to engage in the act. This was to be followed by a Presbyterial communion. We prepared to join with the people in both the solemn services, and parts of these were assigned to me though not then a member of Presbytery. The services continued during four days, every member of Presbytery having some part. The covenant bond was sworn on Saturday afternoon. Rev. J. C. Boyd being the oldest minister, read the bond, the people all standing. While reading the language of the oath proper they all held up their right hands saying Amen at the end of each section, and at the close all saying: "All that the Lord hath spoken will we do and be obedient." The communion services of Sabbath were remarkably solemn. It was no doubt a time of revival, a day of joy and gladness. The only duty devolved upon me on Monday was the exposition of the Psalm. I explained that part of the seventy-second beginning with

“His large and great dominion
Shall from sea to sea extend.”

According to previous announcement the college year opened on Tuesday, September 12. On the first day only eleven students were enrolled, though the number increased afterwards and grew larger every term. I do not know who had been the teachers during the previous term or year, but I find this entry in my diary of that date, viz.: “Tuesday, September 12. By bad management and bad teaching the institution has been almost ruined. Whether the school can be revived is doubtful. Ours is to labor in hope and wait the indication of God’s will. If even a few young men should be prepared here for the theological seminary, we will not labor in vain.” Rev. William Milroy was the acting president and taught some of the Latin classes and perhaps some others. Of the Latin he was a thorough master. Professor McCartney taught some of the natural sciences. As both were pastors the heavier burden rested upon Mrs. Johnston and me. A few colored students were yet in college, among whom were George M. Elliott, Webster Boxley, Franklin Pepper, and several boys from the south. I remember that the three named were members of my class in Haven’s Mental Science. In a tolerably large class the first of the three was as good as the best. He was among the leaders in all his classes, and yet he worked to pay for his board. The second did not excel in his studies but he was genial, full of fun, and a favorite. The third could not “grasp” the science of metaphysics and sometimes made unfortunate blunders whereat the second was almost certain to laugh and had to be checked by the teacher. It was probably at the end of the winter term that the evening literary exercises excited more than ordinary interest. Prizes in books had been offered for the best essays and orations. “Webster’s Unabridged” was one of

them. I have forgotten the results of the contest except that the judges awarded the dictionary to George M. Elliott, and that Webster Boxley gave an excellent oration on "John Brown of Harper's Ferry." One thing at least was made manifest, that the negro has brains. Mr. Quarles, an emancipated slave and one of the most brilliant of all the students, had gone to Westminster to finish his studies. Afterwards he became enamored with law or politics, received an appointment to some minor consulship and was lost to the church.

During the winter I gave a few lectures in neighboring towns on National Reform; and accompanied by my brother James and some others I attended a national convention at Cincinnati. There were two hundred and fifty delegates. It continued two days during which again I had to do the work of the secretary. Among the prominent speakers were the Boston infidel editor, Mr. Abbott, and Rev. Dr. Mayo who triumphantly vindicated the truth against the opposition of the infidel.

Late in the month of March I assisted Rev. Mr. Milroy, pastor of the second congregation, during his communion season. Preached four sermons and served two tables, the first and the fourth. I was greatly profited by the service throughout the entire season. A few weeks afterwards Rev. McCartney, of the first congregation, held his communion, Rev. A. M. Milligan assisting. As Mrs. Johuston held her membership in that congregation, we were communicants though I performed no ministerial part except to serve one table when I spoke before the distribution of the elements from, "Behold the Lamb of God" and after from, "And we beheld his glory." I think that was the last communion ever enjoyed at Northwood. But I can not forget that during all the months of that winter and spring when we nearly always worshiped in the first church, we heard most excellent preaching. Many of the sermons were the work of a master.

They were full of richest Gospel truths spoken in most beautiful style and adorned with appropriate illustrations.

The Synod of 1872 met at York, N. Y. My brother J. S. was the delegate elder from first Miami's session. Neither of us had ever seen Niagara Falls, and so we arranged to visit them on our way to Synod. As he was a foe to Masonry and all the secret lodges he started a day or two in advance that he might attend an anti-secret convention at Oberlin, O. We met at Cleveland and then traveled together to Niagara. We spent one day in beholding that great world's wonder that must be seen before its grandeur can be known.

At York I was most kindly entertained at the house of Elder Daniel McMillan. The other guests were pleasant companions but not all free from vice. Two of the ministers, and young men too, were tobacco smokers and habitually made the office sitting-room blue with smoke. Were those times of ignorance that God winked at? I trow not. One of those young pastors after a while went out of the church; the other some years afterwards repented and ceased to befoul his "temple of the Holy Ghost."

As yet the institution at Northwood has become only in part a church school. The property belonged to individuals, and the efforts to endow the college had been a failure. The only support for the teachers was the tuition fees. Synod was almost united in the opinion that a church school was a necessity, but the question was, How can the two old hostile wings of the church, the deacon and the anti-deacon, be united in the support of the college? This question "would not down" and perhaps could not so long as there were two rival if not hostile congregations at Northwood. With this question the Synod at York tried once more to grapple. In the faculty during the past year there were only four, the two Northwood pastors and the two who had been brought

from the New Brighton Seminary. These attended the first church and were supposed to belong to the dominant wing. It could hardly be expected that all would always be like a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots. At that Synod at York, and presumably after a recommendation by the Board of Education, Rev. H. H. George was chosen to be president and the former four teachers continued in the faculty. Whether this action was wise and just was doubted by some then and need not be raised now. The dead past has buried its dead. The institution now on College Hill, Beaver Falls, may be the evidence of it.

Having returned home from Synod, as soon as practicable the new faculty, now consisting of five and including H. H. George president elect, met to modify the course of study, agree upon the "chairs" to be occupied, and to issue the new catalogue. In those days the Board of Education allowed the faculty to assign to each member his own chair. I remember that Mrs. Johnston was made principal of the Academic Department, and to me was assigned the chair of Greek.

During the previous college year I had been overworked and needed rest and change. To get away from Northwood, and hoping to gain health, I arranged to spend the summer vacation among the hills of Vermont whose pure air and pure waters were always invigorating. Reluctantly leaving my little family alone in the seminary at Northwood, I took my journey to the Green Mountain state *via* Buffalo, and hastened on to Craftsbury and arrived a day or two before the fast day of the approaching communion. His Presbytery had appointed Rev. J. B. Williams, an old fellow-student in the seminary, to dispense the sacrament of the supper in the congregation then vacant, and I had been invited to assist him. While there and all the time I tarried in Craftsbury I made my home in the family of Elder Aurelius

Morse; and it was a good home. Intelligent Yankees, good Covenanters, and devout Christians—why should not such always make a good home?

During the communion season I performed the work and services usually assigned to the assistant. On Saturday after I came down from the pulpit a lady came up and gave me her hand. Her face was all smiles, but though I knew she was a former young friend in Topsham I could not name her. I asked her name. "It used to be Mary Currier; now it is Batten." She had been one of the many young people brought into the church in Topsham. And she told me that she who used to be Lizzie Hood, now married, lived her neighbor. They both had been converts from the world and were devout disciples and still adhering firm to their early faith. Do not such fruits of labor bestowed make the heart joyful?

On Monday P. M. I joined Elder Morse and Brother Williams to Barnet church where a delegation from Presbytery met to organize a new congregation. Formerly it had been united with Ryegate, under Pastor Beattie, but they now wished to be separate and call a new pastor for his full time. In the new organization there were seventy three members. Many of the Topsham people were at the meeting and I was happy to meet them.

Returning with Elder Morse to Craftsbury I remained there two or three weeks longer, and though in feeble health I preached every Sabbath. Much of the time I could eat very little food, though to help me to recuperate I worked often and long in the hay-field with Mr. Morse. I rambled in the adjacent forests, or rode over the hills as often as possible, but my health did not improve until after I started on my journey homeward. Two or three days before I left Mr. Morse's, when something was said about my ill health, he said to me: "I guess, Mr. Johnston, you

are homesick." Said I: "Why do you think so?" He replied: "You may as well own up." Said I: "How would you feel if you were a thousand miles from your family and could not hope to see them for long weeks?" To which his daughter replied: "Father would be *crazy* if he were away from home only *three days*." That daughter was Sarah (now Mrs. Little) who had been a teacher in our Freeman's Mission in Washington, D. C.

On the last Sabbath of July I preached as per appointment at the Barnet church. While there I was entertained in the family of Elder A. Shields, son of one of our former Topsham elders and brother of Rev. R. Shields. Here I met Rev. Mr. Calderwood and family, missionaries from India. They were visiting his sister, Mrs. Shields. He was a New Light Covenanter and afterwards returned to India. While remaining at Mr. Shield's I enjoyed the company of the returned missionary and the other friends in a fishing party on "Harvey's Pond," one of the most beautiful little lakes in the state, and they are numerous. My record says, "We caught fifty-five good-sized perch," but I guess I didn't catch many of them, though I expect I ate my share of them for I always loved the fresh fish of Vermont, and now I was coming to my appetite.

The next week I passed on to Topsham where I was expected to preach two Sabbaths, but because of what my wife had written in several letters from home I could remain only one. While tarrying there I was happy in visiting and receiving visits from dear old friends. My texts that Sabbath were, "Except a man be born again he can not see the kingdom of God," and "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." At that time I supposed I never again would see the Topsham people.

While in Vermont I received frequent letters from Mrs. Johnston. After I had left home she had received two

letters addressed to me from Rev. Dr. D. W. Collins of Blairsville, Pa., which she forwarded to me. The second was an official letter from him as the president of the Board of Trustees of the "Blairsville Boys' Academy" informing me that I had been elected principal of the academy and that they wished to hear from me soon whether I would accept. All this was wholly unexpected news. I knew none of the people there and had never had any correspondence with any one in reference to the academy. I do not remember that I had known that there was such an institution there. In her letter in which she forwarded this official letter my wife expressed a strong desire that I would accept the offered principalship. She wanted to get out of Northwood as soon as possible, and she saw herein an opportunity.

On Monday I bade good-by to Topsham and returned home by way of Blairsville that I might see the place and get desirable information before replying to the Board. After conferring with several of the trustees and learning what I had desired, I decided to accept but did not formally signify my intention until after I arrived home when I wrote to the Board my letter of acceptance. The next day after my arrival home I wrote the resignation of my professorship and forwarded it to the president of the Board of Education. In this letter of resignation I concealed nothing from the Board but in plain and pointed words gave my reasons, nine in number, for my resignation.

During our occupancy of the seminary we had made extensive repairs and had gone to much expense to furnish it to make it comfortable for young lady occupants. As we could not or did not need to remove our personal property we offered it for sale at auction. Much loss was incurred. Some valuable articles were almost given away. But we had incurred no debts and had enough left to pay our fare to Blairsville and begin housekeeping in our new home

among strangers. Here we soon found new friends, and every member of the Board of Trustees and others were ready to help to open the way before us and make our home pleasant. We lost no time in issuing circulars and in advertising the opening of the academy. This occurred on the 10th of September, 1872.

Blairsville is a large old town in Indiana County, Pa., and on the east bank of the Conemaugh River, a tributary of the Alleghany. It lies near the Chestnut Ridge, the western ridge of the Alleghenies. In all that part of Pennsylvania the religious element prevails, and it is largely Presbyterian. In no place that I have ever known is the standard of intelligence, morality, and religion so high. If there had been a Covenanter Church there we could have found no more desirable home. But there was only one Covenanter family, colored people, in the town. This was a model family. Lewis Johnston and wife were the parents of Rev. Lewis Johnston, formerly of the Selma Freedman's Mission. Lewis Johnston, Senior, was a very intelligent man, a thorough Covenanter, of undoubted piety, and most highly esteemed by all his neighbors. He was, indeed, one of earth's true noblemen—a true Christian gentleman. It was a privilege as well as a pleasure to be in his company; and most of the time of our residence there our two families met together in prayer-meeting in his house. The four Protestant churches were the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Lutheran, and the United Presbyterian. Of this last Rev. Dr. Collins was the pastor. Of the Presbyterian Church the pastor was Rev. Dr. Hill. To both of those excellent men while we resided there a warm attachment grew up. They were scholarly, dignified, and companionable Christian gentlemen whose society we enjoyed and whose friendship we highly prized. And they both were earnest National Reformers. Many a time I wished they were also Covenant-

ers: and, indeed, Dr. Collins and his estimable wife were about as much Covenanter in principle as United Presbyterian, and she "a little more so" if she hadn't been a loyal wife. But do you not know, O reader, that in these modern times the wife is expected to go with her husband, especially if he be a minister? But these two last sentences may be read in parentheses.

Rev. Dr. Hill was one of the lovely Christians; and probably no pastor was ever more loved by his people than was he. If I have not forgotten he had been pastor there since his ordination long years ago. And he was a warm friend of Covenanters. With some of our ministers he had been well acquainted, and he always spoke and acted as though he honored the church of the witnesses. Among his parishioners were Dr. Marshall an elder, and his family. Mrs. Marshall was my cousin, a daughter of my mother's sister. I had no acquaintance with her before, but we soon learned to love her not only for her mother's sake but her own.

Among the Methodists were two men whom I can not forget, Rev. Dr. Sinnebaugh, the presiding elder, and "old John Graff." The former was a very scholarly and dignified though affable gentleman. His son, an exceptionally bright and good boy, was a student in the academy, and probably this had something to do with the warm friendship which grew up between us. At that time we did not know that he was a Free Mason. As he feared that he would become a victim of consumption, after we left Blairsville he removed to Denver. Having learned that he was a Mason I opened a correspondence with him about secret societies. Some years afterwards he moved to Los Angeles, Cal., where I had the pleasure of dining with him and his family, but as he evidently had forgiven me for my friendly attack upon him for his being in the lodge, I did not introduce the subject again. "Let your moderation be known unto all men."

The other of the two Methodists, "old John Graff," was a grand old patriarch, an Enoch and an Elijah combined. He was a prince among his people, an old-time Abolitionist, and now a National Reformer. "I guess" if he had not been a Methodist he would have been a Covenanter! I never loved a Methodist quite as much as I loved myself, but I greatly loved that dear old man. I can not see him now, but I doubt not that he is among the celestials.

The Blairsville Academy was for boys or young men only. The building was a fine brick house in modern style. It had been built by some of the leading citizens in the town and vicinity who were stockholders, each one having a scholarship so that his son or a substitute received his tuition free. Thus the teachers derived no revenue from those who held scholarships, and a majority of the Trustees or Board were stockholders. But we were there partly of necessity, and we had a pretty large share of confidence in ourselves as teachers; and so we went to work to build up a good school, and we were hopeful.

The academy had no bell though it had a nice belfry waiting for the bell. After conferring with the trustees I said: "We must have a bell." Going into Pittsburg and ascertaining the cost of such as we needed, I returned and solicited from the stockholders one hundred and twenty-five dollars with which I bought a three hundred pound bell, had it hung, and it was soon heard far and near calling the students to chapel services and to recitations. The Board gave us a vote of thanks and we worked all the more cheerily. We found the academy also without a library, and it was greatly needed. How could we get it? Not wishing to beg for it, and probably dreaming of popularizing the school, I again conferred with the officers of the academy and having their approbation I arranged for a course of popular lectures by the ablest good men obtainable. Most of the invited lec-

turers, to whom I told the object of the course, agreed to come without pay, I having promised to meet all their traveling expenses and give them entertainment. I was fortunate in obtaining first-class men. I do not remember for what we sold the course tickets but single tickets were sold at twenty-five cents, and they went "like hot cakes" for everybody wanted the academy to have a good library. Among the lecturers were Dr. George P. Hays, then president of Washington and Jefferson College, Rev. Dr. Gill of Pittsburg who gave his great lecture on the "Siege of Derry and the Battle of the Boyne," Rev. Dr. A. M. Milligan who gave his lecture on John Knox, probably his greatest literary masterpiece, and Rev. Dr. Metheny, our missionary then on a visit from Syria. The finest literary treat was by the eminent elocutionist, Professor Evans, of the Pittsburg High School. All the lectures were first-class. The needed money was raised, and in due time we had on the shelves a large and well-selected library adapted to the needs of students. The citizens were pleased and the Board voted thanks for what had been done.

One more improvement was needed. In the academy grounds there were neither shade nor ornamental trees. By the generous help of quite a number of the students we procured and set out young maple trees which, if they grew well, must have made the surroundings much more beautiful in a few years. Trees! Let no house, whether for common school or university, be without them. The celestial city, as seen in vision, was beautified with them; and will not the "better country" be adorned by them?

While we remained in Blairsville I accepted few Presbyterian appointments. I was not able to fulfil them, though I preached frequently in the pulpits of the two Presbyterian Churches, especially the United Presbyterian. Nor were we able to attend worship at the New Alexandria church; it

was too far distant. Yet, by the invitation of the young pastor, Rev. Thomas Sproull, in May, 1873, we enjoyed a delightful communion season. He was a lovely young minister, and when that congregation lost their pastor they suffered a very great loss.

In the winter of that year there was a successful National Reform meeting in the Presbyterian Church. Both Presbyterian pastors did good service. Rev. Dr. Sloane was the principal speaker in the evening, and he did excellent service. Dr. Collins and the principal of the academy were appointed delegates to the approaching National Convention in New York. This was a grand meeting, largely attended by delegates from nineteen states. Rev. Dr. Ting was one of the platform speakers. The presence and cooperation of such a good and great man were presumptive evidence that the cause was of God. Yet infidels were there and endeavored to get a hearing, and they succeeded in getting in a remonstrance. It was bitter and defiant. Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm was there from Pittsburg to speak for the cause. The city papers either ignored the convention or ridiculed it.

Synod met that year at Northwood, Ohio. By giving my classes to a special teacher during my absence, Mrs. Johnston taking charge of the academy, I was able to attend. As several times before, I took daily reports of the proceedings and sent them to the Pittsburg *Evening Telegraph*.

A while before Synod the congregation of Elliota, Minn., which had had no permanent supply since the death of Rev. James Buck, asked the home Board to send me thither as stated supply. Subsequently I was appointed by the Board, and after taking it into prayerful consideration accepted the appointment. As soon as practicable I asked a meeting of the Board of Trustees that I might notify them of my intention to resign. Accordingly I sent in a letter of resignation expressed in very kindly and regretful terms, for we had

received only kindness and honor from all. I gave only two reasons for resignation, viz.: "1. Because the institution does not afford adequate support; 2. Because at their request I had been appointed to take charge of a church or congregation in the west." There were additional reasons, however, that had much influence upon us in making this decision. Two or three members of the Board of Missions, my warm friends, advised me to return to more direct ministerial work. While in Blairsville we had no opportunity to enjoy fellowship with our own brethren in public ordinances, besides, if we would continue there our children would be deprived of privileges to which they were entitled by birth. And then I hoped that Elliota would be a good missionary field.

The academic year being closed, adjusting our domestic affairs so as to remove to a new, strange, and far-distant field of labor, and bidding adieu to the many friends whom we had learned to love, we bade good-by to beautiful western Pennsylvania than which I know of no more desirable place for a Covenanter home.

CHAPTER XLIV.

IN THE HOME MISSION FIELD.

ON our journey to Minnesota we stopped first at Pittsburg to bid good-by to Dr. Metheny and family soon to return to Syria; and then with my sister at Belle-Centre we spent the Sabbath. From this place we had in charge "little Eddie Buck," the second son of the late pastor of Elliota. The son was going home to his widowed mother.

After crossing the Mississippi at McGregor, Iowa, my family turned aside to visit friends at El Dorado and at Richfield, Iowa, while with my little boy in charge I went on direct to Elliota. From Decorah, Iowa, the terminus of the railroad, we rode on a Covenanter lumber wagon to Elliota, twenty miles or more, and did not arrive until one o'clock in the night. That was a strange introduction to my new field of labor. Riding on a pile of boards, behind a mule team, the night so dark I could not see even the long ears of the donkeys, and with a driver that, though a Covenanter brother, had neither fun nor cheer sufficient to while away the dreary hours of night, and then entering into the little Minnesota town now enveloped in darkness and as silent as the grave, a wave of gloom passed through and over me. Is this the place to which the Master has sent me to work for him? Or was it only the Board of Missions that wished me to come? Or was it only I myself that thought I had a divine call to work in Minnesota? Such questions must have been in my mind when our muleteer drove us up to a farm cottage and set us down before the door. That

cottage was the dwelling of Elder Henry Dean. I had formed his acquaintance in St. Louis long years ago. Then he was unmarried. Now he was the head of a large family. Mrs. Dean was the sister of my friend Rev. J. M. Armour at whose mother's house in St. Louis was my home while as a licentiate I was fulfilling Presbyterian appointments in that city.

Rising with the morning sun, I looked out upon a beautiful country but a poor little pioneer town in no way inviting to one who had so long been among the hills and streams and forests of Vermont and western Pennsylvania. But there were men and women and children there as well as elsewhere. They needed the same Gospel that had saved others; there the souls were just as precious as in more highly favored lands; and there church-members needed some one to help them to live a higher and more Christ-like life. I found myself in the family of an Irishman but a generous soul, an intelligent and public-spirited Covenanter and, withal, ambitious to be a leader. His wife was almost a model and her children interesting and beautiful. No man in Elliota was so quick to anticipate the wants of the new preacher, and no young man so quick to help in time of need as his oldest son, Willie Dean. In this kind family I was entertained until my own came up from Iowa.

Before I entered upon the work in Elliota I was anxious to be guided by the Spirit and to be blessed as a laborer. Before the first Sabbath the following was written in my journal: "Not without anxiety do I look forward to my first Sabbath here. Why the Master has brought me here, what he has for me to do, what he intends to do with me and with the members of my family, I can not know. Let him do with me as may seem good to him; but, O that he may bless me as a laborer in this part of his vineyard, making me an instrument in the conversion of many and of the growth of his

church here. And I pray God to make the bringing of my dear family here the occasion of the conversion and salvation of my daughters and the comfort and usefulness of my wife. Here I desire to reconsecrate myself to the work of Christ."

The house of worship, a neat and medium-sized church, was nearly half a mile outside of the village. On the first Sabbath it was tolerably well filled by people of whom I suppose about one-half were Covenanters. There was only the forenoon service. While Mr. Buck was the pastor his health was so feeble he was unable to preach more than once, or the people may not have desired more; at all events the people had become accustomed to only one service and wished no more. But there had been a Sabbath-school which they supposed would be about as profitable as another sermon. It is a lamentable fact that in many places and in various denominations the people do not wish more than one service, and not a few wish this one to be short.

Very soon after the first Sabbath I hastened to meet my family at the house of Mr. Brockway, the husband of our sister Almira Rogers who had been with us in Topsham and then at Northwood up until we left to go to New Castle. During those two years in Northwood she was with us as a student and as an assistant teacher. She was a lovely child of nature, but I am not sure that prior to her coming to be a member of our family she was a child of grace. Now she heard good preaching, attended prayer-meetings, studied Covenanter principles, and sat at the feet of the divine Teacher. She learned of him and found rest to her soul. Then she was found sitting with us at our Covenanter communion table. She was happy and we rejoiced. Her religion was not mere profession. She loved her Lord, and she was ready to bear reproach for his sake. A year or two after her return home to her mother she was married to Mr.

Brockway, a returned soldier. Ere long her health failed, and soon she became a victim of the "fell destroyer." Before her sickness and to the last neither her faith in Christ nor her love to the church ever weakened. Far away from the fellowship of the brethren and surrounded by the people of other churches, she continued true to her vows and contended for the truth she had espoused and the church in which she had made an intelligent profession. After a while I visited her a second time and found her near the dark valley, but she was a meek sufferer and a happy Christian. Faith had triumphed and she was waiting the coming of the Lord. How beautiful is the death of a good woman who walks through the valley of the shadow of death "leaning upon the Beloved."

Shortly after the arrival at Elliota of our little stock of household goods we bought a small cottage of three rooms and a half acre of ground adjacent to the church lot. The cost was six hundred and twenty-five dollars, a part of which we "paid down." For the remainder I gave my note, Elder Elliott and son volunteering to go my security. That was the first real estate we ever owned, and I am not sure that I did not feel a little proud of our riches so suddenly acquired. That good old elder and son ever had our gratitude, for they helped us to get a nice little home so that monthly rent bills did not stare us in the face. *Three* rooms only? Yes; and we lived like king and queen, and our little country girls were as happy as princesses.

After two or three Sabbaths of rather tentative preaching I began to explain the Psalms in order and to preach in the afternoons in neighboring schoolhouses. For a while I preached at a schoolhouse four miles north, and afterwards at another about the same distance south in Iowa. At both places many of the church-members attended as well as fair audiences of the "world's people." Meanwhile there was

organized in the Sabbath-school a large Bible-class and I was invited to teach it. We began the study of the book of Hebrews. As yet the International Lessons had not been introduced. During the first year I ceased to preach at the schoolhouse in the north and preached every Sabbath afternoon at the house in Iowa. And here we organized a Sabbath-school, Henry Dean superintendent. It was largely attended by people some of whom had never before studied the Bible. We had a corps of good teachers and distributed Sabbath literature. The attendance upon preaching by all classes in the neighborhood was good; and it grew until the house was always crowded. I think my labors there were blessed. Some that attended at first in the schoolhouse afterwards came to the church as regular hearers, and some of them afterwards came out of the world and united with the church. The attendance at the church continued to increase until the house was nearly always full if not crowded. The missionary was much encouraged and was joyful and thankful.

Synod met this year, 1874, in Philadelphia. The distance was great, the expenses heavy, but I felt that I must go. At that time the temperance crusade was growing rapidly and, as never before, women were coming to the front. Only a few days before leaving home, at a temperance meeting in our church in Elliota a woman gave a lecture marked by ability and earnestness. Even in Minnesota the tide was rising rapidly. Leaving my little family in the care of Him who had always cared for us I started alone on the long journey. At Chicago I stopped long enough to hear part of the great trial of Professor Swing on the charge of heresy. His prosecutor in Presbytery was Rev. Dr. Patton. At Fort Wayne I remained over a day to visit friends, Mr. J. C. Davis and family, brother-in-law of Eliza, all being devoted Presbyterians; also my young friend Robert G. McNiece

who had gone there as principal of the high school but was now editor of a daily journal. While I tarried in Fort Wayne I attended two sessions of the Woman's Indiana State Temperance Convention, a great gathering of the women who had been engaged in the crusade of the winter before. Mother Stuart was one of the leading spirits. Prior to that time I never had seen so many good women and earnest souls in one assembly. It was good to be there; and I received a new baptism in the cause of temperance.

Passing on in my pilgrimage to Synod I stopped off at Belle-Centre, O., and spent the Sabbath with my sister, a privilege always prized by her youngest brother. I had time to stop over a few hours at Pittsburg where I found the Crusaders and other temperance friends in great agitation. Thirty-two of the crusaders (women) had been arrested and put in prison on the charge of obstructing the sidewalks before the saloons where they met for prayer. In the afternoon a great mass-meeting was held and indignation speeches aroused the greater opposition to the liquor traffic. At that time there was in Pittsburg an active temperance organization of women, the "Woman's Temperance League." The president was Mrs. Collins' wife of Dr. Samuel Collins. He was a senior in Franklin College when I was a sophomore. He was a Seceder, I was a Covenanter, but we became friends; and so when I was invited at the time of that excitement in Pittsburg to dine with the doctor and his good wife I was "at home." Busy workers in good causes are earth's nobles.

During the week of Synod a public temperance meeting was held in the church. It was arranged by Dr. T. P. Stevenson, who with many others had caught the spirit of the crusaders. He had the audacity to call me to the platform as a speaker without previous warning. I was helped, however, by what I had so recently seen and heard at Fort Wayne and Pittsburg.

The sacrament of the supper was not administered in Elliota until a year after I began to preach or soon after my return from Synod. At that communion there were nine persons, nearly all young people, received into the church on profession of faith. A tenth was received on certificate. Before this addition there were only twenty-nine members. Thus there were now thirty-nine. One of the twenty-nine was an invalid and could not attend public worship; another lived so far distant that she was rarely there. At the communion I had no assistance. I had invited Rev. D. H. Coulter and expected him until near the time, but he failed to come. I was greatly helped all through the four days of the service. My journal of that date tells how happy I was. "Monday, June 29. Yesterday, our communion Sabbath, was a great and good day to me. What joy filled my soul, and what gratitude my heart, because, in the good providence of the Redeemer, my own dear daughters sat with us at the communion table; and I hope their hearts have been touched by the love of Christ. I was greatly helped during the day; and I hope the Spirit of God did not leave me alone, though I had no help from man."

In March, 1874, I commenced a series of lectures on the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. The design was to teach the nature and power of faith as illustrated in the chapter. In doing this it was necessary to try to show the greatness, the excellency, and the beauty of the characters catalogued by the inspired writer. While I was preaching this long series of discourses I often diverged from the line of worthies and preached on other themes as duty called or incidents suggested; but I did not finish the course until after I left Elliota. These sermons required much and special study. In this and in their presentation I had great delight. What study is more interesting and profitable than that of character and biography? On verse 32 six or seven sermons

were preached. That on Jephthah was the most difficult. To the Bible student the reason is obvious. I did not follow the common theory, that the Hebrew judge offered his daughter in sacrifice, but I showed, I hope to the satisfaction of the unprejudiced, that, by the consent of his pious daughter, Jephthah devoted her to a life of perpetual celibacy, and all this in accordance with the well-understood principles of vows as made by the Hebrews.

During the first year we were in Minnesota we formed a pleasant acquaintance with Rev. D. L. Keihle, a Presbyterian minister and the county superintendent of schools. He was a first-class educator, and afterwards was chosen principal of the State Normal School. During the winter of 1874 he held a county teachers' institute at Lenora, a town seven or eight miles from Elliota, at which he had invited me to give a lecture on the Bible in the schools. My wife and I went to the institute with our own horse and sleigh. It was a bitterly cold night. After I had given my lecture we started home and had come within about a mile of home when driving at a brisk rate our sleigh was upset and the horse thrown down. The sleigh turned entirely over. Mrs. Johnston was thrown out into the deep snow on the side of the road and received no injury. I fell under the sleigh and on the hard road. My arms and legs were so pinioned under and by the sleigh which was held down tight by the weight of the horse upon the shafts, that I would have perished in the cold in a short time had not my wife been able to lift the hinder part of the sleigh off me. Being released, and then releasing the animal from the broken shafts, we walked home, I with pain and difficulty. In the overturning of the sleigh one of my lower limbs was seriously injured and for several weeks I was a cripple but by the use of crutches I was able to get to church on Sabbath and preach as before; but I never forgot that that night

I owed my rescue if not my life also to Him who had given my wife strong arms. Other members of the family were victims of serious accidents. While riding in a "spring wagon" in company with some of her friends, Mrs. Johnston was thrown out violently upon the ground. Falling upon her head she received serious injury to the spinal column in the region of the neck. From this injury she never fully recovered but often suffered severe pain. How often we narrowly escape from death! About the same time our second daughter, Mary, was riding in a similar wagon in company with Miss Nettie Dean; their seat broke and they were both thrown out and both received harm. In the fall our daughter's collar-bone was broken. We had five or six miles to drive home. I did not know how serious was the injury, but that hour or more was one of great anxiety and intense and painful sympathy on the part of the father. How divine is the instinctive parental sympathy!

"Such pity as a father hath
Unto his children dear."

Those who have read the former pages of this book remember that I was fond of a good horse and loved to be in the saddle. At Elliota I was not a pastor but a quasi-pastor, and so had constant need of a horse and buggy or sleigh. I bought a beautiful animal, not a "Charlie" but as beautiful and kind. For winter we had our sleigh and buffalo robe and "freestone." For summer when it was needed for the family I hired a buggy. When not needed, I mounted my saddle, and off loped my dapple gray, "Fannie." Anent the harness there is a little incident. One winter morning when I went to the stable to look after Fannie, the harness was gone. It was new and valuable. As snow had fallen recently I traced the footsteps of the thief through the grove back of the stable and around to the public road where I could trace them no more. I sup-

posed I never would hear of the lost harness again. My neighbors soon heard of my loss and gave me no ground to expect ever to recover it. After a week or two when I went out to the stable in the morning, lo! there hung a nice new harness very similar to the other. Had the thief's conscience troubled him? Or had some "brownie" been there? After a week or two some bird of the air told me that a few of our Covenanter brethren had bought the new harness and put it in the stable when we were enjoying "nature's sweet restorer." When that harness was needed no more it was sold and the money handed over to one of the donors for the benefit of a poor widow and mother in the congregation.

But what about the lost harness? A month or two after it was stolen I was informed that it had been discovered in the possession of a farmer some eight or ten miles distant. He had sent word to me that if I would go for it he would return it to me. The thief had sold it to him. The buyer said he did not know that it was stolen property. When I went for the harness I identified it as mine and he gave it to me without charge. I always suspected that a part of the truth was not told.

As my salary was small and we in debt for our little home, and that our daughters might have the advantage of a school, Mrs. Johnston taught two terms in the district public school. This helped to bring in more children into the Sabbath-school. And for similar reasons I taught during two short terms a small class in the higher branches. This gave our older daughter an opportunity to continue her Latin that she had begun in Blairsville. Most of the young people of the class were in our Sabbath-school.

Sometime during the summer of '75 there was a total eclipse of the moon. It began probably about 10 or 11 o'clock at night. The weather was pleasant and many hoped for a clear sky that the eclipse might be seen. Wish-

ing to teach the people a lesson on astronomy and to lead their minds to the works of God, on the Sabbath preceding the eclipse I announced that on the evening of the eclipse I would give a lecture on eclipses. The church was crowded with young and old from the entire region round about. With what little apparatus I could extemporize the lecturer thought he had an interested audience that learned much about a phenomenon of which most of them had known almost nothing. Every pastor should be master of astronomy, the greatest of the natural sciences. If he is not, he is a great loser himself and he lacks what is necessary to a good pulpit teacher and expounder whose duty it is to use all possible means to help the people to know God.

In October of the first year I organized an evening class, mostly of youth, for the study of Bible truth. We used the larger catechism as the text-book. For a juvenile class in theology no better text-book can be found. One leading design of this class was to prepare teachers for Sabbath-school work.

The Synod of 1875 met at Coulterville, Ill., I was away from home only one Sabbath. That was spent at Elkhorn in whose old brick church I had assisted Father Sloane at his communion shortly after my licensure. This old church was now the property of the United Presbyterian congregation, Rev. Jas. Henderson the pastor. He had been a college mate of my oldest brother, and they were very warm friends. I had formed his acquaintance during my residence at New Concord, Ohio, where he was a seceder and an Abolitionist of the Boanerges kind. As he attended several sessions of Synod he hunted me up, and, I suppose more for my brother's sake than my own, invited me to preach for him on Sabbath. Saturday P. M. I rode home with him and on Sabbath preached one sermon and was royally entertained the two nights. In the evening we

went to hear Rev. Dr. Jas. Kennedy preach in Oakdale. No man on this side of the Atlantic could preach such a sermon as was his, so queer and withal instructive.

Our summer communion was held soon after Synod. I was favored by the assistance of Brother Armour who was then making a long visit with his sister, Mrs. Dean. During the occasion he gave us good sermons all the time. My action sermon was on the text, Matt. 26:29: "And he went a little farther and fell on his face, and prayed, saying: O my Father," etc. It was a precious season of communion. Three new members were received on examination, all heads of families. Two of them were mothers and widows. Both had buried their husbands recently. One of them brought with her four little children who were baptized on Sabbath afternoon. Did these make seven additions to the church? Besides the three who were admitted, a young man, a son of an excellent Covenanter mother, applied for admission and was examined by the session. In my journal of that date I find this record: "But as he did not approve of our principles and practice on Civil Government and on Psalmody, he was not admitted. I fear, however, that there is a great and deeper evil. I can see in him no good evidence of conversion. I earnestly hope God will hedge up the way against every one whose heart is not changed."

During the two years of labor in Elliota there were many things that made it a pleasant home and a hopeful missionary field; but there were also some dark clouds that hung low sometimes. The country though not old was beautiful and fertile and healthful. Some of the members of the congregation were God's chosen ones; and such was one of the elders, Father Lemon. His memory is precious yet. And many of the youth were not only promising but endeared to us all. Besides, except a small Methodist Church ours was the only one of any kind in the neighbor-

hood. On the other hand the whole community had been leavened largely with isms and sects and almost anything except orthodox religion. No sane Covenanter minister could expect to build up a good-sized congregation except by many years of hard work, if ever. More disheartening than all were the alienations that existed between some of the people; the worst of which was the lack of love between two of the elders, and between an elder and the deacon. Two of the elders who were of the same nationality, and who had not grace sufficient to enable them to resist the devil or to bridle the tongue, sometimes manifested in session their lack of brotherly love. As moderator I had to hold tight reins. By this I suppose I gained the disfavor of one of them if not both. These things were known to the people and harm followed. I saw the need of addition to the session, and I believed that some of the evils could be removed better if I were an installed pastor instead of only a stated supply. I indicated these facts to the secretary of the Board of Missions but he did nothing, and the congregation seemed to have settled down in the opinion that I was there as a fixture and that church matters were sufficiently prosperous to lead to contentment. To the quasi-pastor it did not appear thus. He was there by the appointment of the Board and not by the choice of the people, and he did not know what emergencies might arise. When in this state of mind the following entry was made in my diary: "Tuesday, July 6. To-day I have written my letter of resignation to the Board of Missions signifying my intention of leaving my charge here as soon as a substitute can be sent. I have also written letters to the elders here informing them of my resignation and that I have written or will write to the Board to that effect. This course I pursue not because of any known dissatisfaction with me, either on the part of the congregation or of the Board, but

for various reasons mostly known only to myself—my feeble health, my belief that the settlement of a pastor would be very advantageous to the cause and people here, but that the pastor should be a young man, while I would not likely be desired. At all events, I have been here two years, during which time I hear of no purpose to arrange for a call. I am liable to live and labor here a few years, and then may have to leave and be homeless. Then, I see no prospect of being able to educate my children if we remain here. Besides, their society is not such as I could desire for them. I am not contented to see them form attachments here that might be permanent.”

In addition to these there were other things that led to my determination to resign. During the summer I had read much about the growing influx of the Chinese in California and of how they were accessible by missionaries. My interest in the cause of missions increased and my desire to work among the Chinese became strong. While thinking on these things, but before I saw any way by which it could be practicable for us to go to the Pacific Coast and be missionaries there, I received a letter from a friend residing in Oakland, Cal., but doing business in San Francisco—Mr. Carlos White. He had been a member of Topsham congregation, was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and had married and removed to Oakland. He was now engaged in printing and supplying parts of sheets for country newspapers; they were called “patent outsides.” He needed an editor. As I had been his pastor, and as he knew that I was not installed at Elliots, he wrote to persuade me to go to San Francisco. He offered me a fair remuneration if I would go and do for him the needed work. This letter seemed to indicate the hand of Providence and the mind of the Master; but I did not see it so clearly then as I did afterwards.

After the close of the services on July 11 one of the elders

read a public notice: "That as Mr. Johnston has notified the elders that he has forwarded his resignation to the Board of Missions, there will be a meeting of the congregation to-morrow at 5 to take necessary action to secure preaching or Gospel ordinances."

"Monday, 12. At the congregational meeting, as I have been informed, nothing of consequence was done. The people had been told by a leading elder that the meeting was called mostly to please me, and that there was nothing specially to be done. Hence few came out; and as that elder proposed nothing, nothing was done." (Diary.)

On Wednesday of the next week there was a meeting of the congregation. None of our family were present. The record in my diary reads thus: "As far as I could learn its object it was to see what could be done to secure me as pastor. A vote, by ballot, was finally taken to see how many are in favor of calling me. All voted in favor of it except two (so I am informed). And two of the elders were instructed to write to the Board to see if they could promise a supplement to the call provided the congregation would call me. Had action of this kind been taken months ago, or before I sent my resignation to the Board and notified the elders of the same, I might have been induced to remain, at least until I would see the result. But I fear now that it is too late."

Prior to this congregational meeting I did not know for what object it had been called. But in my own mind a decision had been made. I did not know it then but now I hope we were following the voice of Him whom it is always safe to follow. Expecting that we would be there only a few weeks more, I was anxious to use the time to the best possible advantage for the utterance of truths that the people needed. Among other things I remembered that some of the men of the church were too fond of "an occasional glass" of strong drink, and so I preached a temperance sermon on

the Golden Text of that day's International Sabbath-school Lesson, viz. John 2:11. "This beginning of miracles," etc. The sermon was needed, for only a few members of the congregation were zealous and active workers in the cause of temperance, while some did not believe at all in total abstinence. And though I had taught the duty often, and always as kindly as I could, I feared that I had effected little change in their minds. This condition of the congregation on the subject of abstinence I now believe was partly owing to the practise of their late pastor who, notwithstanding his great excellence as a man and Christian minister, was induced by his physician to use whisky freely as a tonic. The people of the church and of the world around, too, must have known this. The influence of a good man's example is immeasurable. What Elliota is now I do not know, but the probability is that the evil influence of that beloved pastor's example did not cease with his burial but may have continued all through that generation. And who can know how great is the influence for evil of that physician who prescribes for his patients alcoholic poisons or intoxicating drinks of any kind? The only physician in Elliota was an allopath and a drunkard who habitually prescribed wine and liquors to his patients. Is it not strange that any Christian man or woman would implicitly submit to this practise or follow his advice? By what law of right do Christians patronize such a doctor at all? And probably the cause of temperance can never be victorious in any land so long as alcoholic medication continues. But whatever others may do or not do, members of the Reformed Presbyterian Church should not only be total abstainers but non-employers of doctors who poison their patients with what not only tends to generate a love of strong drink but can neither remove disease nor cure the sick.

According to previous announcement, on Sabbath August

15 I preached my farewell sermon. The text has been used no doubt by many a pastor when about to leave his charge, viz., "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect; be of one mind," etc. The discussion was textual: The Exhortation, the Reward, and the Valedictory. The record made soon afterwards reads as follows: "The attendance was very large; the house was fuller than ever I saw it before on the Sabbath, full to its entire capacity. The people, both of the church and others, were very attentive, and many of the friends in tears.

"With reluctance and fears, as well as with the severance of strong ties, I go from this people to many of whom I have become very warmly attached. Why I was sent, what work has been accomplished by my instrumentality, what is their future, whether I am ever to preach again, and what God has in reserve for me, whether tears in affliction or joy in his favor, he only knows. I go trying to commit this dear people, as well as myself and family, to the guidance and care of my God and Saviour. Let him do with me as seemeth good in his sight; only grant to my dear wife and children thy salvation and thy paternal love and care and blessing, O my Father, and I am satisfied in the hope of joy and rest at thy right hand." (Diary.)

CHAPTER XLV.

MISSIONARY WORK AMONG THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

AFTER many farewells on Monday, early Tuesday morning we were off for our long journey to the Pacific. Turning aside a little we spent some days with our family friends in Iowa and thence passed on, partly by rail and partly by steamboat, to Clinton on the Mississippi. Here we stopped two nights and one day, the Sabbath, resting "according to the commandment." On Monday we bought our tickets through to San Francisco. In those days the rates were so high that four through tickets pretty nearly depleted a poor man's pocket; and at that time it required the most of six days to go from the Mississippi to the Pacific. For this reason we had gone to Clinton on Saturday so that we could begin our overland travel on Monday. We had a prosperous journey and reached Oakland, Cal., on time, late Saturday afternoon, August 27, 1875.

At that time the "overland" travel to California meant more than it does now. To us it was all novel and strange. The long journey across the Rockies, the plains, and the Sierra Nevadas, was full of incidents and wonderful sights not to be forgotten. Our going to the Pacific Coast was not as tourists. Our eyes were always open to see the beauty of the valleys, the grandeur of the mountains, or the desolation of the plains, but our deeper thoughts were away forward, and we prayed God to open before us a door of access to needy souls.

On our arrival at Oakland we were met at the railroad

station by our friend, Mr. White, who conveyed us to his residence. I had not seen him after his return from the war. He had been in California several years and that meant exposure to temptations to leave the Covenanter Church. He had married a Baptist wife, the daughter of a Baptist minister. She would not become a Covenanter and he would not be a Baptist; and so they agreed to compromise and to attend the Congregational Church, Rev. Dr. McLean pastor. They held a pew but had not united with the church. We lodged with our friends a few days until our goods came and we found a little cottage in which to reside. On Monday I went into Mr. White's newspaper office, surveyed the situation, and began my work. It consisted principally in reading, selecting and clipping articles from magazines and journals, mostly eastern, with which to fill the pages printed for country papers or journals in remote cities all over the coast. Thus I was called the "scissors editor." I had to read everything before clipping it for use, for the same matter was set up for forty or fifty different papers whether Republican, or Democrat, or Independent, or reformatory. Then for most of the papers I had to "write up" news columns filled with condensed articles giving intelligence from abroad and from the east. For a few papers editorials were prepared, no two the same, however; and these could not be partisan. One paper was edited entirely in the office and for the matter of this I was responsible only in part. In addition to these duties it devolved upon me to keep the books of the establishment. This part of the work was light except at the end of each month when long bills had to be made out and mailed to the publishers all over the coast. The office hours were from nine to three or four, or optional provided no work was left undone. As our residence was in Oakland I had to cross the San Francisco Bay, to and fro, daily. From pier to pier it was about four miles. On each side of the

bay I had a long walk by which health was promoted; and when on the water I had time for reading. "Snatch the moments; let no time be lost."

For my "scissors editor's" work Mr. White paid me good wages as upon me, his friend, he laid many responsibilities which he could not have trusted to others. But my agreement with him was only provisional and temporary. This appears from a record in my diary written the evening after my first day in the printing office. It reads thus: "Here I expect to remain until we succeed in establishing a mission among the Chinese. This is my great object in coming to California. What God has in reserve for me—what work he intends to give me and my family to do, I can only hope and wait to see. I always had a great desire to be a foreign missionary. Here I hope to be permitted to labor for the conversion of heathen idolaters in our own land." As soon as we were "fixed up" in our rented cottage we began to make explorations and to get all needed information necessary to the opening of the contemplated mission. We visited the Chinese Sabbath-schools in Oakland where there were two; and the Chinese missions in San Francisco where there were five, though only two were fully equipped and owned mission buildings; these were the Presbyterian and the Methodist, the former being under the superintendence of Rev. Dr. Loomis and the latter under that of Rev. Dr. Otis Gibson.

Meanwhile we went in search of stray Covenanters. There were several in San Francisco who had been members in the eastern cities but had gone into other churches here, notably the United Presbyterian, Rev. M. M. Gibson, pastor. One of them was a brother of Rev. William Graham of Boston. Subsequently he went into the Presbyterian Church. In Oakland we found only one Reformed Presbyterian family, Mr. and Mrs. Ekey, and her brother, Mr. James McCullough,

brother of Elder McCullough of Lisbon, New York. With these we held prayer-meetings on Sabbaths for several months, or until I began to preach in our own Chinese mission chapel. During the first two or three months after going to Oakland we formed the acquaintance of several Chinese converts, Presbyterians and members of the Presbyterian Chinese Sabbath-school, whom we informed of our intention to open a mission night school and Sabbath-school also. As there had been no such mission or school for teaching the English language to the Chinese, our friends were greatly pleased and offered to give us all needed assistance. We procured at a fair rent a room partly furnished and used on the Sabbath by the Y. M. C. A. as a kind of mission chapel. The word soon went abroad that we had opened the school, and in a week or so the seats were filled with Chinese men and boys eager to learn the English language. Probably about the half of them had already learned to read a little. The teachers were the four members of our family. Our hands were full. We began at the gas-lighting and continued until half past nine o'clock. As we were often crowded and needed more teachers, one or two of the best readers gave us the needed help. One of these volunteer teachers was Huie Kin, afterwards a student in Geneva College, now a missionary in New York. As eight or ten of the scholars had been taught elsewhere and could read English sufficiently to use the New Testament as a text-book, I organized these into a Bible-reading class, having two objects in view, to teach the language and to teach Bible facts and truths. This class was heard after I had spent an hour or so among the hitherto untaught.

The evening school sessions were opened by prayer and singing portions of psalms printed on canvas and hung up before all. We closed by a brief talk on whatever we thought most needed by the heathen, and then by either prayer or

singing or both. After some of them had learned the Lord's prayer it was recited in concert either in Chinese or in English. From the first there were a few of the scholars who had learned to speak English so well that I had little difficulty in finding an interpreter. Several who came to the night school for lessons in English were baptized converts and were always glad to interpret when I spoke to the whole school. After a while I employed an interpreter and assistant teacher and helper.

After we had thus entered fairly upon our work I reported to the Home Board of Missions in Allegheny what progress we had made and what we intended to do, and about the same time I issued an appeal to the friends of missions in the church asking for contributions to meet the expenses of the new mission which we had undertaken without the appointment of the Board. These expenses were furniture, monthly rent, and incidentals. Erelong we had as much or more than was needed.

During these months I went occasionally on Sabbath afternoons to the East Oakland Jute Mills where there were five or six hundred Chinese employees, nearly all pagan idolaters, to whom through a Christian interpreter I tried to preach the Gospel. Afterwards others who could preach in Chinese visited the mills and preached. Soon quite a large number of the employees came to our new mission.

After we had been several months in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. but which we could not have for use on the Sabbath except at night, we opened the school in another part of the city, furnished the hall nicely, and began work on the Sabbath. This building, prepared for the mission, had a small hall in front, two class-rooms back of the hall, and in the rear a room for the janitor. We had found in Oakland several families of United Presbyterians one being Rev. David Morrow, without charge. They had no preach-

ing unless they would cross the bay to San Francisco. With the change of location I began to preach, the United Presbyterians and the Covenanters and quite a number of the Chinese being the hearers. As the jute mills were closed on Sabbath many of the Chinese there came to our Sabbath meetings both day and night. We now began to employ an interpreter and assistant teacher. He had been baptized several years ago by Rev. Dr. Otis Gibson, of the San Francisco Methodist Mission. The attendance was so large that I had to take my large class of young men, now tolerably good readers, across the street to our private residence. In this way I could teach them in quietness. At this point I find in my journal the following record of Sabbath work: "The hall of our mission house we use for preaching and Bible class. Our Chinese Sabbath-school meets at 9 o'clock. At 11 I preach to a small congregation of Covenanters and united Presbyterians, with a few Chinese who remain after the Sabbath-school. Then, after public worship I hear the class (of whites) in the International Bible Lesson. Then Chinese Sabbath-school again at 7 in the evening. Thus our Sabbaths are days of much labor. But the laborers have their reward." Among the first sermons preached were several from the different parts, taken one by one, of Matt. 28:18, 19, 20. I never can tell with what mingled delight and sadness I preached to the Chinese most of whom were almost as great strangers to the way of salvation as before they had left their homes in China. I rejoiced that I had opportunity to offer salvation to so many heathen; I was sad because I could not preach this Gospel to them in their own language.

As the months passed we all were busy day and night. As our family expenses were heavy—it then cost much more to live in California than it does now—and as the furnishing of the mission rooms, and the rent, and the

salary of the helper, all made our bill of monthly expenses so large that we could not pay them unless more money would come to us from eastern friends, my wife, always ready for work, accepted an honorable position as teacher in the Oakland public schools. It came about thus: The city superintendent of schools was a graduate of the New York City Normal School, and her classmate. By his kindness a vacant position was offered to her. This lessened our anxiety about funds needed to carry on our work. Our daughters were in the city high school; and being teachers every night in the mission school they had no time for play or worldly amusements or social pleasures. They never complained of too much work. They loved home and home duties. They loved their studies; and they shared with their father and mother their interest in the benevolent mission work in which we were engaged. They had and have their reward. It always was more blessed to give than to receive.

In May, 1877, Mr. John Rice, from Elliota, Minn., came to Oakland. They came in search of a farm, either in this state or in Oregon. After lingering awhile they changed their plans and remained in Oakland. About that time the United Presbyterians endeavored to open a mission in the city, Rev. Mr. Niblock being the preacher. They hired a hall for the preaching, and those who had attended our Covenanters services at the Chinese mission followed the United Presbyterian preacher. They were disappointed. Some of their people moved to southern California and their mission was abandoned. Thus, except Rev. Mr. Morrow and family, the Covenanters were left alone. After a while we were glad to welcome to our little company a young man from New York, Mr. Moore, a member of the fourth congregation there. He attended our Sabbath services and prayer-meetings and we greatly enjoyed his fellowship.

About this time the anti-Chinese excitement was rapidly growing under the influence of "the sand-lot orator," Dennis Kearney, an Irish Catholic, whose war cry was, "The Chinese must go." Under his leadership the agitation became so intense and the hatred of the foreigners who did not drink whisky and who would work for low wages rather than be idle became so bitter and cruel that it was hardly safe for Chinamen to appear on the street alone. They were subjected to all kinds of abuse and wrongs. Those who came to our mission night school were afraid to come except in groups. They knew who were their friends and often came to us for help in trouble. Sometimes the hoodlums would gather before the mission and annoy the scholars going in or coming out as much as possible, and some were seriously injured. When we appealed to the police for redress the officer was more in sympathy with the hoodlums than with the missionaries. Most of our neighbors also were anti-Chinese. Some of them thought they had an opportunity to show it. In the progress of our work we found it necessary to have a kind of home or lodging-house for the homeless Chinese who belonged to the mission; it was needed especially when they were out of employment. We secured a lot adjacent to our own residence and not far from the mission house and made arrangements to put up a small and cheap building for this purpose. The men who owned property and lived on the same block professed to be alarmed lest this would depreciate the value of their real estate, and they determined to prevent the erection of the building if possible. One evening when I was in the mission busy at routine work a rap was heard on the door. On opening it I saw quite a number of men, our neighbors, probably seven or eight, whose spokesman said they wished to have a conference with me. I invited them over to our residence and seated them in our parlor. Through the

spokesman they said: "We have come, Mr. Johnston, to remonstrate against your building that house on the next lot as we have been told it is to be for the Chinese. We do not want them in this neighborhood. Your mission is already doing harm; and if you build a home for their occupancy it will be against our interests. People do not want to live near Chinese; and we do not. If they occupy that house it will depreciate the value of property in this neighborhood, and we object to your going on with the work;" or words to that effect. I replied: "Gentlemen, I wish to be a good neighbor, but I think you wrongfully object to my doing only what is right. You do not know that any harm will follow the building of the house. We intend it only for a lodging or temporary home for such Chinese Christians as may be out of employment or who may be sick. They are orderly and peaceable and quiet, and they will harm no one. Our object is only benevolent. We have no pecuniary interest in it. If any property on the block would suffer depreciation it would be ours, the nearest. But such a consideration should have no weight in view of the need of the house and the kindness we wish to show to the poor strangers in our midst and who need our protection as well as our help. Such is the Spirit of the religion of Him to whom we are trying to bring the people for whose salvation we are laboring," or words to this effect.

Several of the committee or self-appointed delegation replied, and I rejoined. They were more mandatory rather than less, and some one said that I could have no assurance that the house would not be burned down if I persisted in erecting it. They continued the talk until Mrs. Johnston came in, when I said, "Gentlemen, here is Mrs. Johnston; please state your case to her and I guess I will abide by her decision." Some one did so. After some preliminary words Mrs. Johnston said: "We have begun to do what we thought

we should. I see no good reason for changing our plans. I guess we will go on and build the house at any rate; and then decide for what it shall be used." Whereupon the delegation arose and bade us good-night. The spokesman was a "squire"—no friend to religion—and a Republican politician. The next most active in the movement was a prominent member of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. In the evening paper of a day or two afterwards this Methodist brother came out in a malicious attack against both of us and against the toleration of the mission and missionaries because we were bringing the Chinese into that neighborhood. He also informed the people that Mrs. Johnston was a public school-teacher and that no woman who was favoring the influx of the Chinese should be tolerated in the schools. In the next evening's paper I replied to his rabid article and tried to show to the public that we were not only doing nothing inimical to the public interests but also nothing except what we had a right to do.

The anti-Chinese agitation resulted, as every historian knows, in Federal anti-Chinese legislation in violation of national treaty; and this again by infamous California laws. The next Congressional restriction laws were still more restrictive and cruel as well as unjust. The causes which led to this anti-Chinese feeling and legislation were several but specially two, viz., caste prejudice, second the unwillingness of the laboring classes to permit foreigners of another race to introduce cheap labor, or cut down their wages which had always been very much higher than in the eastern states. Then the question got into politics and the men who were anxious for office took advantage of the opposition to the Chinese and hoped to ride into office by shouting, "The Chinese must go." The reader may remember how many riots and massacres occurred and from how many places on the Pacific Coast the Chinese were driven out. In

many ways these things seriously affected mission work. The Chinese exclusion acts diminished the number of immigrants. To avoid persecution by the disciples of Dennis Kearney (who as to the anti-Chinese sentiment were in the majority), many of the Chinese left California and went to the eastern and southern cities; and not a few went back to their native land.

During all these years of agitation and the triumph of iniquity and of wrong done to the poor strangers in our midst, three things occurred: 1. The missions in San Francisco and ours in Oakland did not abate their efforts for a moment but went "right on" as before. 2. In the public journals here and in the east, *e. g.* in the *Philadelphia Christian Statesman*, the Oakland Covenanter missionary, and almost no other, used his pen in testimony against the wrongs done to the Chinese and against the injustice and iniquity of the Congressional and state restriction laws. Even some Covenanter ministers wrote in apology for these laws. 3. All the while the work went on and conversions occurred from time to time.

The first baptism of converts in our mission was on Sabbath, June 23, 1878, or about two and a half years after we first opened the mission. There were three in number. I should have said sooner that some time before this the Board of Missions had recognized our mission and authorized us to receive and use the church's contributions for the work. They promised us no salary, however, nor did we ask it. The moneys received met all the expenses of the mission, furniture, rents, teachers and helpers. We were working with our own hands and asked no reward for mission work except the favor of the Board and the prayers of the church. Moreover, I had consulted with some members of the Board and other ministers as to the right and propriety of our baptizing converts, all of whom assured me that I

should not hesitate to baptize those whom I believed to be genuine converts. At this time there was no organized congregation or session to admit applicants to baptism. In my journal of that date I find this record: "During these last months we had a Chinese prayer-meeting which has been attended by those scholars that have been inclined to become Christians. Within a few weeks three of our scholars have asked baptism. I have met with them frequently for prayer and instruction, and more recently for examination. Having found these sufficiently intelligent and giving sufficient evidence of faith in Jesus Christ and of repentance for sin, I have admitted them to baptism."

The next baptisms were on Sabbath, December 15, 1878, when two more made a profession of faith in Christ. And then four weeks afterwards four more were admitted to baptism. In all these cases the candidates were instructed and examined through an interpreter and alone, prayed with several times, and all possible means used to be assured, if possible, of the genuineness of their conversion. That in some cases we were deceived is quite probable.

After having consulted by letter with the ministerial members of the Board of Missions I resolved to administer the sacrament of the supper to those nine converts and to the few American Covenanters then in Oakland and known to be in good standing. Accordingly, after the customary preparatory days and services, on the second Sabbath of January, 1879, nineteen disciples of Christ sat down at his table together to commemorate his death. Of the nineteen, ten were Chinese converts. At that communion I had no assistance; none could have been had unless he had come from Kansas or farther east. Yet I thought we enjoyed the presence of the Master. There were no elders. In receiving the converts to baptism I had acted alone. Necessity knows no law. In receiving them to the communion table

I acted alone; necessity required it. But it was what missionaries in foreign lands do. And I followed the advice of Presbyterian Chinese missionaries here. They all said: You should not hesitate. Others agreed. The deacon from Minnesota, Mr. Rice, officiated in the handling of the bread and wine. To the Chinese converts it was a solemn as well as strange service. To us all it was a season of joy. On Monday after the communion this was written in my journal: "Thus, in our Chinese Mission, not yet organized into a congregation, we have held the first Covenanter communion west of the Rocky Mountains. I think we enjoyed the presence of the Master and of the Holy Spirit. And I praise God that I and my family have been permitted once more to enjoy the New Testament feast. 'We will remember thy love more than wine.'"

At the Synod of this year, 1879, the Oakland missionary was instructed "to gather together any known elders in California and to organize a congregation." I opened a correspondence with Elders Mitchell and McCloy of Santa Ana, Cal., who promised to come to assist in the organization. It was arranged to organize about the last of August and to hold a communion afterwards.

On Friday we met for fast day services, Elders McCloy and Mitchell being present. After worship a session was constituted, certificates were received and two applicants were examined and admitted to church-membership. In the evening after the religious services the session was constituted for the organization of the congregation. A roll of membership was made out, twenty-four or twenty-five in all. Two elders were elected, viz. John Rice and Ju Sing, and one deacon, Edwin Rice. At the same meeting they were examined and the examinations sustained. On Saturday after the sermon the elders elect were ordained and installed. (The deacon declined to serve.) The addresses to both con-

gregation and elders were given by the moderator. As a part of the services preparatory to the communion I read the covenant of 1871. In every congregation on the Saturday before a communion the pastor would do well to read the covenant. I know of no better service before a Covenanter sacramental feast.

On Sabbath, August 31, after the action sermon I baptized two young Chinese converts who had been received by the session the day before. At that communion table sat Chinese and Americans, about the same number of each, all one in Christ and all in one organized congregation under Christ the Head. Two of the Chinese members were absent. Ju Guy had returned to China. It was the first congregation of the kind in the whole history of the church. It was a time of joy and gladness. But a heavy burden both of responsibility and labor rested upon me. I was alone in all the ministerial services. Yet I was mercifully sustained and found in his great goodness abundant cause of gratitude to the Head of the church. Only four years had passed since we came to California. Not more than three and a half had passed since we had been fairly under way in the mission; and now a Covenanter congregation had been organized the most important half being Chinese only lately cut loose from the yoke of pagan idolatry. True, the beginnings were small but we hoped that the latter end, however far distant, would greatly increase.

During the summer and autumn following, the attendance in the mission increased and the interest manifested did not abate. Subsequently other converts were baptized. After the organization these were always examined and received by the session. Besides the regular weekly prayer-meetings in the mission chapel, these being partly missionary meetings also, we held Chinese meetings in our residence where several of the converts prayed in the English language.

On the fourth anniversary of the starting of the mission we had a good time. To incite and to encourage the mission scholars to effort in their night school duties, we gave a public entertainment in one of the smaller city halls. It consisted mostly of Scripture rehearsals, declamations, and vocal music. One special exercise was a kind of dialogue which I wrote for the older scholars in which they expressed their sentiments in reference to the anti-Chinese excitement, the Kearneyites, etc. They gave it in such good English and with such manifest belief of what they said, it won great applause, for the hall was filled with the friends of missions from the several churches that had Chinese missions in San Francisco. At our invitation Rev. I. M. Condit, Presbyterian missionary, gave an address to the Chinese in their own language and Rev. Dr. Otis Gibson, Methodist Episcopal missionary, an address in English. This public exhibition of attainments met with such appreciation by those present we were urged to have it repeated in a larger hall. After enlarging the program and giving still better drill, we announced the entertainment in a large hall in the center of the city. The attendance was larger and the success otherwise greater. On neither evening did we ask or take any money from any one, but paid hall rents and all other expenses. On the whole we thought the interests of the mission and our usefulness by means of it, were advanced. Besides, as those public entertainments were novel and attracted some public attention they tended to silence the anti-Chinese tongue of the enemies of missions, and showed to them that we "meant business."

CHAPTER XLVI.

YO SEMITE VALLEY.

SOMEBODY once said: "See Yo Semite and then die." Everybody that knows anything about it would presume that a tour to the wonderful valley would help to prolong life. I had a great desire to visit it. A favorable time came. The California State Sabbath-school Association had appealed to the Sabbath schools all over the state to give contributions to a fund to build a chapel or small house of worship in the valley in which the Gospel might be preached on Sabbaths during the tourists' season so that all visitors spending the Sabbath there could have a place in which to worship God if desired. The fund had been raised; the church was nearly finished; the state Association resolved to hold its next anniversary in the valley and dedicate the chapel; the days of the dedication were fixed and all the arrangements for the services arranged; and the railroad and stage companies sold tickets at reduced rates.

Obtaining leave of absence from my "better half," engaging extra teachers for the mission school, and having the promise of the company of one of our daughters whose school vacation occurred at the time, I determined to seek rest in a tour to Yo Semite. We went, we saw, we heard; and on our minds a picture was made that will remain indelible while memory is on the throne. I have made some feeble attempts to reproduce it. I will not try it again. Those who may read these pages have read descriptions of Yo Semite Valley; some of them, though probably

few, may have been there. Only these can know that not the hundredth part has ever been told. If the reader wishes to see the finest description of it that I have ever read, let him read Miss Frances E. Willard's in her book, "Glimpses of Fifty Years." Few distant readers know how far Yo Semite is from the California metropolis. The facilities for travel now are better than then. It required three days' travel; the first by rail to Merced on the Southern Pacific Railroad, thence by stage two days, two-thirds of the way over the Sierra Nevada Mountains and among its immense forests. Our stage route was over the "Old Coulterville Road," one of only three routes into the valley. It was the best as it afforded the grandest views and passed through the greatest forests. One of our four fellow-travelers in the stage was Rev. Dr. Guard, an eminent Methodist preacher; and it was a delight to be in his company. As our stage-driver had contracted to carry the bell donated to the new chapel, our travel over the mountains from Coulterville was greatly retarded. Night came upon us as we drove up to "Dudley's," a small but nice lodging-house and two or three log-house cottages near together—a kind of half way house for tourists, and the only house on the road for probably twenty or thirty miles. Here we found Rev. Dr. Willey, a pioneer Congregational minister, who had stopped over one day for rest. He was the chaplain of the Monterey convention that formed the first constitution of the state of California when the great question was pending, viz., whether California should come into the Union a free or a slave state. This same excellent man is at this writing the president of our California State Sabbath-school Association. Our cozy cottage, high up on one of the Sierra Mountains and surrounded by such monstrous pines (not the big trees) as are to be found nowhere else on the continent, was a good place to win the favor of King Morpheus.

Rising before the sun I hurried out to behold a forest such as I had never seen before. The cultivated ground around the house was white with frost, though it was the 7th of June. Taking my ramble into the woods I unexpectedly came upon a widely extended growth of mountain azalias in full bloom and in their gayest attire. As I had never seen that species before I did not know what they were. I had often gathered wild flowers most beautiful and rare but these were the most beautiful of all. Away from human habitation, no sound disturbing the stillness of the mountain forest except the song of the birds, and the air "as pure as the breath of heaven," as I beheld the unknown flowers all tinted with beauty by the hand of Him who said, "Consider the lilies," my soul was in an ecstasy of delight. "The hand that made them is divine." Never since have I seen such a profuseness of wild flowers nor any more beautiful. Probably they abound in the Sierras where no human eye ever beholds them. For what are they made to grow there?

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But the eye of Him who made them delights in the works of His hand. Let me behold the beauty of my Lord and be permitted to walk with him among the flowers of the celestial mountains.

We entered the valley at 6 o'clock Saturday evening. Multitudes of friends of the Sabbath-school had arrived before us and almost every place was full of guests. With difficulty we found lodgings at "Barnard's," the Yo Semite Valley House. Here we found Joseph Cook and wife. While there we ate at the same table with them and this was our first acquaintance with him. He had responded to the invitation to give some of the addresses on the occasion. Among the distinguished men who had come to the anniversary were Rev. Dr. Vincent, now bishop, and John Muir the eminent geologist.

The new chapel was dedicated on the Sabbath. In the forenoon, the sermon was preached by Dr. Guard; the dedicatory prayer was by Joseph Cook. In the afternoon Dr. Vincent preached in the open air. At night Joseph Cook preached on the omnipresence of God, a sermon such as only he could preach. Monday was devoted to sightseeing. Such was the rush to get horses and mules to ride up the trails to the peaks and outlooks, I failed to get them. Others had pre-engaged them, and we had our choice to walk or be disappointed. Rosie accepted my banter and we started off, father and daughter, both good walkers, for the Vernal and Nevada Falls, six miles up the Merced River. The first two or three miles are up the level valley near the stream; the other miles are up a steep trail from the Vernal Falls to the Nevada. Over each the whole body of water falls in one unbroken sheet. Their height I have forgotten. Between the two falls the river flows in one continued cascade parts of which are in fearful rapidity. For beauty they can scarcely have a rival. From Nevada Falls the view is among the finest. Snow's Hotel, near the falls, supplied us and other tourists with a good dinner. After rambles to take in new sights we retraced our steps to our hotel praising each other for our pluck and for our walk of twelve or thirteen miles without much fatigue; but the father awarded the prize to the daughter.

On Tuesday it rained so as to prevent any sightseeing. At the assembly we heard Joseph Cook's great sermon on "The Certainties of Religion," and John Muir's lectures on the "Forests of California." On Wednesday we joined a company of about one hundred and fifty, mostly members of the assembly, in a ride up the mountain trail to Glacier Point. This is generally regarded as the finest point of observation. Rosie's nag was a well-trained little mare conscientiously scrupulous to set her foot just in the right place.

Mine was a sure-footed donkey that treated me as if he believed me to be a gentleman. We parted friends. While our company was resting on Glacier Point John Muir gave us a lecture on "The Mountains of California." He is a Scotchman, a scholar, a Christian, and worthy of the position he then held as state geologist. The magnificence of the views from Glacier Point have often been portrayed. A thousand times is he rewarded who ascends to it.

On Thursday my fleet-footed daughter joined me in the ascent of the trail to the top of Yo Semite Falls two thousand six hundred and thirty-four feet above the valley into which the water of the river descends almost all in one perpendicular plunge. On reaching the top we fell in company with Rev. Dr. Trowbridge and wife of Detroit, Rev. Dr. Willey, and a young man, Mr. McClintock, from Pittsburg. After lunching here we all continued up the trail about two and a half miles farther on and up to the top of Eagle's Rest. From this point is obtained the finest view of the distant Sierra Range with its perpetual snow-covered peaks. The elevation, moreover, is greater than Glacier Point, but the distance from the valley is so much greater not so many tourists visit Eagle's Rest. The Yo Semite Falls, the most wonderful of all in the valley because of the immense height and extent of the perpendicular fall, are of a small river that empties into the Merced, the river that runs through the entire valley.

On our return from Eagle's Rest and coming down through the immense forest that covers the whole slope above the falls, we came upon a company of United States surveyors about to encamp for the night. Dr. Willey accepted their invitation to go into camp with them while Rosie and I hurried down our trail. It was dark when we reached our hotel. We were "as tired as tired can be" but were more than rewarded by what we had seen of the wonderful works of God.

There is at Yo Semite a place of observation called "Inspiration Point." From it most of the tourists who enter the valley have their first view, and it bursts upon the beholder so suddenly and so grandly it overwhelms the soul with emotions of awe. It is illustrated by an incident told by Miss Willard. A Judge —, of Sydney, Ohio, was going into the valley. When the stage-coach rounded Inspiration Point and stopped, he rose to his feet, clasped his hands as if in prayer, and exclaimed: "Mercy, mercy! Have I lived sixty-six years that I might see this glory! God made it all!" and he lifted up his voice and wept.

Almost any point of observation, whether in the valley as we look upward, or on the heights as we look downward, is an "Inspiration Point." Every new view inspires the soul of the devout with a holy awe as if in the presence of an Almighty Power too great to comprehend. The longer we remain this inspiration grows until the lips are sealed in silence for want of words to tell the emotions of the soul. Let Miss Willard's pen of matchless beauty try to tell it. She writes: "Except beside the dying bed of my beloved I have never felt the veil so thin between me and the world ineffable—supernal. What was it like? Let no pen less lofty than that of Milton, less attuned with nature's purest mood than that of Wordsworth, hope to 'express unblamed' the awful and ethereal beauty of what we saw. 'Earth with her thousand voices praises God,' sang the great heart of Coleridge of the Vale of Chamouni, but here, the divine chorus includes both earth and heaven, for El Capitan rears his head into the sky, while Sentinel and Cathedral Rocks and sky-climbing Cloud's Rest round out the full diapason of earthly and of celestial praise. A holy awe rested upon us, and tears were in all eyes. At last the sacred silence was broken by a rich voice, beloved by me for many a year, as Mrs. Dr. Bentley led the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' in which

the jubilant soprano harmonized with the melodious bass of humanity's united utterance of praise. 'O come, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker,' these inspired words leaped to our lips, and we found that in this supreme moment of our experience, beyond all poets, was the fitness of the grand old words our mothers taught us from the Book of God: 'The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him.' 'What is man that thou art mindful of him?' 'Stand in awe and sin not.' "

On Friday morning we entered our homeward-bound coach returning by the Oak Flat road. This brings the tourist through the "dead giant" in one of the "big tree" groves. It is the stump of an old Sequoia Gigantea broken off about twenty feet from the ground. An opening is cut out through which a four-horse Troy coach may be driven. Our stage took us through. The "giant" stands close beside the highway. Each of the roads leading into the valley passes through a grove of big trees. The Mariposa is said to be the largest. Two of our traveling companions were Dr. Vincent and Dr. Guard, both pleasant, though the former showed himself to be little in sympathy with the smaller denominations engaged in reform work. Unless the Methodist Episcopal bishop has changed since he put on the gown, he will not set the world on fire by any movement more advanced than conservative Methodism.

During our stay at the Yo Semite Hotel with Joseph Cook he was inquisitive as to the Chinese and our work among them, and he promised me that if the way were open he would lecture on the subject. The anti-Chinese agitation was raging yet. After our return home we arranged for a lecture in the San Francisco Opera House. The great auditorium was full of both friends and foes of the Chinese, and for an hour and a half he made a characteristic argu-

ment and appeal in behalf of the stranger in our midst and poured in shot and shell upon the hosts that whether on the sand-lot or in the press or pulpit shout, "The Chinese must go!" Subsequently in Oakland he gave his great lecture on "Does Death End All?" He called on us at our residence, and nearly the first thing he did after entering was to ask to see the last copy of the *Christian Statesman*.

Joseph Cook with all his greatness, had serious personal defects. He lacked that warm social element that is sure to win others to us. He was not exactly an ascetic recluse, living within himself, but not far from it. He lacked that quiet gentlemanly demeanor and affability of manners which all admire and which are sure to win our affections. But in brain power and culture, and as an original thinker and writer and speaker, Joseph Cook was head and shoulders above the majority of the great men of this generation. As a leader in advanced thoughts and as a courageous reformer and witness against popular errors and popular wrongs he is or was almost without a peer. His lecture on "Does Death End All?" is a marvelous manifestation of close thought and logical power.

CHAPTER XLVII.

MISSION WORK AND A MISSIONARY TOUR.

THE Christians of both nationalities in the mission were sufficient in number and intelligence to observe the week of prayer in January, 1880. The Chinese Christians were more numerous than the others so that most of the prayers and remarks were in their own language. The Chinese elder who was also the native helper, was interpreter when needed. Two or three, however, during the services both spoke and prayed in English. On the evening in which the subject of missions was the theme, two of them spoke with earnestness and fluency.

Soon after the meetings another Chinese convert was baptized, Lo Hoy, a young man of most lovely disposition and who, though long and often tried sorely, at latest accounts continued a firm disciple. Then shortly before our next communion, which was on the second Sabbath of April, another convert, Wong Chu, was admitted to the church. The baptism was on Sabbath after the action sermon from, "Behold what manner of love the Father," etc.

During this communion season again I was without ministerial aid. How joyous it would have been to me if I could have been favored with the presence and assistance of some dear brother. But we were so far away how could I expect it? Yet I had such a burden of cares and labors resting upon me I now wonder that I was brought through it all. I did not see it then, but afterwards I learned how unwise I had been in undertaking such manifold labors.

The work of the night schools, seven nights every week, in a room full of Chinese scholars, or in another not well ventilated, imperceptibly and gradually undermined my health. Yet I continued for I did not know how to avoid it; and I loved the work for the reward came with it. If there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repents, why should not *we* be happy in our efforts to bring sinners to repentance?

Believing that duty called for rest and change, and desirous of being at Synod to plead for the Oakland mission and to awaken in the church more interest in the behalf of the Chinese of California, I followed the advice of my wife and determined to make a tour east. Procuring extra teachers for the mission in my absence, and giving it into the charge of Mrs. Johnston and the helper, and taking our daughter Rosie for my traveling companion, I bade good-by to loved ones at home and took the overland train on Monday evening, April 19. We spent our first Sabbath in Chicago with my niece, Mrs. Helen Hervey. We all met in prayer-meeting with a Mr. Smyth and family, Covenanters formerly from Ireland but now members of one of our congregations in Iowa. And while in Chicago I called on my life-long friend, Dr. David Tidball, who had removed thither from New Castle, Pa. It was good to see his face once more. No more faithful friend was ever on my list, and this was by no means short. Our second Sabbath was spent among our friends at Belle-Centre and Northwood. In the First Reformed Presbyterian Church in the latter place I gave a lecture on "California—Its Light and Shade." This included a discussion of the Chinese questions. On Sabbath evening we had a large missionary meeting in the college chapel where I spoke at length on the Chinese missions in California and especially of our own. Journeying eastward we stopped at Utica and visited with nephew Robinson Johnston and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Kirkpatrick. Here

also I gave a lecture anent the Chinese mission. Thence we journeyed to St. Clairsville to visit my brother, J. B. Johnston and family. Here we spent our third Sabbath, and I lectured in the United Presbyterian Church, also in the Methodist. At this time my brother was growing old and feeble, being about seventy-eight years of age. I felt that I would never see him again. He had ever been to me a faithful and loving brother. I now loved him more than ever. Our talks together and alone were pleasant and loving. His last prayer—it was at his family altar the morning of our departure—was characteristic and seemed to me almost a divine benediction. We parted to meet no more on this side of the veil. In less than two years and a half he departed to be among the celestials. He had his infirmities—who has none?—but he was a true child of God and a man eminent in faith and prayer; and his works follow him.

Leaving my daughter with brother's family for two or three days and then to meet me on the way eastward, I went to New Athens to see my *alma mater* once more. It had been revived after peace came, and Rev. Dr. Vincent was the president. He invited me to lodge with him, and I gave my lecture on California in the college chapel. Except President Vincent, the faculty and students were all strangers. It didn't seem like days of yore in student life. Then slavery was the overshadowing and dominant institution in the land; now the millions were free and thousands of the freedmen in the colleges of the south or north. The desolating war which had broken the bondman's chains and also had for the time silenced old Franklin's bell on which was cast, "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land," was long since over and the old bell again calling the students together for chapel service. Coming out of the old town next morning and looking back to take my last view of what was dear to me now only because of its hallowed associations, I could

not conceal my sadness as I said, "*Vale, alma mater mea, vale.*"

Next I found my way to the homes of my two cousins, Hervey and Stewart Black, my older playmates in childhood. Cousin Hervey, now an old elder in the Presbyterian Church, kindly drove me to my father's grave in the old burying-ground beside the old brick church in which my parents once worshiped and in which I was baptized. I had not seen that grave for thirty-five years, when one cold winter day my weeping mother rested on my arm as we saw them lay away all that remained of one we loved so well. No voice was heard as I gathered some grasses that grew beneath the shadow of the old marble headstone and turned away sorrowing that I had not been a son worthy of such a father. Three miles further took us to the old farm—to the spot where sixty years ago these eyes first saw the light—to the old brick house we used to call our home. But, O how changed! Things I thought to see were gone. The old oak tree under whose shade sister and I used to play or sat to study our Bible or our catechism, was gone and the spot where once it stood was all bare! I asked leave of the strangers who now occupied the house to pass through it and once more to look upon its walls and its old fireplaces at which I had sat to hear my father read from the old family Bible and where my mother when we were alone had taught me to pray. But all seemed so strange and desolate I could not linger but hurried away in sadness from the old home of my childhood.

Another short ride took us to the old home of my Grandfather Black and that sweet old grandmother who, whenever in my childhood I went to see her always took me on her lap and kissed her "little Robinson," and never let me start back home before she had given me a piece of bread and butter "with honey on it." The reader may smile, but that

dear grandmother always seemed to me like an angel. With the eye of memory I yet see the old cottage and near by the twenty or thirty beehives where grandfather used to handle the swarming bees as if only pets, while I ran far away in fear. But now all was gone. The grass-covered lot and the old spring near by were all that remained.

Having visited the friends, and lodging with Cousin Stewart, also an honored elder in the old church, I hastened to Bridgeport, opposite Wheeling, Va., to meet my daughter and pass to Pittsburg where I had an opportunity to lecture on the Chinese question. At Beaver Falls I lectured on Chinese missions, and thence went to New Galilee to spend the Sabbath with nephew Rev. N. M. Johnston. On Monday afternoon I had an important meeting with the Board of Missions. I think Dr. Thomas Sproull was the chairman at that time. He asked me numerous questions in reference to the work, whether for his own information or for the Board I do not know; but the result was advanced and favorable action.

The next two days were spent in New Castle where I lectured two evenings in Rev. Dr. Browne's church, visiting many old friends and lodging one night with the Reformed Presbyterian pastor, Rev. S. J. Crowe, and the other with Dr. Browne. Later in the week I lectured in Wilkinsburg, lodging with Brother Joseph Hunter. At the close of the lecture Mrs. William Wills invited me to dine with her family next day. While I was there she handed me fifty dollars for the Chinese mission. As I had not been soliciting any funds whatever, this contribution showed how much she was interested in the cause.

During the most of the remaining time before departing to Synod I was kindly entertained in the family of Mrs. Oudry of Allegheny. On several occasions before at meetings of Synod I had lodged with the same family, and to no other

in that city am I so indebted for kind hospitalities which always made that house a home to her many friends. Pure religion and undefiled ever made it such.

From the first inauguration of the mission in Oakland Rev. Dr. Milligan was deeply interested in it. It had always been his judgment that the church should devote her energies and expend her funds in home mission work among the freedmen, the Indians, and the Chinese, rather than in foreign mission work. Rev. Dr. Sloane, on the other hand, had not been much interested in the Chinese work, alleging that we had as many missions already as we could support. Recently, however, he had changed his mind. In an interview with him while I was tarrying in Allegheny on this occasion he said he had changed his mind and that hereafter he would do all he could for the new mission among the Chinese. Accordingly, as he was at that time pastor of the Allegheny congregation he arranged for a missionary meeting in his own church on Sabbath evening. The house was crowded full. In the opening devotional exercises he read the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah in which occurs that wonderful prophetic verse (the twelfth) closing with these words: "And these from the land of Sinim" (China). Professor D. B. Willson gave the opening address. I followed and spoke a short hour in reference to the Chinese missions in California, especially the Covenanter mission. This was followed by another address by Dr. Milligan. As most of the leading members of the Board were present I hoped that night that hereafter the Oakland mission would receive more favor; and it did.

On the following Wednesday evening Synod met in Philadelphia. The weather was very hot nearly all the time of its sessions. I was in feeble health, for I did not recruit as fast as I had hoped before leaving home. As usual, the church in which Synod sat was generally crowded and the

members suffered with the heat. This lack of comfort was always a hindrance to prompt and proper synodical work and, as I always thought, a strong reason for Synod's meeting earlier in May and before the hot weather that so often occurs about the first of June. The most important convention or legislative body in any land is the annual Synod of the old Covenanter Church. That body should always meet at the best season of the year and have abundance of time for doing her work well without that rush that nearly always characterizes the sessions of the last day or two, and especially the last session. Such rush must be offensive to the church's Head in whose name Synod convenes.

The Sabbath that occurred during the time of Synod was spent in New York where, under the conduct of Mr. McKibben, with whom I lodged, I visited the Chinese mission on Mott Street, the only one in that city then. At the First Reformed Presbyterian Church I heard a characteristic sermon by Dr. A. M. Milligan, and then in the evening I lectured on the Bible.

In accordance with the arrangements of Synod's committee on missions a public meeting was held in the First Church on Tuesday evening. Rev. J. C. Todd, then laboring on the extreme western boundary, spoke in behalf of domestic missions, Elder Boxley, of Selma, Ala., in behalf of the freedmen's mission, and I in behalf of the Chinese mission in California. Mr. Boxley, always a pleasant speaker, evidently had the favorable attention of the people. The freedmen's mission was always regarded, and rightly, with special favor. That was the first time the claims of the work in California had been pressed upon the Synod. I would have had less pain of mind if I had not known my utter inability to press those claims properly. To say in Synod what I wished to say on any important subject was always one of the most difficult duties I ever had to perform.

My consciousness of inferiority as a public speaker was always embarrassing. Nevertheless it was manifest at that Synod that the work among the Chinese in California had already a strong hold upon the friends of missions.

Synod adjourned late on Wednesday night. In company with many of the western members I took the homeward-bound train and reached Belle-Centre, O., Thursday night about midnight and was met at the station by my daughter who had been visiting her uncles and aunt Mary Jane while I was at Synod. On Saturday morning we bade good-by to friends beloved and were in Chicago by the evening. Again we lodged over Sabbath with that most beloved niece, Helen Hervey. According to previous arrangements I preached in the house of Mr. Smyth, the elder mentioned on a previous page, and baptized his child, a beautiful babe, "little Susie." This baptismal rite I performed at the request of Mr. Smyth's pastor in Iowa, Rev. R. C. Wylie. Elder Smyth was a very intelligent and good man and one of the "most straitest sect" of the Covenanters. Why was he not spared to be one of the new Covenanter congregation now in Chicago? But God took him, and now "little Susie," a grown-up and beautiful girl, is in Oakland, but not of the Covenanter fold. Her mother took Susie with her into the Presbyterian fold where there was more room than in the little hall occupied by the "bigoted Covenanters" and the hated Mongolians.

"Saturday, June 12. By the good hand of our God upon us, Rosie and I have had a prosperous journey and at 11 o'clock were met at San Pablo by wife and daughter Mary who welcomed us home. And for bringing us safely home again I here and now record my devout gratitude to God our Preserver." (Diary.)

Three or four months after our return home the mission lost one of its best teachers. We felt the loss all the more

because she was not only among the best but one whose services were gratuitous. For years, indeed from the opening of the mission during all the years up to the time of her retirement, she worked voluntarily seven nights in the week and up to 9:30 o'clock, all for the good she was doing. True, we were glad to give her her board and lodging in part pay, and furnished her clothing also, which did not cost very much as she did not care to be dressed up to "the tip of the fashions." Yet as we did not pay her a teacher's salary we could afford to be generous in the supplying of her needs. We were exceedingly sorry to lose her from the mission for she had been with us from the beginning, always at her post and doing her work well. Besides, we knew full well that we could never find another to fill her place. This teacher was our second daughter, Mary Adela, who on the 20th of October, 1880, was married to James Henry Kirkpatrick of Utica, O. They were married by her father in our own parlor. We did not charge him with theft in stealing her heart, but as by the first overland train he took her away, leaving a vacant chair in our house, we could only lament our great loss. That vacant chair was often wet with tears. We had this partial consolation, however, that what was our loss was gain to him. But did he consider that he had found and that we were giving away to him a woman whose price is far above rubies?

During our absence the care of the mission devolved upon Mrs. Johnston and the helper, Ju Sing, assisted by young women teachers in the night school. He was a tolerably good interpreter but not sufficiently taught in the Scripture and Gospel truths to be a lay preacher; but he was a faithful man, and I gave him as janitor the care of the mission rooms. In looking after the wronged Chinese, or the sick, or the unfortunate, he was always a great help to me. Soon after the mission was in good working order I procured a

home or lodging-house for the converts or the unemployed adherents, *i. e.*, those who had abandoned idols and were learning the lessons of Christianity and examining it. This lodging-house needed some reliable person in authority to have care of it and oversight of the lodgers. This also devolved upon Ju Sing. And he was ever faithful. Besides, while he continued to be the helper we gave him special instruction in Bible and religious truth. We sent him to the public school also, that he might become a good English scholar. But he was not brainy, and he never could have become a superior scholar or good missionary.

After the church saw that the Oakland mission was doing a good work and after Synod asked congregational collections for it, liberal contributions came from all parts of the church. Added to these were numerous and generous contributions from individuals. When any of these were sent to me directly I reported them every month to the Board. We never lacked money necessary to carry on the work in our humble and economical method. When now the work had grown into fair proportions and required more of my attention, when health required me to avoid excessive labor too long endured, and when the contributions of eastern friends of the mission were sufficient to free us from anxiety about the financial future of the mission, I resigned my position in the newspaper office and gave myself wholly to mission work, though at no time did I ever ask or receive any salary from the Board, nor did any of the family; yet we never "lacked any good thing." After our older daughter completed her studies in the classical course of the High School, and then after two years' additional study graduated in Snell Seminary, she accepted a position as teacher in the same institution. She taught on a low salary, but the wages of mother and daughter were sufficient to meet our family expenses, and thus we all were able to work for the mission

without any salary from the Board. Our God blessed us, and we had our reward in the work.

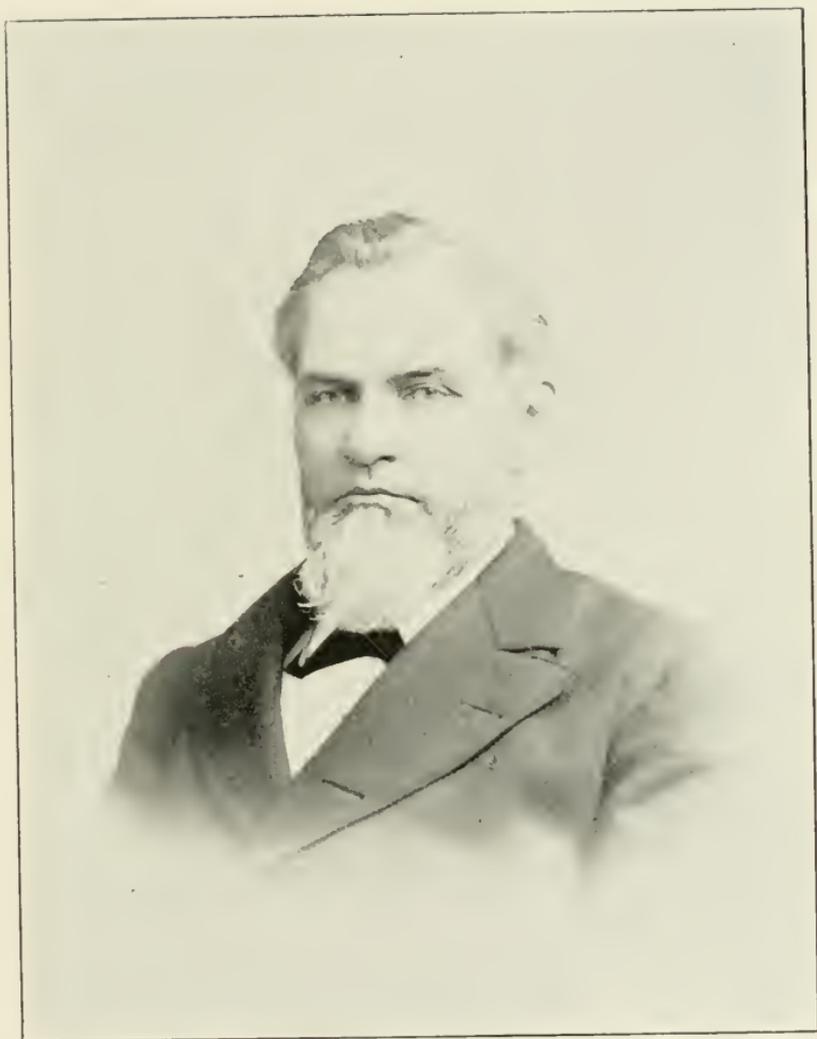
After the furnishing of the mission home, the regular and ordinary expenses were the monthly rents, gas, and fuel, and the rent of the lodging-house, though a part of this was paid by some of the lodgers who were able. Then there were the wages of the helper and of the other teachers.

From the first I was anxious to see some of the young converts at studies that would fit them to be helpers or missionaries among their own people whether here or in China. In the early years of the mission there were several who, as I thought, should be educated. They were poor and could obtain scholarship only by the help of others. I appealed to friends who had means. A few liberal contributions for this students' fund were received. By means of it I was able to help three of the converts to attend the Oakland public schools for some time. Before they were admitted, however, they had to cut off their cues and put on American clothes. One of these, Chu Gock, paid for his board by working as a house servant morning and evening, and he continued in the school until he had become a pretty good English scholar. In arithmetic he always led his class. It was not the design of this fund to educate only one but to help all who could be profited by it and who would use it well; yet if the fund had been sufficient I would have rejoiced to help several to be prepared to enter Geneva College in the hope that after a while educated Chinese might be ready to be sent out by the church to China. And during all these years I have been sorry that we have had no Chinese students in our own college. What better work, in the educational department, could the church do now than to train students of all three of the races for whom we have missions, negroes, Chinese, Indians?

Much of my time was taken up in helping the unfortunate

or in protecting them from wrong-doers. For years, all through the agitation of the "sand-lot" meetings, held on the Sabbath day, the unoffending strangers were liable to all manner of abuse and injustice by hoodlums and "Damn the Chinamen" Paddies and more respectable (?) people who resorted to all kinds of means to get rid of them wherever they were rivals in business or labor or manufactures. Oftentimes the police courts gave them no relief. As in the days of slavery, the power was on the side of the oppressor, and they had almost no friend who would take time or risk reproach in ridding them from ill men's might or securing justice for them in the courts. Many an innocent man had to pay a fine or lie in prison because of false witnesses or lack of truth.

In San Francisco there was one man who was ever and everywhere the friend of the Chinamen, viz. Dr. Otis Gibson, superintendent of the M. E. Chinese Mission in San Francisco. In his untiring and courageous efforts in behalf of the poor and the wronged, he had no peer. Being of large and strong physique and dauntless in his courage whether on the street or in the courts, even hoodlums and policemen feared him. They knew he was a man of God and was in the right. The innocent and the persecuted and the distressed went to him for help. They were not disappointed. Good men, especially the friends of missions, loved him, and though his life was cut short he lived to be honored by many who had hated him because he stood in their way when they sought to do wrong to the poor. But God bade him rest from his labors. If they could have been at the burial, thousands whose friend he had been would have wept at his grave. In Oakland there was not so much violence or wrong so that the missionary's time was not taxed so heavily? But I learned much from Dr. Gibson and I admired his courage and kindness so much that I instinctively followed his example; and it was a pleasure to help the needy.



OTIS GIBSON D. D.

Among the other honorable and beloved missionaries, superintendents of Chinese missions of their own denominations and in San Francisco, it gives me pleasure to make special mention of Rev. Dr. Loomis, Presbyterian, Rev. Dr. Hartwell, Baptist, Rev. William Pond, Congregationalist. Dr. Loomis and Dr. Hartwell had been missionaries in China and were good Chinese scholars. Dr. Pond was general superintendent only; the work in San Francisco was done largely by Jee Gam, the helper. Rev. I. M. Condit took charge of the work in the Presbyterian mission after the death of Dr. Loomis. During all the stormy year of the anti-Chinese excitement those noble men stood up together in behalf of the insulted and wronged strangers in our midst; and under the leadership of Dr. Gibson during two or three years we held monthly meetings for prayer and mutual counsel and help against the enemies of the Gospel and of the poor. (These meetings occurred before Dr. Condit and Dr. Masters became the successors of Dr. Loomis and Dr. Gibson, deceased.) And it gives me pleasure to have the opportunity here and now of saying that to those faithful workers I was greatly indebted for wise counsel. Ours was the only mission in Oakland at that time, and to me and my co-workers they were a tower of strength.

In the outskirts of Oakland there was a large fruit canuery in which for several summers five or six hundred Chinese were employed. As they were not at work on Sabbaths I thought it an open door for the preaching of the Gospel. They lodged in cheap houses on the ground and had command of their own time on the Sabbath. I spoke to the proprietor and obtained permission to hold outdoor missionary meetings in the afternoons. Taking with me several of the most advanced Christians of the mission and the helper, and some Psalm-books and Chinese tracts, we went to the grounds, took a favorable position for the meeting, and

began by singing. This was an invitation to come to hear the Gospel, and generally one or two hundred came, sometimes not more than fifty or sixty. As often as convenient I took with me the best available Chinese-speaking preacher or missionary or native helper from any other mission. After prayer two or three preachers addressed the people. Many heard attentively all the time. Some would come and listen a while or go away without showing any interest. I always spoke through an interpreter for almost none of them understood English. It required every possible effort to secure their attention and hold them to the end. Ordinary Gospel sermons failed. I often thought, O, if Jesus had been there to speak to those dying souls! They know so little. How can we reach them? And yet some seemed to listen as if longing to know some better way than the worship of idols, or as if saying, Tell me more about Jesus. After prayer and singing and giving out a tract or leaflet to every one, we bade them good-by. Sometimes one who could speak a little English would say to me, "Come back again."

These meetings were kept up for several months, or during the canning season of two summers. Perhaps it was shortly after the opening of the third season we went one Sabbath afternoon to find the laborers all busy in the works as on other days. They continued to work on the Sabbaths, and we had to abandon our Lusk Cannery missionary meetings. Whether any soul was saved or even profited we could not know. Probably a few afterwards came into our mission school, but this was the only good resulting as far as we knew. Probably more may be known in the life to come.

Some of the Psalms used at our missionary meetings, whether at Lusk's or on the street in Oakland's Chinatown, were selections from Rev. J. C. Nevins' (United Presbyterian) translations. He was regarded as the best Chinese

scholar among Americans in California. While in China he had translated into Chinese meters about fifty of the Psalms. From his versifications and by his permission we copied quite a number upon canvas for use in the mission. At first effort the Chinese are "miserable singers." Among the masses in China there is no knowledge of vocal music as a science. Their common singing is merely barbaric. When they begin to sing Psalms their voices are painfully harsh. After a while, however, by much drill a few of them become beautiful singers.

In the progress of the work we found it necessary to change the location of the mission nearer the center of the city. Here we had a larger mission chapel and more convenient. And the change called for large expense in new furniture and costly matting, etc. And not far from the chapel we rented a cottage for the Christians' home. This occasioned the displeasure of the families near by who hated the Chinese whether Christians or pagans, and they threatened to give us trouble; but we went on in our duties as before. The Chinese lodgers were as peaceable and quiet as others even the best. But they wore "pigtailed." A whisky saloon was on the corner. The people could endure the saloon, and without objection; but they could not endure the presence of the Mongolians who never entered any saloon.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

SOON after we went to California we formed the acquaintance of old John Brown's family now consisting of his widow and two daughters, one married. They had lived in Humboldt County where his son Solomon was a sheep rancher. Now they resided in Santa Clara County and had a little home near the top of the Santa Cruz Mountains. A steep mountain road of two miles more or less led to their residence. They were poor and in debt for the little ranch which they had set out in fruit trees and vines. Mrs. Johnston and I visited them in their new home, and repeated the visit at a later date. Mrs. Brown was a plain woman, not highly educated, but she was good and noble, and she believed in the old martyr. In these and subsequent interviews Mrs. Brown gave me much information that is not found in any of his biographies. Among other mementoes she gave me some of his manuscript letters. They are gems. Her daughter Sarah, as noble a young woman as ever mourned a martyr father, helped to maintain the family and pay off the debts by giving music lessons to scholars down in the village of Saratoga at the foot of the mountain. Afterwards she became an artist and is now making her living in an artist's studio in San Jose. The youngest daughter, Mrs. Fablinger, a beautiful woman, is the mother of a family of lovely children. Mr. Fablinger was then a teacher; now he owns a little fruit ranch near Saratoga. They all are Congregationalists and model Christians. Grace is not inherited, but

his children seem to have inherited John Brown's virtues. Mrs. Brown honored us by paying us several visits in Oakland. Her grave is in the Congregational church-yard at Saratoga. Since her mother's death Sarah has often been our guest. We honor her for her father's sake and highly esteem her for her own good qualities, one of which is her almost devout adoration of her martyred father. Since the death of Mrs. Brown it was my privilege to visit his daughter Ruth to whom it was thought he was peculiarly devoted. She was the wife of William Thompson, one of the heroes of Harper's Ferry, and she was the mother of several children. They were living at that time on a little ranch a few miles north of Pasadena, southern California. While in their home I was in the presence of good people worthy of more honor than the world awards to those who have fought the battles of truth and righteousness.

I have a pleasant recollection of service done to the aged. At the request of the lady managers of the "Home for Aged Women" I went one Sabbath a month for a year or more to preach to the inmates of the institution. Most of the women were Christians; and to preach Christ and the consolations of his Gospel was a very pleasant service. Mrs. Johnston often went with me and led in the singing. We used a little book of selections from the Psalms, and the books were left with the old people that they might learn the beauty of the songs of inspiration.

At the invitation of the Covenanters residing near Santa Ana, southern California, and by appointment of the Board of Home Missions, I made a hurried visit there and preached one Sabbath. There were the families of Elder McCloy, Elder Mitchell, and Mr. McClurkin. A while ago there might have been a prospect of a little congregation at Santa Ana. Now it was too late. Mr. McCloy was preparing to

remove to Texas. The United Presbyterians had taken possession of the field. Mr. Mitchell began to attend the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and ere long all hope of a Covenanter congregation at Santa Ana was abandoned.

On my way to or from Santa Ana I called upon a Covenanter family in Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Swizer, formerly members of first Philadelphia congregation. They had come to California for his health, but after fighting hard several years to ward off the enemy he finally died of consumption. A while afterwards Mrs. Swizer's stepfather, David Lang, formerly a deacon in Topsham and then an elder of Ryegate Vermont congregation, came to southern California, bought a ranch in the country, held onto his Covenanter principles for a while, and then becoming discouraged, went into the Presbyterian Church at Azusa. Mrs. Swizer had preceded him in the same way. In California soil Covenanter seed does not seem to flourish. There are some other Covenanters in that part of the state yet. Will these be faithful unto death?

Around Puget Sound the soil seems to be better adapted to the growth of Scotch heather. Sometime in the eighties a few pioneer Covenanters settled at and near Kent, Wash. These were the families of Dr. Ewing, Mr. Elsie, and Mr. Clark. When living in Minnesota Dr. Ewing had been a very liberal friend of the Chinese mission in California, and had often contributed to it. Soon after he went to Kent he wrote to me inviting me to visit them and give them some preaching. I laid the petition before the Central Board. They appointed me to go and preach two or three Sabbaths. My route by rail took me near the base of Mount Shasta and over the Siskiyou Mountains. At that time the road was not finished. Stages carried travelers from Cole's Station, near the Siskiyou Range, over the mountains to Ashland, Oregon. When the road was built afterwards it showed

engineering skill rarely seen in the country. On this tour for the first time I saw the Columbia probably the most beautiful of the large rivers.

While in Washington I lodged part of the time with Dr. Ewing's family and part with Mr. Elsie's. Greatly did I enjoy my home with them.

In a schoolhouse in Mr. Elsie's district and in a dense forest Mrs. Elsie had been superintending a Sabbath-school during the summer. In this schoolhouse they had arranged for the preaching. The house was full both Sabbaths, and I preached two sermons both days. The Sabbath-school met between the services. In the evening of the second Sabbath I preached in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Kent. Those five sermons were the first Covenanter discourses ever preached in the Puget Sound country. At that time there were no Covenanters in Seattle.

During the days between the two Sabbaths I made a hasty visit to Victoria, in British Columbia. My principal object was to see the Chinese missions in that old city. There were many Chinese there, and considerable work had been done among them. The principal worker was young Mr. Gardiner, son of a Presbyterian returned missionary. His widowed mother is a Chinese Christian woman of great excellency. The steamer that plied between Seattle and Victoria stopped at Port Townsend where I called upon a son of Henry Ward Beecher and had a pleasant interview. He was collector of the port. Shortly before I was in Seattle had occurred those fearful anti-Chinese riots in which for several days the governor of the territory with a large military force had kept the mob at bay when they were determined to drive away every Chinaman from the city; and there were many of them there. When I was there they nearly all had gone away afraid to remain after such terrible opposition.

At Tacoma similar riots had occurred and the Chinese had been driven out. Not one was left. The citizens in public meetings had resolved that they would not permit any Chinaman, at any time or for any purpose, to enter the city. This their vow they kept by their loaded guns.

Ju Bong was one of the young converts who was anxious for a good English education, and that he might get it in the Oakland schools he cut off his cue and put on American clothes. But his studies were hard for him and he did not continue very long in school but returned to work again. He was amiable and kind-hearted and among his fellows he was a favorite. As a Christian he was consistent in his life and always at his post. He was one of the few who became so familiar with the English language as to be able to use it in our prayer-meetings. Having accumulated a little money he became a partner in a Chinese store in company with a member of the Baptist Church. He had the principal charge of the store and lodged in a room in the rear. But he continued to attend the mission school and was always at the weekly evening prayer-meetings. Going home from one of these meetings one of the young men walked with him to the store, bade him good-night, and passed on to his lodging. That was the last time Ju Bong was seen alive by any of his Christian friends. From testimony obtained afterwards it is quite probable that not long after he entered his store and had locked the door a man, or probably two, rapped. He opened the door and recognizing one of them as an acquaintance admitted them. They were Chinamen. At a later hour he was seen by some one who was passing by, lying prostrate in the open front door groaning with pain from a pistol shot in the back in the region of the loins. To the policeman who came to his assistance and asked him what was the matter, the dying man said: "Frank Lee* shot me."

*This was his American name by which he was best known.

The police ambulance was sent for. He was placed in it and carried to the receiving hospital; but before arrival the spirit of Ju Bong had passed away, the first of the race, of our brotherhood, whose redeemed soul was permitted "to be with the Lord." When the sad intelligence of his death was brought to us early the next morning I could not repress my grief that our dear brother had died among strangers, no friend or Christian brother being present to speak words of comfort or to hear the last words of testimony from his dying lips.

By the coroner's jury a verdict was rendered that Ju Bong had died by a bullet fired by Chu Chew (Frank Lee). From all the testimony that could be obtained it was established almost beyond doubt that he had been murdered by the man whose name he had given with his dying lips to the policeman, and that the motive of the murderer was solely money. Another man was implicated. They had escaped by the back door. In the back yard the murderer's hat was found in the morning. A pistol with an empty barrel was found lying in the rear room. And from numerous similar circumstances it was almost certain that Ju Bong had walked to the front door to blow a policeman's whistle when he was shot by the murderer who escaped the back way.

The body of our lost brother was taken to the parlor of the undertaker and prepared for burial. The funeral services were held in the mission chapel. It was filled with his lamenting friends and brothers of the mission and Chinese Christians from other missions. Addresses were given by two well-known missionaries, Rev. Dr. Otis Gibson and Rev. I. M. Condit, one in Chinese and the other in English. We laid away the body of our lamented brother in the Mountain View Cemetery, more beautiful than Greenwood. We met the funeral expenses ourselves, but afterwards when we erected a becoming monument upon his grave the Chinese brothers of the mission generously contributed most of the money.

After two or three weeks of search by the Oakland police the murderer was arrested in his hiding-place in Watsonville, Monterey County. After a long trial in the county court the jury was unanimous in the verdict, and Chu Chew was sentenced to life confinement in the state prison. Most probably it would have been the death penalty had it not been that the evidence was all circumstantial except the dying testimony of Ju Bong, and from the fact that during the trial it was made certain that another man was implicated and might possibly have fired the fatal shot.

CHAPTER XLIX.

IN MEMORIAM.

DURING the following autumn Rev. Dr. A. M. Milligan, of Pittsburg, accompanied by his wife, came to California in search of health. Before they left their eastern home they informed us that they were going to Los Angeles. We could not think of his staying there among strangers and so determined to invite them to come to Oakland and make their home with us until his health would be restored if possible. The next day after their arrival at Los Angeles I was there and found them at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Swizer. It was not long until they determined to go home with me. What followed as long as he remained in California was written and was and is known to all his friends who read the church magazines and papers, so that it need not be written on these pages except very briefly for those who were not his cotemporaries. When Dr. Milligan came he was hopeful of improved health and somewhat of recovery. As soon as he was rested from his long journey he began to ride out and then to take short walks. Almost daily he took long "sun baths" on our rear piazza. Mrs. Johnston closely studied his dietetic needs, and he was greatly pleased with his hygienic meals. After a while he occasionally walked about a block to see how much he had gained in weight, and was greatly encouraged when he found it increased slowly. He read little and wrote less, but always conversed freely and often cheerfully. He was good company, and he and Mrs. Milligan added much to

the happiness of our family. He rarely felt able to attend the religious services on Sabbath. One day when he was present I preached on the words of our Lord to the great apostle: "Be of good cheer, Paul." After we were at home he said: "That was all for me." One evening when he felt sufficiently strong, by the help of two Chinese Christians he went with us to the mission about a block and a half distant. I had asked him to give a brief address to the Chinese. Most of the Christians were present. He spoke in the sitting posture and with ease and apparent delight.

As the winter months or the rainy season came on his health was not so good or did not continue to improve, and his friends in Pittsburg wrote and urged him to go farther south. He followed their advice and went to Los Gatos, a town at the base of the Santa Cruz Mountains in Santa Clara County. Here he lodged with a Presbyterian pastor who in youth had been a member of the Craftsbury Reformed Presbyterian Congregation. His health declined rapidly while there. Then they went to be the guests of the family of John M. Flemming near San Jose, once a Covenanter elder in New York. Here also he steadily declined in health. The first time I visited him there I saw a great change in his condition for the worse. He suffered much pain and had lost his appetite and could receive almost no food. Mr. Flemming brought him back to our house. I think he had lost hope of recovery. His greatest desire now was to be able to reach home that he might die among his friends. By his permission I called in Rev. Dr. Wythe, M. D., who gave him no reason to hope for recovery, but he hoped that he might be able to endure the journey home. At this time he was no more able to sit up in his chair, and the only way he could hope to make the journey almost across the continent would be on his bed. As Mrs. Milligan could



A. M. MILLIGAN, D. D.

not go alone with him, at their request I agreed to accompany them. Without delay it was arranged that we would start on the journey as soon as the Sabbath was over. It was a sad Sabbath day. On Monday we carried him into a carriage, laid him down in a reclining posture, carried him into the Pullman sleeper and laid him upon a bed in the drawing-room which I had engaged for them through the entire journey. Over mountains and plains two nights and a day brought us to Ogden. He ate little or nothing, suffered pain more or less, was almost helpless except in the use of his arms, conversed little, but slept tolerably well. All the while however he was evidently steadily drawing nearer the gates of death. As we had the room for exclusive use we had opportunity for Bible reading, religious conversation, and prayer. His anxiety to reach home in time to die was freely expressed, and I think he did not lose hope until after we passed Ogden. Here we had to change sleepers. With much difficulty two strong men carried him into the drawing-room of a Union Pacific sleeper. The change was a severe ordeal. It was followed by increased pain and exhaustion. Erelong he fell into an unconscious (comatose) condition which continued until toward midnight when he peacefully and silently fell asleep in Jesus. All through the anxious hours and days of that journey thus far passed we sat at his bedside to care for him, to read the Bible to him, to talk and to pray and to help to fix the eye of the dying Christian upon the Lamb of God. And now when the respiration ceased, when pulsation was no more, and when we knew that the soul had gone to be with the Lord, and when all was quiet save the noise of our train, we again bowed the knee in supplication for ourselves, for friends in the east, and especially for poor Mrs. Milligan in the hour of her deep sorrow. I had watched that noble woman and faithful wife all the time

they were with us to admire her loving and tender and constant care for her husband. Never was there a more dutiful wife. Now she was bereft. Now she was a widow and far from home. It was midnight. We were near Rock Springs, a little east of the Wyoming western border.

I went out to a kind Christian man who had shown sympathy with us in our anxiety, and told him of the death of our friend. He offered his help in caring for the dead body. Insisting on Mrs. Milligan trying to rest until morning, we informed the conductor of the death of the sick man. Knowing the law of the trains, that in case of a death the body must be taken off at the first suitable station, I besought the conductor to permit us to take it on to Laramie or Cheyenne when it would be daylight, and because I could not bear the thought of Mrs. Milligan being put off at some little station in the mountains in the dead of the night. He wired to the officer at Cheyenne who, learning that the man had not died from any contagious disease, gave permission to take the body on to Cheyenne where it could be embalmed. On arrival, the body was carried directly to Governor Warren's embalming rooms. Here it lay until prepared and ready for burial and until the coming of Rev. J. S. T. Milligan to whom we had sent the sad intelligence and who came to meet us. Taking the remains with us we passed on our sad journey and stopped in Omaha over Sabbath. Thence we journeyed to Kansas City and St. Louis where friends met us and kindly detained us for breakfast with the widow of Rev. James Wallace whose former husband, Professor Trumbull, was an uncle of Dr. Milligan. By the Pan Handle railroad we reached Pittsburg where the arrangements had all been made for the burial the day after our expected arrival. This was followed by a post-mortem examination which resulted in the decision that the fatal cause was "Addison's disease of the kidneys." Perhaps it was; but some present were not satisfied with the decision.

At the church there was a very large concourse of people. Numerous beautiful memorial addresses were given by ministers representing the various churches. Mrs. Milligan had requested Dr. McAllister, who had charge of the memorial services, to ask me to speak and give a brief sketch of Dr. Milligan's sickness in California and of his last days and last hours. As I did not know of her request until a short time before I was expected to speak, and as I knew my total inability to do well what I should do, I spoke under great embarrassment and with a humiliating sense of my weakness in the presence of so many of the friends of the departed who were anxious, no doubt, to hear what could not be learned from any other. A very large procession followed the remains to their last resting-place in the Allegheny Belleview cemetery. In less than a year afterwards the body of his most intimate friend and brother, Dr. J. R. W. Sloane, was buried near the same spot. Over both graves are now appropriate monuments placed by those who loved them most. And the whole church mourns the early death of two useful, beloved, and honored servants of Christ. If any one wishes to read what was subsequently written by this pen soon after Dr. Milligan's death, he will find it in the memorial volume published by Mrs. Milligan.

After the burial I came to Belle-Centre, Ohio, to visit my sister and the other friends in the vicinity and remained with her until the time of Synod which met this year, 1885, at Morning Sun, Iowa. One of the most important duties imposed upon me by the moderator was the preparation of the report of Synod's committee in the death of Dr. Milligan. As chairman of the committee I prepared it with special care. It was adopted in committee and afterwards by Synod without any change whatever. It formed a part of the memorial volume published afterwards by Mrs. Milligan and other friends.

It was my "hap" to be entertained during Synod in the family of Elder McIlhinney, son of one of the pioneers of Sharon congregation whose house of worship was in the neighborhood. One of the other guests was Elder Thomas Walker, the delegate from the session of the second Philadelphia congregation, Rev. S. O. Wylie, D. D., pastor. Though I had often been in Philadelphia I never before had a favorable opportunity to form his acquaintance. As he was born across the water, and as he was elder in a congregation that had always fought against having deacons in the church, perhaps I was disposed to study him a little before I would "take to him." Such is fallen human nature. Gradually he grew in my estimation and so won my affections that before Synod adjourned there was no one in our company of guests whose fellowship was so pleasant to me. This was the beginning of a friendship that in later years ripened into a brotherly love that is deathless.

On Saturday afternoon our host, Mr. McIlhinney, took a wagon-load of us some miles over the country to the old barn of his uncle and the hickory grove adjacent in which I had preached two Sabbaths nearly thirty-five years before or shortly after my licensure. The barn was falling into decay; the body of the preacher had lost its youthful vigor. The trees had grown larger and would continue their youth indefinitely. My mind had grown with the trees; and when they shall have perished the immortal part will have only begun the life everlasting.

As soon as Synod adjourned I was on my way home. I reached Ogden and Salt Lake City before the Sabbath and rested with my friend, Rev. Dr. McNiece; until Monday, in due time after which I was once more at home to unite with the loved ones in thanksgiving to God.

CHAPTER L. •

HOME WORK RESUMED.

JU SING, the helper in the mission, having gone to New York, it became necessary to procure another. After a while we obtained the services of Ju Guy. He was one of the earliest of the baptized converts and one of the best English scholars. He had recently returned from a protracted visit to China where he had obtained much information that would qualify him for his work as a helper. He lacked some of the desirable elements of a model native helper, to which I was not blind, but as he was the most intellectual and the best scholar of all the Christians of the mission I thought it well to employ him and endeavor to educate him while acting as helper. Accordingly I gave him lessons every day in language and the English branches, also in the Bible and systematic truth. He memorized the shorter catechism with ease, committing every day a certain number of answers together with the proof texts. Then the recited answers were examined critically and doctrinally so that he might understand clearly the truths declared. This method, by way of question and answer, was continued all through this most perfect of all the Westminster standards. This done, we next took up our Reformed Presbyterian testimony. Each chapter, or a portion of it if large, was first read as a school reading lesson and cursorily explained. Then the scholar studied it until the next day when it was recited or examined by way of question and answer. Then the teacher hoped that when the whole book would be mastered he

would have a knowledge of the doctrine of the Word of God sufficient to be a safe teacher of others. I never saw any one drink in so rapidly the truth of the Bible. And he seemed to have at least an intellectual delight in the study of the doctrinal truth. The teacher, also, had delight in the work as he saw how a mind not long released from the bondage of pagan idolatry delighted in the study of divine truth. True, the class was not large, and I was not very fearful that the professors of the Allegheny Seminary would be jealous of me as a rival intending to start a new Theological Seminary on the Pacific Coast. Nor did I tire with my theological class (!), for I hoped that while helping in the mission he might be trained to become an excellent native helper in China some day; for I had been hoping and laboring and praying that the church would inaugurate a foreign mission in China and that after a while we would be able to send our missionaries there a qualified native helper. But in an evil hour the arch-enemy of missions sought to ruin ours. His attack was upon the one for whom I had done so much and on whom of late our hope had been set. By some of the Christians he was suspected of immoral conduct that if known would harm the mission and require his dismissal as helper. By some of the others he was informed of this and left the mission without delay. I knew nothing of it until after he had departed. It was a heavy blow against the mission. The enemy had gained his point. How cunning are his devices! I studied to be reconciled to the will of the Master whose wisdom is supreme; and perhaps what seemed to us only evil was overruled for good. But I was discouraged. Other discouragements followed and they would have weakened our hands altogether if we had not believed that our work was the very work the compassionate Master would have us do. And so we tried hard to persevere in it in reliance upon the promises.

In the progress of the work we found it desirable to change again the location of the mission. At that time into what was called "Chinatown" a large number of the idolaters had gathered, some in business but mostly in lodging-houses. These were occupied largely by laborers employed elsewhere during the day or by those out of employment. The number of this class had been increasing ever since the successful efforts all over the state to "boycott" all employers of Chinese in manufacturing establishments. The result was the crowding of the unemployed into the Chinatowns of the other cities besides San Francisco. To reach this class, if possible, and for the convenience of the majority of the Christians and others already in the mission, we rented a hall, with rear rooms, located adjacent to the Chinese quarters. The removal hither removed also our work quite a distance from our residence; but as it was for the interest of the mission we were satisfied. Besides those who had been in the mission schools on Market Street, new scholars entered and increased the number of attendants. Besides our own family it was necessary to employ two young lady teachers besides the Chinese helper.

As soon as the rainy season was over we tried a new method of reaching the heathen by the Gospel. If they would not come to our open chapel to hear the glad tidings, we would carry the Gospel to them. Ju Guy (for this was before his departure) went with me to notify the people of our change and to invite them to come to hear about the "Jesus religion." This he did several times and distributed cards of invitation and "talked the Gospel" to any who would listen to it. Yet few came. So we resolved to take Chinatown by violence, *i. e.* by street preaching. In the chapel I preached at 11 to both Americans and Chinese, whether converted or unconverted, using an interpreter as circumstances indicated. This service was followed by Bible lessons and such

as the untaught needed. At the close of these exercises in the chapel, taking with me as many of the converts as could go, each one armed with a Psalm-book, or taking two or three canvas-printed Psalms in either language, we began our sidewalk meeting by singing a Psalm. In a few minutes the sidewalk would be full of Chinese coming quietly on hearing the singing. After prayer in the Chinese language the Gospel was preached in some form, either by the missionary through the interpreter or by some invited Chinese helper or lay preacher, and frequently by an invited missionary. Sometimes several well-qualified persons would give short addresses. These were always followed by prayer and by the distribution of Chinese tracts and sometimes by English leaflets, for some of the people had learned to read the language.

What good resulted from these meetings we did not know nor did we pause to inquire or wait to see. Ours was to obey Him who said: Preach the Gospel to every creature. He who waits to find out "what good it will do" before he acts when God commands, will never do much. The sower who will withhold the seed until he has the answer to his question, Will it produce a crop? will never sow his grain. One design of our street meetings was to teach the ignorant, to awaken the careless, and to offer Christ and his salvation to the lost. And though we could not foresee the result it was pleasant to see that frequently when some Chinese speaker was addressing the heathen many of them gave close attention and often manifested great delight. They may have been of that class mentioned by the great Teacher who "hear the Word and anon with joy receive it" but who by and by are offended; but this was not ours to wait to see. Another design of our meetings was to try to allure the pagans of Chinatown into our mission which was just around the street corner. But as far as we knew few ever came.

The evil one may have said to them, "Don't be caught with chaff." More probably they themselves thought: "There is no money in it." Or others may have said: "Let them repeal their wicked laws against us Chinese and then we will listen to what they have to say about the 'Jesus religion.'"

During all the years of our labors in the mission I was anxious for the conversion of individual Chinese. It would be folly to deny that in the case of many hopeful young men who continued so long with us that I became affectionately attached to them. I "travailed in birth again until Christ might be formed in them;" and though I had no right to expect eminent success in "winning souls to Christ," yet I knew that I often experienced sadness of heart because of disappointment. It was not mine to be made joyous in seeing the saved ones "flocking as doves to their windows;" and yet all through these years of anxious effort there were some evidences that we were approved of God! The first baptism of converts occurred in June, 1878, or about two and a half years after we opened our mission chapel. From time to time during all the subsequent years of our continuance in the work others were baptized until the number amounted to thirty-four. But the amount of good resulting may not be limited to this number. Many others were weaned from idols; some of these became believers in Christianity and received its truths as divine but did not evince saving faith in Christ. Besides, many who received much if not nearly all their knowledge of Bible truths and of the way of salvation in our mission, subsequently made their profession of faith in the mission of other churches. Could we wonder? We had no church organization here and they knew how feeble a folk Covenanters were. Some of the most promising and excellent Chinese Christians now in other denominations owe nearly all their attainments to the Covenanter mission. Dea Woo, now a successful merchant in

San Francisco and a very intelligent Congregationalist, began to learn English and to hear of Christ with us and continued long with us. Lee Keet, one of the most lovely young men I have ever known, was with us for several years, and we thought he was almost a Christian. But he procrastinated. His heart was not touched by the convincing and converting Spirit of God. Now, after years of halting, his name is enrolled among the disciples of Christ in San Francisco. Was our labor lost because he followed not with us? Lee To, probably as lovely by nature as the disciple who lay on Jesus' bosom, and almost remarkable for his diligence in searching the Scriptures, was with us and studied the Bible with me for years, and whom I regarded as a probable convert, in his freedom from guile was "stolen from us" by some who saw his superior character and attainments. After I had resigned the mission he was received by immersion into the fellowship of the Baptist Church. After pursuing studies a while under Rev. Dr. Hartwell he labored some time in China as a native helper. After his return he was employed a few months in the R. P. Mission, then in Portland, Or. He is now at Spokane, Wash.

There is, however, a dark page in this history. Among the numerous baptized converts some afterwards made shipwreck of the faith. One became offended at some of the brethren and abandoned the flock. Two or three in after years proved to be weak disciples or fell into the snare of the world and lost their first love. And two or three fell into temptation and have not manifested genuine repentance. Whether these or any of them were and are yet the children of God whose purpose it is to bring them to repentance and back to Christ, or whether they and those who received them to baptism were deceived as to their heart conversion, is not ours to know certainly. "The day will reveal it." It is probable, however, that among the Chinese who profess

faith in Christ there are fewer false professors in proportion than there are among American church-members. Besides, let it be remembered that among all whom in any denomination I have known to become backsliders I have never known one to return to idolatry. Nor have I ever known one to become an opium smoker or a user of strong drink. And let it be remembered that in California these as well as other Christians are exposed to far greater temptations than others in the east. He must be a strong man who can live in San Francisco or Oakland and not fall before his many foes such as abound in no other place.

Once more: To weigh well the probable amount of good resulting from missionary efforts we must not forget that many Chinese who were baptized and sooner or later departed from Oakland went to other places to be thrown among other people who were or are benefited or brought to Christ. Pleasant to think of are several instances of which mention might be made if this were the design of this writing. Some went back to China to be as lights shining in a dark place. One precious young Christian whom we were so sorry to lose, went to the Sandwich Islands and has long been a witness for Christ among his own people there. One whose integrity and zeal are well known among his brethren went to his native city and labored several years as a self-appointed private or lay missionary among his fellow townsmen and, being too poor to remain longer and wishing to be again with his brethren in Oakland, endeavored to return. But as he would not, even if he could, bribe the officials of the custom-house to land him in San Francisco, he went by the Canadian Pacific to Montreal where he remains yet not able to get over the boundary line except by stealth, which he is too conscientious to do. He is doing good there no doubt. Perhaps there are some of God's elect in Montreal whom he may savingly affect.

In an evil hour the old enemy of Christ and of his church made an assault upon her and sought to break up the work in Oakland. The organized congregation was small at first. Several Covenanters who came afterwards were poor and did not remain long. John Gillies, formerly of Vermont, and who resided in Sacramento but whose membership was with us and who was with us during two communion seasons and giving us great joy of fellowship, was of a ripe old age and soon after the second communion passed over to the higher fellowship. Ju Sing, the Chinese elder, had gone to New York. John Rice, the other elder, through the influence of enemies of the mission became disaffected and ceased to attend, and taking his family with him attended the Second Presbyterian Church. Then the Oakland congregation became disorganized as there were no elders to form a session. I reported the disorganization to the Board. The mission, however, continued as before, the only difference being in this, that the missionaries had to endure the sufferings caused by the tongue of slander. Perhaps the Divine Chastiser knew that it was needed. Thus it was to them a merciful visitation.

For several years in my correspondence with the Board I endeavored to persuade them to send a young man, a theological student or a licentiate, who might be an assistant in the mission, study the Chinese language, and thus be prepared either to take my place in the mission in Oakland or to go to China as a foreign missionary. I knew that in my feeble health I could not continue in the work much longer and that a successor would be needed. I knew that I was not a popular preacher such as might be desired by the American Covenanters and such as might be necessary to build up a congregation in Oakland. But the Board always declined to take any action in the matter. I saw that unless I would do something more I would neither receive help nor

would any one be sent to the mission to be in preparation for the foreign field. I was so anxious for this, believing it was the very work of foreign missions in which the church should engage as soon as possible, I determined to embrace the first opportunity to make it almost compulsory for the Board to carry out my plans. I saw only one way, however, by which it could be done. I went to the meeting of Synod that year in Newburg, New York. During its sessions, probably it was in the discussions on the report of the Board, or of the Committee on Missions, such unjust things were said about the Oakland mission and the missionary by some members of Synod, notably by an elder and by a minister both of whom not long afterwards went over to the Presbyterian Church, that I resolved to offer my resignation to the Board at its next session. Under the impulse of the moment I felt that if after all I had done in good faith for the mission and when I was conscious of rectitude—if I must yet be submitted to suspicion of wrong-doing and be a victim of the tongue of slander, the sooner I can retire and be permitted to enjoy peace the better. I knew I had some friends in Synod but they seemed few, and I was sad, and in this moment of sadness I determined to offer my resignation. This I did soon after my return home and probably at the first meeting of the Board after Synod. My resignation was positive and accompanied by several reasons. I can now remember only two or three of them:

1. I had been doing excessive work in the mission under unfavorable circumstances so long my health was becoming feeble. I think it was owing to late hours in the night school and in its vitiated atmosphere during so many years, that I had had two attacks of pneumonia, one very serious, leaving disease of the bronchia from which I have never recovered. And I thought that I could not expect long life unless I could get out of the mission.

2. I hoped that if the Board would send a young man of proper qualifications he might be the means of building up a Reformed Presbyterian congregation in Oakland, and where we and other Covenanters could reside in a winterless climate and enjoy the ordinances also.

3. And, especially, because I hoped that the appointment of a young man, if possessed of the proper qualifications, would prepare the way for and result in the inauguration of a foreign mission in China.

Thus my resignation was of necessity not of choice, for if it could have continued consistent with duty I would gladly have labored among the Chinese to the end. I never was tired of the work.

My resignation was accepted but accompanied by the request that I would continue in charge of the mission until a successor could be found and come to relieve me. After a while licentiate James Patton was appointed. We were not acquainted, but as he had received a call to Cincinnati congregation he wrote me asking my advice. I replied and gave him information as to the mission and urged him to come to Oakland, rather than to go to Cincinnati. He accepted the appointment to Oakland, married a young wife who had the good qualities of a good missionary, and then came on to take charge of the work. After the first Sabbath I passed all over into his hands, promising whatever help he might at any time need and request. Our unmarried daughter, who had always been a devoted and acceptable missionary, was retained for a time as a teacher, and the work went on much as before. The new missionary employed a teacher and began the study of the Chinese language, but discontinued it at the end of one month. His reasons may have been good, but his abandoning the study indicated that the hope that my successor might develop into a foreign missionary, would be disappointed.

CHAPTER LI.

SOUTHERN MISSIONS VISITED.

FOR many long years I had cherished the hope that some day I might be permitted to visit the missions in the south and see the condition of the freedmen and the progress of the work done for their elevation. Not long after my release from my post in Oakland the opportunity came. It was the spring before the great National Reform Conference in Pittsburg. My plan was to take a tour through the south, visiting as many missions and schools for freedmen as possible including especially our own at Selma, Alabama. When I was contemplating the missionary tour which I knew would be expensive, I wrote to the *Philadelphia Christian Statesman* offering to write weekly letters for its columns during my tour provided the editors would give me a fair remuneration. They plead poverty. As from the beginning of that able journal I had been writing frequent letters for its columns and had never received a dollar for them, I felt excused for my act of begging. Indeed, as I had never received a dollar for anything I had ever written for the press, and as now for the first time I had hoped for some remuneration for hard work, I was somewhat disappointed perhaps. But I went, nevertheless, and I was free to go and see and hear and be happy in learning so much that I had long wanted to know, and all without needing to use pencil or pen for anybody. I was a freeman among the *freedmen*. Receiving from Rev. Dr. Strieby, secretary of the American Missionary Association, letters of introduction to the princi-

pals of their leading institutions in the south, I bade good-by to the loved ones of home and set my face towards the south and the east *via*, the Sunset Route. At Los Angeles I stopped over one day to see good Covenanter friends. Mr. John A. McKee and family, and his son J. R. McKee, from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, were at Pasadena in search of health. It was good to see good and live Covenanters on California soil; and again I thought, Can such seed grow in such soil?

From Los Angeles I passed on through Yuma, said to be the hottest spot in the United States, and through the barren wastes and mountains of Arizona and into Texas to turn aside to spend the Sabbath in Galveston. Here I rested at a hotel whose servants used to be slaves; now all were free. One object of my visit to this old city was to see my Chinese Covenanter brother, Ju Hing, who was there in business. The women of the First Presbyterian Church had a large Chinese Sabbath-school. Ju Hing was their helper and interpreter. He had told them that his "old pastor" was coming; and when I visited the Sabbath-school I was welcome and of course had to "speak to the school." I did not care to inquire how many of these women had been slaveholders, but I could not forget that I was among a people who formerly had kept the Bible out of the hands of their "servants."

As I had had correspondence with Rev. Dr. ———, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in reference to Ju Hing, he called upon me at the hotel on Saturday and invited me to preach for him the next day. I did. After the services, his wife, on being introduced, said, "Mr. Johnston, we will be happy to have you dine with us, and our carriage is waiting at the door." "Thank you, madam, I will be pleased to go with you." I was glad to be in the family of a Presbyterian pastor on the Sabbath where I found a refined wife

and three or four beautiful daughters and sons all ungrown. On the table were two roast chickens; I forget what more; and at it stood two colored "boys," servants. After the blessing was asked, one of the servants brought a demijohn and set it down on the carpet on the right of the pastor. I sat on his left. A wine-glass was at my plate and another at his own. Lifting up the demijohn, he said: "Brother Johnston, will you have a glass of wine?" Not quite speechless I replied: "Thank you, Doctor; please excuse me." Then he filled his own glass and proceeded to carve one of the fowls. During the meal he emptied one wine-glass and part of a second. He and his wife were good company and free in religious conversation, and I tried to seem to forget that wine had been offered to me at a minister's table, and for the first time in my life. If I could attempt any apology for "mine host" it would be in the fact that he knew I was from California and that Californians are presumed to be wine drinkers. But how could I apologize for him when he offered me wine in the presence of son and daughters and wife and when his face showed unmistakable signs of his being a heavy wine drinker? Whether he drank wine habitually at his own table I could only infer from what I saw. On Monday, in conversation with a colored gentleman, a teacher, I was informed that none of the women of the Presbyterian Church were members of the W. C. T. U. The connection of the two facts may be apparent.

My next stopping-place was New Orleans. Here I presented my letter of introduction to the president of Straight University, one of the leading institutions of the American Missionary Association for the education of the colored people. I spent several hours at the University under the courteous leadership of the president who showed me through the various departments, mechanical and industrial as well as

literary. He invited me to be present the next morning at the chapel service that I might address the students. Of these there were several hundred and nearly all adults. Many of the students, of both sexes, were from distant places and quite a number from the West India Islands. Two of the members of the faculty were women. Never before had I enjoyed the privilege of addressing such a large assembly of colored students.

While I tarried in New Orleans I could not forget how long that southern city had been one of the greatest slave markets of the world. In her slave dungeons untold multitudes of God's unoffending children had been confined waiting for the day of sale. On her auction-blocks, during generations, untold thousands of bondmen and bondwomen and mothers and babes had been sold and bought as other chattels by men who bore the name of Him who commanded, "Let my people go," and of Him who came "to proclaim liberty to the captives." When General Butler of the Union Army proclaimed the slaves "contrabands of war" the blood of the southern soldiers had not covered the blood of the slaves. At the foot of the whipping-posts all over the city this blood cried for vengeance. The blood of northern soldiers did not cover it. And he who has ears can hear the cry yet as it mingles with the sound of the clanking chains and galling manacles and yokes of the oppressed. As I passed by those old prisons I could almost hear the moaning of the prisoners. When I stood where had been the auction-blocks I could hear the sobs and the moans of the mother to be sold from her children and to see them driven to the sugar plantation or the rice swamp "dank and lone." And in the silence of the night I seemed to hear from the distant whipping-posts the crack of the masters' whips as the cords were buried into the flesh of poor and innocent victims pleading for mercy. And I said: If the torch in the hands of the north-

ern soldiers had left that old slave market in ashes and never to be rebuilt, no one could forget that "verily there is a God that judgeth." But that great southern city still stands as a monument of infinite mercy and divine forbearance.

When our train from New Orleans to Mobile stopped a few minutes at the station a mile or so from the old mansion of Jefferson Davis I inquired of the agent if Mr. Davis were at home. Learning that he was absent; I returned to my car disappointed, for I had purposed to stop over one train and call on the ex-president of the slave-holding confederacy and the hero of the petticoats.* From that station, Biloxi, Miss., there is a distant and partial view of the old home of Mr. Davis. It fronts south over the gulf but the plantation extends back north to within a short distance of the railroad to Mobile. The land is level, and north of the plantation lies a wide stretch of pine forests. It looked dark and gloomy suggesting the bloodhounds that may often have hunted for the fugitive slaves upon which they had been set by the proud owner, and reminding me of Elizur Wright's appeal:

"The hounds are baying on my track,
O Christian! will you send me back?"

At Mobile I took lodging at an old and aristocratic hotel that formerly was the headquarters of slave-traders from "up country" and the "dark belt" of to-day. A New England man was landlord now. During the long years when "cotton was king" in the whole country as well as in Alabama, Mobile was a great commercial city and cotton market. The railroads have greatly changed the trade, though the old city is still important in commerce. The colored population is large and much more numerous than that of the whites. I spent as much time there as I could spare, and

*The reader may not have forgotten that Jefferson Davis was captured in woman's dress in which he was endeavoring to escape from the country.

I had a "real good time." My friend, Rev. G. M. Elliott of Selma, had sent me letters of introduction to two of his friends there, Rev. Albert F. Owen, pastor of one of the Methodist Churches, and Prof. William A. Caldwell, a prominent teacher in the colored high school. Rev. Owen was also teacher in one of the city institutions. By their many kindnesses they brought me under great obligations to them. Rev. Owen had been a slave but after emancipation was educated in the north and was now a pastor of a church made up mostly of the educated Methodists who had come out from a very large congregation and leaving the uneducated freedmen and women whose mode of worship continued to be much the same as had prevailed among the slaves. Rev. Owen's people are the bon-ton church with a scholarly pastor. He opened the way for me to preach in all the three colored churches, forenoon, afternoon, and evening; and he invited me to address the Sabbath-school of his own church. At night I preached in the Baptist Church, a very large old house with extensive galleries, to a great assembly, probably a thousand people. The pastor, a man past middle life and full of pathos, sat in the pulpit and conducted the devotional exercises. He read the hymns "line by line," or rather two lines at a time, and led in the singing. Probably no one had a hymn-book, and it seemed as though everybody sang; and O, what music! The volume of sound was immense. Many of the people were old and gray-headed and some of them wonderfully demonstrative. I preached on some verse or theme that led to the recollection of former times and to the goodness of God in the emancipation of the millions. Many of them seemed unable to restrain their emotions, and to my sentiments expressed (and I preached a kind of Covenanter sermon) there were loud ejaculatory expressions of approval. After the discourse was done the pastor spoke with earnestness in appro-

bation of my most radical National Reform teachings, and thanked me for them. Neither he nor his people had been trained in the northern political school.

My friend accompanied me to the academy under the auspices of the American Missionary Association and introduced me to the principal. We were invited into the professor's parlor where I was introduced to his young wife, one of the teachers. She was a woman of such fine culture and superior intelligence I was curious to know her antecedents and former home. In our conversation she informed me that this had been in Ashtabula, Ohio. "O, then," said I, "you must have known that excellent W. C. T. U. woman, Mrs. Bateham." "O, yes sir, I know her very well; she is my mother." She and the professor were congratulated.

While I remained in Mobile the Congregational conference of ministers and lay delegates held their annual meeting. Nearly all the members were colored. I think President De Forest and another professor from Taladega College were the only exceptions. I was introduced to most of them, was admitted to the "privileges of the floor," and listened to most of their discussions and addresses. They all would compare favorably with any I had ever heard in New England. Indeed, many of the pastors of the colored churches organized by the American Missionary Association have been educated in northern if not in New England theological schools. With one exception while in Mobile I had no occasion or opportunity to form acquaintance with the whites except those who were working for the colored people. I learned that one or two of the prominent officers of the state W. C. T. U. resided in the city. As my wife at that time was the president of the California W. C. T. U. I wished to get some intelligence items of importance. Obtaining the address of one of these ladies

I called at her residence, introduced myself and told her my errand. In the conversation I learned that she was a Methodist. And this led to conversation about Methodist ministers as reformers; and forgetting that I was talking with a southern woman and, as I learned afterwards, an ex-slaveholder, I incidentally remarked that in Vermont I had known many Methodist ministers and except one they all were anti-slavery. In a moment she changed her demeanor, her eye flashed fire, anger was depicted in her countenance, and I soon saw what a silly blunder I had made in the presence of a lady from whom I had asked information. I did not prolong my call. It was too manifest that a northerner of anti-slavery antecedents was not welcome. Perhaps she was only a typical southern woman.

CHAPTER LII.

SELMA AND BEAUFORT.

FROM Mobile my railroad ticket took me to Selma, Ala., a place and whose institutions and people I had long desired to see. When I found myself in a Covenanter atmosphere and among Covenanter friends I was happy; and during the two weeks spent there I saw so much and learned so much that gave me joy I would like to write it all here if space would permit; but it will not. I had previously seen Rev. Mr. Dill, principal of Knox Academy, but we were very slightly acquainted. I had better acquaintance with Elder Pickens, the teacher at Pleasant Grove Mission; but Rev. G. M. Elliott, the pastor of the Covenanter congregation there, was the only one with whom I had intimate acquaintance. To add to the pleasantness of my visit, Rev. S. G. Shaw and wife of Walton, New York, were in Selma on a visit and were lodging with Rev. Dill's family. He was a serious cripple from a fall he had received. Most of the time I made my home with Rev. Mr. Elliott and wife, an educated lady whom he found in Selma. She had been a Congregationalist but had acceded to the church of her husband. She was loyal to him, but I question if she was as good a Covenanter. Birds of the real Scotch-blue plumage are rare.

The city of Selma is situated on the Alabama River and in "the black belt," that part of Alabama almost wholly devoted to the growth of cotton, and where the slave population had been very large. Most of the colored people

reside outside of the city proper. The whites, preferring to have their own way in municipal elections and to be free from the control of the blacks, had shut these out of the corporation. This part of the city was growing; the old Selma was not. Our Covenanter Church and Knox Academy are on the north side of the street which divides the two parts of the city. So also is the Baptist College, a rising institution and most likely to wholly overshadow our academy unless this be well endowed as a college giving a full course of study. If this can not be, our students who complete the academic course should be sent to Geneva and as beneficiaries rather than not at all; otherwise they will graduate at the Baptist college. Each Sabbath that I spent in Selma I preached for Brother Elliott and had the pleasure also of hearing him preach. He was more didactic and scholarly than eloquent. He lacked that unction and earnestness that generally characterize preachers of his race. I suppose he is better adapted to teaching. He has good executive ability and is a fine scholar; and the Allegheny Board did wrong to him and to the academy when they removed him from the principalship. It would have been better to have asked him to resign the pastorate of the congregation; for though he was a good pastor and preacher he was a better teacher. And I do know that the colored people in Selma and friends of the academy would all the time prefer to see a colored man at the head of the literary institution, other things being equal.

At the time I was in Selma Rev. J. W. Dill, the efficient principal of the school, was assisted by Mrs. Dill, a superior educator, and four or five colored teachers, women of worth and refinement. The music teacher was Mrs. Cardoza, a daughter of James Williams, formerly the colored elder and precentor in Brooklyn, N. Y., congregation.

While I remained in Selma I lost no time but was kept



REV. G. M. ELLIOTT

busy seeing and hearing what greatly interested me; and to this day I feel grateful to the many friends who showed me so much kindness. One Sabbath Professor Dill took me with him to Pleasant Grove, a mission station about four miles distant, in which Elder Pickens, a graduate of Geneva, teaches week-school and conducts a Sabbath-school. Rev. Dill preached here on Sabbaths. At his invitation I preached that day and addressed the Sabbath-school. The mission house was only a good log cabin, but it stands in a charming grove and was occupied by a live missionary. I almost envied him his post of labor among the freedmen of that country district.

In company with Mr. and Mrs. Elliott I was present at a fine literary entertainment given one night by the students of the Baptist college. The music and the genuine oratory were of a very superior grade. But with one of the exercises I was greatly dissatisfied, viz., the cantata of Jephthah's Daughter. The writer of this otherwise excellent piece of literature represents the Hebrew father and general as actually sacrificing (*i. e.*, murdering) his daughter. The acting of such a horrible scene on the platform was as shocking as disgusting, and all the more because that godly man never did offer up his lovely and only daughter in a bloody sacrifice.

The next morning, according to invitation, I was present at the opening exercises of the college and was asked to address the students. I took occasion to speak in high praise of the literary exercises of the evening previous, but also to testify against the wrong interpretation put upon the record of Jephthah's actions, etc. As cautiously as possible I protested against presenting such a cruel scene upon the platform as though God was well pleased with it.

At the Congregational conference in Mobile I had become acquainted with Rev. Mr. Peters, pastor of the Congrega-

tional Church in Selma. He was a scholarly gentleman and had charge of the Burrell Academy under the management of the American Missionary Association. This made the third literary institution in Selma for the education of freedmen. While I was there we renewed our acquaintance, and I had the pleasure of dining with him and his highly cultured wife. Both were educated in the north. He and Mr. Elliott were intimate friends. The two academies did not seem to be rivals but rather cooperative. In benevolence this is beautiful.

During the week between the two Sabbaths the Alabama State Teachers' Institute (colored) held their annual meeting in Selma. To me it was the most interesting of my life. Many of the leading members of the association were men and women of brilliant talents, fine education, and cultured eloquence. The addresses given and the papers read were nearly all of a high order. My friend, Rev. G. M. Elliott, was president of the institute. His opening address was a master performance. I was proud of him, and I was glad that a student in whose education I had had somewhat to do was worthy of the honor bestowed upon him by the Alabama teachers. At the election of officers before the convention closed, Mr. Elliott was elected president for a second year. Principal Dill gave a good address on the Bible in the public schools and bore faithful testimony in behalf of National Reform principles. Mrs. Dill and another of the Knox Academy teachers were active members. But the most masterly minds among all in the convention were Professor Booker T. Washington and President De Forest, both connected with leading colleges under the patronage or control of the American Missionary Association. At the closing session of the convention the state superintendent of schools was present and gave a short address. I could not but wonder at the folly of the southerners who do not blend the

schools, both black and white, together. Were the few white members of this Selma convention harmed by intellectual contact with the negro teachers? Was Principal Dill humiliated by being in a convention whose presiding officer was his colored brother in the church? What consummate folly! The objection to equality between the races is not in the color but in the condition. Let the race so long enslaved and hence so much wronged and degraded be lifted up by the race that did the wrongs. Let the freedmen be educated and freed from the vices and immoralities that adhere to a people only beginning to get away from the southern flesh-pots, and then the question of caste will be half solved. The solution of the other half will be found in the religion of Christ Jesus.

Since my visit to Selma another mission station has been opened a few miles out of the city and is under the superintendence of Elder J. C. Phillips, a very worthy colored teacher; and the entire administration of both church and academy has passed into other hands. Rev. Solomon Kingston, a most excellent colored man and a graduate of Geneva and of our Theological Seminary, is pastor of the congregation; and Rev. R. J. McIsaac, assisted by a full corps of teachers, some of both races, is the principal of the literary institution. The mission in all these departments is reported to be flourishing and rising. Looking back from this standpoint to the day I landed at Beaufort, S. C., when there were nearly four millions of slaves in the south and when I began an experimental work among the "contrabands of war," my soul exclaims, What hath God wrought!

With such emotions I departed from Selma to visit other missions and schools and on to Beaufort, S. C. At Atlanta, Ga., one of the most northern-like cities of the south, I spent what time I could spare in the two schools under the American Missionary Association. The history of the

Storrs School is interesting, and the institution I found in a flourishing condition with lady teachers of rare and superior qualifications. The one in charge would not let me depart until I had visited every room and had spoken to every class. At Augusta, Ga., I formed a pleasant acquaintance with a colored clergyman who had the superintendence of a graded school and was also the editor of a denominational religious weekly. I can not now remember his name but I well remember he was an enthusiast in the education and elevation of the freedmen, and he had suffered persecution at the hands of his southern neighbors.

During the day that I remained in Augusta the state W. C. T. U. was in convention. I formed the acquaintance of the president, Mrs. Sibley, and of the popular Sallie Chapin who gave one of the principal addresses. At Mrs. Sibley's request I addressed the convention and gave a synopsis of the work being done in California and of the condition of society there in reference to the wine production and wine-drinking habits. I was favorably impressed with the appearance of the temperance women of Georgia, and for the time being I forgot that I was in an old slave state. Georgia, however, had more northern blood in her veins than probably any of the planting states.

As the train for Beaufort, S. C., was behind time I did not get into the old camp-ground until after dark and I could see little of the place until morning. Rising before the sun I sauntered through the little city. Twenty-five years had wrought such changes I could scarcely recognize it as the same place. The sound of the reveille was not heard. No countersign was demanded by a mounted guard. No regimental camps were visible. No tramp of marching soldiers was heard. Old mansions of ante-bellum slaveholders that had been the headquarters of Union generals and colonels and majors were now occupied by peaceful citizens. Some

slaveholding families that had lived in affluence now re-occupied their homes in very limited circumstances. What had once been a city of six thousand people and the sea-coast summer-home of many whose plantations and slaves were inland or "up country," had become the home of people who mourned the loss of fathers or husbands or sons who had fallen in the Confederate Army, and perhaps they also mourn the loss of slaves set free by the emancipation proclamation. Beaufort whose population at one time was largely white, for the slaves mostly were out on the plantations, now had a population largely negro. In the municipal elections the colored voters were three-fourths of the whole number. The colored people at every election, whether of the county or of the city, could elect their own choice, all negroes if they chose; but they had found that when they did this they had almost civil war and were liable to all manner of abuse or assaults or riot. Hence for the sake of peace the negroes permitted the whites to choose their own officers in the higher departments. The peaceful freedmen let the "ole massas" have the judges and mayors, etc., while they choose from among themselves the sheriffs and constables and "squires" and policemen, etc. Thus they had peace; thus they avoided lynchings.

So changed was the old city that in that ante-breakfast saunter I had difficulty in finding the Methodist Church in which I had preached to the contrabands. I found it but it had been remodeled and changed so that it appeared like another house altogether. The old stone Episcopal Church from which General Stevens and his wife had fled in haste had undergone little change. The old "praisehouses" had been removed and some new churches built. Where no schools had been except for "contrabands" taught by a few northern missionaries, now there were two good schools, one denominational and the other the public school or

academy with a large and fine brick building. At this writing there is another and flourishing school, Harbison Institute, whose honored principal is Rev. G. M. Elliott, formerly the principal of Knox Academy, Selma, Ala. The institute is under the care of the Northern Presbyterian Board of Missions for the freedmen.

During my stay in Beaufort I made diligent search for any of the colored people whom I had known before and who might be living yet and still residents. I had with me the roll of scholars ("contrabands") who had been in the school. I found a few. They were mostly women. Many of the men had become soldiers in the Union Army and were killed or had never returned. Others had removed elsewhere. My good old friend, Tarquin Cohen, had gone to heaven and his surviving children and grandchildren were scattered. I found a good old colored woman who, though she did not recognize me at first, remembered me well as her teacher and told me how much she remembered of my preaching. She begged me to remain and preach the coming Sabbath. When I told her I could not remain over Sabbath (it was several days yet) she said: "O, Mr. Johnston, dear Mr. Johnston, do stay and preach again. I'll go round and tell all the people that our teacher that came away from the north time of the war to preach to us the gospel of freedom, is here again; and the house'll not hold the people that'll come to church." How gladly would I have remained, but I could not. My arrangements had all been made to be elsewhere the coming Sabbath.

On inquiry I learned the residences of two brothers and their families whom I resolved to see. I remembered them as half-grown boys, sons of a carpenter, a free man, living across the street from my lodging-house, whose name was Robinson. His wife had cooked my meals for me and sent them over on a tray by one of the boys. I was told that

their father and mother had been dead a long time but that these two sons were well-to-do carpenters yet in the city. My informant promised to tell the Robinson brothers that at the hotel there was a gentleman who wished to see them the next morning. Soon after breakfast some one rapped at my door and told me that there were two men down in the parlor who wished to see me. I went down to meet them. I did not know them nor did they know me. In them I could see nothing to remind me of the boys who twenty-five years before had brought me my bread and broiled fish. But when I told them who I was and recalled to them the service they had rendered me, they remembered it all; and we talked over the past. From them I obtained much desired information, among other things, that they had received a good education, that they both had held offices in the city, and that one of them had been a member of the state Legislature one or two terms. They both owned good houses, were members of one of the churches, and had children in the Sabbath-schools. Before I left Beaufort I called upon them and saw their interesting families in their comfortable houses.

There was one man whom I was anxious to see and whom, after inquiry, I easily found, viz. Abel Middleton, the tailor and sick man of whom I have written on a previous page. He was the contraband who at the time of my departure north feared he was on his death-bed. At that time he was not a professor of religion in any church. When I told him that I expected to return home shortly he said he had had a great desire to go with me but now could not. I told him probably I might be back again. He replied: "I am afraid I'll not be alive then. Pray for me." No one was present but the Hearer of prayer. I kneeled and begged God to save him and to spare his life, and then bade him farewell hardly daring to hope that ever I would see him again.

To return to my narrative. On the street I met an old

citizen and asked him if he knew Abel Middleton and if he was living yet. "O yes, he is alive and well and has a tailor shop right around the corner on that street." I went around the corner and found the tailor shop. I found a fine-looking colored man alone at work. Twenty-five years had wrought such changes I would not have known him had I met him elsewhere. Said I: "Is this Abel Middleton?" "Yes sir, that is my name." Extending my hand I said: "Do you not know me?" "No sir, I can not recognize you." Holding my hand and looking steadily at me with a smile coming over his face, he added slowly: "Yes, I've seen you before, but—I—O! *is this Mr. Johnston?*" On being assured that he was not mistaken, he manifested much joy and said: "O, I am so happy to see you again," and handed me a chair. Our talk was not very long—my time was limited—but it was very pleasant. He told me of his recovery, of what had occurred in Beaufort after my departure, and how long he had lived if not an openly wicked life yet as if an unbeliever. But said he: "Mr. Johnston, I never forgot your teaching, your preaching, and your prayer the last time I saw you. I lived too long a careless sinner; but now I am a Christian. Not long ago [and he mentioned the time] I was led to Christ and am, I hope, a *saved* sinner." He told me with what church he had united but I have forgotten. In thinking over the whole matter I could not repress the hope that this was another evidence that ours is a prayer-hearing God. He *does* hear prayer, but he answers *in his own time*. If Abel Middleton was one of his chosen ones given to Christ, the good Shepherd did not lose sight of him though outside of the fold. In the exercise of his sovereignty he permitted him to wander long; and then in his own time called him to himself. And his words may not be forgotten: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." Since the foregoing was written I have received a

letter, under the date of April 17, 1897, from Rev. G. M. Elliott in reply to one of inquiry from me. He says: "Abel Middleton is still in the same place where you saw him. He is a member of the Baptist Church. He made a vest for me about a month ago. He seems to be leading a consistent Christian life. He lives only a few doors from me. He has an excellent wife. She has been very kind to us in our recent sickness. Mr. Middleton sends much love to you."

In reference to the Robinson brothers Mr. Elliott writes: "Peter is dead. Joseph is still alive and active in the church (Baptist). He is now an ordained preacher. This is the one that was in the Legislature. He is now out of politics as politics has grown away from him."

As my time was limited I hurried away from Beaufort to take my journey north through Atlanta and Cincinnati.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE SYNOD OF 1889. IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

SATURDAY evening found me at my sister's home in Belle-Centre, O., on my way to the National Reform Conference at Pittsburg. Here I had the pleasure of hearing numerous addresses on the great themes involved in the movement, and some of them by eminent speakers among whom were Rev. Dr. T. P. Stevenson, editor of the *Christian Statesman* and always at home on the National Reform platform, Rev. Dr. McAllister, whose address on the Bible in the schools was the best I ever heard on that theme, Rev. Wilber S. Crafts, the author of "The Sabbath for Man," Mrs. Woodbridge, the secretary of the National W. C. T. U., and Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D., whose theme was the "Relation of the Civil Powers to Foreign Missions," in which he showed the wickedness of the governments that tolerate or foster the traffic in intoxicating drinks in heathen lands. Mrs. J. C. Bateham also was one of the speakers. As she was the national superintendent of the Department of Sabbath Observance in the W. C. T. U., she spoke on that theme. Mrs. Bateham, as she seems to me, is the most beautiful writer on all subjects pertaining to the Sabbath Reform, but her public addresses are ordinary in comparison with the productions of her pen. Her leaflets, of which there is a great number and variety, have done very much in behalf of Sabbath observance. It was at that conference that I had the pleasure of my first acquaintance with those two good women at the home of Mrs. Dr. Sterrett whose guests they

were during the convention. Since then Mrs. Woodbridge has been admitted into the Father's house.

Synod met this year in Belle-Centre, O., Rev. D. C. Coulter, moderator. As my sister's residence was here, I was happy at her home all the time of Synod, and Brother Armour was again my fellow-lodger. In a hall near the church the W. C. T. U. of the town furnished the dinners for the members of Synod. This helped to make the time of recess both social and joyous. For the meals a fair price was paid, and the women received quite an increase to their treasury.

Two questions of special importance were before Synod, viz., the adoption of the new "Psalter," and the old question, "May we vote on constitutional amendments?" The report of the committee on the Psalter had been before Synod at a previous meeting and had been recommitted. The church was not satisfied with it. At this meeting there was much opposition to it but a majority adopted it. It was manifest that many had not examined the new book sufficiently to vote intelligently. Some voted to adopt more because they wanted something new than because of any knowledge of the real character of the new book; that is, they knew that the old book had many imperfections and some gross, and they supposed that a committee of reputed scholars would surely make it better rather than worse, and so the adoption of the new would be at least an improvement. If the whole church had examined the book carefully they would have seen that the new Psalter had many imperfections, many things very objectionable, and then some others grossly and decidedly wrong. In the judgment of the writer, therefore, there was too much haste in the adoption. It should have been sent down in overture for the examination of all the sessions. With all its imperfections it should have been kept back or not adopted until after closer and

more general examination. The result would have been either such modifications as would bring it nearer to perfection, or the rejection of it altogether until a Psalter will be prepared so good that all the Psalm-singing churches will agree upon its adoption. As it is now it is quite probable that after a little the present Psalter will have to be laid aside to give place to another and far better.

On the question of voting for or against constitutional amendments there were several long-continued debates. Whether by previous arrangement or by common consent did not appear, but in the discussion the speakers made their arguments alternately, or so that no two consecutive speeches would be made on either side. This made Synod appear like a debating club rather than a court of Christ or legislative body. As the question had been before Synod in some form two or three times before, it could not be expected that much in the argument on either side could be new; yet new interest was derived from the fact that in the state of Pennsylvania a constitutional amendment was pending. The question to be decided by the voters was: Shall the sale of intoxicating liquors be prohibited? or words to that effect. In that state the number of Covenanters was greater than in any other, so that it would be a practical question shortly. As all Covenanters were presumed to be prohibitionists and anxious to help to suppress the liquor traffic, if Synod would vote no, *i. e.*, say that we may not vote on amendments, then church-members would have to disobey Synod or not embrace an opportunity to help to destroy a great evil. Thus the incentive to vote affirmatively on the question pending in Synod was very great. Able speakers made arguments on both sides. The ayes and noes were taken and every voter permitted to give briefly his reason for his vote. The ayes prevailed by a decided majority. They were exultant. A large minority recorded their dissent;

and the members went home presumably with opinions the same as before Synod. Many of the best men in the church were greatly dissatisfied and not a few discouraged and sad fearing that Synod's decision portended evil and defection in the body.

The writer of these pages thought then and still believes that many who favor voting on constitutional amendments have superficial views and that the truth lies deeper than is supposed. And it may be so simplified and tersely stated as to be discovered by honest seekers. The government whether federal or state, is a political organization or voluntary society. Its moral character depends largely upon the character of the Constitution. By this test the government is both immoral and non-Christian or anti-Christian; therefore membership in it is sinful. All voters are members. Voters on constitutional amendments are as really members as those who vote for officers, for none can vote in either case whose names are not on the "great register" or who are not political citizens or members of the society. The register is the index of membership. Thus, whatever may be the wish or design of the Covenanter voter the government or political society understands him to be a member bound by the Constitution to which he has tacitly given his approbation. By his vote at the polls he virtually or tacitly signs the Constitution. To all this there is and can be only one exception. This is when a state passes an act permitting all the people within the limits to vote on the question—all who live in the state whether naturalized or not, alien or not, foreigner or not—*i. e.*, all inhabitants over a certain age. An illustration makes it plain. If the Pennsylvania Legislature had enacted that Covenanters as well as others—Covenanters who are known by the Legislature and the people to be dissenters and non-voters—might vote on the question of prohibition, then the hindrance would be

removed and then it would become a duty to vote for prohibition. Thus the logic of the truth is plain. Membership in the political society or government is sinful. Only members of the government can be voters. By voting for constitutional amendments the voters become members, or act as members. Therefore, all voters are culpable.

But the objector says that by not voting we refuse to help the state or government to make the Constitution better when we have an opportunity offered. We reply: The people who made the government and who yet make the government have made it so that we can not help them. They have hedged up the way against us. We are outsiders, and except as we use or do not use our moral influence in the education of public opinion, are not responsible for the constitutional sins of the body politic or government. As we can not go into a Masonic lodge to help to make its constitution better, so we can not go into the government to amend its constitution. Governmental atheism and anti-Christianism and infidelity and Sabbath desecration and the liquor traffic and wrongdoing against the negroes and the Chinese, are all so great and make the whole soul and body of the civil structure so offensive to God and his Son, the Lord of nations, we are shut out as out of a Masonic lodge. The politicians must attend to their own affairs. We can not unite with them in their anti-Christian governmental society. Our work is to revolutionize it. If they will not hear us, God will overturn it and the Omnipotent arm of his Anointed One will dash it to pieces as a potter's vessel is broken.

But the Synod of 1889 did not see it so. Many of the church's best friends who, as others, wished to be loyal to her Head, voted with the majority. It was a question of opinion not of character. But it was an evil hour. By the vote of Synod she abandoned the church's tower of strength.

From that hour she has been growing weaker. It was a heavy blow upon the wedge of division. Defection followed. To too many the covenant of 1871 seemed as a rope of sand. And even among those who continue together under the shadow of that covenant banner there is a painful lack of unanimity, and the cause of Christ tends to languishing. Our only hope lies in the divine Spirit. "Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of Thy name; and deliver us, and purge away our sins, for Thy name's sake."

CHAPTER LIV.

WHITE RIBBONERS AND SABBATH WORKERS.

HURRYING home from the Synod of 1889 I found my "better half" busy among the California crusaders. Mrs. Johnston's life-work had been largely that of a teacher; not so much from necessity as for the love of the work. The wine cup and the beer and whisky saloons were the curse of the golden state. After the burden of our mission work was in younger hands, Mrs. Johnston put on the white ribbon and joined in the battle against the saloons. After serving awhile in the department of literature, in the fall of 1888 and without her seeking the position, the White Ribboners of the state called her to the presidency of the W. C. T. U. She was elected to this honorable and useful position not because she was a Covenanter, for probably almost none out of our own city knew to what denomination she belonged, but because a new president was wanted, because she was an active worker in the cause of temperance, and because she was known to have the proper qualifications for the position. Her official duties called her away from home much of the time. Thus more home duties devolved upon me. Besides, our home daughter who continued during these years to teach in the Snell Seminary was called to the presidency of the Oakland Y.'s, the junior department of the W. C. T. U. Thus neither mother nor daughter had any time to attend the theater or the dance or the social party! Was it not a wonder that they did not pine away for want of "society"? The reader must for-

give the exclamation and the question alike, for the writer has more pity than contempt for the "society women" who are unhappy unless they can live in a round of worldly pleasures. During Mrs. Johnston's administration of between two and three years, by her devotion to the cause, her executive ability, and her kind and impartial demeanor towards the good women of the state, she evidently won their favor and opened the way for her doing very much good in behalf of the many departments of benevolence connected with the state W. C. T. U. But with some other classes she did not grow in favor. For some matters in which she was not like the presidents who had preceded her she was the subject of criticism and sometimes severe. Nearly all the women were hymn singers. In all places she adhered to her church's creed and practise as to the exclusive use of the inspired Psalms in divine worship. In the matter of Sabbath observance she would not conform to the practise of the people. Many of the women of the W. C. T. U. are as loose in their sentiments and practises as to Sabbath sanctification as are the average California Christians; and the standard is low. When she would not hold public meetings on the Sabbath many said she was too strict. Probably she became the most unpopular with some friends of the secret orders because she did not honor the Good Templar lodges. To ignore them was as offensive as to oppose them.

Mrs. Johnston was re-elected the second and third time, but before the third year expired she resigned. She thought that duty called us east. During her public work as a White Ribboner I endeavored to lighten her home duties that she might do the more for the temperance cause. Besides, as the lady superintendent of the Sabbath observance department of the W. C. T. U. had been called east, at her request I was appointed to act as her substitute for a

while and especially during the campaign in behalf of a state Sabbath law. The explanation is this. From the first, California had a state law similar to those of the other states. It had become almost a dead letter. The liquor saloons, which the law required to be closed on the Sabbath, were open and did more of their nefarious business on the Lord's day than on any other. In Oakland and some other cities a special effort was made to enforce the law against the open saloons. Of course the saloonists fought against the movement. At the next Legislature almost the first act passed was to repeal the law. Thus this great golden state had no Sabbath except the "Sunday" holiday. From that day until now both intemperance and Sabbath desecration have been on the increase. While in several localities the temperance reform has made progress, every effort to restore the old "Sunday" law or to procure a new Sabbath law has resulted in failure. Many of the Christians who really love the Sabbath say it is useless to try to get a law. To help the good women and because of interest in the cause, I gave my time freely to the work. Pulpits were open for preaching in favor of Sabbath observance, in behalf of civil legislation to secure rest to the laborer, and to punish Sabbath desecration. A few successful conventions were held, literature was scattered, and petitions for a Sabbath law were circulated. In that campaign our main effort was to besiege the Legislature and by moral influence to compel them to enact a good law. One studied address was given by invitation before the annual School of Methods of the W. C. T. U. at Pacific Grove, and another, upon which special labor was bestowed, before the California annual Methodist Episcopal Conference, Bishop Goodsell presiding. In all these special services, whether in the pulpit or on the platform, I was peculiarly interested because they gave me opportunities of presenting the truth in reference to the claims of God's law upon civil government.

About this time God gave us the privilege and the opportunity to give a home to our aged and feeble Mother Rogers and her invalid daughter Nancy. They had been living at her home in Iowa, but owing to causes beyond mother's control her comfort required a change. We invited her to bring her daughter and come to California to make her home with us. She was happy with her oldest daughter from whom she had been separated so long; and her presence was a blessing to us. After a year or so she sickened and slept in Jesus. A lovely and faithful Christian mother had served her generation. As she was a member of the Congregational Church, we asked two of our most loved Congregational ministers to be with us at the funeral services, and we laid away her mortal part in our lot in the Mountain View Cemetery not knowing whose grave would be dug next. As we turned away from that newly-made grave we thought of the words of a beautiful writer: "And now in the strife and tumult of life, when the cold world frowns darkly upon us, her gentle words come back bidding us look above. Who can fathom the depths of a mother's love?"

CHAPTER LV.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

THE love of home is not inconsistent with the love of the brotherhood and of the church. The Synod of 1890 was in New York City. Home duties were not so pressing as to prevent me from attending, and I had a strong desire to be with the assembled elders once more and thinking it would probably be the last, for I was approaching my threescore and ten beyond which few pass except those blessed with better health than mine. But I did not care to go across the continent alone if I could have good company. After frequent family conferences it was agreed that I should have a traveling companion without disturbing the relations existing between the partner of my toil and the state W. C. T. U. Our daughter, the teacher, needed vacation; she had never been at Synod; and she wanted to see the east and visit her Green Mountain birthplace. Our trunks were packed, and we bade good-by to our loved home. The first Sabbath was spent with my old-time friend in Salt Lake City, Rev. Dr. McNiece. From Utah we passed over the great scenic route, the Rio Grande, to Denver. As our tickets took us over the Baltimore and Ohio route, our second Sabbath was spent in Washington, D. C., where we were happily entertained by Dr. Ingalls and wife. She is my niece, the daughter of my lamented brother, James S. Johnston. As there was no Reformed Presbyterian Church in the capital city—it is not good soil for the growth of dissenters—we were “occasional hearers” and went to church with “Cousin Lois” and the

doctor. In the afternoon I heard an eloquent colored preacher, pastor of one of the Congregational Churches. How is it that our colored friends monopolize such a large share of pulpit eloquence and good church music?

Monday or Tuesday was Independence day. In the National Soldiers' Cemetery we attended a great public meeting and heard some good speeches and some others more spread-eagle than good. In the afternoon we went down the Potomac to Alexandria and visited the grave of Corporal Charles Divoll. The first time I had seen it was only a half hour after it was made. Now it was all sodded and green. I pulled some grasses from it to take to his father and sister in Vermont and bade farewell to a grave not to be seen again but not to be forgotten.

On our arrival at New York my daughter and I were separated as to our places of entertainment. I was most favorably located near the church (Second New York) in which Synod's sessions were held and in a family so good and so kind that they soon became endeared to me—the family of Mr. William McClean. And here again my lifelong friend and brother, Rev. J. M. Armour, was my “chum.” Who was it that said: “Fortune favors the brave?” My daughter was kindly entertained in the family of Mr. W. H. Cochran, a member of the Boulevard Mission in the northern part of the city. Our acquaintance happened in this way. Some years previous, Mr. Cochran had business in San Francisco and knowing of the mission in Oakland came on Sabbath to worship with us. We invited him to make his home with us. For several days he was quite sick. Mrs. Johnston took care of him and “doctored” him hygienically. He was grateful. When he learned that our daughter intended to go to New York to Synod he invited her to be a guest in his family. She accepted. On Sabbath she worshiped in Boulevard Mission, Rev. T. Holmes

Walker being the missionary in charge. In the afternoon the Sabbath-school met and had some special exercises. As Rosie had been a teacher in the Chinese mission, probably at Mr. Cochran's suggestion Mr. Walker asked her to address the Sabbath-school in reference to the work in Oakland. She did so; and the missionary in charge must have been pleased with the address, and perchance with the young woman also, for we may hear something more about them after a while.

Two important questions engaged the special attention of the Synod, viz. Organic Church Union, and a foreign mission to China. In the discussion of the former much time was consumed, and it took the form of a debate in which much warmth of feeling was evolved. The question came before Synod by the report of a committee that had been in correspondence with a similar committee from the "General Synod" of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, *i. e.*, the "New Light" body. The committee reported a basis of union with that body. Two delegates were present from the "General Synod" to advocate the proposed union of the two bodies. The plan devised was to unite the two with the declared understanding or agreement that holding office or voting under the United States Constitution should be made a matter of forbearance, or that dissent from the government should not be a term of communion. (I write from memory as I have no copy of minutes available.) After long discussion during parts of two days, the proposition for the union on that condition was voted down by a large or decided majority. The next year shortly after Synod many of those who favored the union on the specified terms left the church and went into other bodies. They favored union probably not because they themselves wished to vote or hold office in the government but because they favored organic union on the principle of forbearance on "questions of interpretation."

The majority believed that it would be the abandonment of the old and clearly-defined position of the church or civil government. Besides, if the union of the two bodies had been consummated it would have been by the abandonment, on the part of the larger, of the very truth on account of adherence to which the smaller had gone off in 1833. Moreover, if the two bodies had been combined into one the lack or cohesive attraction would most likely have made the united church only a divided union. Union that is only a compact is not union. Nothing but real unity will satisfy the Head of the church.

On the question of inaugurating a new foreign mission in China there was diversity of sentiment. The Foreign Board did not favor it. Some prominent men in Synod opposed it. Rev. Dr. Metheny, the senior missionary in Turkey, was present and plead earnestly and powerfully for it; and for its support he pledged thousands of dollars or nearly enough to make it a financial success from the first. A few others, among whom was the retired missionary from the Oakland Chinese mission, favored the new mission and helped our earnest foreign missionary all he could. But Synod was not ready to begin the work, and the matter was referred to the Board. The cause was deferred but not lost.

After Synod daughter and I started for Vermont to take in Boston by the way. Here we spent the Sabbath with Mrs. Clara McFall, widow of the Rev. David McFall, and daughter of Rev. Dr. A. M. Milligan. At her invitation President W. P. Johnston preached a memorial sermon. It was in his own peculiar and beautiful style. While we tarried in Boston we visited the grave of Wendell Phillips who had recently been numbered among the dead. We had not time to go out into the country to the grave of William Lloyd Garrison but we called upon his two sons resident in the city. As honorable and loyal sons they have a profound

and affectionate regard for their father as the acknowledged leader in the great anti-slavery movement that culminated in the emancipation of the slaves.

At the invitation of the Rev. J. C. K. Faris, pastor of Topsham Vermont congregation, I was expected to assist him at his communion on the Sabbath following; but while we were in Boston I received word from him that owing to sickness and death in his family the communion had been postponed for a time. Accordingly we went from Boston to Ryegate and visited with my good friend, Elder William Bone, and with other friends, and thence to St. Johnsbury to visit my earlier friends, Mr. Renwick McNiece and wife, formerly Ellen George, whose home had been so long opposite the Topsham parsonage. We remained in St. Johnsbury over Sabbath and I preached in the Reformed Presbyterian Church whose pulpit was vacant.

During the following week we found our way to Topsham and were welcomed to the house of my old and ever-loved friend, Elder Josiah Divoll. We had not seen each other for about eighteen years. When we met he grasped my hand and said: "For a long time there has been no man on earth I was so anxious to see as my old pastor, and now I thank God I have lived to see you once more." As his wife had been removed by death, his widowed daughter, Mrs. Emily Taggart, was now his housekeeper. I can not tell how glad I was to be at home with such old-time friends. On the adjacent lot was the old parsonage now occupied by the pastor and family. As it was my daughter's birthplace and as she had not seen it since she was a child she was glad to inspect it both inside and out and drink again from its cold water fountain.

While we lingered among the old familiar hills and friends of bygone days I greatly enjoyed the fellowship of the saints during the communion season while assisting Pastor Faris.

After this I had a feast of happy reminiscences at a reunion of the surviving students of the Topsham Normal School of former years. This happy meeting was due to the efforts of Mrs. Taggart and her sister who had invited others from distant places and arranged for the reunion in the grove and for appropriate reminiscent exercises. It was only natural that I should be expected to help to call up the events of former years. The long roll was called in mingled joy and sadness while the past and the present of many whose names were on it were narrated briefly by some one present. Hours of joy were spent in happy recollections. They were followed by prayer and by singing one of the old familiar Psalms. On memory's page that reunion is written indelibly. When afterwards we bade good-by to Topsham I did not expect ever to see it again. During these weeks the Northfield, Mass., meetings were in session. We left Topsham in time to be at the students' convention. At "The Northfield," where we were boarders, we found ourselves in the company of representatives of the best people of New England, Christian people interested in all that was meant by Mr. Moody's schools and vacation conventions. During the days of the students' meetings some addresses were given by representatives of the ablest and best men in the country, and one or two from London. Those meetings owed their life and influence for good very largely to Mr. Moody's power over them to shape them at his will. His word was law; his control almost absolute. All this is owing to the entire confidence of good people in Mr. Moody's integrity both of motive and aim. Mr. Sankey's singing also added interest to the meetings.

Northfield, where Mr. Moody's schools are located, is a most beautiful spot. The buildings, the grounds, the Connecticut River, and the whole landscape, make it charming. But the best thing about it is its moral and religious atmos-

phere. This and its absolute freedom from almost all that would tempt youth to go astray probably make Northfield as safe a place for the education of children of religious parents as can be found on the continent. Of course in this statement I refer only to evangelical influences in general and not to denominational. If I had a son or a daughter whom I wished to educate I would not send him to Mt. Hermon or her to the Northfield Girls' School. I would fear that the undenominational influences and the great advantages of the institutions would tempt the student to believe that such truths as we call "distinctive" are of such comparatively trivial importance that we need not adhere to these and that there is no need for the little Covenanter Church, a statement to which I could give assent no not for a moment. As a father I would have no right to expose my child to such temptations. The desired education can be obtained elsewhere. If not, I would keep my child at home and educate her myself or employ another. And right here I wish to say that my heart's desire and prayer to God is that our own Geneva could be made as free from temptation as is Northfield. If the whole moral and religious atmosphere on and around College Hill could be as pure as that of the Moody schools, Geneva would be an educational paradise. Why may it not be yet?

Bidding good-by to New England's beautiful hills and forests and streams—nowhere are there any more beautiful—we turned our faces toward the Pacific Coast stopping only at Niagara Falls, which daughter had not seen, and to visit very briefly among our Ohio friends and once more to see my mother's grave.

Shortly after our return from Synod official duties called me to Seattle. A Presbyterian commission had been appointed to organize a congregation there and to ordain and instal licentiate Dell Johnston as pastor. His father, Rev. N. M.

Johnston, was the moderator or chairman of the commission, two elders near Seattle the other members, and Professor J. K. McClurkin of the Allegheny Theological Seminary and myself added members. Professor McClurkin, who was making a tour of the coast, spent the Sabbath previous to the meeting of the commission in Oakland and preached in the mission. I was charmed with his service. His preaching was more than good; it was beautiful and full of instruction. On our journey to Seattle we traveled together as far as Albany, Oregon, where he stopped over one day. I learned to love the man. At Seattle we lodged in the same house, ate our meals at the same table, and worshiped together in our private parlor morning and evening for about a week. The more I saw of him the more I loved him; but it did not take long to see that he was a very liberal Covenanter and that he held views, especially on organic church union, altogether at variance with our distinctive principles. In the organization of the congregation and in the examination and ordination of the officers we met with serious difficulties. Two of said officers elect held loose and erroneous views on several points in our distinctive principles. One did not give his consent and adherence to the church's position anent the exclusive use of the inspired Psalms in divine worship; and the other did not subscribe to her position on political dissent, though he promised that as long as he would remain in the Reformed Presbyterian Church he would refrain from the use of the ballot at political elections. All the members of the commission except myself voted to sustain the examination. I disapproved and entered my dissent; but as I did not wish to give the new organization or the young pastor any trouble I told the commission I would not carry the case to Presbytery or make complaint. Subsequently I feared that in this I had erred. Perhaps faithfulness to the church would have required me to complain or report the case to

Presbytery. Whether or not, it is worthy of note that both those officers (one an elder and the other a deacon if I do not forget) not very long afterwards left the church. Nor is this all. The other two ministers on the commission, as well as the young pastor installed and the two elders on the commission, all left the Covenanter Church not long afterwards. At that time liberalism was growing and leavening the body rapidly. Yet it is cause of gratitude to the Head of the church that he did not permit the young pastor of Seattle to take away with him all the people. The majority proved faithful and amid all their discouragements remained true to Christ and his church. The organization continued, asked for supplies, and now has a young and loyal pastor. It is to be hoped that they will never abandon the testimony of Jesus. Long may the old blue banner wave in that beautiful city on Puget Sound.

The evening before leaving Seattle I read in the daily news that a large company of Chinese, nineteen or twenty in number, had been seized by the United States marshal some place north and near the boundary line, charged with coming over the line into United States territory. They had been taken to Tacoma and were lying in jail awaiting trial for violating United States law forbidding any Mongolian to come over the line. The next day on my way home I stopped at Tacoma and gained permission to enter the jail to see the prisoners. A young Chinese Christian whom I had met in Seattle had gone to Tacoma. Hunting him up I took him into the jail with me presuming that I might need an interpreter. My object was to ascertain from themselves whether or not they had violated the law by coming over from British Columbia. I could not certainly discover that any one of them had. Several of them had gone up toward that northern boundary and near to Whatcom in search of work. They were arrested on suspicion and

brought to Tacoma to be lodged in prison. I conferred with some of the officers of law and ascertained that I could do nothing to release the prisoners nor to secure justice to them even if I could remain until the time of the trial. This I could not do. So I departed homeward praying that God would befriend the poor men who had done no wrong and that he would "rid them out of the hands of the wicked." At the trial they were found guilty—guilty of what?—and sent to the territorial penitentiary at Olympia for a term of I think three years. Such was a specimen of the working of a Federal law almost as iniquitous as the fugitive slave law of 1850. And this anti-Chinese law is still in force. The people have become accustomed to it and are unconcerned about it even if some of them disapprove of it. For this and all the Chinese exclusion laws God will surely smite the nation yet. "He forgetteth not the cry of the humble."

CHAPTER LVI.

IN PHILADELPHIA AS A JOURNALIST.

SOMETIME during the autumn of 1890 I received a letter from the publishers of *Our Banner*, a religious monthly magazine and recognized as one of the organs of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. At first it had been owned and edited by three church pastors, Rev. J. C. K. Milligan and Rev. David Gregg, both of New York City, and Rev. J. Boggs of Brooklyn. After a while it passed over to the ownership of the Christian Statesman Publishing Company of Philadelphia and was edited by Rev. J. C. K. Milligan alone. Partly owing to the editor's views on church union and communion, and partly because the magazine was not a financial success, the publishers wished to get rid of it in the hope that it would be a better exponent of the principles of the church. These and perhaps other reasons led to the opening of a correspondence in reference to the transfer of the magazine. Prior to the reception of the letter I had no expectation of anything of the kind. It took me wholly by surprise. The owners offered to sell the magazine to me and give me entire control of its pages. This led me into a strait; I did not know what to do. I tried to seek divine direction. In the family it was a subject of free conference, and all thought I should accept the charge of the *Banner*. They said it would give me an opportunity of doing good in the propagation of the truth in the present condition of the church. Besides, there was a probability that after a while both our daughters would go east to

reside; and then we would not be so far separated from them. But the financial problem was difficult. To meet it I had to incur debt. This proved to be a snare and a burden and hindrance to success. But like others I thought I could "worry through" and be free from debt after a while. And so the correspondence after a month or so resulted in my purchase of the magazine, the new ownership to begin with the beginning of the next volume, January 1, 1891. Meanwhile we hastened to adjust our affairs in Oakland hoping to be in Philadelphia in time to issue the January number of *Our Banner*. This proposed change made it necessary to leave behind us both our daughters. Mary, or Mrs. Kirkpatrick, now the mother of several little boys, was residing in Oakland, Mr. Kirkpatrick being a sheep rancher out in the interior. Rosie was a teacher in the seminary where she had graduated. Mrs. Johnston was hard at work in the third year of the presidency of the state W. C. T. U. At the first meeting of the state Board she sent in her resignation.

It is due to the truth as well as to its advocate to add that here during the years in which Mrs. Johnston was active in the W. C. T. U. work I am persuaded that she had greater influence and greater controlling power than is ordinarily exercised by women in similar positions. This was owing not so much to her natural and acquired ability to lead or to govern as to the power of the truths which she ever maintained. She kept in view the important distinctive principles of the church and they controlled her actions and her utterances in public. By her thorough belief in them she was better able to resist temptations to yield to the popular will.

About the time of the winter holidays we bade good-by to Oakland friends and were soon on board the overland train taking with us our little adopted daughter, Gracie. It

was midwinter. Saturday night came on us at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Here we stopped and spent the Sabbath. The weather was intensely cold. As we had not seen an eastern winter for fifteen years we not only felt the cold severely but dreaded the eastern winters so much we almost relented that we had left our winterless climate in California.

As we had a section in a Pullman from Oakland through to Philadelphia, I took some spare time *en route* to write letters to several of the brethren asking contributions for *Our Banner*. I wrote also to the editors and owners of the *Reformed Presbyterian and Covenanter* offering to buy their magazine that I might combine the two, for it was manifest that the constituency in the church was too small to give both magazines a good support. And I offered, if they preferred it, to unite with them in the publishing and editing of the combined monthly. I am not sure now that this second offer was made during that journey to Philadelphia, but, if not, it was made subsequently and in several modified forms.

On our arrival at Philadelphia we went directly to a hotel and asked for a room with an open grate and blazing fire, a rare luxury in that old city of brotherly love. The first man to call on us and welcome us was Rev. J. C. McFeters, pastor of the Second Reformed Presbyterian Church. Prior to this our acquaintance was slight. This was the beginning of a friendship that subsequently ripened into a brotherly love that is imperishable. He invited us to be his guests until we could find a house in which to live. Thankfully we declined the invitation and very soon afterwards took a room in a private house in which we lodged, going out for our meals until our household goods arrived by freight.

Meanwhile I busied myself looking after *Our Banner*. Prior to this both journals had been published by the Christian Statesman Company, and if both were taken by

the same subscriber the price of the two was greatly reduced. I divorced the magazine from the weekly, and after the January number I had the magazine printed by another company only a few doors from the old Covenanter Cherry Street Church. This was now owned by a congregation of colored Baptists. It was the house in which the Synod of 1833 had assembled and out of which the "old-side Covenanters" came when a suspended New Light took the moderator's chair and from which the Comeouters marched two and two to another house to constitute the loyal and regular Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church ever since called "Old Light." What the character of the magazine was after the new editor took charge of it is known best by those who read it during the three and a half years of its continuance. All that I wish to say here and now is this, that I entered upon the work with fear and anxiety, for I knew that it was difficult as well as responsible; and all the more difficult because of the condition of the church then more critical than prior to or at the division of 1883. I tried to commit myself to Him whom I had resolved to serve and glorify by the use of my pen; and I entered upon the work with full faith in Him as the Author of the truth whose organ the *Banner* had promised to be. The cover title-page had a beautiful cut of a flagstaff and floating banner which bore the words "For Christ's Crown and Covenant." Underneath were these, "*Our Banner*," in large letters and then, "Devoted to the principles and interests of the Reformed Presbyterian Church;" and then the quotation, "We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners." I liked that floating banner with its grand old motto, and I never was ashamed of the principles to which the magazine was devoted. And more here: I hope that none of the descendants of the editor will ever be ashamed of them or love them

less than he did. They will triumph yet, but not until "the good time coming" comes. "Blessed is he that waiteth."

While we were waiting for our household goods, and it was several weeks, we lodged near the Second Church. It was most convenient for us to go thither. Otherwise we would have been more likely to attend the First Church with whose pastor and people, especially of the former generation, I had been better acquainted. As time passed we began to feel at home with the good people and from the first to enjoy the Word preached by the pastor almost every sentence of whose sermons contained some beautiful simile. An unoccupied pew was kindly offered for our use. Mrs. Johnston handed in her certificate to the session and "little Gracie" attended the Sabbath-school. Thus it was for the time our church home, though I attended the other sometimes and occasionally preached in the pulpit. The Third Church was so far distant I was rarely there. At the proper time I was transferred to the Philadelphia Presbytery; and I so loved the brethren of it that even after I removed from its bounds I did not care to ask a change.

When *Our Banner* came into my hands there were other journals that asked and depended upon the patronage of Covenanters, and in a loose sense they were church organs. The *Reformed Presbyterian and Covenanter*, issued at Pittsburg, and the *Herald of Mission News*, of New York, were monthlies. The *Christian Nation*, of New York also, was a weekly. The *Reformed Presbyterian and Covenanter* was the oldest and so had the advantage of the others. The *Banner* had been started somewhat as a rival monthly, asking for patronage as a second organ of the church. The *Herald* was devoted to missions, especially foreign, and was ably edited by Rev. Dr. Sommerville, secretary of the Foreign Board. The *Christian Nation*, the weekly, had been started by Mr. John W. Pritchard as a kind of rival of the

Christian Statesman, the organ of the National Reform Association and ably edited by Rev. Dr. T. P. Stevenson and Rev. Dr. McAllister. The *Statesman*, also, depended largely for its support upon the Reformed Presbyterian Church or people. When those two monthlies and the two weeklies all clamored for church patronage, how could *Our Banner* expect a large subscription list?

It could hope to live at all only by being worthy of the favor of the friends of the truth who were not fully satisfied with the other journals or unless they could afford to take all of them or more than one. And thus it happened that the *Blue Banner* never enriched its proprietor nor was read by more than a portion of the church. If it had any claims more than the others it was because of the truths it maintained or the manner in which it was conducted. It came into our hands in a very stormy time in the church and during the agitation that followed the issuance of the "East End" declaration or platform, and only four or five months before the Synod of 1891 at which occurred the "great trial" of those who had signed that "East End platform." At and soon after that Synod many ministers and people left the church because of the action of Synod. As the *Banner* justified the action of Synod, at least in the main question at issue, many of the patrons of the magazine ceased to take it. Then as the *Banner* ceased to club at reduced rates with the *Christian Statesman*, some dropped the former because they could not get it for less than a dollar. There was yet another cause of the diminution of the subscription list. When it came into our possession, hundreds were delinquent, owing both the *Banner* and the *Statesman*. According to contract with the *Statesman* company the dues to the *Banner* were to be paid to the proprietor of the *Banner*. After a while we sent bills to the delinquents accompanied by an explanatory circular. A large proportion of them

declined or neglected to pay, and most of them finally discontinued the magazine without paying their dues. All these causes tended to cut down the subscription list; and the *Banner* could not have survived at all if it had not been that from all parts of the church new subscribers continued to come in to supply in part the loss from the causes mentioned.

During the Synod of '91, which met at Pittsburg, in fulfillment of promise and assisted by Rev. T. H. Walker of New York, I took full reports of the "great trial," as it was called afterwards, and published them in an extra *Banner*. The taking of the reports, some parts of which were very copious, and sending them off every day to the press in Philadelphia, involved much hard work as well as anxiety to be able to give a fair and impartial report. For most efficient help especially in copying, which had to be done during the recesses and mostly at night, I was greatly indebted to my young brother, Mr. Walker. Several nights after late sessions of Synod we did not retire to rest until after midnight. And I wish to record here how much I was indebted to my lifelong friend and benefactor, Mrs. Oudry, of Allegheny, with whom we were guests during Synod. All that was necessary to make her friends comfortable was always done and supplied; and all for the Master's sake, for she loved Him as Mary loved her Lord.

That was indeed an important as well as sad Synod. Looking back upon it now after the lapse of over six years I can judge with more accuracy of the character of its actions. A few facts may be stated:

1. Others and older men in different parts of the church were more culpable than the young men in Pittsburg Presbytery who were under trial.

2. Some of the young men who were condemned were better all-round Covenanters than some who were most active in the prosecution or the most ready to condemn.

3. Lack of brotherly love or personal dislike had something if not much to do in influencing the votes that decided the issue.

4. The trial did not indicate the real character of the questions upon which the church was divided.

5. Two or three of the young men on trial said more when making their own defense to merit censure than for their action as to the "East End Platform."

6. It would have been better for the cause of truth if both the prosecutors who represented Pittsburg Presbytery had been known by the church and Synod to be sound in the faith on questions germane to the one involved in the trial.

7. The trial was conducted too much in the manner of the civil courts. Too often the contention seemed to be for the mastery. Nevertheless, that the final effect of the trial would be good was at that time the hope of the *Banner*. This is manifest by what was written by the editor in the first issue after Synod. We quote it as follows:

"The truth for which the Covenanter Church has long been contending, and the truth for which she now stands alone among all the churches, is just as important as ever. And the question now is: *Shall we, as a church, whether few or many, continue to maintain the truth as to the claims of the Mediator as Lord of nations? And shall we continue to refuse to incorporate with the United States Government so long as it is disloyal to Him and to His law?* We are sorry that at last Synod this question was so mixed up with other and far less important issues that it was almost lost sight of; and we are pained to have to confess that while both Pittsburg Presbytery and the Synod endeavored to stand for the truth and the right, for the law and order of the church, there was so much that was wrong as well as indiscreet on the part of both, it was difficult to know what should be done. Nevertheless we repeat what we said in our last issue, viz.:

"The question that was settled by the Synod is this: That office-holding and voting in the United States Government and under the United States Constitution are sinful—that persons, however good otherwise, who do not so believe and practise can not be received into or retained in the fellowship of the church—and that the propa-

gation of sentiments contrary to this well-known and long-practised position of the church is so hostile to her best interests that it can not be tolerated. That in the settlement of this question too much has been said and done that was both painful and shameful must be confessed in sorrow and humiliation; but the fact remains; and however men may continue to agitate it, *the question is settled.*"

In reviewing the manner in which the *Banner* was edited during the years it was under my control I may say that I endeavored to make a free journal. No contributor, whatever were his sentiments, was shut out from its columns unless by his mode of writing he violated the rules of Christian courtesy or when the article as to its literary character was unfit to appear in type. Of either kind there were only a few instances.

The editor was adjudged by some, perhaps many, as being too radical on some questions, or too severe in his testimony against error or wrong. If he had not been outspoken against evils existing in the church, or perhaps if he had been more "suaviter in modo" he would have won more favor. Moreover, among all the church papers the *Banner* stood alone in its advocacy of some truths or reforms or measures believed to be important to the interests of the church; and in its judgment the other journals were either silent or opposed the right.

The magazine always invited contributions but received little help from able writers in the church. And yet nearly all its pages were filled with original matter and most of it written by the editor. I am sure that he was so anxious to furnish the reader with first-class religious matter that its pages always seemed too few. I could have filled double as many every month, and often I added more pages than I was under promise to print. Except the very liberal assistance given by my wife in the publishing department, I had no help. I could not afford to hire it. And many a time I was weary; but God was kind. "Balmy sleep" was his gift.

After it came into my hands I think I made some improvements in the magazine; most notably in keeping out of its pages matter not suitable for Sabbath reading. Fewer long obituaries appeared and fewer common-place ones. And then I gradually got rid of all advertisements and instead filled the pages of the cover with readable matter.

There were two things which I tried hard to effect, but as to both I utterly failed. I made several efforts by correspondence with the proprietors of the *Reformed Presbyterian and Covenanter* to combine the two magazines. If properly edited one was all the church needed; one was all the church could afford to support. And in this belief I wrote at several different times asking correspondence in reference to the combination of the two. At first I offered to buy the *Reformed Presbyterian and Covenanter*. Then I offered to unite the two under the same editor, and later I offered to sell. But they were unwilling to make any change whatever, and even declined correspondence on the subject. And so we both plodded on as before. The other failure was in the effort to induce Synod to publish their own minutes or to give us material aid in publishing them. And two or three times I begged the *Reformed Presbyterian and Covenanter* to join with the *Banner* in an effort to persuade Synod to either print their own minutes, as most of the churches do, or to help us to bear the expenses. As to this also, correspondence was declined. And I had cause to complain; for soon after the *Banner* was suspended and the *Reformed Presbyterian and Covenanter* had to print the minutes without help, the editor complained of the burden. Not long afterwards even the old familiar yellow-covered monthly had to suspend, I suppose for want of pabulum. The inference is that if the two had been married legally and honorably (they twain one) the church might have had a good and much-needed magazine to this day. Now the church is suffering for want of it.

Not wishing to spend the heated season in Philadelphia, as soon as the *Banner* with Synod's minutes was mailed, we went to Vermont to spend our vacation among the old familiar hills and brooks of Topsham. Since my last visit there my dear old friend, Elder Josiah Divoll, had been removed to the circle of elders about the throne of God and the Lamb. His daughter, Mrs. Taggart, and her son Charlie were yet residing in the old mansion near the church. Here we engaged boarding during the hot months; and here was my temporary sanctum or editorial "den."

We had not been there long until we were joined by our daughter Rosamond. She had remained in California with her married sister, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, until the close of the seminary year when she resigned her position, bade farewell to Oakland, and came on directly to Topsham to spend the vacation with us. On the way she was met by the young minister in charge of the Boulevard Mission, New York, who came on with her to Topsham. Thus for a while Mrs. Taggart had five boarders, and we all had many a joyous ramble in the forests and among the trout brooks, or rides over the hills. During this vacation we had the comfort of another communion season during which I again assisted Pastor Faris.

The hot season being over we returned to Philadelphia in time to get out the September number of the *Banner*. On the evening of the 20th of October, in our parlor and in the presence of a select number of friends, occurred the marriage of our daughter to Rev. T. Holmes Walker, of New York. In the marriage ceremonies I was assisted by her cousin, Rev. A. W. Johnston, M. D., and Rev. Dr. D. W. Collins, Rev. J. C. McFeeters also was present. After a protracted social and festive hour or two with the friends, the young married folks took the night train for New York, thus leaving a vacant chair in our family room. Those

parents who have had to see their last child depart from home to constitute a new family may imagine how we felt that night when we worshiped at our family altar, the last loved one gone.

The year 1892 was one of hard work and of some incidents worthy of record. I could have carried the burden of *Our Banner* more joyously if to buoy it and to keep it afloat I had not been compelled to incur debt. I had paid one thousand dollars as purchase money and had been led to expect that from the old dues of the magazine I would be able to collect sufficient to pay back the purchase money. So little was collected that I was not only disappointed but saw little probability of getting out of debt. This troubled me, and all the more because the magazine scarcely paid the printer's bills while we had nothing wherewith to pay our house rents and other family expenses. From a financial standpoint it was not easy to be optimistic. But the work had to be done and the monthly bills paid whatever might be or not be.

The death of my beloved and only sister, Mrs. Jameson, of Belle-Centre, O., occurred in the winter of 1891 and '92 at Mansfield, O., whither she had removed to be with her son, then residing in that city. Her last sickness was short and her death sooner than expected. That I was not able to visit her on her death-bed or attend the burial was a source of deep sorrow. She had been to me a most affectionate and faithful sister. The latter years of her life had been full of sorrow. As a devout child of God she had been sanctified thereby and at last was lovingly carried in the arms of the Angel of the covenant into the presence of His Father and her Father in the New Jerusalem in which there is no sorrow. The departure of that sweet sister, Mary Jane, sundered another tie that bound me to earth. I did not doubt that she had been taken by the Bridegroom to be

clothed with the white robe she had longed to wear, but I was sorely grieved that I could not be with her to receive her dying benediction. Our brother Samuel was with her in her last hours and closed the eyes of our sister in death. He and her son carried the body to Northwood Cemetery and laid it beside the dust of our mother to rest until the resurrection of the just.

A while after our daughter's marriage and their keeping house in New York, they persuaded us to join them and make our home there for a time, but we did not remove the publication of *Our Banner* from Philadelphia thinking that I could do the editorial work in New York without any other change. We had not been in Gotham long until it was time to go to Synod. It met that year, 1892, at Mansfield, O. I spent as much of my time as I could with the family of my nephew, Arthur Johnston Carter, where sister had died. They had an adopted daughter who was very ill and it was her last sickness. She was then being prepared for the fold of the Good Shepherd. She had been a pupil of her grandmother and so must always have been a child of many prayers.

This meeting of Synod when placed in contrast with that of the preceding year was exceedingly pleasant. What the editor of *Our Banner* thought of it appears from what he said in the first issue after Synod. Only a condensed statement is admissible here.

"The late meeting was characterized by at least six things:

"1. Its penitential and prayerful spirit.

"2. Its freedom from the disturbing element commonly called Liberalism.

"3. Its freedom from acrimonious debate and personal animosities.

"Still more remarkable, probably, was the vote for the establishment of a foreign mission in China. Look at the facts. Except *Our Banner*, not a paper or magazine in the church had ever favored the new mission. The *Christian Nation* had even opposed it. Two

years ago, when our beloved missionary, Dr. Metheny, of Tarsus, and others, plead so earnestly for the new mission, several of the leading member of Synod—members of whom we had a right to expect better things—strongly opposed it. And again at this meeting the same and some other members, and even some members of Mission Boards, decidedly opposed the new mission. And yet, when the vote was finally taken, so full and large was the majority in favor of it that not one opposing vote was given. Except in the minds of some who did not vote, it was unanimous. The right finally prevailed without opposition. Such unanimity in the Reformed Presbyterian Church is almost without a parallel. What hath God wrought !”

In this connection and in illustration of the growing interest in the proposed mission to China I give here a little editorial that appeared in *Our Banner* in the same number. It reads thus:

“ENTHUSIASM. No subject discussed in Synod awakened such intense interest as that of the establishment of a foreign mission in China. Some of the speeches in its favor carried conviction. That, especially, of the secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions was one of great power. It awakened enthusiasm in the hearts of not a few. It must have caused conviction in every soul alive to the needs of the heathen world and to the duty of the church to give the Gospel to the nations *now*. Such enthusiasm had been awakened that when the final vote was taken not one of the opposers of the new mission had the courage, even if they had the desire, to vote *no*.

“At a subsequent session some of these non-voters spoke disparagingly of this ‘enthusiasm,’ as they called it. As though enthusiasm were not laudable. Alas! for those who have none of it. Enthusiasm! Enthusiasm in a good cause! The more the better. Why, it is a divine gift. It is the glory of the Great Redeemer who ‘was clad with zeal as a cloak,’ and who, as his disciples remembered, had said: ‘The zeal of thy house hath eaten Me up.’ Would God that all the Lord’s people, especially ministers, and more especially professors of theology, had enthusiasm in every good cause—Christlike enthusiasm in the cause of missions. Then God, even our own God, would bless us; and then would the nations be glad and sing for joy.”

The final action of Synod on this subject was the authorizing of the Foreign Board "to appoint two missionaries, one of whom shall be an ordained minister, and the other a physician, to establish a mission in China as soon as practicable."

But progress does not always mark the action of Synod. The *Banner* always urged that the church's position in reference to the use and sale of tobacco should be more prohibitory—that no toleration should be given to either the use or the traffic. But this Mandfield Synod fell below its former testimony and action, as all it could say was in these feeble words that would not greatly disturb the feelings of any sinner, viz., "That we condemn as earnestly as heretofore the use of tobacco in any of its forms; that the tobacco habit is a preparation for the more dangerous one of intemperance." Here is not a word against the sale of tobacco and no prohibition of its use, when the committee that prepared that report knew that even some ministers as well as elders use it habitually. Suppose that Synod a while ago had said: "We *condemn* the use of whisky," but had done nothing to *prevent* its use by members nor pass any law against its sale. Covenanters would be drinking and selling whisky to this day. No! The church will not get rid of the tobacco curse and filth until her legislation is absolute prohibition of both the use and the sale.

CHAPTER LVII.

A FAMILY REUNION.

It had been planned that as soon as the number of the *Banner* with Synod's minutes would be out and mailed we would again spend our vacation in Vermont. As Rev. Mr. Faris had resigned his pastoral charge, the parsonage as well as the pulpit was now vacant. The elders had offered us the use of it free during our vacation and had made arrangements for a summer communion while I would be there. Mrs. Johnston had gone on in advance and had arranged affairs so that we could keep house during the hot season and have a family reunion in the birthplace of our children. Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick (Mary) of Oakland, Cal., were about to remove thence and come to Utica, O., to make the old homestead their future home as both his parents had gone to their rest. To carry out her mother's plan for the family reunion Mr. Kirkpatrick sent forward Mary and the children, five boys, while he remained to arrange business matters. She came by the northern route through Detroit and Canada to Montpelier and thence to Topsham. This was her birthplace, but she had never been there since she was a little girl. And now all our family—grandparents, children, and grandchildren—three generations, were together in the old parsonage, an unbroken band save one

“ There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there ;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.”

Waldo Johnston was Mary's second son, a beautiful boy of about eight years. Sometime during the previous summer he sickened and died. They laid his body in Mountain View Cemetery beside the grave of his great-grandmother. As he was my namesake, as his death was the first that had occurred in our family, and as he was a favorite among us all, I give place here to a letter written by his father and that appeared in *Our Banner* shortly after the loss of his son; and I pray that by the reading of it here not a few may be profited and perhaps some heart comforted.

THE LETTER.

"We have received a number of letters of condolence from our friends but none that touch the heart like those who suffer with us.

"Your letter written to Mary before Waldo's death seemed to express a doubt of his having full knowledge of the way of salvation or of his having accepted the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. But in that I think your fears were unfounded. We are wont to speak of 'childlike faith.' During his life I have often thought what an example he was of that unquestioning kind of faith. No doubt ever seemed to come across his mind that the Saviour had died for *him* and his eager acceptance of every truth contained in the Divine Word was often a rebuke to me as well as an inspiration. His vivid imagination and spirituality enabled him to comprehend matters that the other children do not seem to take hold of at all. From the time I saw him after his fatal illness began I feared the worst and often wondered what could be said to him that might bring him nearer to his Saviour. I could think of nothing that he did not already know and believe, and his sufferings were so incessant and severe he could not at any time carry on a conversation for any length of time. So nothing was said beyond the often expressed wish to him that Jesus would heal him but if not to make him ready for heaven.

"On the Wednesday night before he died—the last night he was wholly conscious—I was undressing the little children at his bedside and they were saying their prayers in my hearing. Waldo wanted me to say his prayer for him and later he asked me again. Each time I complied with a feeling that I was as near my Father God as I ever had been. I had omitted the second time to say—as his custom was—'to give Waldie a new heart.' He reminded me of the omission,

showing he was following me closely. He would improvise a prayer for his 'grandma back home' that came from the heart so fervently that it was plain that he felt that he was talking to a Hearer of prayer that was a personality to him.

"Surely some children are saved, for Jesus said so, and I am just as confident that Waldo is one of them. I do not think much of confessions made on the death-bed—nor do I value the 'last words' as some seem to. Waldo's *life* for years was what gave me the confidence I have in his being numbered among the redeemed. Of highly nervous temperament, easily irritated because of the sensitive condition of his brain which was predisposed to the disease that terminated his short life—he was ever ready to ask forgiveness for wrongdoing, and grant a pardon which seemed to carry with it a forgetfulness of a wrong done him.

"My fondness for him is a secret to nobody. He was my one companion and his loss is to me beyond anything that language can express. I can not see in any of the other children the traits of character that made him so precious to me—though I love them all very dearly. '*I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of His wrath.*' Another grief that heavily bows down the strong man I am doubtless soon to suffer, but His grace shall be sufficient, and my sorrow is tempered with the blessed hope that I shall one day go to the loved ones who precede me. God grant that we may meet all our loved ones before His throne! He gave and He hath taken away: Blessed be His name."

Shortly after Mary and the boys came to Topsham Mr. and Mrs. Walker went from New York, and I followed soon. Then came the communion season. It was largely attended by the people and greatly enjoyed by our family, none absent save Mr. Kirkpatrick away on the Pacific Coast. Some weeks after the communion Mrs. Walker gave birth to a beautiful little babe that the happy father named Rosamond Johnston. Thus another was added to our family reunion circle, and this in the old parsonage where the babe's mother first saw the light.

When Mary's allotted time had expired and *Banner* duties called me back to Philadelphia, she and the boys and their grandfather bade good-by to the others who could linger

behind. We traveled together as far as Greenfield, Mass., where we parted, she and the children going to Utica, O., and I to Philadelphia. When their long vacation was over those who had lingered behind for the time joined me in Philadelphia. Prior to this Rev. Mr. Walker had resigned the charge of the mission church in New York. As he expected to be away from home preaching in fulfilment of appointments, he removed to Philadelphia where he left his little family in our charge.

During the winter and spring of 1893 I was closely confined to my post except when after the death of Rev. William Graham I went to Boston to preach two Sabbaths in the vacant pulpit. During my stay I was most pleasantly entertained in the family of Mrs. Graham, the bereaved widow.

The Synod of 1893 met at New Castle, Pa. Two memorials were before Synod, one asking that advanced action be taken against the use and sale of tobacco, and another petitioning that Synod would rescind its resolution of 1889 in reference to voting on constitutional amendments. Synod granted the request of neither, though on the tobacco question the deliverance was in advance of that of the previous year. The action of this year reads thus :

“Resolved, 1. That we reiterate our condemnation of the filthy, expensive, and sinful habit of using tobacco as demoralizing the character, ruining the health, and draining the income, as well as entailing disease and an enfeebled constitution upon posterity.

“2. That we urge once more that a practical testimony be borne against this vice, by refusing financial aid to students, licensing theological students, giving appointments to supplies, or ordaining to any office in the church those who persist in its use.”

As to the foreign mission in China no progress had been made. No action was taken except to vote that “Synod is still ready to go forward in establishing a mission in China

so soon as the leadings of God's providence shall indicate his willingness to grant us the privilege. No one has responded to the call for a missionary, and the Geary exclusion law may close the door temporarily."

As Rev. James Patton had resigned the superintendence of the Oakland Chinese mission, the Central Board reported that they had appointed Rev. D. McAllister, Jr., to its superintendency at a salary of \$1,000, and that the mission was "in a very satisfactory condition"!

During that meeting of Synod and by special invitation I had an opportunity of having a good visit with my dear friend, Rev. Dr. Robert Audley Browne, and family. Most probably that was our last meeting on this side of the river, but, my beloved United Presbyterian brother, may we not hope to eat bread together in the kingdom of heaven?

Soon after Synod I heard of the death of my brother Samuel. It occurred on the 14th of May. His wife had died only a few weeks before. As he was several years older, he had expected her to survive him. After her death he was cast down in sorrow and seemed to pine away at his great loss. Samuel P. was the last of our family whose death I was called to mourn. Brother James was younger than he, but the older survived the younger by quite a number of years; and he outlived my sister who was many years younger. As he was the only farmer in the family he was blessed with health and long life. His age was nearly ninety. He was the father of thirteen children. They all loved him as few fathers are loved. And well they might. Never was a father more faithful to his children. And among Covenanters none were more loyal to the old blue banner of Scotland and her covenants. Five of his sons were named for her reformers "of whom the world was not worthy." Yet he lived to see some of them turn aside to the flocks of the companions, and it gave him grief. Since this dear

brother's death, by which I was left alone, the last of our mother's children, I have been sad in my loneliness. But the time will not be long.

While we resided in Philadelphia I had frequent interviews with my dear friend of early years, William Still, author of that wonderful book, "The Underground Railroad." He was president of the Board of Supervisors of the Home for Aged People of Color. He generally arranged for religious services on Sabbath days. Several times at his invitation I preached in the Home. The services were in the chapel into which probably about one hundred old people, some very old, gathered to worship. Many of them had been slaves. Most of them were very attentive hearers. Sometimes after the services were over many would come to me to talk over the dark and painful scenes through which they had passed when under the yoke. Would it not be easy to preach to such people?

In the city of Philadelphia yet continues to exist the oldest and only anti-slavery society in the United States. Mr. Still is the president. Under his leading influence it was agreed to hold a public meeting on the anniversary of the emancipation of the slaves. The meetings continued through the afternoon and evening and were very large. Mr. Still was the chairman. They were held in the great auditorium of the Y. M. C. A. and consisted largely of negroes, Friends (Quakers), and old people. Among the speakers on the program were several of the old Abolitionists who had plead the cause of the oppressed, such as Robert Purvis, Mary Grew, and Rev. Dr. Furness. Mr. Still had pressed me into the service and I ventured to prepare and give an address on "*What Hath God Wrought!*" On the preparation of that address I bestowed much labor, and its sentiments seemed to meet the warm approbation of the audience. It was my last public testimony in behalf of the old Abolitionists of

whom their generation was not worthy. I can not give it here; it is too lengthy; but the writer may be pardoned for giving at least the two paragraphs with which the address closed.

“The philosophy of the old Abolition movement has not been understood except by a few. It was too high for the politician; too deep for the mere churchman. The honor of the final result is too often ascribed to party or to the martyr President. The thought in the mind of the old Abolitionist—‘What hath God wrought!’—is as true as it was sublime. To the enthroned Mediator, the God of armies, let all the glory be ascribed. For generations he had been bottling up the tears of the oppressed. No prayer of the millions of his own enslaved children begging for deliverance was forgotten. And now when the cup of his indignation was full and the hour of their deliverance had come, the torch of John Brown’s raid at Harper’s Ferry was thrown into slavery’s magazine, and the old warrior and hero became a sacrifice to appease the rage and allay the fears of the south. But God had determined the destruction of the slave power and of the auction-block; and so the maddened south fired upon Fort Sumter. Then followed the rush to arms to resent the insult done to the Stars and Stripes. Then followed the nation’s baptism of blood to save the Constitution and the Union, not to deliver the oppressed. But God meant it otherwise. Emancipation as a war measure resulted, and in God’s own time the chains were broken. *Laus Deo!*”

“Who should be here to-day to commemorate emancipation? If I could I would summon from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west and gather into one vast assembly the old slave mothers who were bereft of their children, the surviving husbands and fathers whom the cruel slave-dealer sold to the dreaded cotton and sugar plantations, and the old fugitives who fresh from the bloody

lash of the overseer became the prey of the bloodhound; and then with these emancipated ones as our leaders we would join in the glad shout of 'Halleluiah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.' "

A few weeks after that anniversary meeting Mrs. Johnston and I were invited to an evening dinner with Mr. Still's family. All the other guests were colored men and their wives. The men were an Episcopal bishop, a Methodist D. D., Rev. Dr. Reeves, pastor of a Presbyterian Church of which Mr. Still is a member, Rev. Mr. Anderson, Presbyterian minister and Mr. Still's son-in-law, and another minister who was editor of a religious magazine in the interests of the colored people. In that little company of friends were men and women of brains and culture such as are rarely found at any festive board. We found ourselves in the presence of men of such high attainments and religious worth that if we had had any pride of caste or color there was now no room left for it. And the dinner was like a royal feast. Mr. and Mrs. Still presided as if they were king and queen. Rarely if ever in life was it our honor to be guests on such a festive occasion.

The *Banners* containing the minutes of the Synod of 1893 all being in the Philadelphia post-office, wife and I once more hurried off to Vermont to spend our summer vacation in the old parsonage among the hills and the people we loved so well. This time we had to go alone except that we took our "little Gracie" with us. Our children were away west at their own homes. Sometime during the past year Rev. Mr. Walker had been called to the pastorate of Cedar Lake Congregation at Ray, Indiana, and had removed thither. The Topsham parsonage was now occupied by Mrs. Emily Divoll Taggart and her son. We were all happy together. Charlie had been a student at Mt. Hermon, Mr. Moody's school for boys; and he was such a



WILLIAM STILL

lover of music and such a master of so many musical instruments, we never were allowed to grow sad or morose; and our daily concert tickets were always free.

As the summer before, the church session requested me to conduct the religious services of another communion season, and I was authorized to invite Rev. J. C. McFeeters to assist. By correspondence we arranged to meet at Northfield, Mass., to remain as long as we could at the missionaries' convention in session at that time. We lodged in one of the buildings on the extensive and beautiful grounds consecrated to religion and Christian education. Brother J. R. Thompson, pastor of the Second Church of Newburgh, N. Y., was there before us, and we had a good time. He was spending a short vacation there. Where could he or any hard-working pastor find a better summer resting-place? Brother McFeeters and I lodged in a large room supplied with two beds. As he was born on the Green Isle and I in the United States twenty-eight years earlier, and a lineal descendant of Sir Archibald Johnston, or Lord Warriston whom the Scotch Covenant-breakers hung in Edinburgh, we thought it prudent to occupy different beds. But we read the Bible together and prayed together morning and evening; we lay together on the lawn under the shadow of one of the old elms while he read to me Professor Drummond's latest book; together we attended the meetings and heard great lectures from great men and returned missionaries from far-distant lands; together we listened with joy or in tears to the great evangelist, always the central object and mainspring of all the wheels ever in motion there; and together we listened with rapture to Mr. Moody's song companion, Ira D. Sankey. By the way, if ever an "old Psalm-singer" is tempted to become a hymn-singer it must be at those meetings where everybody joins in chorus with Mr. Sankey in some of his songs as no other can sing them. By the way again, Ira D. Sankey might not

be the last one to be brought to our belief in the exclusive use of the inspired songs of the Bible. He has a great admiration for them, and he once said to me that he would like to use them if they were more beautifully versified. His emphasized statement is that in his public singing he is only "singing the Gospel." As yet, however, he is far from accurate in his views. Some years ago, in pleasant talk with him in San Francisco, I could not convince him that the "psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs" mentioned by Paul are all found in the book of the Bible called the "Book of Psalms." Nor is Mr. Sankey alone in his opinion. Some good people believe that the "hymn" which Jesus and his disciples sang after the Passover and before he went out to the Mount of Olives, was only the effusion of some poetic genius among his followers.

During our communion season in Topsham Mr. McFeeters gave us such preaching as he only can give. The little remnant of the once beautiful flock were almost all out to be happy during the days of the sweet season of communion; and many others heard the Word preached. As the duties of a pastor devolved upon me, I tried on Monday to give as kind and yet faithful exhortation as was needed. At that time I supposed but did not know that that would be my last communion with those dear people. "His ways are past finding out."

While Mr. McFeeters tarried with us as our guest we had many a season of sweet fellowship, and some pleasant rambles. In one we obtained some relics from the farm home in which Rev. William Sloane, the old-time pastor, had lived. That house was the birthplace of his son, James Renwick Willson Sloane, and to it others would yet be more likely to make pilgrimages if the Topsham Covenanters had continued loyal to Christ.

After the communion we lingered some weeks and tried

to do what we could for the Master's cause. I continued to preach on Sabbaths. Mrs. Johnston did much W. C. T. U. work and continued to teach the Sabbath-school Bible class. I prepared the matter for the September number of *Our Banner*, rambled often among the forests and brooks yet familiar, made my last visit to the grave where, alone and unseen by mortal eye, I had often wept—wept tears but wiped away by the hand of one who loved me more than I deserved.

CHAPTER LVIII.

NEW HOME FOR "OUR BANNER."

AFTER the issue of the September number of *Our Banner* we changed the place of publication to Pittsburg. Our residence, however, was at Beaver Falls an hour or more distant by rail. This change was made not because we disliked to live in the city of brotherly love, for we had many friends there, and for many reasons it was a most desirable home; but the expenses of living were heavy, my health was failing for want of what it was almost impossible to find, a house with open grates. Mrs. Johnston was restless because she could do nothing to help meet our family expenses; and Pittsburg was not so far from the homes of our children. We rented a house on College Hill where she hoped she could "make a little money" by boarding and lodging a few young lady students and thus help to keep the *Banner* afloat and pay the interest on our debts incurred by its purchase and its continued publication. We furnished two rooms for boarders and said to our friends, "Please tell young lady students that at the opening of the term we will have rooms for four of them." One came, and only one, the daughter of one of our Pennsylvania friends. It did not pay. But we were too proud to whine over it; and the winter passed away and we survived, though our indebtedness steadily increased. Meanwhile I occupied my "den" and from time to time sent to the Pittsburg printer my "copy" for the *Banner* and received from him now and then a roll of "proof slips," so that I did not need to go into Pittsburg more than

once a month and this to make up what the printers call "the dummy" and to leave the addressed wrappers.

In Beaver Falls we had warm friends, some of them friends in days of yore, old and tried. Had it not been for our unpleasant financial circumstances and the unhappy condition of the church there, we would have been glad to make it our life home. The beautiful country around, the good society, Geneva College, and the many excellent friends and brethren in the church, all would have made it a desirable place of residence. But it was not ours to enjoy it. Nor was it desirable then. During the eight or nine months we were there the most of the people, church and college, were in a state of ebullition. Exciting scenes growing out of the discussion of National Reform questions and following the calling of a pastor to the Geneva congregation prevented us from enjoying that peace and quiet and comfort which are almost essential to growth in the Christian life. We could not escape from them, we could not ignore them. I was not a member of Pittsburg Presbytery but I was resident within its bounds. Mrs. Johnston did not present her certificate to the session of the new congregation, but we worshiped with them on Sabbaths in the college chapel, and for the sake of our common mother church we were deeply interested in whatever interested them and her. The question that then agitated the National Reformers had reference to the proper terms to be used in the constitutional amendments which Congress was petitioned to favor. The question agitating the Geneva congregation referred to the settlement of the pastor who had been called. His alleged sentiments as to the Christian Endeavor Society and probably as to all involuntary associations, were offensive to a minority, and these endeavored to prevent his installation. And so it was almost impossible for us to be neutral in questions of public church interests. Besides, as the resi-

dent editor of a magazine regarded as a church organ, I could not ignore the moral or ecclesiastical battles that were being fought. And so it happened that when there were public meetings in the interest of the one or the other, or meetings of the Presbytery to settle questions on which the congregation was divided, the *Banner* was expected to report the proceedings and the editor to characterize them. For endeavoring to do so correctly and faithfully he was subjected to all manner of censure or severe criticism. Some strong partisans said: "Stop my *Banner*." Some used the pen in other journals to rebuke it; and so the *Banner* was tossed about somewhat roughly in the stormy winds of strife. I would gladly have been back in the "City of Brotherly Love." It happened also that the *Banner* was not popular with the college. The editor did not like the prominence given to the outside and beastly forms of athletics when so few of the students, children of the church or members of it, were interested in the cause of missions. He disliked the toleration given to the use of tobacco; and he was especially grieved at the Sabbath desecration to which the Saturday ball-game contests led. For speaking his mind and for his efforts to effect the reform, the editor was not in danger of being too popular with many members of faculty or of the students. Well, it did not hurt him very much, but yet it did not tie him to College Hill when for other reasons he wished to be away.

In our desire to be free from debt and to be able to continue the *Banner* whose friends assured me was doing a good work as an organ of the truth, I made a hasty trip to California in the hope of being able to sell our little property in Oakland. I remained there two or three weeks in a fruitless effort. Such was the condition of the finances and the real-estate market that I had to return in disappointment. It seemed impossible to continue the *Banner* with-

out incurring more debt and to this I could not consent. In my straits I tried once more to negotiate with the proprietors of the other monthly in the hope that the two might be combined. I failed as before. Then—well, I began to fear that my "better half" would be sorry she ever married a poor preacher and a poor publisher. And then my pride was touched. I feared the shame of failure in my efforts to keep afloat the *Banner* of truth. For who does not know that in the judgment of the world (and in this church people are much the same), failure, however good the cause, is shameful. Success in whatever effort, bad or good, meets with applause.

"And when thou to thyself dost well,
Men will thee praises give."

In my perplexity I resolved to make another effort to diminish the number of church papers, and I opened a correspondence with the publisher of the *Christian Nation*, the weekly paper that Synod had commended to the patronage of the people. This correspondence began shortly before the meeting of Synod in 1894. It resulted in a harmonious agreement that I would give to Mr. Pritchard the subscription list and the "good-will" of our *Banner* on two conditions, viz., that he would send the *Nation* free of charge to *Banner* subscribers who had paid in advance, whether a month or a year, and that I would collect and retain any moneys due to the *Banner* at the time of the transfer, viz., the middle of the volume or June 30. In our agreement, however, it was expressly stipulated that the contract and the transfer would not be confirmed or take place in case Synod would take any action with reference to a church paper that would make it unnecessary for me to give up the *Banner*. Synod took no such action, and so our bargain was closed. Immediately after Synod I handed over my list to Mr. Pritchard. In the next issue of the *Nation* I an-

nounced the transfer and explained its conditions, and all the subscribers of the *Banner* received that number of the *Nation* and subsequent numbers. Mr. Pritchard honorably fulfilled his contract. Letters which I received from time to time from my old friends indicated regret that I had been obliged to give up the *Banner*. Had it not been for the burden of debt under which I was still laboring, I would have felt a great relief now that I was a free man, no longer caged in an editor's "den" or harassed by a publisher's corroding cares.

If the reader has not already seen the causes that led to the indebtedness alluded to above a few words will make it plainer. When I paid \$1,000 for the *Banner* list and "good-will," I was assured by those who, as I supposed, knew the facts, that at least that amount would be collected from the subscribers who were in arrears. Few of the dues were ever paid. The debtors either had trivial excuses or never made any response whatever to the bills sent to them. Thus most of the money paid out in the purchase of the *Banner* was a loss without anything to balance it. Then hundreds who had accepted the peculiar sentiments of the former editor ceased to be subscribers. Many were dissatisfied because they no longer received both *Statesman* and *Banner* at reduced rates. The weekly papers had preference with very many who could not pay for a monthly also. Many who had always taken the *Reformed Presbyterian and Covenanter*, upon which even two editors bestowed little editorial labor, seemed incapable of appreciating the *Banner* upon which so much was bestowed. Besides all this, many whose names were on our list never paid a dollar and had to be dropped as "dead-heads."

All the above makes a dark picture. For want of a brighter the *Banner* that had so many rivals, all clamoring for support, had to succumb. Yet no one may infer that it

lacked friends. It had many, but the entire membership of the church was too small to support so many papers, monthly and weekly. Some had to fail. At this writing there is only one weekly, the *Nation*, and one monthly, the *Herald of Mission News*, both published in New York. In this reckoning the smaller local papers are not counted. Some of these, as the *Covenanter Record* and the *Covenanter Ensign*, are well edited and are doing a good work.

The last number of the *Banner*, June, 1894, was issued in time to be in the hands of most of the ministers before the meeting of Synod in Philadelphia. At that time I did not know that it would be the last, though I feared it. It depended upon what Synod would do or not do. This last issue had forty-eight pages, thirty-one of which contained fresh editorial matter. Among the editorials were such as these: "A Plea for the Young Men," meaning the theological students; "Plea for the Proposed Mission to China;" "Shall We Obey the Law of Purity?" or a testimony against tobacco; "Mint, Anise and Cummin," a testimony against ministers wearing the mustache if alone; and an article that had been sent to the *Reformed Presbyterian and Covenanter* but shut out. This was about "Chinese Mission Work," meaning work in the Oakland mission. In another, "What Synod Should Do," the following were mentioned: "Appoint Missionaries to China;" "Authorize the Board to Select and Educate at Geneva College Brainy and Pious Students from Our Missions, Southern, Chinese, and Indian, That They May Be Prepared for the Theological Seminary and the Mission Fields," "Stop the Reading of Sermons by All Ministers and Licentiates," or erase from our Testimony (chapter 24, section 7), the declaration that "the ministers of religion have no warrant for *reading* their sermons to the congregation." On the last page was a significant item, viz., "When the editor began his work in *Our Banner* he had pleasant

expectations of being able *not to please everybody*. He now rejoices that thus far he has met with no serious disappointment."

After Synod, when the *Christian Instructor*, a United Presbyterian paper, had learned that *Our Banner* had been merged in the *Christian Nation*, the editor, Rev. Dr. Collins, said: "We are sorry that *Our Banner*, which has been a fearless journal during its history, and especially since it fell into the hands of the late editor, Rev. N. R. Johnston, has ceased to exist. We shall miss its spicy columns." The *Reformed Presbyterian and Covenanter*, a Covenanter paper, said: "*Our Banner*, edited and published by Rev. N. R. Johnston, has been disposed of to the publisher of the *Christian Nation*. The June number of *Our Banner* concludes the issues." The reader can see the difference.

The Synod of 1894 met in Philadelphia and in the second Church. Rev. J. C. McFeeters, the pastor, was the moderator. Mrs. Johnston went with me, and among our many old friends we had a good time.

That Synod was somewhat memorable for its progress in efforts to inaugurate the foreign mission in China. Our beloved physician, Rev. Dr. Metheny of the Tarsus mission, was present. He presented a petition of his own that Synod would, at this meeting, appoint missionaries to China. The Board had previously prepared its report saying, "Nothing has been done toward the establishing of a mission in China. There is money in hand to begin the work, but no response has yet been made to the repeated calls for volunteers." The committee on missions recommended that Synod now elect two missionaries. Rev. Elmer McBurney and Rev. R. J. McIsaac were chosen. Objections being made to the latter because of his connection with the Selma freedman's mission, he did not accept, and the Board was authorized to select another and send him out with Mr. McBurney. The

prospect of a mission to China now looked very hopeful. A great amount of important business was transacted, but Synod showed that *Our Banner* was not received as its dictator. Except in the appointment of the missionary to China, nothing was done in reference to the things that the June number of the magazine had said should be done. As to the tobacco part of the report on temperance the following remarkable deliverance was made: "We renew our condemnation of the use of tobacco, . . . and we warn the young against this insidious evil," etc. Anti-cigarette clubs were commended whose members promise not to smoke until after they are twenty-one years of age; and ministers and church-members were enjoined to obey the command, "Keep thyself pure." Did that committee of Synod expect this action to introduce the millennium of purity?

During that Synod I had much delight in frequent interviews with Dr. Metheny. I will go down to the grave ever having a joyous remembrance of them. His influence in Synod to bring about the appointment of missionaries to China was very great. I question if any progress would have been made, as the Board had done nothing, if he had not been so earnest in his pleas. When the time of our parting came I was sad in the fear that we would never meet again on this side of the veil.

CHAPTER LIX.

OUR PACIFIC HOME AGAIN.

As at Synod nothing occurred to prevent the transfer of the *Banner* list to the publisher of the *Nation*, before we left Philadelphia we had decided to return to our home in Oakland, Cal., where our cottage was standing empty waiting for us. Accordingly soon after our return to our temporary home at Beaver Falls we began to prepare for removal. We had found so many good people there and so many warm friends, it was not without regrets that we thought of leaving College Hill. There was my beloved nephew, President W. P. Johnston, ever dear to me not only for his father's sake but for his own. And then his most excellent wife and family had become endeared to us. It was not pleasant to think of leaving behind all our friends including our own children perhaps never to meet again. After our goods were packed and billed for California we were detained some time before they could be shipped. It was just at the time when the great railroad strike was in progress and when in Chicago and other places the riots and conflagrations caused by the strikers were causing terror all over the country.

Leaving Beaver Falls we journeyed to Utica, O., to visit our daughter, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and family. They were residing in the old mansion and on the farm lying adjacent to the town, and he and the older boys were all farmers. On that same old farm had lived and died two generations of Kirkpatricks and Covenanters—Grandfather Peter Kirkpatrick, a ruling elder, and James M. Kirkpatrick, also an elder,

the father of the present occupant. Before marriage Mary had become quite an artist. We found her now busy caring for her boys, big and little, and looking after her numerous broods of young chickens. The brush had been left behind in California and now the duties of a mother and of a farmer's wife left no time for the study of landscape or canvas lights and shades. While lingering here I rambled with the boys, or went a-fishing in the neighboring creek, more concerned about the grandchildren than the funny tribe, and studying and wondering what those boys would become and what they would do after I had passed from earth. Happy boyhood! How little did they know of their future! Nay, rather, how little did they know of themselves as under parental authority and divine law, or of the responsibilities that will ere long rest upon them; and just as little do children know of a mother's anxiety about them and her intense desire for their future usefulness and salvation. Close by on an adjacent farm resides my nephew and my namesake, Robinson Johnston, whose most excellent wife is a sister of our son-in-law, Mr. Kirkpatrick. He is an elder in the Utica session and is happy in his family, all beautiful daughters. Peculiar sight was that—Marjory's children all girls, Mary's all boys. Perhaps the cousins were satisfied. As for the parents, the one may sing:—

“So may our sons in bloom of youth
Vie with the palm tree's stately growth;”

and the other:

“With sculptured stones our daughters vie,
That grace some royal structure high.”

While we remained with our children at that old homestead every hour seemed precious to me, for I could not know whether that would be my last visit with those I loved so well. I always loved that loving and faithful daughter, but when I saw her an anxious and faithful mother of so many

little boys, I loved her more than ever. When the hour of separation came it was hard to say, "Farewell, Mary." If it could have been I would have remained in that old house with the loved ones whom I could hardly hope to see again with these eyes then growing dim in the light of their seventy-fourth summer. And then the distance between Ohio and California seemed so great.

Our next visit was at Ray, Ind., with our daughter Rosie, Mrs. Walker, now the mother of two little children. At that time the pastor was happy in his relation with the flock. It seemed as though that would be his life field of labor. But the Good Shepherd knows best. Happy is that servant who can submit without complaint to the will of the Master.

On our return to California we found our Highland Park cottage empty and ready for our occupancy except that it was in very bad repair. Much of the time that we had been in the east the property had been rented to parties that had been little better than vandals; and a part of the time it had been unoccupied and exposed to all kinds of marauders who had injured the lawn and fences and fruit trees. Every thing around our home that we had tried to make comfortable for ourselves in our old age was now so abused, notwithstanding that we had paid a man to care for it in our absence, that for some reasons we were sorry we ever left it for the sake of the *Banner* or aught else. Was that sorrow sinful? Did it result from greater love to bodily and earthly interests than the higher interests of religion and of the life immortal? I do confess, however, that I could not forget that our going east to publish and edit the magazine had resulted in what many would call a failure and had involved us in heavy financial loss and debt. To this was added another source of sorrow. When we came back to our former field of labor we found the Oakland mission in a more dilapidated condition. At first we did not understand it. It was not long,

however, until the causes were manifest. But the low and sad condition of the mission was due to causes that could not be made public or known to the church in the east and which are almost unknown yet. How happy might have been the condition of the mission if all had done their duty; but now its hedges were broken down, the vineyard neglected, and the garden almost waste for want of culture. Who that loves the cause of missions, the cause of Christ, could be aught but sad? Yet there was a partial antidote. The avenues to labor or effort to make things better were not all closed; and probably the best cure for despondency is work; and everybody knows that work is healthful. In this is manifest the goodness of Him who made this law: Work and be healthful, work and be useful, work and be happy.

We found plenty to do. I had no authoritative appointment, but when the missionary in charge was absent on the Sabbath I preached in the mission. I did this partly to keep the mission together, for some of the American Covenanters had gone into the Presbyterian Church and some of the Chinese members had gone away or had dropped out; and partly that I might not be compelled to worship in a Covenanter mission where unappointed lay preachers conducted the service. One of these was not a member of the church. Strange though it may seem yet the missionary in charge preached only one Sabbath in the month, and then on the other Sabbaths his place was occupied by a United Presbyterian minister and two laymen, one a United Presbyterian and the other a Covenanter. With such arrangements and practises I was so dissatisfied that I was willing to risk criticism or censure in an effort to abolish them; and so I preached without appointment. The missionary was often absent, though no one knew where he was. After his departure east I preached every Sabbath. I knew I had the favor of the Chinese Christians and I hoped I had the

approbation of the Master. Judged by the law of prudence or policy perhaps I was not justified, for my action may have had somewhat to do with the diminution of the number attending the Sabbath services in the mission chapel. Three families of the United Presbyterian brethren had long worshiped with the Covenanters because they would not unite with the United Presbyterian congregation that used the organ in worship. They now united with the "New-Light" Covenanters and so ceased to attend our meetings. For a long time some had hoped that those anti-organ United Presbyterians would become Covenanters and be an addition to the little Covenanter mission society; but they were all too much wedded to the ballot, and they continued to oppose our Covenanters position of political dissent. As there is no organization of "New-Lights" in Oakland, at this writing they attend worship at the United Presbyterian Church though the organ is still used. In this writing I do not forget that those quondam United Presbyterian friends were and are all honorable and excellent Christian people with whom I had long had most pleasant Christian fellowship. Rev. Mr. Morrow was and is a man and Christian of sterling integrity; and I ever prized him highly. But I was a "stiff" old Covenanter that would not go to the polls, and he was just as stiff in his determination to use the ballot at every election. And so we could not be in the same church society and sit at the same communion table. To the world and to the liberal Christian this seems "awfully illiberal." Nor shall we denounce our political friends. Not without good reason did the great apostle write: "But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at naught thy brother? for we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ."

During the later years of our home in California Mrs. Johnston had been busy in W. C. T. U. work. On learning

that she had returned to the state again, Mrs. Bateham, national superintendent of the Sabbath Observance Department, appointed her as superintendent of the same department for the Pacific Coast. Mrs. Johnston accepted the appointment and began to arrange for the work. But before she had accomplished anything she became a severe sufferer from a slight cause. Before we left Beaver Falls a sewing needle, or broken part of it, was accidentally lodged in her foot. She suffered no pain and paid little attention to it. Weeks passed, and shortly after our return to Oakland the foot became inflamed, the sore festered, and the needle was taken out. This was followed by blood poisoning. During many weeks of suffering the foot and limb were in a critical condition and she a cripple unable to walk. This arrested all plans of work for the Sabbath; and she was obliged to communicate the same to Mrs. Bateham.

During these weeks the California State Sabbath Association, which had become defunct, was reorganized and began vigorous efforts in behalf of Sabbath observance and especially to procure a state Sabbath law. At the first state convention, when the association was organized, I was chosen corresponding secretary. In the progress of the new movement the appointment devolved upon me a large amount of work, and during our campaign in behalf of a state law this work increased. Besides this, as a member of the executive committee of twelve, of which I was the secretary, I had much work to do, and, together with other members, attended many meetings and conventions, and occasionally spoke or lectured in behalf of the Sabbath. These gave me opportunities to teach and defend the truth, so little known or believed, as to the duty of the state or government to recognize the divine law as supreme and the duty of the Legislature to enact a state Sabbath law because the fourth commandment requires it, *i. e.*, because God requires it. On

this committee were representatives from the leading evangelical denominations, and mostly ministers. Some of these were the ablest and most influential men in the churches. As I was without a pastoral charge the pastors in the committee imposed upon me more than my share of the work, and I submitted to it partly because it gave me an apology for my frequent advocacy of the truth as to the relations of the Sabbath to law. They knew I was a Covenanter; and while some of them tolerated me and did not care to combat my sentiments, others sometimes did and pleasant discussions resulted. I hope the truth did not suffer.

While working with these friends of the Sabbath I had much pleasant and profitable Christian communion; and to some of them I became warmly attached. Working with others in any good cause tends to the love of the co-workers. There were others whom I loved, but two have a very warm place in my affections. One was Rev. John Kimball, a Congregational minister and the managing editor of the *Pacific*, the organ of that denomination on the coast. He was a Vermonter. He came to San Francisco soon after we did and in a short time we were friends. We were of different churches, but we agreed on so many important truths and reforms we did not care to dispute about the others. He was interested in the work among the Chinese, and the *Pacific* was always open to whatever I chose to write for it. When he came into our Sabbath Executive Committee we almost always agreed on Sabbath questions and worked in harmony. And then he was a lovely man—tender in his feelings, in sympathy with the poor and the wronged, genial and gentlemanly, and orthodox too. And he was a man of sorrows. These were blessed for his betterment. At this writing he is in bodily sickness from which he may never recover. I feel sure that after a little, when his life's

work is done, he will be with Him whose saved ones never say, I am sick.*

The other brother beloved is a Presbyterian, Rev. H. A. Ketchum, D. D., until recently pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Berkeley, near Oakland. He is an Ohioan and resided in that state until about the time we went to Philadelphia in 1891. I first met him at our Sabbath convention for the reorganization of the state association, and when he was asked to lead in prayer, that prayer convinced me that he was right on the Sabbath question. At and ever after the first state convention he was always "on hand," ready for work and intensely in earnest. Side by side we have worked together in the executive committee, much of the time he as the chairman and I as the secretary. We often were on sub-committees together and in harmony working together. A man of uprightness, purity of motive, and of courage, and withal kindly, tender-hearted, I loved him. He was a Presbyterian by birth, education, and choice, but he was too good to be at home in a Presbyterian California pulpit. He should have been a Covenanter. He was nearer this than Presbyterian mortals often get. He was greatly dissatisfied with his brethren because of their laxness or their irregular life. He longed to see them better and the church purer, but did not know how to bring it about. When I wrote a series of articles in the *Occident*, the organ of the Presbyterian Church on the coast, in which I showed why I was a Covenanter and not a Presbyterian (there were five articles), after he had read them all, when we first met he said: "Brother Johnston, I have read your articles; I don't know but you are all right; but what can I do?" A few weeks passed when, tired of preaching to a people who under the shadow of the great California State University,

* A few months after the foregoing was written, this dear brother was taken to the Father's house. We who remain deeply mourn our loss.

the hot-bed of Unitarianism and of secularism, would not receive his teachings and follow his leadings, he resigned his charge and will go out not knowing whither he will be led. I could not say to him, "Come with us and we will do you good;" he was not ready for that, and I had nothing to promise him; but my heart longed to be able to press his right hand as a Covenanter brother. He read all the Covenanter documents I gave him and never dissented from any of them. I know he is not far from the kingdom. But he is a Presbyterian minister and sees no way to be anything else. Under favorable circumstances I believe he would be with us in his belief and practise, but I have no hope of it. Yet I love him and I know I will to the end. Of what will be over on the other side I may not speak except with care. Soon we will know what now is unknowable except in part.*

The Reformed Presbyterian Synod of 1895 met in Denver. I could not overcome the strong desire to be with the dear brethren once more. If the meeting had been east of the Mississippi I suppose I would not have gone; but Denver seemed so near compared with the ordinary places of meeting I thought I must go. Besides, I hoped to meet my son-in-law, Rev. Mr. Walker, and then if I should be unwell or need any help or care I knew he would be kind to me, so that I did not hesitate to leave home at my advanced age. In the question of missions I was especially interested. Prior to the Synod the Board had succeeded in obtaining a second missionary, Rev. A. I. Robb, who had volunteered to join Rev. Elmer McBurney in the mission to China. To some of us this was a cause of great joy and thanksgiving. What I had desired and labored for so long I now saw to be near at hand.

From the Chinese Christians in the Oakland mission and

* Since the foregoing was written Dr. Ketchum has accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church in Salem, Oregon.

all connected with it, I had carried a petition to Synod asking the appointment of a missionary to Oakland. The petition was referred to the Committee on Missions which afterwards recommended that the Board be directed to send such missionary. The report was adopted, but another year passed without any one being sent. At the next Synod the Board reported that no one could be found who would accept the appointment. To the Chinese of the mission that statement seemed exceedingly strange.

Believing that it is the duty and the privilege of well-qualified women when called by the Master and having a desire for it, to exercise the office of evangelists or preachers of the Word when licensed by a Presbytery, and that women should be appointed as missionaries and religious teachers or medical missionaries, I moved in Synod that hereafter our theological seminary in Allegheny shall be open to educated women and on equality with men. The resolution was strongly opposed by some leading members, but after a spirited discussion it was adopted by a large majority. I do not know that the majority believed that women may become evangelists or be licensed preachers, but it was manifest that they believed that women should be admitted to all the advantages of the seminary if they wish it. And why not? I never did maintain that women may be ordained to the office of the ministry nor to the office of a ruling elder, for either implies the exercise of authority as a ruler. A deaconess may be ordained because in the office of the deacon no authority or rule is implied or exercised. There is much difference between licensing a woman to preach the Gospel as an evangelist and ordaining her as a pastor or to bear rule and to administer the sacraments. This is not the place for the argument; I only state where the truth lies. As yet, however, I have not heard of any women students in the seminary. I would hope, though, that if some would enter

and avail themselves of all the advantages of the seminary others, and after a little while, many would enter. In India and China, not to mention other pagan lands, no one can do as much good or have such access to the women as lady physicians have. And I would rejoice now to see a large number of well-educated young women in the seminary being prepared to be medical missionaries. Let the women of America hasten to China to give the Gospel to China's millions. God hasten the day!

While at Synod I was informed that Colorado Presbytery had appointed me to administer the sacrament of the Supper in the Oakland mission, and Rev. J. C. McFeeters, of Philadelphia, was invited to assist as he was about to visit the Pacific Coast. Rev. Professor D. B. Willson, who also was coming on such a visit, was my traveling companion to Oakland. The professor was better company in travel than I had expected, and we had many a good talk and comfortable fellowship. His scholarship and his superior intelligence make him very profitable company. He remained in Oakland over two Sabbaths, preaching on preparation Sabbath and during the communion season. Rev. McFeeters did not come until late in the week. It was a sweet season of communion. For the first time in the whole history in the work in Oakland we had three ministers at a communion. It was good to be there. Rev. McFeeters was our guest during his stay, and we enjoyed his visit greatly. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

CHAPTER LX.

MISSIONARIES SAIL FOR CHINA. DAYS OF GLADNESS.

AFTER years of labor and faith and waiting in hope, as the months passed I was permitted to see what I had long prayed for—the sailing of *Covenanter* missionaries to China. I had been impatient; the Lord of the harvest took his own time. Sometimes either because of our sins or for our good his chariot wheels move slowly. We would wish to have the seed germinate and grow and ripen very soon after the sowing; according to His law it must have time. Then we gather in the sheaves, and sometimes far more than we dared to expect.

When our young brothers *McBurney* and *Robb*, together with their wives, arrived in *Oakland* on their way to their appointed field, all connected with the *Oakland* mission welcomed them joyously. A few evenings after their arrival the *Christian Chinese* gave them a nice reception at the mission chapel. The hall was crowded. The exercises were exceedingly pleasant as well as profitable. The addresses were appropriate. The young wives of the missionaries won the favor of all. The refreshments were such as only *Chinese* cooks can prepare. I was compelled to be prominent, and probably no one was so happy as I who had labored and waited and hoped during so many years to see what I saw that night; and I was glad in God my Saviour. They had two *Sabbaths* to spend with us before the sailing of the steamer. On the first *Sabbath* one preached in the

forenoon and the other in the evening. The time between the Sabbaths was spent in preparing for the voyage, in visiting the Chinese temples in San Francisco, the Chinese missions also, and stores, etc. For our guide companions we had our friends Mr. Chung Git of our Oakland mission and Rev. Chan Hon Fan, assistant superintendent of the M. E. mission in San Francisco. The former took us to a Chinese restaurant for lunch, and here our young brothers took their first lesson in the use of chop-sticks to the amusement of our Chinese friends. Chan Hon Fan, who is a very good English scholar and speaks our language with great fluency, gave our young missionaries many lessons that would be helpful to them after their arrival in China.

One day between the Sabbaths our generous brother Chung Git and the other Chinese Christians of the mission had a feast prepared for the four missionaries and invited eight or ten other friends also. It was a royal feast, and we had a time of joy and gladness such as does not often come in one short lifetime; and all this for the Gospel's sake, all for the sake of China whose millions need the salvation that has made us so glad.

The missionaries preached again on the second Sabbath. Many Chinese came at night to hear them. The varied exercises were peculiarly interesting and solemn.

Our farewell missionary meeting was the night before the sailing of the steamer. As our mission chapel was too small, by the kindness of the Presbyterians of the First Church the meeting was held in their house of worship. Addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Condit, Rev. Jee Gam, Rev. S. J. Masters, and by the missionaries and their wives. Those three invited speakers were all Chinese-speaking missionaries and represented three denominations, Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist. As many Chinese were present, Rev. Jee Gam gave part of his address to them.



REV JEE GAM

In preparing the program I had printed on the reverse side two selections from the Psalms, the sixty-seventh and the closing stanzas of the seventy-second, which the mixed congregation sang as if they had all been "old Psalm-singers." Rev. Dr. Calhoun of the United Presbyterian Church and Rev. Dr. Ketchum, Presbyterian, led in the prayers. As it fell to my lot to preside during the evening, the substance of my short and extemporaneous address, shortly before the close, was to express my joy and thankfulness at what God had done and was now doing for us as a church, and to say that with one exception the Reformed Presbyterian Church had more missions and gave more money in proportion to her membership than any other in the land. This I was led to say at the time because so many were present who knew little or nothing of the missionary character of the Reformed Presbyterian Church.

On the day of their sailing a large company of friends, including the Chinese Christians, accompanied them to the steamer or assembled on it to see them off. They were loaded with presents and conveniences for the voyage. Shortly before the steamer was ready to draw in her cables we held a brief prayer-meeting commending the out-going missionaries to the favor of God in the long voyage. Rev. Dr. Calhoun, United Presbyterian, was with us and led in prayer. The departing friends were joyous. They showed no signs of regret that they were going far hence to the Gentiles. We bade them farewell; and leaving the steamer we all stood on the dock waving handkerchiefs and hats until the good ship *Doric* was under headway out towards Golden Gate and the Pacific. As I gazed upon the staunch steamer carrying away the dear missionaries to the far-off land of Sinim I rejoiced in God that I had lived to see an answer to many prayers. My heart went with them. And all over the church, no doubt, daily prayers were offered to

the blessed Lord Jesus who promises: "Lo! I am with you always even unto the end of the world."

About the holidays in the winter following I was invited to Seattle to assist Rev. Mr. McDonald at his communion. I was glad to go. I had not been there since the organization of the church. Meanwhile the pastor, Rev. Dell Johnston, my nephew's son in whose ordination I had taken part, had gone out of the church and had taken as many of the people as he could into the United Presbyterian Church. The faithful ones did not follow but rallied and ultimately called a pastor and are yet loyal to the old blue banner. I was glad, moreover, because Rev. Mr. Armour's family were now residing in Seattle, and I had not seen him since he left Philadelphia. Old friends like "bad pennies will turn up."

It was a happy communion season. I greatly enjoyed the services and the fellowships. I was the guest of the pastor and family, both as kind to me as if I had been their father. Except the action sermon the heaviest part of the work was put upon me, and rightly, as I was the invited helper. My stay was unavoidably short, but while in Seattle I met many good people, visited friends, and became much interested in that little band of disciples, the only fully organized congregation on the coast. If they continue faithful, ere long they may be a prominent part of a Pacific Coast Presbytery. Why not?

In the following summer, by appointment of the Presbytery, Rev. Mr. McDonald dispensed the sacrament of the supper in the Oakland mission, I assisting. His family, wife and two children, were with him and were our guests during the week. They were on their way home from the Synod at Cincinnati. Fewer communicants were at that communion I think than ever before. The Christians were scattered, though the few who remain are faithful and are making steady progress in knowledge. If all who had been

baptized in this mission and who have continued faithful disciples could be residents in Oakland and organized into a Covenanter congregation, it would indeed be a beautiful sight. At this writing Elder J. H. Willson is superintendent of the mission. He has occupied this position by the appointment of the Board ever since the resignation of the last missionary. He is a most excellent man and full of the spirit of missions. Prior to his coming to Oakland he had been engaged in mission work among the Zuni Indians in Arizona, which work he resigned after the death of his wife. As superintendent of the Chinese mission Mr. Willson has shown himself to be a man of great worth, of undoubted integrity, a good and well-trying Covenanter, and a faithful friend of the Chinese. Both before our going to Philadelphia in 1891 and since our return to Oakland, I have had much intimate fellowship with him and I prize him and love him as a true friend and brother. It is to be regretted, however, that for some time his health has become greatly enfeebled, and now he is scarcely able to attend the mission at all. His will is good but the ability is wanting. He has been assisted by Miss Mary Hill and Miss Trimble, zealous and faithful teachers who love the work and never tire of it. They merit success in their efforts to bring the untaught to Christ. At this writing Mrs. Johnston is greatly interested in teaching in the mission a Bible class in the International Lessons. Some of the Chinese members have memorized and recited all the twenty-six parables of our Lord. This class exercise follows the religious service of the Sabbath, or the preaching of the Gospel to the Chinese.

As an illustration of how pleasant it is to work among the strangers on the coast mention may be made of what occurred recently. As a recognition of the merits of those who had memorized the parables, the teachers in the mission planned a surprise gift of a beautiful copy of a teacher's Bible to each.

The presentation was made at the close of the weekly prayer-meeting. All present were asked to remain a little. The act of presentation with a suitable address to the recipients was assigned to me. The Bibles were laid upon the table. I called forward to it the young men who were to receive them. They did not know what I was about to do, but they obeyed my call, for I said: "You are my children, and you must be obedient." With complete surprise to them the beautiful books were put into their hands with an explanation of the act of donation by the teachers. The remarks as to the excellency of the Bible were for the benefit of all present as well as of the recipients. These responded with nice little speeches in English. Then followed refreshments and a half hour of social enjoyments profitable to Christians. All were happy. To me that evening's prayer-meeting and what followed gave a richer feast than if I had been in a king's palace or the White House at Washington.

And right here at the close of this chapter I wish to add that during all the years of a long life of service I never enjoyed any other more than I did that done among the Chinese. A people of marked intellectuality, peaceable, kind and grateful and yet coming to us for help—coming from a darkness of pagan idolatry and superstition out of which if we do not lead them they must perish—have a claim upon us that has no superior. And when these darkened minds and burdened souls are brought into the light and into the freedom of the Gospel, they become very dear brothers in Christ. They are his grateful saved ones and we rejoice with them. Our motto has been "China for Christ." Will not those who survive us bear it on until the triumphant banner of the cross shall wave over every valley and on every mountain-top of "the middle kingdom"? Except during the short time that we remained in Oakland after Rev. Mr. Patton took charge of the mission, during all the eighteen

or nineteen years of our residence there I was deprived most of the time of the privilege of fellowship with my brothers in the ministry. It was a sore trial and I suffered great loss. I submitted to it in the hope that my loss would be balanced by gain to others. Similar loss is suffered by all missionaries who labor alone among any people. In the work in Oakland it seemed to be impracticable for more than one ministerial laborer to be employed. Perhaps, however, the law that requires two missionaries to be employed together was fulfilled in my having a wife as a co-laborer. We were twain but yet one in interest. Probably no unmarried man should enter and labor alone in a foreign field if in any other. Infinite wisdom has He who sent out His appointees "two by two." And yet another fact is remembered. During those same long years of deprivation I was more or less associated in various ways with ministers of other churches. With some of these I had most comfortable Christian fellowship, for they were most excellent men and loving disciples of our common Lord though they were not of our fold. The superintendents of the four leading Chinese missions in San Francisco were men of eminent worth. Under the leadership of Dr. Otis Gibson, who was a born leader, for several years we held regular monthly meetings for conference and mutual aid in the work. They were greatly helpful to me, and I think I was not silent when truth should be spoken. Through that long struggle against the anti-Chinese tide we stood together for the right and for the poor; and this union in work tended to greater love of one another.

Among all the Chinese converts in California I know of none more worthy of mention on these pages than Rev. Jee Gam and Rev. Chan Hon Fan. I became acquainted with them many years ago in their youth and not long after they had abandoned idol worship. I have known them long and

well. They are dear brothers in Christ; and I owe them debts of gratitude for what they have done for me and for the cause of missions.

For many years Jee Gam was assistant superintendent in the Central Congregational mission in San Francisco, Rev. Dr. Pond having the supervision of all the missions in the state. While laboring as helper he prosecuted his studies until he was adjudged worthy of licensure and shortly afterwards was ordained as a minister of the Gospel. He is now acting as pastor of the mission church. Few Chinese in the state speak the English language as fluently. His personal worth, his activity and sufficiency as a missionary, are well-known. For long years he has been a most reliable and vigilant friend of the Chinese people. As my personal friend I owe him much of gratitude as well as good-will; and our Reformed Presbyterian mission is greatly indebted to him for many good deeds. In the domestic circle as a husband and father he is both happy and useful. He has two sons in the public schools of Oakland, noble boys that promise great usefulness in the cause of missions.

When I first knew Chan Hon Fan he was a youthful student of theology, taking special lessons under Rev. Dr. Otis Gibson, superintendent of the Methodist Chinese missions in the state. A few years ago he was ordained as missionary and is now the acting pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church connected with the city mission. As a well-read and genial gentleman, and as a teacher and preacher of the Word and devoted to his work, he is worthy of all honor among the friends of missions. His most excellent wife, the daughter of a missionary in China, and his lovely little daughters, make his a model Christian home. If it be not in bad taste here I would like to add that Rev. Chan Hon Fan is a good friend of the writer, and that between us has grown up a warmer friendship than is ordi-



REV. CHAN HON FAN

narily found between the old and the young of different denominations. The fact is suggestive of what might be and should be.

Besides these two special friends other Chinese missionaries have done and are doing great good among their own people; and on this Pacific Coast there is room as well as great need of many more such faithful laborers. Moreover, much greater success might have attended the labor expended in the Oakland Reformed Presbyterian mission if such a native helper had been in it all the while. To this day its greatest need is a well-educated Chinese-speaking missionary thoroughly imbued with the Spirit and consecrated to the work.

CHAPTER LXI.

A CHAPTER OF EPISTOLARY GEMS.

DURING all these years of life thousands of letters have been received from various kinds of correspondents, personal friends, brethren in the church, reformers and others, some of whom were distinguished men. Not a few of those letters were gems highly prized at the time; but as the years passed they accumulated and then were lost or helped to make occasional bonfires kindled by those who did not know their inherent value. Now they are gone forever unless they are to be recalled on memory's pages in the life beyond. Regrets now are useless, though I could wish I had been wiser and had preserved more of such letters from beloved friends and brethren so that now I could give at least some extracts on these pages. I am glad, however, that a few have been saved from the flames; and so for the pleasure of the reader I can give such specimens as will not be unworthy of the types. As the early history of the anti-slavery movement, especially under the leadership of William Lloyd Garrison, occupies a prominent place in this book, some paragraphs from a few of his letters will be read with lively interest. And from them and others it will be seen that the old Abolitionists were men of philanthropic hearts, tender feelings and religious convictions rather than censorious and misanthropic agitators and disturbers of the peace, as multitudes regarded them who did not know them.

The first Vermont State Convention attended by Mr. **Wm. Lloyd Garrison** was at West Randolph in August, 1858. A short time before it I received a letter from

him closing with the following sentences which illustrate the character of the old reformer :

“Of course the convention at West Randolph will be advertised as free in its platform to every phase of anti-slavery.

“Trusting these meetings will help to remove many unfounded prejudices, and deepen whatever interest is felt in the great struggle to bring to a perpetual end ‘the sum of all villainies,’ I remain,

“Yours for universal freedom, WM. LLOYD GARRISON.”

Two years afterward in his letter under the date of October 15, 1860, about an approaching convention at Bradford, the following characteristic passage occurs :

“It seems but as yesterday that I was with you and Mr. May at a similar convention in Bradford. Our reception, you will recollect, was far from being enthusiastic. A meager attendance during the day, and less in the evening, in consequence of a tremendous rainstorm. But what should we be good for, if we had only sunshine in our pathway, and the applause of the multitude ringing in our ears? ‘No cross, no crown,’ said good William Penn. ‘Wo unto you when all men shall speak well of you,’ said a far greater than Penn. Let us endeavor to be true witnesses for God, and find our consolation and reward in well-doing. Nor shall we testify in vain.”

Since that letter was written nearly fourteen years had passed, the War of the Rebellion was already on the pages of history, and chattel slavery in the United States was no more, when under the date of December 4, 1874, I received a letter which is given here almost entire. After introduction Mr. Garrison writes thus :

“I thank you for your expression of continued personal esteem and high appreciation of my labors in the anti-slavery cause, and rejoice with you that we have been permitted to see the liberation of all who were held in chattel servitude on our soil. What a marvelous transition from the lowest menial condition to complete citizenship—from the auction-block as marketable commodities to the ballot-box as American freemen!

“Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand,
Over any time or land,
Stretched as now beneath the sun?”

“True, there is still left a good deal of old slaveholding virus in the hearts of the southern whites. but the horrible slave system which gave birth to it is extinct, and the sublime act of emancipation is attended with many ‘crowning mercies,’ to be multiplied indefinitely to future generations. It came as divine justice had duly appointed, and, though the chastisement was grievous, we deserved it all.

“Be assured that I had not forgotten you, and therefore I needed no reminder of our acquaintance years ago, when there were so few to lift up their voices against ‘the abomination of desolation,’ and so many to defend it as compatible with Republicanism and Christianity. In your own person and position, you acquitted yourself so courageously, faithfully and uncompromisingly, that you will always deserve to be honorably remembered in connection with the anti-slavery struggle. It gives me great pleasure to proffer you afresh my warmest regards and best wishes.

“Though retired from public observation, my spirit is deeply interested in every phase of progress and reform, increasing years not affecting me in that particular. On the 12th of this month, if permitted to witness it, I shall complete my threescore years and ten. The fact seems to me almost mythical, but there is no escape from it, especially in the presence of eleven grandchildren. It shows, moreover, that I have reached an age when I must expect at any time to be summoned hence. Death is the co-equal of birth—as natural, as beneficial, as indispensable, and to be accepted as thankfully and joyfully.”

Though I had heard Wendell Phillips several times on **Wendell Phillips** the platform of the anniversaries of the American Anti-slavery Society, until later years I did not have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him. Subsequently, however, it was my privilege to meet him frequently and to have occasional correspondence with him. This was mostly in reference to the questions and events involved in the anti-slavery struggle. Mr. Phillips was

not what we call a letter-writer; nor was he a theologian. He was a fine classical scholar, and he was trained in the law schools though never a practical barrister. But he was not a novice in theology. His religious education was in an Orthodox Congregational family and church. His brother was a pastor of a Congregational Church; and Mr. Phillips himself worshiped in a Boston Congregational Church. If he was a theologian at all he was a Calvinist; and he was a great admirer and eulogist of John Calvin as the defender of civil and religious liberty and one of the founders of the Republic of Geneva. Illustrative of the secret of his power as a public speaker and reformer we introduce here the testimony of Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson who writes thus:

“Wendell Phillips was recognized as perhaps, in his day, the foremost of American orators. There was especially noticeable about him a marked *ethical momentum*. No other word so well expresses it. Momentum is the product of the mass of matter by the velocity of movement. When he spoke on great moral questions, he carried his auditor with him by an oratorical force, into which entered two grand elements: first, there was a noble, strong, weighty manhood back of the speech; and second, there was a rapid, onward movement in forcible argument and intense earnestness of emotion and lofty purpose, all facilitated by simplicity of diction and aptness of illustration.

“This American Demosthenes had gone through the temptations, which a rich young man confronts, to early dissipation, and developed a great moral character, which must cause him ever to remain one of the noblest figures in the history of New England.

“An interesting fact is related of his early boyhood:

“One day after hearing Lyman Beecher preach, he repaired to his room, threw himself on the floor, and cried, ‘*O God, I belong to thee! Take what is thine own. I ask this, that whenever a thing be wrong it may have no power of temptation over me, and whenever a thing be right it may take no courage to do it.*’

“‘And,’ observed Mr. Phillips in later years, ‘I have never found anything that impressed me as being wrong, exerting any temptation over me, nor has it required any courage on my part to do whatever I believed to be right.’

“What a key to a human life! In that supreme hour his higher moral nature, with God’s help, subjugated his lower self; and for him, henceforth, there was no compromise with animal passion, carnal ambition, selfishness, cupidity, or any other debasing inclination; they were ‘suppliants at the feet of his soul.’”

Northerners who admired the classical eloquence of Wendell Phillips called him “The Silver Tongued.” The friends of slavery charged him with severity. Slaveholders winced under his deserved lashings. A specimen is at hand. While John Brown was lying in the Charlestown, Va., jail, in a speech at Brooklyn Mr. Phillips said :

“Virginia is only another Algiers. The barbarous horde who gag each other, imprison women for teaching children to read, prohibit the Bible, sell men on the auction-block, abolish marriage, condemn their women to prostitution, and devote themselves to the breeding of human beings for sale, is only a larger and blacker Algiers. The only prayer of a true man for such is, ‘Gracious heaven, unless they repent, send soon their Exmouth and Decatur.’”

The two or three letters from which I give extracts below are brief specimens of many received from Mr. Phillips during the years of our acquaintance. The first given was in reply to one of mine when we invited him to speak at one of our Vermont State Conventions, or to write a letter to be read at the convention provided he could not be present to speak. He said:

“I never write letters—to you why should I? who can say the needed word as well as I can write it. But say to the friends who come together at your call that I wish I could be with them—that every day convinces me more and more how indispensable is our moral movement to uphold all efficient action for the slave. If the Republican party fail you must reinvigorate them—if they succeed you must guard them from the temptations of success. I dread the last even more than the first.”

At the time of emancipation and subsequently Mr. Phillips publicly and always plead for the rights of the freedmen and insisted that as by their rebellion as well as

by their previous wrongs done to their slaves the rebel slave-owners had forfeited all right to their plantations as well as to their slave property, the Federal Government in the acts of reconstruction should divide up the plantations and give to every family that had tilled the soil without remuneration a portion of land so that every one could have a little farm of his own. In this advocacy Wendell Phillips stood almost alone; and to this day millions of ex-slaves are landless and poor because no provision was made for them when the government had both the right and the power to secure justice to the poor who by their unrequited toil had enriched others.

In like manner Mr. Phillips insisted that the leaders of the rebellion, most of whom were slaveholders, should not be pardoned but punished according to national law. I had sent to him the printed sentiments of a distinguished citizen who advocated the pardon of all, even Jefferson Davis. Here is a part of what Mr. Phillips wrote in reply to me, under the date of May 1, '71:

“Thanks for the slip and for the sight of your handwriting. The writer’s spirit is good enough. His philosophy is in error. The south mistakes clemency for cowardice. Only administer with absolute justice four or five times the *whole* law and then having shown that we can subdue we may pardon all we please. How much we see the muddle mistaken religious views lead men into. The fault I find with the theology of to-day is it lacks and fears logic.”

Some time afterwards I wrote to Mr. Phillips asking the favor of his photograph for my daughter’s album. He did far more than I asked; he sent me fine pictures of three other eminent Abolitionists, including Charles Sumner’s and his autograph. Then he added these words to his letter:

“I add mine; the small one for your dear child’s book, the others thinking you or some friend may like one. Give my kindest regards to your wife, and tell the little girl I’ll keep a kiss for her the next time we meet and expect a very sweet one in return.”

The reader will excuse a father for adding here that "the next time" came shortly afterwards when we all (all four of our family) went to the city of Pittsburg to hear Mr. Phillips lecture. As soon as the lecture was over he came down from the platform to greet us and then kissed both the little girls with apparent affection.

The following letter from Rev. Samuel May, of Boston, **Rev. Samuel May, Jr.** was written shortly before the anniversary of the American Anti-slavery Society in New York in 1859 and in reply to mine in which I had expressed the hope that on the platform none of the speakers would transgress in their mode of speech. I feared, because several times, though in less public places, I had heard utterances that I regarded as both unwise and offensive. Mr. May's reply will show the character of the times and through what stormy and fiery trials the Abolitionists of that period had to pass. He wrote thus:

"You express the hope that the speakers will not make their attacks, open or covert, upon the 'orthodox views' of any who, in a sincere anti-slavery spirit, go up to the meeting. I hope so too; and shall certainly think and say, of any one who should be led to stray so far from our true platform, and from what I believe to be its custom and habit, that he is censurable, and is to be openly censured. I have been a constant attendant at and an observer of fair intelligence upon, our anti-slavery meetings in New York, Boston, and elsewhere for twenty-one years past,—and that too (I hope I may say it in no boastful or conceited spirit) from the point of sincere reverence and love of Christianity—(to you I need not say I mean the Christianity of Christ's life, character, principles, precepts, and doctrines as I understand them), and I must and will everywhere testify that *nowhere and at no time*, that I can recollect or that I believe, have *the religious views* as such of anybody, on our platform or off it, nor of the American sects and churches generally, north or south, been attacked or assailed! I wish to make my assertion just as broad and strong as it well can be made, and to stand to the truth of my assertion;—for I do think the society has nobly, and very jealously, vindicated, guarded, and preserved the Catholicity of its platform. When *sects, churches,*

pulpits, priests, ministers, religious associations, have been arraigned, examined, censured, rebuked, denounced,—as they often have been, and undoubtedly will again and again be, (for their *repentance* is yet a very distant work, unless all signs fail), it has been for their support and countenance of slavery, by direct justification, apology, or equally criminal silence. No man's creed, or religious opinions, as such, have ever been assailed on our platform, in my hearing, that I can remember, and according to what seemed to me the obvious meaning of the speech. Still I do not deny that, from H. C. Wright—and it may be once in a great while from some others—I have heard sayings which were offensive and disagreeable to me, beyond measure,—which I judged foolish, useless, mischievous,—what Miller McKim calls 'tricks of speech, as shallow as offensive;'—these have usually been objected to on the spot, and very often by way of private remonstrance; but it is true of them, that they were not leveled at 'orthodoxy' more than at 'heterodoxy,' at views like yours more than at views like mine; and I must add, in justice, that they were not wholly without excuse. Shoals of professed Christians—real disciples of Beelzebub—have openly averred that God justified, and justifies, a system which includes whoredom and all conceivable impurity, cruelty, violence, inhumanity, robbery. What an awful temptation and spur to an indignant soul, to say, 'If God says this is right.' But *I* would *resist* that temptation, as a weakness. I would be more true to my moral nature, to my own strength of faith, and to my assured belief in God, than to suffer such an 'if' to cross my lips. I would to the extent of my power, expose the bla-phemy and atheism of the man who brought the Holy and Righteous One to the defense and support of every damnable and accursed lust and passion that can bestialize and ruin the body and soul of man, and I would riddle him thro' and thro' by the sword and the arrows of truth, if I could. That would be *my* way—it ought to be Wright's, and Foss's (orthodox men by birth and training) in my view. Now this is the full extent, according to the best of my knowledge and belief, of the real errors committed on our platform. I have as good ground to complain of them as you. The society is as pure as innocence itself of all idea or purpose of assailing *anybody's* 'orthodoxy,' or 'heresy,' as such. In this belief, I am ever yours,

S. MAY, JR."

In a postscript to the foregoing letter Mr. May added the following which, to be faithful to him, I copy here; viz.

“Let me say I heard *you yourself* say one of those strong and sweeping things, which, had it been said on our platform, in public meeting, with the usual warmth and stress of Wright, or Foss, would have called forth the pious ejaculations of such religious papers as the *Observer*, *New York Herald*, and *Journal of Commerce*. As Garrison, you, and I were descending from that ‘mount of vision’ just over against your house, you said, very emphatically, ‘If I believed that Jesus Christ and his religion justified such an abomination as American slavery, I would discard them forever, and cast them behind me.’ We said, ‘Amen! But we *know they do not.*’”

I am loath to believe or confess that I ever used the language that Mr. May attributes to me; but his testimony is against me. If I did, I stand condemned by what he says of the “if” used by Henry C. Wright; though the word was used in different connections. I might possibly be tempted to believe as declared above, though it would be a most heinous if not unpardonable sin; but Mr. Wright’s supposition would be of an impossibility predicated of the divine Being.

What Mr. May meant by the “mount of vision” I am not sure; though perhaps he referred to the old Covenanter Church in Topsham on the high ground, in front of the parsonage, in which Mr. Garrison and he gave anti-slavery lectures on a week day a few years before the war; I rather guess, however, that he had reference to the old-fashioned high pulpit in the old church before that venerable house of worship was remodeled and the high pulpit changed to an ordinary platform as it now is. Well might he call it a “mount of vision,” for the speaker literally looked down upon the hearers. Or, yet again; most likely Mr. May was thinking of the mount on which Peter said: “It is good for us to be here;” for it was a rare privilege for Mr. Garrison and Mr. May to address an audience of old Covenanters whose motto, like that of the Garrisonian Abolitionists, ever had been, “No union with slaveholders in either church or state.”

In the autumn of 1859 I had correspondence with Mr. May in reference to our approaching Vermont State Anti-slavery Convention which we hoped he and Mr. Garrison could attend. On the 2d of December following, old John Brown was hung by the Virginians whose slaves he had desired to help to liberate. Eight days afterwards I received a letter from Mr. May containing the following paragraph:

“How much you have suffered and sympathized in the case of the brave and wonderful old man, John Brown, I can well believe and partly imagine! What an appeal has he made to all hearts! (Some have no hearts of flesh,—they are stone, or wood,—and such spit at him their venom.) What an impulse has he given to the spirit of freedom! What a noble example of perfect willingness and joy to *die* for the truth.—Will not our whole land be sobered and mightily instructed by that sad event? Will it not be inspired by that glorious self-consecration?—Though his weapons were not the same, was not his spirit of self-sacrifice, of trust in God, of sympathy with the oppressed, the very spirit of Christ? God forever bless him, and cause him ‘to walk among us still, with his rebuke and love.’ Surely, as tens of thousands have said, ‘*He still lives,*’ and his name will be a rallying cry, and watchword, until slavery’s last death-knell is rung out.—Surely, and without irreverence, may we apply to him the words, ‘I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me,’ and yet not to himself, but to the principles of eternal rectitude and justice, and to the heart-subduing sentiment of willingness to die for God’s poor and suffering children, which he so simply yet admirably illustrated in his life and death.”

During the War of the Rebellion a letter from Mr. May contained this characteristic paragraph:

“Was there ever such a set of blinded, besotted fools as the people of the slaveholding states? Are they not palpably throwing themselves on the thick bosses of Jehovah’s buckler? rushing headlong on their own destruction? It will prove, I believe, as absolute and thorough an overthrow as that of Pharaoh and the Egyptians at the Red Sea. Upon what wonderful times we have fallen! So long used to peace, ourselves, we could not believe in a state of civil war! To the slaveholder it was an easier matter, and a small change. Violence, bloodshed, torture, absolute authority over underlings, have been

familiar things to him always. War and fighting are new business to our northern men. But Yankees learn fast, and I trust will give a good account of themselves—Much as I love peace, I prefer a war for the overthrow of slavery to a hollow and false peace, based on acquiescence in slavery, and complicity with the slaveholder. I pray that this war may tend (as I believe it does) straight to the deliverance of the captive and the opening of their prison doors, and that the north will steadfastly refuse all propositions for peace, until accompanied with the freedom of every American slave. God grant it, and give us faith and strength to go through the struggle well. It is an anxious hour. 'God defend the right,' and give it the victory.

"Ever truly yours, SAML. MAY, JR."

Among the old "anti-slavery apostles" none were more **Charles C. Burleigh**. faithful, few were more eloquent, and none were better known than Friend C. C. Burleigh. My correspondence with him was occasioned by his lectures in Vermont, most of which it devolved upon me to arrange for him. Several of his letters have been preserved more because of his personal worth and my appreciation of the excellence of his character than because of their inherent value. I may quote only a few short portions of two of them. They are indicative of his character. During his first tour in the state he was our guest while he remained in Topsham. On his departure he undesignedly left behind him a beautiful photographic picture of his wife and children. I wrote to inform him and asked him how I could get the picture to him. Among other things in his reply he says:

"It gives me pleasure to hear your favorable judgment as to the apparent result of my labors in Vermont, and I do earnestly wish that they may have been productive of lasting good to the cause of truth and freedom. If so they have been or shall be, I feel that no small share of their good effect is to be ascribed to your warm and hearty co-operation in the various ways in which it was given. . . . I have not a word to say against your 'falling in love with that little group in the picture;' for I can not deny that I *had a similar experience* some time ago, and how can I blame another for following my example? But I would be glad to have you come here some day

and see the originals, and change your 'almost' into *quite* an acquaintance with them. They all would unite with me in giving you a cordial welcome by way of testifying their grateful sense of the kindness experienced at your hands and those of your good wife by one whom they dearly love. If you are 'almost acquainted' with them, so are they with you, for they know *something* of the extent to which you contributed to my comfort and aided in my work."

About nine months later I received a letter with reference to his coming to the approaching state convention, in which occurs the following paragraph of condolence:

"Yes, I have heard of your sore bereavement, and have felt a warm sympathy for you in your great sorrow. I am well aware that only an experience of the same kind can enable one *fully* to appreciate the greatness of your loss, but I think I can in some measure understand it from what I do know by experience of the value of such a blessing as has been withdrawn from you. But I rejoice to know also that you are of those who can see the Father's hand, even though it bears the rod; and can still trust the Father's love, even while bleeding under the stroke it gives. I rejoice, too, to know that you can see beyond this temporary bereavement to that blessed reunion whose joy shall immeasurably overpay the present sorrow."

I can not suppress the inclination to ask the reader to share **Minor** with me my pleasures of memory in giving a few **Letters.** excerpts from letters received from various friends and on various subjects and at various dates. In 1855 Rev. Wm. Sloane, my first pastor, and before that the pastor in Topsham, Vt., where his son, J. R. W. Sloane, was born, wrote me:

"I am sorry to hear that the situation of the church is no better with you than with myself. Lukewarmness and apostasy seem to be the order of the day. It is much easier to make apostates, than to make converts. The preaching of a disagreeable truth will do the first; but the Daughter of Zion must be in pain, and labor to bring forth, to effect the last.

"That the Lord may bless you, and grant you many seals to your ministry, is the earnest prayer of your brother in the Gospel,

"WM. SLOANE."

At a later date he wrote:

"Dear brother, you are located in a barren soil; it is exceedingly desirable to be the instrument of gathering in the travail of the Redeemer's soul; but it is cause of thankfulness, that a minister's fidelity is not estimated by his success. Isaiah 49: 4, John 3: 32, and 12: 37.

"That you may rest, and stand in your lot at the end of the days, is the prayer of your brother in the Lord,
WM. SLOANE."

From an eminent seceding Methodist, Prof. Hiram Matison, of New York, years before emancipation:

"May God forgive our northern Methodist preachers for their complicity with slavery, and their efforts to deceive and mislead the more earnest and more honest laity.

"Yours, for God and humanity forever."

From Congressman Justin S. Morrill of Vermont, afterwards U. S. senator:

"I do believe slavery to be an evil and that age does not improve it. How any party or sect can in this era of the world tolerate its extension passes my comprehension."

If a Covenanter or a Garrisonian had been writing the letter he would not have said merely "extension" but "*existence*" or "*perpetuity*."

From Tarquin Cohen, my good Episcopal "deacon" in the Beaufort mission to the contrabands, under the date of May 18, 1860:

"Our school is getting along bravely but we miss you very much as some of the boys that more particularly depended on your help have been so much disappointed that they have fallen back a great deal in their studies. John Middleton, Abel Middleton, Jacob Simmons, and Sharper Washington and the rest of the boys all join in sending their love to you. What you told us about our freedom is coming to pass more and more, and I live in hopes that we shall be fully assured of it yet. I do not rest myself entirely on that, as life is very short, and I am trying to live so that I can get an everlasting freedom with the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,"

During our residence in Blairsville, Pa., we were happy in the intimate fraternal fellowship of Dr. **Rev. Dr. Hill.** George Hill, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church. No man in the place was more beloved. His influence in his own church was unbounded. He was the pastor of my cousins, Elder Dr. Marshall and wife, and this occasioned my acquaintance with him soon after taking charge of the academy of which he was one of the trustees. The longer we remained the more we prized him and were benefited by his company. The letter from which an extract is given below was written shortly after we had gone to Elliota, Minn.

"I sympathize with you in your feelings in reference to the work of the ministry. *It is* the greatest, the noblest, the most blessed work to which God has ever called man; and I do not wonder that you followed the leadings of Providence which called you back to it. I sincerely rejoice with you in the possession of a quiet and pleasant home where you can devote yourself wholly to this delightful but responsible work."

In reply to what I had written about an article of his in a Presbyterian journal he said:

"I more and more feel that the question of the age is: Christ? or antichrist? It seems to me that the 'many antichrists' are leaguering their forces, and marshaling their powers for one grand mighty onslaught upon the 'King in Zion.' Hell from beneath seems to be moved, and all the pride and enmity of men seem to be aroused to crush the Lord's Anointed. But why should his people fear? 'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh.'"

I close this chapter by giving very brief extracts from two letters written by two persons of more than national reputation, in reply to mine in reference to the Chinese question so much agitated during the earlier years of our labors among the Chinese. The first reads thus:

"My religion taught me from childhood and permeating my soul,

reminds me that I have no right to limit the word 'neighbor' to any race, condition or color.

"Sincerely yours, O. O. HOWARD,

"*Maj. Gen. U. S. A.*

"*Headquarters Division of the Pacific.*"

The other is from a letter dated Amesbury, Mass., January, 1890:

"Of course I regard the treatment as inhuman and unchristian, as is also our dealing with the colored people. God bless thee in thy good work!

"Thy old friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER."

As a kind of appendix to this chapter of letters, on the opposite page we give a few specimens of **Autographs.** autographs, all except two clipped from letters received from correspondents during my years of public life. Other pages might have been filled with similar facsimiles of the autographs of good and great men, but these must suffice.

The two exceptions are those of John Brown and Charles Sumner. For the former I am indebted to Mrs. Brown after she and her family came to California; for the latter I am indebted to Wendell Phillips who kindly sent it to me while Mr. Sumner was yet in the United States Senate.

To some who are not skilled in hieroglyphics there may be three or four names that are illegible, viz. Gerrit Smith, Charles Sumner, S. P. Chase, and perhaps Wendell Phillips.

Readers familiar with the history of our own country need not be told who and what the people were whose autographs are given. If there are exceptions they are the first two on the list. William Sloane was my first pastor and the father of the late Prof. J. R. W. Sloane, D. D. The other is that of Gamaliel Bailey. When I first knew him he was editor of *The Philanthropist* published in Cincinnati. This was one of the ablest anti-slavery papers published

Wm. Sloane

W. Builey

Jas R Hillson

John Brown Whittier

Smithwick Wm

Wm Lloyd Garrison Bell

Joseph Cook

Wm. Miller

God bless thee in thy good
work! thy old friend

Tommy Whittier

C. C. Burleigh.

O. O. Howard

Francis E. Millard

CHAPTER LXII.

NEARING THE SUNSET.

WHEN the sky is cloudless and the air pure, from our cottage home or adjacent heights we can look out at eventide upon the Pacific and behold the sun as if sinking into the ocean. It is a beautiful sight. But when the king of day is gone and the shades of night envelop us, how sad we would be if we did not consider that in a few hours that same glorious orb will arise on the other side of the continent making the whole land to rejoice in his light! What will that country be where there shall be no night? What that celestial city whose light is the Lord God and the Lamb?

I write from the "Land of the Sunset." How rapidly the shadows lengthen! In this retrospect I have had much of pleasure and much of sorrowful regret. And so of this book. If I had time to write it again I would throw into the waste-basket much that is already in type, and I would add somewhat if it were not too late. My critics will have the more to say, my friends the more to forgive.

Very soon after I had written the last chapter except one, the all-wise Chastiser called me to learn submission "by the rod of his wrath." Severe and protracted sickness, from which my friends feared I would not recover, taught me to say to Him who brought me down so near to the valley of the shadow of death: Do with me what seemeth good in Thy sight if Thou wilt only let me hear Thy sweet voice of forgiveness and have one satisfying vision of the glory and



REV. DAVID METHENY, M. D.

the beauty of Him about whose throne John saw the celestial rainbow. From the mission as well as from the sick chamber special prayer went up to Him who, as a father, pities His children; and it was His will that His child should recover. No physician was called. There was no hygienic physician in the city, and we could not risk the life of the sufferer in the hands of any doctor who depends upon drug-poison medication. The divine Healer blessed the means used by my own loving and faithful Rosamond than whom no husband ever had a better nurse.

I was not forgotten by my sympathizing friends and brothers in the ministry some of whom came to pray with and for me. And from some at a distance I received most precious letters of good cheer. The writers can not know how much of comfort and joy God was pleased to impart through their instrumentality. Let all praise be ascribed to Him who loves His own unto the end.

Among the many who visited me during my sickness I should make special mention of the pastor of the Baltimore Reformed Presbyterian congregation. By telegram he had learned the condition of his distant friend. The anxiety of his wife, our daughter, urged him to hasten across the continent to the sick chamber in Oakland. Before his arrival, however, I had begun to convalesce. He remained over a week and preached two Sabbaths in the mission, and taught in the night school most of the evenings of the week. By what he saw and heard, if he did not know it before, he was convinced of the duty of the church to prosecute earnestly the good work among the Chinese in California.

During my sickness I received the sad intelligence of the death of my beloved friend and brother, Dr. Metheny, of Mersine, Turkey. It was not altogether unexpected, but he was much needed in the home as well as in the mis-

sion, and he was so dear to me, that my grief could scarcely be assuaged. Of the cords that bound me to earth one of the strongest was sundered; and in common with his many friends and the whole church I can only learn to say to her Head, Thy will be done.

As soon as I was sufficiently restored to health I was again pressed into work in behalf of the Sabbath cause (which in this state means more than in any other), and again took my place in the Executive Committee of the state association. Within a few months important changes in the *personnel* of the committee had occurred. Rev. Dr. Willey, last year's president of the association, had removed from the city. Rev. John Kimball had been removed by death; and Rev. Dr. Ketchum, elected president for this year, had been called to a pastorate out of the state. Of the several leading Christian women who had been in the committee at different times only two remained, viz. Mrs. Nellie B. Eyster and Mrs. R. R. Johnston. Mrs. Eyster has long been an active worker in the state W. C. T. U. and other fields of benevolence; and she is now the editor of the *Pacific Ensign*, the weekly organ of the California W. C. T. U. As an active member of the union and as a laborer in behalf of proper Sabbath observance, she and Mrs. Johnston have long been warm friends and co-workers. As a Lutheran she is attached to her own church. As a friend of literature and in the use of the pen of a ready writer she has few compeers. As a woman of culture and rare vivacity, and as a writer and editor, she has had much influence in reform circles. For her active interest in the Sabbath cause its friends owe her much gratitude; and though she is often quite erratic in her sentiments on questions involved in the Sabbath reform, the standard of morals and of religious life in California would be very much higher if in the State there were more Christian women like her. But among all

the good women of California "worth knowing" as workers for a better-observed Sabbath I know of none so worthy of mention as Mrs. Christine Armstrong, of Salinas. As state superintendent of the Department of Sabbath Observance of the W. C. T. U., and in accuracy of belief on all Sabbath questions, as well as in persevering devotion to the cause, she has no peer in the state.

Among all the remaining and faithful members of the State Executive Committee none are more worthy of special mention than Rev. Dr. Alex. Calhoun, pastor of the United Presbyterian Church in Alameda. Genial in temperament, courteous and gentlemanly in his intercourse with his co-workers, and almost always accurate in his opinions as to questions involved in the Sabbath reform in California (and not ashamed of the Covenanter blood in his veins), during all the years of his membership in the committee he has been a most reliable standard-bearer and worthy of all honor. I hope he may live to see that for which we have so long labored and prayed—a good civil law in California to help to save the Golden State from the shame and threatened moral desolation resulting from the toleration of all kinds of Sabbath desecration.

On account of broken-down health, Elder Jas. Willson was obliged to resign the superintendence of the Oakland Chinese mission. Mrs. Johnston was appointed by the Board to take temporary charge of the work. As yet no ministerial missionary had been appointed. With the return of health I was glad to be able to resume my voluntary preaching service. That all might be able to attend, this service was held in the evening. When there were many in the chapel who could not understand the Gospel spoken in English, as there was no helper in the mission our ever reliable friend and brother, Chung Git, acted as interpreter. He was baptized about twelve years ago, has been a growing

Christian, and he has long been an active and useful member of the mission. He is also a successful business man; and for his genial disposition and kindness of heart and generous hand as well as his lively interest in the cause of missions, he has many warm friends.

As there was no missionary in charge, near eighteen months had passed since the dispensation of the sacrament of the Supper. By the action of the Board and of the ministers of the Presbytery I was authorized to hold the communion. I endeavored to procure the assistance of Rev. Mr. Armour, of Seattle, but was disappointed.

For a length of time there had been a number of Chinese attending the mission who were regarded as candidates for baptism. Anxious that these and others might be brought to the cross of Christ, during several Sabbaths I preached a series of discourses designed to show clearly the way of salvation. Special meetings for instruction, examination and prayer were held with candidates and inquirers. On the evening of Friday, Elder John M. Flemming, of San Jose, co-operating, eight of the candidates were adjudged to be penitent believers and worthy of admission to the church; and on Saturday evening they received the rite of Christian baptism. On Sabbath these eight, together with three others recently baptized, sat at the communion table with the other and former converts yet resident in the city, all loving and rejoicing disciples of the Lord Jesus. Some of the older members say that it was the largest number of Chinese ever together at any communion in the mission.

The entire number of baptized converts from the first until this writing, including two or three who were "received on letter" and examination, is probably about sixty-five. A large majority of them were baptized by the pioneer and senior missionary, the others by the two subsequent missionaries. Probably nearly two-thirds of the entire number

have removed to other places or lands, or are in China, or have been removed to the land of silence; so that at this time there are not more than twenty-five resident members in Oakland, and not all of these could be present at the communion.

It should be remembered, moreover, that in addition to the baptized converts, of the many hundreds who from time to time during all the years of the mission heard the Gospel preached, or attended the night school or the Sabbath-school, many were weaned from idol-worship and from open sin and accepted Christianity as the only true religion but did not publicly confess Christ in our mission. Some of them, however, united with other missions or churches in Oakland or elsewhere. Thus it is manifest that the good done in this or any Chinese mission is not to be estimated merely by the number of baptized converts. No one can foresee how extensive and happy may be the results of the sowing of the seed of the kingdom.

To us all that communion season was indeed a time of joy and gladness. The text of the "action sermon" that day was, "Behold the man!" Whether it is to be my last communion it is not given to know, but I would fondly hope that my own spiritual growth was advanced and that my own soul rejoiced in God my Saviour.

The real Christian character of these Chinese converts can be known to only those who are personally and intimately acquainted with them. As among professors of all nationalities, a few of the baptized of former years have showed themselves to be unworthy of membership in the church or to be weak Christians; but the most of them will compare favorably with Christian professors in any of the churches. Many of them, moreover, are most excellent men, some of them model Christians, lovely and loving disciples of the divine Master. Under a worthy missionary

and after a little preparation for their new relations and new duties, the resident Chinese Covenanters should be organized into a regular congregation. In process of time, and perhaps soon, American Covenanters will be added to the new organization and a good congregation grow up in Oakland and be ready to call a pastor to feed a flock having among its membership no caste feeling. Our prayer is that the enthroned Mediator may hasten the day when all such feeling shall cease and all nations call Him blessed.

“His blessing on the world shall rest,
And by the world His name be blest.”

And now though the spirit may be willing the hand that holds this pen is growing weary. To the writer it will soon be sunset; but his heart's desire and prayer to God is that his surviving friends may enjoy many days of happy sunshine in the favor of Him whose “loving-kindness is better than life.” The readers and the writer must soon say “good-night.” But here is a young friend who asks my “creed.” I have not the time to write it; the sunset is too near. My creed? Too often creeds are only floating bubbles. “Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works.” Yet I have a creed. I first learned it from my mother, and then of my father and my pastor. Then I went to Moses and the prophets, to Jesus and Paul and John. Then I summoned together in one grand council the early fathers, and Luther, and Calvin, and Knox, and the Westminster divines, and then Cameron and Renwick and McLeod. But with one voice they all sent me back to Jesus, the divine Master of them all. In imagination or vision I sat at His feet as He taught in the temple. I asked Him to help me to write my creed. He replied: “Wait until you can write it with the blood of My cross.” I waited, then wrote, and then

sought Him after His resurrection and His enthronement. I showed Him my creed. He said: "Yes, but it is incomplete. Add to it what you call the sermon on the mount and the Golden Rule." I rejoiced to obey, and again showed Him my written creed; and again He said: "Yes, but yet one thing more is needed. With that same blood of the cross *underscore the Golden Rule* and your creed will be golden." My heart and hand promptly obeyed my divine Master; and then on the italicized lines fell a golden beam of heavenly light. I awoke from my vision. In this faith I have lived; in this faith I hope to die. In humility I would try to obey the will of my Lord and wait for His coming.

My life? It has been one not only of failures and mistakes and blunders but also of sins great and manifold, so that my hope of salvation and of a future life of glory and blessedness is founded solely upon the merits of the atonement and in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus by whose "grace we are saved through faith." Yet with almost trembling hand but joyous heart I here testify that, as life's years were passing, the conviction has been growing upon me that of all the studies I have pursued in none have I had such interest as in the study of the precious Word of God; and that in the study of no life and character have I had such ineffable delight as in the study of the matchless character of the "Man of Galilee" and of Him whose "name is above every name," and whose priestly and royal robes are wrought "for glory and for beauty." Not mine alone is this conviction. Many contemporary friends can bear the same testimony. And so as we pass along towards the city celestial let us look from the land of Beulah over to the other side of the river to behold the King in His beauty; for it is the heritage of all His saints to see

“Beyond the glooms and mystery,
Glimpses of glory, not far away,
Nearing and brightening every day;
Golden crystal and emerald bow,
Luster of pearl and sapphire glow,
Sparkling river and healing tree,
Evergreen palms of victory,
Harp and crown and raiment white,
Holy and beautiful dwellers in light;
A throne, and One thereon whose face
Is the glory of that glorious place.”

Miss Havergal, the writer of the above lines, had an engraving of “an old man, worn, but peaceful, sitting at his cottage door in evening sunlight, with the Book on his knee.” To accompany the picture as it hung on the wall, and under the sacred words, “At evening-time it shall be light,” she wrote six beautiful stanzas, of which this is the last:

“And now my loving Jesus is my Light at eventide,
The welcome Guest that enters in forever to abide;
He never leaves me in the dark, but leads me all the way,—
So it *is* light at evening time, and soon it will be day.”

“Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins
in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto
God and His Father; to Him be the glory and the dominion
forever and ever. Amen.”



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